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ELIOT MAGAZINE

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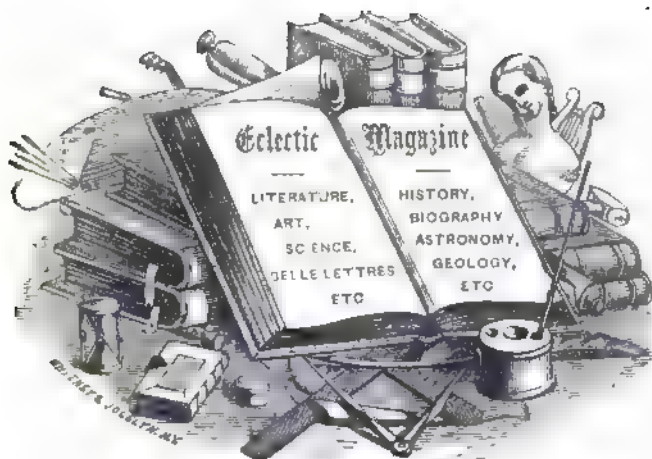
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

From the London Quarterly.

LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

It seems to be understood that geology and theology stand opposed to each other in a sort of armed neutrality, ready at any moment to rush into war. From time to time geology has made fierce attacks on theology, and forced its opponent to recede from its former standing-ground. Sixty years ago, the theologians of this country generally believed that the first chapter in Genesis contains the history of the original creation of earth and heaven in a period of six days, about six thousand years since. This was the first point of attack. Geologists argued from the earth's own record of the long series of changes which have passed over it, and the suc-

cessive varieties of life [it has sustained, that its origin must be thrown back uncounted ages. They proved this so clearly, that theologians were obliged to re-examine their own record, and acknowledge, with some discomfiture, that it did not say what they asserted it to have said. It is true, the creation of heaven and earth, "in the beginning," is referred to the Almighty; but we are expressly told that the existing earth was "without form and void" before the command was spoken which began the work of the first day. Driven from one position, the theologians intrenched themselves in another. "It is true," they said, "the earth has passed through phases and ages of which the Bible gives no account; but our state of things, our forms of life, above all, our human inheritance in the earth, only date

* *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL. Illustrated by wood cuts. London: Murray. 1863.

back six thousand years; and it is the beginning of this era that the first chapter of Genesis records." It is only within the last thirty years that theologians have slowly retreated to this position, and during that time geology has been gathering up its forces for a new attack. It now tells us that there is no trace of any line of separation between periods of disorder and order, of old and new forms of life; more than this, it tells us that during the last few years human relics have been found in deposits so old as to compel us to throw aside the chronology of the Bible, and assign to the human race an antiquity of tens of thousands of years.

This is a serious affair. We know that the chronology of the Bible has not escaped errors of transcription; there can be no doubt that through this and other mischances the numbers are not always in harmony with themselves; we know the Septuagint adds fourteen hundred years to the chronology of the Hebrew, but this is a kind of error that does not shake our faith in the general historic accuracy of the book of Genesis. Could we, however, suppose that the human race is sixty or eighty thousand years old, and that the six day's creation must go for nothing, it would stamp on the book of Genesis that half-mythical, half-legendary, and wholly untrustworthy character which belongs to the unrevealed records of the origin of all ancient nations. Not without a struggle shall we yield that; not without clear and ample proof shall we grant that. On this point we are in a position which geologists do not understand. They impute it wholly to our ignorance that we will not be satisfied with the amount of evidence which satisfies them; and truly, when we hear the absurd suggestions brought forward to meet the force of geological facts, we must be content to bear patiently the reproach of ignorance. But the difference between us is not so much our want of knowledge as their want of belief. They come into the field embarrassed by belief, not asking and not caring what received truths their opinions may support or upset. If, of two classes of facts, one be stronger than the other—if, of two theories, one have less difficulties than the other—they can be satisfied to accept the better evidence and the easier theory. But it is otherwise with those who begin an investigation under the influence of

settled previous convictions. It is not enough for them to find probabilities or plausibilities inclining rather to one side than another; they demand positive proof that the opinions which must uproot their old established beliefs come to them with all the sacred authority of truth. If one party is open to the accusation that previous conviction blinds them to the force of facts, the other is subject to the reproach that the want of such conviction makes them injure the cause of truth by hasty conclusions, and generalizations founded on insufficient data.

It will be a question whether this reproach has or has not been deserved by the author of the book which now lies before us. Sir Charles Lyell comes forward as the advocate of the alleged antiquity of the human race. All that can be said in support of it, we may be certain he will say; all the facts that can be brought to bear on it, such a master of facts will unquestionably produce. It helps to clear the mind of many doubts and apprehensions, when one who is so high an authority enters the lists on this disputed subject; for, we may be sure, if such a champion does not overthrow our belief, we have nothing more to fear.

Sir Charles Lyell divides his subject into three stages. First, he seeks to prove the great antiquity of the antiquarian or, as geologists call it, the recent period—that in which man has existed with all his present surroundings. For this period alone he demands much more than six thousand years. Secondly, he endeavors to establish the far greater antiquity of a preceding age, during which man existed amidst other than his present surroundings. This period is counted by tens of thousands of years. Thirdly, he points out the immensely greater antiquity of a still earlier age, in which (though no remains of man have yet been found) part of the fauna and flora which are still contemporaneous with man were in existence. Of this period he only ventures to say that it must not be less than one hundred and eighty thousand years.

To begin with the recent period. Let us think of the lapse of time revealed.

1. By the successive changes of vegetation attested by the Danish peat-beds. Low down in them are found trunks of the Scotch fir, a tree not now a native of the Danish islands; higher up, trunks of the common oak, which is now rare;

higher still, birch, alder, hazel, and beech. Now we know that in the days of the Romans the Danish islands were covered with beech. How much previous time must we allot for the age of oak, and for the still more ancient age of fir? "The minimum of time required for the growth of the peat must, according to Steenstrup, have amounted to at least four thousand years," and it might have been "four times as great."

2. The human relics found in the bogs in some measure correspond to these different ages of vegetation. A flint instrument has been found close to the trunk of a fir; bronze implements have been taken out of peat in which oaks abound; whilst the age of iron approaches the historic period. Antiquarians are agreed that these different metals belong to successive ages—the first two entirely pre-historic. Let us think of the lapse of time required for such a growth in the arts; for the discovery of bronze and the smelting of iron, all prior to the time of the Romans.

3. Great antiquity is implied by the shells contained in those singular refuse heaps which form ancient artificial mounds on the shores of the Danish Islands. Of these many are full grown, as in the open sea; while they are only a third of the size, if they have not ceased to exist, in the brackish waters of the Baltic. What lapse of time is implied in the physical changes which must have taken place since that imprisoned sea was open to the waters of the ocean?

4. In connection with the discovery of the ancient aquatic villages of the Swiss lakes, we must notice the lapse of time necessary to accomplish certain physical changes which have taken place since those abundant relics of man were buried in the silt. Three calculations have been made; the first by M. Morlot, with reference to the delta of the Tinière, a torrent which flows into the Lake of Geneva near Villeneuve. This delta has lately been laid open by a railway cutting, and

three layers of vegetable soil, each of which must at one time have formed the surface, have been cut through at different depths. The first of these was traced over a surface of fifteen thousand square feet, having an average thickness of five inches, and being about four feet below the present surface of the cone. This upper layer belonged to the Roman period, and contained Roman tiles and a coin. The second layer, followed over a surface of twenty-five

thousand square feet, was six inches thick, and lay at a depth of ten feet. In it were found fragments of unvarnished pottery, and a pair of tweezers in bronze, indicating the bronze epoch. The third layer, followed for thirty-five thousand square feet, was six or seven inches thick, and nineteen feet deep. In it were fragments of rude pottery, pieces of charcoal, broken bones, and a human skeleton. M. Morlot, assuming the Roman period to represent an antiquity of from sixteen to eighteen centuries, assigns to the bronze age a date of between three thousand and four thousand years, and to the oldest layer, that of the stone period, an age of from five thousand to seven thousand years. Another calculation has been made by M' Troyon to obtain the approximate date of the remains of an ancient settlement built on piles and preserved in a peat-bog at Chambion near Yverdon, on the Lake of Neufchatel. The site of the ancient Roman town of Eburodunum, once on the borders of the lake, and between which and the shore there now intervenes a zone of newly-gained dry land, twenty-five hundred feet in breadth, shows the rate at which the bed of the lake has been filled up with river sediment in fifteen centuries. Assuming the lake to have retreated at the same rate before the Roman period, the pile-works of Chambion, which are of the bronze period, must be at the least thirty-three hundred years old. For the third calculation we are indebted to M. Victor Gilliéron. It relates to the age of a pile-dwelling, the mammalian bones of which are considered by M. Rüttimeyer to indicate the earliest portion of the stone period of Switzerland. The piles in question occur at the Pont de Thièle between the Lakes of Bienné and Neufchatel. The old convent of St. Jean, founded seven hundred and fifty years ago, and built originally on the margin of the Lake of Bienné, is now at a considerable distance from the shore, and affords a measure of the rate of the gain of land in seven centuries and a half. Assuming that a similar rate of the conversion of water into marshy land prevailed antecedently, we should require an addition of sixty centuries for the growth of the morass intervening between the convent and the aquatic dwelling of Pont de Thièle, in all six thousand seven hundred and fifty years."—Pp. 28, 29.

5. An enormous elapse of time is implied in the depth at which works of art are buried in the valley of the Nile. In an experiment begun by the Royal Society, two lines of pits and artesian borings were carried across this great valley, and "pieces of burnt brick and pottery were extracted almost every where, and from all depths, even where they sank sixty feet below the surface."—Page 36.

Almost the whole of the soil is unstratified, exactly resembling inundation mud. Now the French savans have decided that

inundation mud only raises the surface five inches in a century; consequently the burnt brick extricated at a depth of sixty feet must be twelve thousand years old.

6. Dr. B. Dowler states that in an excavation made in the modern delta of the Mississippi near New-Orleans, a human skeleton was found "sixteen feet from the surface, beneath four buried forests superimposed one upon the other,"—and to this skeleton he ascribes "an antiquity of fifty thousand years."

7. In a calcareous conglomerate forming part of a series of ancient coral reefs, now a portion of the Peninsula of Florida, and which is supposed by Agassiz "to be about ten thousand years old, some fossil human remains were found by Count Pourtales."

8. All round the coast of Scotland there are lines of shore deposits, of which the two most clearly marked are now twenty-five and forty feet above high water. Geological and archaeological evidence afford "a strong presumption in favor of the opinion that the date of this (*i. e.*, the lower) elevation may have been subsequent to the Roman occupation. But traces of human existence are found much higher. A rude ornament of cannel coal has been disinterred, covered with gravel containing marine shells, fifty feet above the sea-level. Now if we suppose the upward movement to have been uniform in central Scotland, and assume that as twenty-five feet indicates seventeen centuries, so fifty feet imply a lapse of twice that number, or three thousand four hundred years, we should then carry back the date of the ornament to the days of Pharaoh, and the period usually assigned to the Exodus."

9. In Sweden also an ancient hut has been discovered in beds the surface of which is now sixty feet above the Baltic: and recent shells are found in beds of clay and sand in Norway six hundred feet high. The upward movement now in progress in parts in Norway and Sweden is a well known fact. Now "if we could assume that there had been an average rise of two and a half feet in each hundred years—and such a mean rate of continuous vertical elevation, would, I conceive, be a high average—it would require 24,000 years for parts of the sea coast of Norway, where the post-tertiary marine strata occur, to attain the height of 600 feet."—Page 58.

We must point out very briefly the flaws in this mass of evidence. As to No. 1 and 2,—no great lapse of time is necessary to produce two changes in forest vegetation: a single generation in a rapidly cleared country will witness one such change. Nor is a people's growth in the arts most commonly due to a long lapse of time, but rather to peaceful or warlike intercourse with more advanced races. Lyell takes no account of barter or conquest in his calculation, though he alludes to both as possible contingencies; but just so far as they are possible contingencies they vitiate his calculation. Conquest especially would serve to explain the apparent connection between a change of vegetation and a change in human implements; for an invading tribe would be very likely to destroy forests, which harbored the native inhabitants, extirpating one and subjecting the other contemporaneously.

As to No. 3, no great lapse of time would have been necessary to throw open the imprisoned Baltic to the ocean, in a districts which even now is rising from the sea. Lyell himself tells us that "even in the course of the present century, the salt waters have made one eruption into the Baltic by the Lynford. It is also affirmed that other channels were open in historical time which are now silted up."—Page 14.

Nor do the bones found in the Danish refuse-heaps imply antiquity far beyond the limits of history. The men were of small stature, bearing "a considerable resemblance to the modern Laplanders;" the animals were all such as are "known to have inhabited Europe within the memory of men."

As to No. 5, it strikes at the root of Lyell's calculation to be told that the only datum on which it is based, that is, the decision of the French savans as to the rate of Nile mud deposition, is disputed by Mr. Horner as vague, and founded on insufficient evidence.

As to No. 6 and 7, we must remember that mere assertions can not take the place of proof. Lyell is himself a high authority; and when he tells us "Dr. Dowler says," or "Agassiz says," he might just as well have said, "I say that these deposits are forty and fifty thousand years old." Such assertions are worth nothing to Lyell's readers, unless Lyell himself produces the evidence on which

are founded. So far from it, he is full in Dr. Dowler's case to add that "can not form an opinion as to the age of the chronological calculations." As to No. 8, the alleged antiquity of the human race in Scotland, is built on pure assumptions. We must assume changes which may have taken place any time since the Roman occupation, indicate a lapse of seventeen centuries; and we must assume, that the rate of elevation has been uniform before and after that occupation; such is the only method which our imperfect knowledge will admit. Lyell does well to add, that "such estimates must be considered as tentative and conjectural;" but conjectural estimates should not be brought forward to swell the force of scientific proof.

Lastly, as to No. 9, we must protest against the heedlessness (to give it no stronger name) which has associated facts that refer to the human period with others that may belong to a far more ancient era. Lyell admits that no human bones or fabricated articles have been found in the higher levels of marine deposits in Sweden; but when he adds, that the shells of these higher beds are precisely the same as those associated with rude works of art at lower levels, and proceeds to speak of all these deposits without distinguishing one from the other, many of his readers will suppose that he is offering proof that the period of twenty-four thousand years which he claims for the highest post-tertiary beds includes the period of human existence.

Throughout this chapter Lyell stoops to adopt the unscientific mode of accumulative argument—given nine bad reasons to make three good ones! He does not offer proof, he does not even give us a number of sound inductions pointing to something like proof; but joins together conjectural estimates, questionable conclusions, and authoritative assertions, as if a large quantity of such doubtful evidence could supply a small quantity of undoubted proof.

The only thing that deserves to be called calculation in these two chapters, is that quoted from M. M. Troyon and Morlot, with reference to the rate of Swiss lake-deposition. We will carry forward these facts to be considered in connection with the second part of the subject.

Secondly. Having attempted to prove, that the recent period in itself considerably exceeds the limits fixed by our commonly received chronology, Sir Charles Lyell proceeds to bring forward his proofs of man's existence in a preceding age, of which the antiquity is incomparably greater—an age which men shared with many animals now extinct; and in which the surface and probably the climate of Europe were very different from those of present times. We must go through Lyell's array of facts fully and carefully, to show the whole strength of his position.

The human remains of this period consist of a few, a very few, bones, a few fragments of pottery, and an immense number of stone implements. They are found chiefly in two situations—either in valley alluviums or cave-bone beds. With one or two exceptions, human bones have been found only in the caves; but as we do not dispute that the flint implements are of human manufacture, their presence must be reckoned equally conclusive of the existence of the human race.

I. Cave deposits. In limestone formations all over Europe, large fissures are to be found, often widening into caves, which contain deposits of gravel and mud, evidently brought there by water, covered by a layer of stalagmite. The contents of many of these caves have been carefully examined by scientific men; and the result has been singularly uniform. The bones of man or the tools of man have been found inseparably mixed with the bones of recent and extinct animals. Out of forty caves examined in the neighborhood of Liège, human bones were found in two, and flint knives generally dispersed through the mud of the others, mixed with the bones of extinct species of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, tiger, and hyæna, and living species, such as "red deer, roe, wild cat, wild boar, wolf, fox, weasel, beaver, hare, rabbit, hedgehog, mole, dormouse, field-mouse, water-rat, shrew, and others." The same intimate mixture of human remains with those of recent and extinct mammalia has been found in the cavern of Pondres, near Nismes, in Kent's Hole, Torquay, in Brixham cavern, at Archy sur Yonne, near Wokey Hole, Somersetshire, and in the Gower caves, South-Wales. Species long extinct, species historically lost, species now living in distant climes, are found in the same cave;

the mammoth, the Irish elk, the wild bull, the hippopotamus, the reindeer, and the horse, unaccountably jumbled together. Added to this, there is the remarkable instance of the burial place at Aurignac, where human bones lie entombed on a layer of made ground containing bones of living and extinct mammalia.

At one time it was contended, that these cave deposits merely bore testimony to a confusion of later and earlier remains; that the tools and bones of man had been washed into cavities where the bones of animals had rested before him, and been whirled into intimate conjunction by the eddies of subterranean currents. Lyell himself says, "That such intermixtures have really taken place in some caverns, and that geologists have occasionally been deceived, and have assigned to one and the same period fossils which had really been introduced at successive times, will readily be conceded." Nevertheless, there is proof that this has not always been the case. In the Brixham cave, close to a very perfect flint tool, there was found the entire hind-leg of a cave bear, every bone in its natural place, clearly proving that it must have been introduced clothed with its muscles. Had the flint tool been subsequently buried close to it by the eddies of a subterranean current, these bones would have been washed asunder and scattered. A hind limb of an extinct rhinoceros has been found under the same circumstances in gravel containing flint implements at Menchecourt. On this point, the evidence of the burial-place at Aurignac must be considered decisive. Human bones lie upon a layer that contains extinct bones; and this bone-containing layer is itself resting on a bed eight inches thick "of ashes and charcoal, with broken, burnt, and gnawed bones of extinct and recent mammalia; also hearth-stones and works of art." In the face of such evidence, it is impossible to deny that man was a contemporary of many animals that have long been extinct. At the same time, it does not follow that the era of man and the era of the extinct animals were truly synchronous. On the contrary, it would seem, that the conclusion of one overlapped the commencement of the other; for we find the last relics of the mammoth, cave bear, hyæna, etc., and the first human remains, in the very same deposits.

And why not? We have, indeed, hitherto supposed that these extinct mammalia were more ancient than man; but as our evidence proves them to have been coeval, we come to the conclusion, not that man is more ancient, but that these animals are more modern than we had supposed.

But that is the very conclusion to which we are forbidden to come.

"When we desire to reason or speculate on the probable antiquity of human bones found fossil in such situations as the caverns near Liège, there are two classes of evidence to which we may appeal for our guidance. First, considerations of the time required to allow of many species of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, which flourished in the cave period, becoming first scarce, and then so entirely extinct as we have seen that they had become before the era of the Danish peat and Swiss lake dwellings; secondly, the great number of centuries necessary for the conversion of the physical geography of the Liège district from its ancient to its present configuration; so many old underground channels, through which brooks and rivers flowed in the cave period, being now laid dry and choked up."—Page 78.

It seems, then, that the mixture of human remains with the bones of extinct animals is but a first step in the argument which is to establish the great antiquity of man. Of course Sir Charles Lyell will proceed to prove to us, first, that time is the chief element in the destruction of species, and that therefore the destruction of species is a true measure of the lapse of time; and, secondly, that altered physical geography bears on its face such evidence of the causes that altered it, as to leave us no other conclusion than that it has been only subjected to the ordinary effects of time. Now let us hear the evidence on these two points; for, if these two points can not be satisfactorily established, the first step in the argument, that is, the mixture of human implements with bones of the extinct mammalia, is worth absolutely nothing.

In support of the first point, Lyell gives us no data, no facts, no proofs whatsoever; he simply takes it for granted in his *a fortiori* argument that if ten or twelve thousand years be allotted to the recent period which has witnessed so little change in the animal creation, tens of thousands must be reckoned for that more ancient period in which so many animals existed that have completely

passed away. In proof of the physical changes which (as he asserts) have succeeded the deposition of cave-bone beds, his chief argument is founded on the present situation of these limestone caves. Many of them debouch on the face of precipitous hills, far above the present drainage lines of the country. The caverns of Liège are sometimes two hundred feet above the Meuse and its tributaries.

"There appears, also, in many cases, to be such a correspondence in the openings of caverns on opposite sides of some of the valleys, as to incline one to suspect that they originally belonged to a series of tunnels and galleries which were continuous before the present system of drainage came into play, or before the existing valleys were scooped out. The loess, also, in the suburbs and neighborhood of Liège, occurring at various heights in patches lying at between twenty and two hundred feet above the river, can not be explained without supposing the filling up and reexcavation of the valleys at a period posterior to the washing in of the animal remains into most of the old caverns."—Page 73.

The Neanderthal cave is sixty feet above the stream: so is the Brixham cavern.

"A glance at the position of the latter, and a brief survey of the valleys which bound it on two sides, are enough to satisfy a geologist that the drainage and geographical features of this region have undergone great changes since the gravel and bone earth were carried by streams into the subterranean cavities above described. Some worn pebbles of hematite, in particular, can only have come from their nearest parent rock, at a period when the valleys immediately adjoining the caves were much shallower than they now are."—Page 101.

With respect to Wokey Hole, Lyell "feels convinced that a complete revolution must have taken place in the topography of the district since the time of the extinct quadrupeds." The Gower caves contain the teeth of hippopotami; "and this in a district where there is now scarce a rill of running water, much less a river in which such quadrupeds could swim. Also, they have, in general, their floor strewn over with sand, containing marine shells, all of living species; and there are raised beaches on the adjoining

coast, and other signs of great alteration in the relative levels of land and sea, since that country was inhabited by the extinct mammalia, some of which were certainly coeval with man." In Gardinia, a bed of marine shells, in the midst of which a ball of baked earthenware was found, is now three hundred feet above the sea. Such changes, at an average rate of elevation of two and half feet in a century would give to the pottery an antiquity of twelve thousand years.

This is all the evidence brought forward to prove the vast physical changes which have taken place since the deposition of the cave bone-beds. Does it deserve to be called proof? These caves, it seems, are tens or hundreds of feet above the present drainage of the country, and it is thence argued that enormous changes must have taken place since streams ran through them. But why need we suppose that they were ever permanent water-courses?—why not the rain channels of the country? We do not think geologists sufficiently take into account that covering of the bare rock which decomposition, vegetation, and, most of all, cultivation, have spread over the whole habitable world. When first a bare limestone country, full of fissures, rises from the sea, the mere rush of the tide would tend to sweep or to suck out the former contents of the fissures, while the shattered surface would make subterranean drainage the rule, surface drainage the exception; and it would only be as decomposition supplied materials for a surface covering, that surface drainage would become the common rule. These caves probably served the same purpose in the hill, that a dry water-course now does on the hill; with this difference, that by internal and external communication with a series of fissures and caverns they would possess great facilities for collecting and permanently lodging animal remains; and also stone weapons borne by wounded animals from the attacks of man. In many cases, these caves are seen to have been in communication with the present surface by apertures now choked up; and that the present surface might have been in the same communication with a former surface of larger area, we may take for granted, from our knowledge of the fissured nature of a limestone district, and of the waste that must have taken place in some thousands of years.

Nor can we suppose that these rain-channels originally debouched at their present openings; for unquestionably every limestone hill has lost huge masses from its precipitous sides during six thousand years. These caves may have opened into other fissures and other caves, till they finally emptied some of their mud and bones into holes and corners at different levels on the side of the valley below. Also they may have had corresponding fissures on the opposite sides of valleys, for a whole country often has a common system of fissures; but it does not follow that the valley was filled up, and that the bone mud passed from one side to the other in the age of *Elephas primigenius*. Much stress has been laid on some of the facts of Brixham cavern:—that it is near the top of a hill where no stream could now flow; that a pebble of hematite was found in it, of which the principal deposit is on the opposite side of the valley. We know a little of that neighborhood:—the hill is a huge mass of many acres even now; and allowing for the waste of six thousand years, we may safely say it must have been larger and higher. Any one who has seen the strong gutter-current which runs from a few roods of sloping ground after heavy rain, may judge whether a few acres would not supply water and mud enough to fill up Brixham cavern in no great period of time, and float in bones of dead and limbs of half-devoured beasts. As to the hematite, small deposits of it are not rare in the neighborhood; and one such may easily have lain in the hill itself, without obliging our imagination to take a leap across the whole width of Brixham valley.

We do not say that Lyell's other evidence of physical changes can be as readily explained; for he has given us no details of his proof. It is not enough even for one of his authority to say, "I feel convinced that a complete revolution must have taken place in the topography of this district," or merely to observe that the facts of the loess in the neighborhood of Liège imply "the filling up and re-excavation of the valleys at a period posterior to the washing in of the animal remains." These facts are the very things which should have been produced; for the time necessary for their accomplishment is the whole point in debate—a point not to be thus carelessly asserted or coolly taken for granted, but to be

proved by well-established facts. Nor is it fair to point out the great physical changes which must have taken place in Glamorganshire and in Sicily since the teeth of the hippopotamus were deposited in districts "where there is now scarce a rill of running water;" for we learn from Lyell's subsequent frank admission that the African hippopotamus is an eminently migratory animal, as much at home in the sea as in rivers. We must regard it as a well-established fact that many extinct mammalia were coëval with man; but of the first conclusion based on this fact, namely, the enormous time it must have required to make these animals extinct, Sir Charles Lyell has given no proof whatever. And of the physical changes which have taken place since these cave deposits were accumulated, his evidence is too shallow, too summary, too little argumentative, too much *ex cathedrâ*, to command our conviction. We do not say that he has no better evidence to produce; but until he brings forward the better evidence, and establishes the certainty of the rate of change manifest in these physical alterations, we must regard the antiquity of the human race in connection with cave-bone deposits as "not proven."

Perhaps Sir Charles Lyell's long-established conviction prevents his seeing the insufficiency of his proofs; or perhaps he is satisfied to give us very full and clear explanations of the facts brought out by the discovery of human remains in valley alluviums, knowing that the evidence on this point will react confirmatively on the less decisive testimony of cave-bone deposits. Let us, then, proceed to examine carefully the proofs of the great antiquity of the human race, derived from ancient valley alluviums.

II. Valley alluviums.

"Throughout a large part of Europe we find at moderate elevations above the present river-channels, usually at a height of less than forty feet, but sometimes much higher, beds of gravel, sand, and loam, containing bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, horse, ox, and other quadrupeds, some of extinct, others of living species, belonging, for the most part, to the fauna already alluded to in the last chapter as characteristic of the interior of caverns. The greater part of these deposits contain fluviatile shells, and have undoubtedly been accumulated in ancient river-beds. These old channels have long since been dry, the streams which once flowed in them having shifted their position, deepening the valleys, and often widening them on one side."—Page 98.

This is the situation in which, during the last twenty years, hundreds of stone implements have been discovered in the valley of the Somme. They are found in remnants of beds hanging like small terraces upon the sloping hill-sides, from ten to one hundred feet above the present level of the river. The flint implements are "not in the vegetable soil, nor in the brick-earth with land and fresh-water shells next below," where they might be supposed to have been buried within the recent period, "but in the lower beds of coarse flint-gravel, usually twelve, twenty, or twenty-five feet below the surface." Many persons have denied that these pieces of flint are of human manufacture, and Lyell devotes half a chapter to establish the fact—a fact which ought now to be considered indisputable. He also produces ample evidence that these flint implements are found in beds that contain bones of extinct animals, with recent fresh-water and marine shells, still living (with one exception) in the north of France. The circumstances under which these beds occur is the evidence of their great antiquity.

They occur chiefly at two levels, both of which may be traced at various points throughout the valley of the Somme: the one but slightly raised above the present river plain, the other from eighty to one hundred feet above it. The latter has been most fully investigated at St. Acheul near Amiens, the former at Menchecourt near Abbeville, where a mixture of marine shells has been found with land and fresh-water remains. "There are, here and there, patches of drift at heights intermediate between the higher and lower gravels;" but as they do not affect the general argument, we need not complicate the evidence by taking them into account. Now, "as a general rule, when there are alluvial formations of different ages in the same valley, those which occupy a more elevated position above the river plain are the oldest." The river must have deposited them *before* it cut its way down to the lower level. Here, then, are three different formations, bearing witness to three different periods: first, the present valley-plain of the Somme through which the river now takes its course; secondly, the lower level gravels; and, thirdly, the higher level gravels. Sir Charles Lyell undertakes to prove not only that the first must be very old, but

that the second and third must be incalculably older. And yet we wrong him: he does not undertake to prove the great age of the present valley-plain, he only insinuates it on very doubtful evidence, and afterwards alludes to it as being "in all likelihood" thousands of years old. He tells us that the lower part of the valley is a mass of peat, sometimes more than thirty feet thick. It contains bones of recent animals closely analogous to those of the Swiss lake dwellings, and the refuse mounds and peat of Denmark, with stone implements of the Celtic period, recent shells, trunks of fir, oak, hazel, walnut, etc., and three or four fragments of human skeletons. As to the age of this peat, M. Boucher de Perthes, having found in it certain flat dishes of Roman pottery, has satisfied himself that they could not possibly have sunk into the peat because they were flat: *ergo*, they once lay on the surface: *ergo*, the mass of peat above them marks its rate of growth since the Roman occupancy of the country: *ergo*, we may thus venture to calculate the age of the peat that lies below. But—Lyell adds—the obtained "rate of increase would demand so many tens of thousands of years for the formation of the entire thickness of thirty feet, that we must hesitate before adopting it as a chronometric scale." In other words this calculation is utterly worthless, even on Lyell's own admission; yet this is all the data he has for attempting to estimate the rate of the growth of peat. He has, however, one other argument for its antiquity—the bottom of the peat is many feet, sometimes as much as thirty, below high-water mark; nay, it is thrown up by storms on the French coasts, so that it is plainly lying in part under the sea. This implies subsidence and probable oscillations of level, which, at the rate they now go on, require a considerable interval of time. We do not think these vague suggestions worth much; but they are all Sir Charles Lyell offers in proof of the great antiquity of the valley of the Somme. What does it matter?

"Whatever be the number of centuries to which they relate, they belong to times posterior to the ancient implement bearing beds which we are next to consider, and are even separated from them, as we shall see, by an interval far greater than that which divides the earliest strata of the peat from the latest."—Page 112.

The evidence of this interval must be sought in surrounding facts. Here is Lyell's statement—that at Menchecourt, and also on the opposite side of the river, the beds of alluvium are about twenty-seven feet thick, and they lie about ten or fifteen feet above the present surface of the valley; that is, from forty to forty-five feet above the bottom of the valley; for we must remember that the peat is thirty feet thick. There must have been time to deposit these beds, time to elevate them, and time for the river to cut down the valley forty feet. Also, these beds contain the bones of extinct animals, and a shell now found only in Asia; there must have been time gradually to extinguish the animals and to change the climate. Also, in the beds of Menchecourt a fluviatile formation underlies a marine one, from which we judge that the river first prevailed, and then the land subsided: both fluviatile and marine beds are now raised above the present valley, from which we judge that there was a subsequent elevation; after which the peat beds of the present valley began to grow, and, as these are now found beneath the sea, there must have been a second subsidence. All these changes happened since the deposition of the lower gravels; and, at the rate at which such changes now take place, they imply an enormous lapse of time.

But this is nothing to what follows. The beds at Menchecourt are raised but little above the present valley: what are we to say to the higher level gravels which occur in the valley of the Somme from eighty to one hundred feet above the river, containing bones of extinct animals and flint implements? If the lower gravels are so very old, what amount of time are we to add for the elevation of the higher beds, and the cutting down of this great valley to its present level? Lyell does not go into much detail of evidence here; but rather leaves the fact in all its magnitude to speak for itself.

According to our present knowledge the height of these upper level gravels of the valley of the Somme must be regarded as exceptional. In the valleys of the Seine, the Oise, and the Thames, beds are found containing flint tools and bones of extinct animals, slightly raised above the present river courses; and in the valley of the Seine high level gravels are found,

but they do not contain flint tools. Near Bedford also, and at Hoxne and Icklingham in Suffolk, there are deposits of gravel, containing flint tools and bones of extinct quadrupeds, which are thirty feet above the present drainage lines of the country. Therefore, we must regard the alteration in the water level of the valley of the Somme as a fact corroborated by many similar changes, though the amount of that alteration is exceptional. There is one more item of evidence. In the upper-level beds of the Somme and Seine there are contortions in the strata which clearly resemble those produced by ice-action; immense blocks of rock also, lying in the alluvium, and brought from distances beyond the power of water transport, suggest the agency of ice. In such facts we find hints of great alterations that have taken place in the climate of the North of France.

This is Sir Charles Lyell's case in defence of the antiquity of the human race. This is the whole of his argument; he stands or falls by this. Like a lawyer who will say all that can possibly be said, he has strung bad and good pleas together; and we must strike some off the list in order to weigh justly the force of those which remain.

In the first place, his figures are not as exact as they ought to be. After giving us to understand that the Menchecourt beds are ten or fifteen feet above the river, he tells us that higher deposits at Abbeville are fifty feet above those of Menchecourt, and one hundred feet above the Somme. Then we are told that the peat is thirty feet thick; but is this uniform thickness? We remember that he says the gravel in Brixham cavern is bottomless at twenty feet; and so it is in certain deep holes; but not that, nor anything like that, in the average thickness of the bed.

Secondly, the fact that flint implements are found beneath soft alluvial beds is no proof that they are more ancient than those beds; neither is the juxtaposition of a stone hatchet and an elephant bone any proof that the two were contemporaneous. Geologists are rightly very jealous of evidence drawn from the disturbed beds of river courses. On this point we must quote the remarks of Mr. Geikie on some ancient canoes found in alluvium at Glasgow, and which Lyell himself pronounces "very judicious."

"The varying depths of an estuary, its banks of silt and sand, the set of its currents, and the influence of its tides in scouring out alluvium from some parts of its bottom and re-depositing it in others, are circumstances which require to be taken into account in all such calculations. Mere coincidence of depth from the present surface of the ground, which is tolerably uniform in level, by no means necessarily proves contemporaneous deposition. Nor would such an inference follow even from the occurrence of the remains in distant parts of the very same stratum. A canoe might be capsized and sent to the bottom just beneath low water mark; another might experience a similar fate on the following day, but in the middle of the channel, both would become silted up on the floor of the estuary; but as that floor would be perhaps twenty feet deeper in the center than towards the margin of the river, the one canoe might actually be twenty feet deeper in the alluvium than the other; and on the upheaval of the alluvial deposits, if we were to argue merely from the depth at which the remains were embedded, we should pronounce the canoe found at the one locality to be immensely older than the other, seeing that the fine mud of the estuary is deposited very slowly, and that it must therefore have taken a long period to form so great a thickness as twenty feet. Again, the tides and currents of the estuary, by changing their direction, might sweep away a considerable mass of alluvium from the bottom, laying bare a canoe that may have foundered many centuries before. After the lapse of so long an interval, another vessel might go to the bottom in the same locality, and be there covered up with the older one, on the same general plan. These two vessels, found in such a position, would naturally be classed together as of the same age; and yet it is demonstrable that a very long period may have elapsed between the date of the one and that of the other."—Page 50.

Of the tendency of heavy bodies to settle down in alluvial silt we find a notice in *The Geologist*, for January, 1861.

"In the course of making the excavations for the Thames tunnel, the difficulties that arose from the nature of the soil in some parts, induced the contractors to procure a diving-bell, for the purpose of examining the bottom of the river. On the first inspection, a shovel and hammer were left on the spot by the divers; but these tools were, contrary to their expectations, nowhere to be found on their next visit. In the progress of the excavation, however, while advancing the protecting wooden framework, this missing shovel and hammer were found in the way of it, having descended at least eighteen feet into the ground, and probably resting on or mixed up with some ancient deposit."

Again, it is no proof of a river's preva-

lence over the sea, and of subsequent subsidence, that a fluviatile bed should underlie a marine one; for in the same estuary a tide current will prevail in one part, and a river current in another, and these will sometimes be exchanged and reversed.

Again, we must not reckon the time it would have taken for the river to cut down a whole valley through the solid chalk; for we do not know that the solid chalk was there to be cut down. The valley might have been formed ages before, and filled with earlier alluvium, which would have readily yielded to water action. Nor are we to count the time necessary to raise the bottom of the valley (now covered with peat) above the level of the sea; for a river's mouth choked with sand-banks and lined with marshes is the very place where peat would most rapidly grow.

Nor need we include the imaginary ages requisite to change a very cold climate (evidenced by ice-action) to a much warmer one, (evidenced by an Asiatic shell,) and then back again to that of temperate France. The ice-action is a mere conjecture, which is not confirmed by the presence of any specially Arctic shells; and, even if it were more probable, it would be quite as fair to weigh the two facts together, and conclude that greater heat and greater cold united in a climate only removed by its want of equilibrium from that of France at present.

Yet if we clear away all these questionable conclusions that array themselves round the evidence, and make it look more imposing, there still remains the indisputable fact that there was a time within the human period when Picardy was a hundred feet lower, or the Somme a hundred feet higher than it is at present; and this great valley (average width one mile) was filled up to the level of the higher terraces at St. Acheul.

"The mere volume of the drift at various heights would alone suffice to demonstrate a vast lapse of time during which such heaps of shingle, derived both from the eocene and the cretaceous rocks, were thrown down in a succession of river-channels. We observe thousands of rounded and half-rounded flints, and a vast number of angular ones, with rounded pieces of white chalk of various sizes, testifying to a prodigious amount of mechanical action, accompanying the repeated widening and deepening of the valley, before it became the receptacle of peat; and the position of the flint

tools leaves no doubt on the mind of the geologist that their fabrication preceded all this reiterated denudation."—Page 144.

One who is not a geologist may reply, "And is not six thousand years enough to effect all this?" No, certainly not, if the growth of peat, and the action of water, and the forces of elevation and subsidence, and the rates of erosion and deposition, are to be calculated according to Lyell's averages. But it is to this we demur. Even for the present time we have scarcely data enough to strike fair averages; but, when we begin to investigate phenomena of the past, every question of time must wait on this preliminary question—Are past rates to be calculated by present rates of change?

Let us look back at all the calculations of this volume—the age of the recent period as shown in the deltas of the *Tinière* and the Nile; the age of the post-pliocene period, as shown in the cave bone-beds, the raised deposits of Sardinia, and the high terraces of St. Acheul:—they are all founded on the assumption that the agencies which accomplish changes at present, have never worked at a quicker rate in the past;—an assumption received and propounded by men of science with all the calm fearlessness that belongs to scientific truth.

We know the history of this opinion. In former times theorists were accustomed to explain every fact that perplexed them by referring it to imaginary catastrophes and convulsions, invented for the occasion; and it is one of Lyell's early triumphs to have brought them back to sounder inductions by his *Principles of Geology*. He there laid down the law that we were not to attempt to explain facts by supposed causes of which we knew nothing; but that, from the observed connection between known facts and known causes, we were to argue backwards from analogous facts to analogous causes. And his triumph was so complete that the strong reaction of opinion passed into an opposite form of error; men were not content to maintain that existing causes were in

action millions of years ago, but they allowed themselves almost unconsciously to imbibe the idea that the mode and rate of action must have been uniform in all ages. Let us put this in plain words, and see what it is we are told to believe:—that frosts and floods were never greater, storms never more frequent and violent, subterranean fires never more intense, waste and destruction never more extensive, elevation and subsidence, erosion and deposition, never more active than at present. Put this in plain words, and every geologist will repudiate the fair inference of his own opinions. Even Lyell says of the alterations in the valley of the Meuse, "It is more than probable that the rate of change was once far more active than it is now." But he should have erased that sentence, or else have rewritten his whole book; for every calculation in it is founded on the assumption that the rate of change was *not* once more active than it is now; and every quotation he makes from other scientific authorities takes the same principle for granted.

But every one knows that some elements of change have been enormously developed in past ages, and in a way that mere lapse of time does not suffice to explain. Frost, for instance:—the greatest part of England is strewn with the remains of the northern drift—the evidence of ice-action on a scale immensely greater than any now witnessed in temperate zones. What causes produced the glacial period? We do not know; but this we do know, that the rate of erosion by present glaciers is no test whatever of the waste produced by their vast development in times that are past. And if ice-action was so much more powerful, why not water-action, why not gas and steam-action, why not subterranean and atmospheric action of many kinds? Such a possibility must not be put in the place of proof; but it is a fair argument against the monstrous assumption that rates of change throughout past ages are to be reckoned by our limited knowledge of present rates.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Chambers's Journal.

T H E M A D S A V A N T .

"Just take a look in here before you go, my dear English friend, at No. 45; it is a curious case; and presently over our wine in the balcony I will tell you the story," said Dr. Frochot, the famous mad doctor of Berlin, to me, with professional *sang-froid*. The doctor, as he spoke, slid aside the little round piece of brass that hid a glazed aperture in the wall, and then took an elaborate pinch of snuff, while I looked through it into the cell of No. 45. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a trestle-bed, one chair, and a small triangular table. At this table sat a tall, thin, gray-haired man, with a vacant, care-worn face, who was busy counting a heap of those round, prismatic pieces of glass that are used as ornaments to chandeliers. Having counted them some twenty times over, he proceeded to breathe on each of them, and then, one by one, to rub them, and hold them to the light. Suddenly he rose, drew himself to his full length, struck his forehead, as if he was in pain there, or as if some momentary flash of reason had lighted up his mind, then gave a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

I replaced the brass slide with an involuntary sigh. "He has swooned; should he not have help, Dr. Frochot?" said I to my friend the mad doctor.

"No; he is often so," replied the imperturbable doctor; "he will be better when he comes to. We never visit patients but at regular hours. If we were always visiting patients, what time should we poor doctors have for ourselves?"

Some ten minutes later, the doctor and myself were seated in the balcony of one of the pleasantest houses in Berlin, watching the little heart-shaped leaves of the lime-trees waver and flutter in the street below, as we smoked our segars and sipped our *Hochheimer*. It was a quiet street in the suburbs, and that part of the house where the patients were confined was far away from us, and separated from

the quarter that the doctor inhabited by a large garden, and thus no groan or shriek could reach us. A pale, fat man, a recovered patient, waited on us, and the children from time to time ran out to us, laughing and shouting, from the inner rooms. As it began to get dusk, and the air grew cooler, and the first star sparkled over the General Graufenclau's house opposite, the doctor, planting one foot on the upper ledge of the balcony, and resting the other on a china garden-seat, began his story:

You must know, my dear English friend, that in 1812—that is to say, exactly eighteen years ago—I, then a mere lad, accompanied the French army to Russia. I was surgeon in Devout's corps, and was often in the Emperor's tent. No. 45—then a well-known astronomer in Berlin—was also with the Grand Army, having been expressly commanded by Napoleon to make observations on the climate of Russia, and to record its variations. His name was Krantzner, and he was well known at that time in Berlin as an acute observer of great industry and sagacity, but of an envious and avaricious spirit, that had led him to waste much time in alchemic pursuits, which he had finally abandoned in disgust, only to give himself altogether up to place-hunting and money-making. We knew each other by sight, and I frequently saw him both during the advance and the retreat. The story I tell you is partly from my own knowledge, and partly from the mouths of his intimate friends, many of whom were acquaintances of mine.

But let me delay for a moment, my dear English friend, to recall the glories of that vast army of three hundred thousand men that crossed into Russia. Only yesterday an old country woman was brought to see me, who had beheld that army pass her cottage. She described Napoleon as sitting on her small table, alternately consulting his maps, and cutting huge slices from a loaf that lay on the

table. All his marshals were round him, and all day the troops moved past the doorway in dusty columns. The country girls were peeping in at the window, to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. "Why do you look at me?" he said good-naturedly to one of the prettiest, chucking her under the chin as he spoke. "I am a poor little fellow. Look at these fine tall fellows" (pointing to Davout and Murat.) The old woman who told me this had a head that kept nodding with the palsy; and it took one year back to fancy her young, graceful, and pretty. But that little story recalled to my mind how our army looked when we arrived at Gjat, just before the affair at Borodino.

We all know what happened then. The Emperor rose at three in the morning, called for a glass of punch, sent Rapp for the reports, and transacted business with Berthier till five; then mounted on horseback, and ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound. "It is the enthusiasm of Ansterlitz," he said as he rode forward, and the troops began to cheer. We lost ten thousand men, the Russians fifteen thousand. But a few days after, the Russians retreated, and we advanced straight on Moscow.

I daresay you have read a dozen times about this famous battle, but I can not resist—pardon an old soldier—briefly reminding you of its chief points. The Russians were in a strong position, strengthened by field works; their right flank rested on an intrenched wood; a brook running through a deep ravine covered their right wing; from the village of Borodino the left extended to Lemonskoie, another village, protected by ravines and thickets in front, secured by redoubts and batteries; while in the center, on an elevation, rose a double battery, that commanded the whole line.

Davout wanted to turn their left, but Napoleon thought the plan too dangerous. Poniatowski therefore attacked their right and center; while Ney tried to storm the redoubt in the center; and Prince Eugene broke into Lemonskoie. If Napoleon had brought up his reserve of the Young Guard, the Russian retreat would have been a rout; and if Davout had got in their rear, Kutusow would have been unable to have retreated on the capital.

Ma foi! those peasants in the gray frocks, encouraged by their bearded priests, with their painted images, fought

like Turks, and would take or give no quarter. With nearly twenty thousand men wounded, and thirty generals *hors-de-combat*, you may imagine that I had a busy time of it the day after the battle. I was the chief doctor in the great convent of Kolotskoi, where our wounded were brought. We had no lint or anything, and our hussars had to scour the country for linen and beds. I was up to my waist in legs and arms; and at night, when I went out to take a breath of fresh air, as tired as any butcher on market-day, the groans from that great building rose as from a dying giant.

On the night of the 11th, Napoleon being uncertain whether the Russians had taken the road to Moscow or Kalouga, was informed by Jewish spies that Kutusow had really fallen back on the capital. The next morning we were to advance on Krymskoie. We were all in high spirits; even the poor wounded cheered faintly when I reported the news in the hospital.

That same night as I was walking round the bivouac fires, just to observe how the soldiers took the news, I came upon a singular group near a clump of firs, at the east end of the convent garden. There was Krautzer, whom I knew perfectly by sight, and a Jew spy, tormenting an old Russian peasant, who knelt before them. They had each got a lighted brand, and were, I suppose, going to torture him into some sort of confession. Two or three soldiers, in their bear-skin caps and gray greatcoats, were leaning on their muskets, and laughing as they watched them. The Jew was a lean, haggard man, with a dry, thin, wrinkled face, and withered eyes, that looked like dried currants. As he stood there in his greasy caftan and dirty boots, drawn over his trousers, I thought he might have passed muster for the very spirit of Avarice himself.

"Burn his beard off, great sir!" I heard him say to Krautzer; "I tell you he knows all about the Rostopchin Palace."

"And the celebrated Rostopchin jewels?" said Krautzer eagerly.

"Yes, every thing. He was steward's man to the prince, and knows all the family secrets. Then he held his torch close to the eyes of the wretched peasant, who shrank into a heap, and screamed for mercy.

"Burn his fingers off!" cried the Jew.

"Mercy! mercy! and I'll tell all," cried the peasant. "All the finest jewels are kept in a malachite cabinet, under the floor of the third bedroom to the right, on the third story, as you go up the grand staircase."

"He's lying," said the Jew; "my great sir, burn his toes off—do burn his toes off."

I was just going to interfere, and had indeed spoken to Krautzer apart, much to his indignation, when an old soldier came up, and striking the Jew with the butt-end of his musket, told him with an oath not to ill-treat the Russian.

"We owe them a turn," he said, "and we'll singe them with our cannon; but once prisoners, brave men should be merciful. Now, then, old Muscovite, run for your life, and no Jew or savant shall hurt you while I've a cartridge left. I've got an old father home in Auvergne just your age. Go, *mon enfant*."

The old Russian did not probably understand a word the old *moustache* said to him, but he saw that Krautzer and the Jew were restrained by some one or other, and he saw the wood to which the grenadier pointed. That was enough. In a moment, he blundered through the fire, and ran off as hard as his old legs could carry him; and as I returned to the hospital, hearing the soldiers' laughter, I looked back, and saw the Jew, nose on ground, stealing like a blood-hound on the track of the old Russian. But I thought no more of it. Hard work drove all other thoughts out of mind, and I had my large family, my twenty thousand men to look after.

At sunrise on the 14th of September, the vanguard reached a hill called the Mount of Salvation, and where the pilgrims kneel and pray before entering the holy city.

"Moscow! Moscow!" cried a hundred thousand voices. The steeples and gilt domes shone in the sun; the huge triangular Kremlin, half palace, half citadel, rose above the trees.

As I stood among the crowd, I heard two harsh voices at my elbow. One said: "Where—where is it?" The other replied: "That is the Rostopchin Palace there among the trees, to the left of the Kremlin, by the Kolomna Gate. All will soon be ours now."

I looked round; it was Krautzer and that carrion-crow of a Jew. They were

evidently thinking of the Rostopchin jewels.

"Monsieur Krautzer," I said, "have you not heard that Marshal Mortier has forbidden all pillage?"

"I suppose we may take keepsakes," he replied. "But to what do you refer?"

"I was thinking," I replied, "of the malachite cabinet in the Rostopchin Palace."

"A peasant's lie," said Krautzer, pale with anger and confusion, as he spurred on his horse, and joined the vanguard. That man had but one thought now. The beast of a Jew ran by his stirrup. How or where he had picked up this man, or what common interest brought them together, I never could learn.

Presently the news came that the two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Moscow had left the city. It was ours. No one was left in Moscow but beggars and thieves, and we entered the city soon after noon.

While others sought the Kremlin or the bazaars, the churches or the cafés, I employed myself in selecting a fit place for the wounded to winter in. When I had made my arrangements, under the guidance of a Cossack officer, a prisoner, I stopped at a great gateway, next door to our new quarters, and asked to what palace that led.

"That is the Rostopchin Palace, Frenchman," said the prisoner, "and contains furniture worth half a million of rubles, all left for your Corsican's plunderers."

"We are no thieves," I said, "Marshal Mortier, the new governor of Moscow, is ordered, on pain of death, to prevent all pillage."

"Ha!" says he, "look there; they have begun already."

I looked up to where he pointed; there were two men tearing down some shutters, and thrusting their heads out of a window on the third story. I looked; it was Krautzer and that accursed Jew. They were evidently in full cry after those Rostopchin diamonds.

"Take charge of this officer," I said to the picket of grenadiers that accompanied me, "and wait below. I have business here."

"Another of Marshal Mortier's robbers," muttered the Cossack; but I did not deign a reply.

I leaped through the shattered door, and in a moment was up the staircase.

That moment a gun was discharged, and a bullet shivered the balustrade that my hand rested upon. I drew my sword, and ran into a room on the third story where the door was open.

I stumbled over a still smoking musket. There, in the half-lit room, with light streaming through the broken shutters, were Krautzer and the Jew, bending over a hole in the floor, from whence they had removed two layers of cedar planks and much plaster and fresh earth. There between them, was the malachite cabinet—the forced-off lid carefully replaced.

I was in a furious rage at the attempted assassination. "I don't know which of you it was who shot at me," said I, "but one of you it was. If it was this cursed Jew—who already I know to be a spy and half suspect to be a murderer—I will kill him on the spot. If you, Monsieur Krautzer, I shall report you to Marshal Mortier."

"I know what you want," said Krautzer sullenly, looking up. "Don't swagger. You want your share; well, then, here take it;" and so saying, he threw off the lid of the malachite cabinet with a hideous grin of triumph. It was empty; its velvet-lined recesses still bore the impress of tiaras, carcanets, chains, and bracelets. "You see we were too late; other men had the fruit and left the shell for us. As for the shot, we took you for a stray Russian, and being here alone, feared violence. For that shot, a thousand pardons, my dear doctor; but pray, keep this casket as a small remembrance of Moscow."

I left the room with a curse, dashing the malachite box to pieces with a kick of my foot, and saw no more of Krautzer and his Jew for many a day, although I heard a rumor, that he had undertaken, for several thousand rubles, to convey back to France a Russian lady of rank, whose husband had been taken prisoner at Wilna, and sent to the Temple. I never knew a man so transformed by a lust for wealth as that Krautzer—fame, science, honor had all been sacrificed to that moloch.

That night, our ruin began—the Russians fired Moscow, the flames first breaking out in the coachmakers' warehouses. From that moment, the Emperor knew it was all over with him. The fatal retreat soon after began.

Every day matters grew worse and

worse. When one morning, on 6th November, at Dorogobuj, the first snow-flakes fell large as half-crowns, the Russian prisoners smiled bitterly, for they knew well what was coming. From that day, it grew worse and worse—thicker and thicker; and the Cossacks skimmed round us like Arabs round a plague struck caravan. As Segur says grandly in his great work: "In this vast wreck, the army, like a great ship tossed by a tremendous tempest, threw into that vast weltering sea of ice and snow all that could impede its progress." First, plunder, guns, arms, powder, shot; then the wounded, the women, the sick, sutlers, prisoners, standards. At the convent of Kolotskoi, it went to my heart to find thousands of my poor wounded dead, and the rest, whom we could not move, crowding to the door, lame and bandaged, stretching out their arms, and praying us to take them with us. There was no ford but some wagons or guns were abandoned at it; no storm of Cossacks but swept off some miserable stragglers; no bivouac fire lit but in the morning some of our wretched soldiers were found dead, with their feet half-burned off, and their hair frozen to the ground.

Pounded corn and horse-flesh had gradually been superseded by birch-bark and saw-dust loaves. The Emperor gave orders to destroy one-half the wagons, so as to use the horses and draught oxen to help forward the artillery. Many of the cavalry, by the time we reached Studzianka—and many even of the Sacred Squadron, the five hundred officers who formed the bodyguard of the Emperor—were dismounted. Some of our men had their bleeding feet bandaged with rags, to replace their worn-out shoes. There were generals wrapped in women's pelisses. All discipline was rapidly going.

During the retreat, I had frequent glimpses of Krautzer, who was always followed by that carrion-crow of a Jew. The day we left Moscow, I had seen him riding beside the sumptuous carriage that contained the Russian lady of rank whom he had undertaken to convey to Paris. A day or two later, when we halted at the lake of Semelin, to throw into it the ancient armor, cannon, the great cross of Ivan, and other trophies of Moscow, the carriage had disappeared, and Krautzer and his charge were both mounted on horses. There was no sun visible, and

the thick fog had suddenly changed into a heavy snow, that blew round us, and almost blinded the soldiers. Emaciated, dirty, and unshaven, our men already had begun to look more like hungry brigands than grenadiers of the Grand Army. It was on this day that the Emperor himself dismounted, seized a musket, and marched at the head of the Old Guard, to encourage them. When I shut my eyes, I can see him now, with the stern, gripped mouth and the broad white forehead, over which one black tress of hair fell. I was riding quietly along with the vanguard, wrapped in thought, when one of my assistant-surgeons tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed at Krautzer.

"Look at that man, Monsieur Frochot," he said; "observe how his holsters are stuffed out. The soldiers tell me they are full of jewels that he stole from a palace in Moscow. *Parbleu!* I would give a hatful of diamonds now myself to be safe in the Boulevards."

"And look at that poor woman, *camarades*," said a grenadier from the ranks—"how frightened she is of him; they say he beats her if she lags behind, he is so afraid of the Cossacks. Brute! I should like to put a bullet through him!"

"And here comes that Jew that never loses sight of him," cried a third fellow, with a red rag round his forehead—"follows him like a weasel does a wounded rabbit. I'd shoot that Jew if he followed me so. Ugh! how this snow blows in one's eyes!"

Worse and worse; you could trace our march by long lines of snow-hillocks, the graves of our unhappy soldiers. Four days from Smolensko, where we hoped to get food, I saw the poor Russian lady riding in a sutler's wagon, the next day on a gun-carriage. The day after that, I met her walking with almost bare feet, clinging to an old soldier, who had taken compassion on her; her hair was dishevelled, her rich dress had turned to rags. A day before we reached Smolensko, I came upon her body among a heap of camp-followers who had been speared by the Cossacks. The snow already had partly covered her. I stopped for a moment, and even in the cruel selfishness of that terrible retreat, covered her face with some snow. Poor woman, at last her sufferings were over; she was beyond the reach of pain, sorrow, and hunger. As for that wretch Krautzer, he, intent on

saving his plunder, was riding hotly on to Smolensko, hoping to be first to reach the ovens, where the Jews were baking bread for the army. At the sight of Smolensko, with its half-burned walls and dismantled towers, hope once more revisited our hearts, we waved our flags and bayonets, and hurried headlong to the ovens.

I found an infuriated mob of soldiers besieging the doors of the bakehouse where rations were to be distributed. Alarmed at their menaces, the frightened Jews were handing out lumps of the unbaked dough. Hundreds of bayonets were tossing in the air, muskets were discharging, and here and there men were actually fainting with hunger on door-steps, within arm's-length of the crowd. All order and discipline were gone, and amid a group of infuriated men screaming for more bread, officers were seen clamoring loudly as the meanest camp-follower.

Foremost among these, more cowardly and more importunate than any, I saw Krautzer; he was mounted on a strong artillery-horse, and the well-stuffed holsters were still conspicuous objects on his saddle. He was breasting his way to the front among the cursing soldiers, and the Jew was clinging to his stirrup-leather. His arms were up in the air entreating for bread, and the bayonets were all round him before and behind, and on the right hand and on the left, so that he could not move them either up or down.

"Shoot the savant!" cried a drummer, on whom his horse had trodden; "soldiers first, savants after. Why didn't he foresee the bad weather?"

"Bread, bread, accursed Jews! bread, dear Jews!" screamed out Krautzer, alternately wheedling and threatening.

"Bread, or we'll slay every Jew!" shouted the soldiers, tearing the dough to pieces as the Jew-bakers threw it in great white lumps among them, fierce as sharks fighting for a bait.

I was about four ranks off from Krautzer, and was waiting patiently for my turn, when my attention was drawn to the Jew at the savant's side. He was bending down and evidently cutting at the savant's holsters with a thick, sharp knife. I was fascinated with the sight; so fascinated, that I lost all thought of giving the alarm, though amid the war of four or five thousand hoarse voices, it is not possible that any alarm I could have given could have reached him. Suddenly I saw

the holsters slide off, and the Jew stoop down and crawl under the horse's belly and winding through the crowd, disappear down a side-alley.

"I think," said I to an officer next me, "that a Jew has robbed that man in front of us. I saw him cut off his holsters."

"*Chal!*" said the officer I addressed; "this is no time to look after thieves. Here, Jews—bread, bread; I'm starving; bread, Jew, or I'll fire my pistol."

Presently from the ravenous crowd Krautzer emerged, devouring a huge lump of dough, tearing it with his hands, and cramming it in huge morsels into his mouth.

"Is there more to be got, Monsieur Krautzer?" I said.

"I don't know or care," said the wretch; "it is every one for himself now. I'm off to Wilna."

At that moment, Krautzer's eyes happened to fall upon his saddle; he saw that his holsters were gone. He turned pale as a corpse, then suddenly his eyes kindled with the fire of incipient madness, and he drew his sword and advanced upon me.

"Villain! thief! it is you," he said; "give me the jewels, or I'll cut you to pieces."

"Put up that sword, fool," I said, "or I'll shoot you down as I would a Cossack. It was that Jew who cut off your holsters, and ran down that lane."

The sword fell from Krautzer's hands; his eyes rolled in their sockets; he flung up his arms, rose in his stirrups, gave a ghastly scream, and then sank into a half-paralyzed heap on the saddle, and rode slowly off down the lane I had indicated.

From that hour, the savant's reason failed him; that shock had stricken him to the brain; his conduct became gradually more and more wild and raving. He rode up and down among the ranks of the vanguard, like a madman, seeking for the Jew, calling his name, threatening him with death, praying him to take half the jewels, and surrender the rest. At last,

raving, and threatening a general with his sword, Krautzer was arrested, and sent to the rear with the sick. It was then I was sent to see him, and pronounced him mad.

I need scarcely remind you of the horrors of the Beresina, when about thirty thousand of our soldiers perished. I, however, passed my wounded over early in the day, and escaped safe to Wilna. Krautzer has been with me ever since, the Prussian government paying for his support. He will never recover; his brain is softening; I give him two years longer to live.

The rascal Jew was never again heard of; but a year or so after my return, I happened to see an advertisement in an Amsterdam paper, announcing the sale of some valuable jewels, diamond brooches, sapphire necklace, tiaras—"rarest water," "greatest luster," etc.—the property of Moses Levi. The next paper contained a paragraph stating that the jewels previously advertised had been bought in by one of the leading jewelers of Paris for the Rostopchin family, to whom it had been discovered they belonged, having been stolen during the time that the French held Moscow. These were the fatal jewels for which Krautzer had committed so many crimes.

Thanking the doctor for his interesting story, I rose to go, for it was getting late. As he opened the front-door for me, a tall, pale, thin woman, clothed in black, glided into the house, and passed into the porter's room.

"There," said the doctor, "behold a proof of the imperishability of woman's love! Talk of asbestos—talk of granite; that poor woman, twenty years ago, was engaged to be married to Krautzer. She visits him every day, and has done so for years. He does not know her, and he does not care for her visits; still she comes. Have another cigar, to smoke going home? You won't? Very well. Good night.

Charles Fraser
[From Fraser's Magazine.]

OUR MODERN YOUTH.

To any close observer of society, the moral and intellectual condition of the young in the present day is not the least remarkable peculiarity of our age. But although laughing comments upon some of the ungraceful follies they exhibit are common enough, the subject seems hardly to attract as much interest as it deserves. All who are practically engaged in education must, of course, study the condition of the young mind, as a matter of individual concern; but as a matter of public interest, we seem hardly awake to the deep national importance of the mental condition of the rising generation. It is not that the young are little considered: we have yearly debates upon popular education; we have competitive examinations, and University Reform Commissions; but in all these the point in question is the amount of knowledge necessary to be given for the practical purposes of life in various classes and positions; they regard the future, while the condition of those now entering upon the practical duties of life does not enter into these discussions. But it is this actual condition to which existing systems have brought the young of our own day; it is the evidence which they are giving of their power to cope with the great problems of society; the prospect they hold out to us of future national good or evil, which appear to us to engage little attention. Yet to those who consider it, the mental condition of the young at the present moment offers many strange peculiarities which can not be without effect upon character in maturer years, nor therefore without influence on the social and political life of the nation, on its opinions, its literature, and on the training of a future generation. Surely such manifestations are worth attention.

In endeavoring to explain and account for some of them, we will for the present look at the upper classes alone. Any wider survey becomes too complicated, and lets in too many other questions of social

relations, which puzzle the inquiry, and render it more difficult to trace the peculiarities to their source. Even in this narrower field there is more than enough to perplex, if not to baffle the observer.

The first thing that strikes one in mixing with young people now is the absence of that diffidence or timidity which has been supposed to belong to inexperience. There is in them generally, though in different degrees, what in the few may be called self-possession, but in the many must be called self-assurance. Afraid of nothing, abashed at nothing, astonished at nothing, they are ever comfortably assured of their own perfect competence to do or say the right thing in any given position. In schools, in universities, in military colleges, or in the world, wherever the young are assembled, these peculiarities are more or less conspicuous. Nor are they confined to the male sex alone. A girl of eighteen goes with as much assurance to her first drawing-room as the boy just out of school goes to meet his first introduction to his professional superiors. Their elders remember such days as momentous periods of agitation or nervous shyness, and accompany their hopeful offspring with words of encouragement; while, in truth, it is more probable that the daughter will support her mother's diffidence, and the son kindly patronize his father in the forthcoming trial to their nerves. One fear alone would be capable of unnerving either. If the youth could imagine that his companions suspected him of any of the poor-spirited qualities which are summed up under the awful accusation of being "green;" if the young lady who last week exchanged school-room frocks for ball-room dresses, could suppose that any one would doubt her perfect knowledge of life and society, of all proprieties of dress, manners, and conduct,—then, indeed, a cloud might come over their mental serenity, and that grand repose of self-satisfaction might be disturbed; but there is little fear of such

trouble falling upon them. If it were not for smooth cheeks, baptismal registers, and empty talk, we should rarely suspect them of youth. Truly the talk is the fatal snare. Registers we might not consult; cheeks may owe much to art, but the tongue is indeed an unruly member. In manner and conduct, the assurance of a settled position, or the self-assertion of tried character, may be assumed; but the tongue is loosed, and lo! all disguises fall away. Rushing with characteristic audacity into questions of literature and theology, morals and politics, their age stands quickly revealed. Then, according to our mood, we may laugh or weep, as we hear the morning's sermon and last night's partners discussed with the same off-hand ease by a set of young ladies; the heroes of twenty battles criticised by beardless boys, as they settle their neckties before a mirror; grave theological points, for which in former ages men were content to die, settled between the courses by creatures who were learning their catechism last month; political questions and the characters of public men disposed of in a few words by lads whose own experiences being necessarily a blank, have at least taken care to learn no lessons from history; points of conduct, puzzling to those who best know the trials of life, or rumors of foul-mouthed scandal, blasting honor and happiness in a breath, talked over by girls whose untried lives station has kept outwardly pure, even though youth has failed to keep them pure in mind or gentle in feeling.

Want of reverence is one of the common faults of the young in our day. That it should accompany great self-assurance is nothing wonderful, though it is not easy to say which is the cause or the effect of the other; whether the undue growth of self-importance first hides from us the relative proportions of what is out of self, or whether, being first devoid of that noble feeling that pays instinctive homage to all that is great, we are driven to seek satisfaction in poor and arid admiration of ourselves. This knotty question of precedence in mental infirmity we are fortunately not obliged to decide; enough for us is the fact that in some manner the tendencies of our age have fostered a peculiarity apparently little congenial to youth. For it has been commonly supposed that, left to its natural instinct, the

young mind is prone to reverence. Though often rash and presumptuous, youth has generally shown these faults in over-calculating its strength for every great and noble deed that has fed its hero-worship, and fired its enthusiasm. A lofty ideal was present, and the untried courage spurned every worldly obstacle. But the presumption of our fast generation is no such heroic failing. It is not born of overweening hope in future achievement, but of overweening satisfaction in actual achievement. It says not "Wait and see what we can do!" but, "Look and behold what we have done! how deep we are in the world's lore! how free from foolish prejudices! how far above ancient objects of veneration!" Those who enjoy this consciousness of inward strength naturally look not, as the inexperienced of former ages looked, for advice and encouragement from some whom they respected or revered; but on the other hand, they are willing enough to bestow it; thus their elders are saved a world of trouble; may have guidance if they will accept it, dismissing that old-fashioned hobbling guide called experience. It is time they should acknowledge that in place of one Minerva, whom Athens was proud of, we have a whole generation born ready armed for every conflict; whose swaddling-clothes are a panoply of wisdom. No wonder that they go their way rejoicing. They know every thing except their own ignorance and the few things that may chance to hide, and divine every thing except the feelings which these peculiarities of theirs are apt to excite in differently constituted minds. Nor, as we said above, are they chary of their superior wisdom, but willingly impart it; the misfortune is that the terms in which it is expressed are not always clear to the uninitiated, to the decrepit understandings whose culture was mostly effected while slang was denied the privilege of decent society; so that a new dictionary must needs be compiled before the sagacity of the fast school can be usefully digested into a new proverbial philosophy for common use and guidance.

Nil admirari is almost necessarily the motto of such a school. It has been at all times the resource of fools aping wisdom; but now we believe it is not a mere affectation, but a sadly-genuine state of feeling. Various causes have combined

to wither the poetic element in the young mind, and with it naturally decays the faculty of admiration, the source of some of our truest enjoyments and most elevating emotions. The youngest can rarely be content now to see, and feel, and enjoy; they must also, or rather first, judge, compare and criticise—a process all the more rapid the fewer the grounds possessed for comparison and judgment. Many would seem to have been born old, so completely has the gloss of life worn off before the fullness of life has been even tasted. They come from country-homes, and London seems quite commonplace to them. They go the theater for the first time, and are perfectly composed; for ever *à la hauteur des circonstances*, they criticise the arrangements, the acting, the getting up, and the audience with the aplomb of an habitué. They go abroad, and no contrast seems to prompt an inquiry, or awaken an emotion of surprise. They see the grandeur of nature, or the marvels of art, or the triumphs of science, and they may *approve*, but not wonder; they may express a judgment, but not ask a question; they may be satisfied, and gratify science or nature by saying so, but not be wrought into that state in which fuller minds feel overwhelmed by the presence of the sublime, and yield themselves with a sense of fuller life to the emotion which finds no utterance. Never, perhaps, were such varied excitements presented to eye and ear as in the present day; but it would seem that, in the absence of the pure and simple spirit of enjoyment, the excitement itself is the sole object. It is not the music, or the scenery, or the riding which is the attraction, but the party with whom these pleasures are to be enjoyed, and the dinner or the dress involved, according as it is a male or female imagination that dwells upon the prospect. It follows that there is little medium between excitement and ennui; and that the later quickly resumes its sway till some new thing awakens a moment's curiosity, or promises some fresh stimulus. This love of excitement explains why, in the midst of the prevailing apathy, there exists an insatiable craving for what they are pleased to call *fun*. Strange enough are some of the things which go under that name. *Outré* dress, *outré* language, *outré* manners, and *outré* flirting, all come under this head. Even in the female use of the term it

often includes slang, smoking, and a somewhat questionable love of adventure; while used by the nobler sex, it would be hard to limit its signification; since ranging through every puerile amusement, it has been seen also to embrace that rare delight in other men's peril, which inspired certain chroniclers of Indian horrors and the amateur camp-followers of Garibaldi—voluntary witnesses of a nation's struggle for life or death, who rode out to a battlefield to get an appetite for breakfast, and made merry over the squalid equipments of an army of heroes.

Such are some of the frantic efforts made to escape from ennui, that familiar demon of cold imaginations and vacant minds. It seems superfluous, after these things, to speak of bad manners, since nothing else could reasonably be expected; but they claim attention as indications that those points of feeling of which good manners were the supposed expression are no longer held to be so essential as to be assumed where they do not exist. When once the outward semblance of chivalrous feelings ceases to be the traditionary costume of the gentleman, those only will have good manners who truly cherish those feelings.

When, a few years ago, for instance, at a great ball, where all that was highest in London society was assembled, the gentlemen sat down to supper, while ladies were standing in great numbers around, one can only suppose habits of self-indulgence so strong, and public opinion on such matters so low, as to overcome the most rooted traditions of manly courtesy. When these things are done by many, they do not reflect upon the individuals merely, but they point to wide changes of opinions and associations, and those who by education or influence hope to remedy the evil must look to the deeper causes. Manners to women present some curious points for observation. That those of the gentler sex who take up the low-minded tone of the fast school should lose their gentle privilege, and be treated cavalierly by men, is not amazing. That they should be spoken to without deference, and be spoken of in terms which, if not creditable to the speakers, might at least rouse the most unwomanly to shame, this we can not wonder at. But there is with regard to far different women a curious contradiction in the treatment they receive from men. Never certainly was there a period when

woman's rational claims to consideration and to free action, her general rights as a human being were so recognized by society. The change of tone upon these subjects in the last five-and-twenty years is most remarkable; but the general want of courtesy and deference, the indifference to their society, are marked also. We can only suppose that the former change is owing to the better sense of justice which the gradual spread of liberal opinions has created, while the latter is due to the selfish love of ease which is so prevalent among us. Well-bred manners, including deference and attention to women and to superiors, whether in age or station, are too great a restraint, and so are cast aside. Every additional habit of self-indulgence so religiously cultivated in children at present, will of course tend to make the restraint more irksome, and so far tend to make manners worse, making club life seem preferable to drawing-room life, and inducing women to throw down, more and more, the barriers of refinement which divide the two. How far they may go in the sacrifice of all that has poetized woman's existence, and thrown a spell of refinement over man's, before they succeed in establishing their sway over a race of apathetic sensualists, is a point we are fortunately not bound to inquire into.

Allied to early selfishness is the belief that selfishness governs the world, that each being necessarily engrossed with the care of *Number One*, each must stand on the defensive against others. Thus distrust, the canker of age, comes to wither the feelings of youth. It is the blight of autumn falling upon the opening buds of spring. The selfish system, eminently one-sided as an explanation of social phenomena, is essentially false as a key to individual character and action; but no doubt the high favor it has found as a philosophical doctrine has tended to foster the growth of selfishness in individuals, and to procure toleration for it in society, just as the progress of democratic opinions has tended to encourage the spirit of rebellion even against authority which the most ardent among rational lovers of freedom would hold sacred. This selfishness and conviction of the constant action of selfish motives are what in great measure make up the worldly spirit which is so common, and held in such high repute that to be ignorant of the world seems a

disgrace at eighteen. That the spirit is owing to general causes, and is in some degree impregnating the whole moral atmosphere, is seen in the fact that young people brought up in remote country places are often as strongly imbued with it as if educated at Eton. The Etonian would doubtless look down with great contempt on the worldly knowledge of the country-bred lad; but the latter is not the less puffed up with his own confidence of being above any ignorant trust in his fellow-creatures. He comes out of his father's parsonage equally certain of being one of the knowing ones, equally proud of not being simple-minded or fresh hearted, in a word, in not being young; free from the best attributes by which youth wins the heart, even when it most fails to satisfy the judgment. And the country-bred girl vies with her brother in distrust of generous motives, in dread of being supposed ignorant of what it would be well she should ignore for ever, and in worldly lore, including the most intimate knowledge of the *Peerage* and the *Morning Post*, and a singular degree of acquaintance with certain phases of society which their mothers still blush to allude to. It was recorded long ago of a boy, as a solitary instance of precocious worldliness, that he put his pocket-money out to interest among his school-fellows, and in the antiquated state of feelings then prevalent, the story excited disgust. But now, should such a custom become prevalent, let no one be surprised; not because love of money has increased, but because the lads of this age of progress may be expected to take every means of showing that they are above the *humbug* of generous sentiment. Simply to lend or give to a friend must appear an act of ignorant infatuation to these gray-hearted boys.

Let us, however, be thankful that those in whom precocious worldliness has blunted moral sensibility, together with *blasé* youths and fast young ladies, are after all the small number. Woe indeed to the nation if the young of the educated classes were in the majority such as these! But the want of reverence, the self-assurance, the affectation of worldly knowledge, the confident tone, bordering on, if not always amounting to, arrogance—these are so general that it is curious to inquire whence they arise. We see them, not merely in the triflers we speak of, but

quite as conspicuously in the young politicians and social reformers who are in real earnest setting the world to rights, and in the girls who, indifferent to pleasure, devote a laborious life to schools and district visiting. Whence then do the evils originate?

Such faults are shown too early to be fairly charged upon the young themselves. The age at which they are rife is one which is, or ought to be, under control; and in these days of stir and clamor about education, it would ill become us so to ignore its power as to exonerate those from blame who should have wielded that power for good, and have let it work for evil. It is sad, but there is no denying the fact, part of the mischief we complain of is owing to the increased education of the present day; or rather, let us say, to the increased *teaching*. Precocious worldliness and self-assurance are the natural fruits of an education which teaches much and inspires nothing; in which the eyes and understanding have been opened to see and learn many things, while the heart has not been opened to genial influences, nor the imagination to lofty thoughts; in which the dry dust of books has choked up the brain, while the power, the poetry of knowledge, and of beliefs that transcend knowledge, have never stirred the soul.

A higher standard of acquirement has been set up in obedience to the necessities of modern life. More knowledge is required now than formerly in the great race of competition, and it must be given at an early age, and fitted for all capacities. Money considerations require this, and their sway is not disputed. But educators have not remembered that in order to make this increased information available for real mental improvement to the individual, higher views and better trained judgment would also be required; that a well-balanced mental culture is that which alone deserves the name of education, not that cramming of the memory which carries a boy through an examination, but leaves thought and reason as feeble as before. It is a melancholy fact that so many years' talking and writing about education should result in the sacrifice of much that is best both in moral and intellectual discipline, leaving the recipient of so much information puffed up with his acquirements, arrogant and selfish towards others. Yet so it too commonly is. Intellectual discipline being essential-

ly different from the mere process of storing the memory is, we maintain, abandoned in exact proportion to the demands made by the necessities for early professional training. The culture of the highest faculties, judgment, thought, imagination, are made quite subordinate to the cramming of facts for a specific purpose; which purpose being attained, unless some further practical object keeps them present, the facts themselves are quickly swept away, and the mind remains dormant as before.

Moral discipline, on the other hand, which at all times is a home influence, is enfeebled by the relaxation of parental rule. It is true that more care is taken than formerly not to ruffle the temper, not to provoke deceit by severity, and that more efforts are made to make the young life happy; so far all is good, but it is not enough. We are not advocates for the ancient notions of parental authority; on the contrary, we believe that in many cases they involved absolutely perverted views of moral obligation, but this applies rather to a later period of life. The error of former days was rather in absurdly prolonging the period of submission than in exacting it too rigidly in childhood and early youth. Nor does it follow, because despotism is a bad thing, that anarchy is better; we contend rather that despotism, tempered by parental love, is a far less evil than abandoning the rein to youthful caprice, and exacting neither obedience nor outward respect. Strong moral influence *may* certainly be maintained without the assertion of authority, and reverence *may* live in the heart while the forms of deference are neglected; but these cases will ever be rare, for they imply truly fine natures in both parent and child. The common result of the abdication of authority and claim to outward respect will be loss of real deference and reverence, and, consequently, wayward action and an arrogant tone in the young. There is a strange notion prevalent among many who shrink from the austere maxims of former days, that a child's judgment should always be appealed to, and that the parent's wishes should be followed because they are seen to be reasonable. But besides the fallacy of supposing that a child can always, or often, perceive this, the moral discipline of obedience is thus abandoned. It is forgotten that principally by early obedience is

formed the habit of submitting to the claims of duty, of reverencing the voice of superior wisdom, however opposed to passion or inclination. The subject on which authority should be exercised, the point where it ought to cease, are among the most difficult problems of education; but we repeat, for we earnestly believe it, that a somewhat too rigid rule is less mischievous to the moral nature of the young than the absence of discipline; and that even in matters of opinion, the habit of taking much upon trust as inculcated by an authority justly revered, is scarcely more enfeebling to the intellect, and far less injurious to the moral tone, than the habit in the young of giving the name of opinion to every crude notion of their own, and looking with no reverence to aught greater or wiser than themselves. There is too much reason to fear that those who begin as children by questioning all that falls from a parent's lips, will grow up to reverence nothing, often to believe in nothing. And let it be remembered that such a state of mind in youth is not the candid skepticism of an inquiring spirit ever renewing the search in which it has been so often baffled; it is not the unbelief slowly wrought into certain minds by the progress of knowledge, and which, accepted after many a weary struggle, saddens every heart where it has forced admittance; no, when such a tone prevails in youth, it denotes the dry condition of a mind for whom there is no poetry, no grandeur in the universe; that disbelieves in high and noble things because no echo within attests their reality.

But we are not writing a treatise on education; these few remarks suffice to justify us in ascribing, in great measure, the faults we are condemning in the younger generation—their arrogance and want of reverence especially—to that very system which has been supposed to be so great an improvement upon former methods. And when we look into the detail of family management, and see how constantly the children are made the one paramount object, how the mother's health, the father's convenience, the claims of relations—all are made to yield to their wants, their amusements, their lessons, we can not wonder if selfishness is added to the arrogance. High-toned natures alone, while feeling themselves to be an all-engrossing object to others, can respect the motive, admire the devotion, and return

the love, without imbibing exorbitant notions of their own claims and importance.

The defects we have censured are not, however, to be ascribed altogether to parental mistakes; they are fostered in another way by the tone of public opinion on various points. We complain of individual conceit, but we must remember that ours is an arrogant age. We have done much in some directions, and are prone to think that we have done more. The achievements of the nineteenth century are our idol; at once the work of our hands and the object of our worship, we are lost in pleasing contemplation of it. From the writings of philosophers to the commonest newspaper tirades, this puffing of our times is continually poured forth, till at last a strange process takes place, and this pride in our century turns unconsciously to individual self-glorification. We have done no single thing ourselves to advance the progress of the age, it is well if we have taken decent advantage of the opportunities it has held out to us; but we belong to it, and thence look down upon all chronological precedence. Respect for the past no longer fostered by traditional politics, is scorned as an ignorant prejudice, and replaced by admiration for the present, and unbounded confidence in the future. No doubt the opposite feeling held too high a place in former times, when antiquity was the one great model; and later even, when men gazed with an almost desponding admiration on the few standard works of which degenerate moderns might be allowed to feel some pride. Now, standard works are barely acknowledged, and even the Greeks are treated with an irreverent impartiality which would have seemed worthy of death to a scholar of the olden times. Public homage can not be denied to some portions of our older literature. Shakspeare and Milton may be little read, but prescription is in their favor, and the former, at least, is still supposed to stand unrivalled. But this inevitable meed of admiration to some relics of the past makes the censure of the rest all the more refreshing. We may be obliged to acknowledge the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but the eighteenth may be utterly condemned, as we look back from our present pinnacle of greatness. One avers that it possessed scanty knowledge, another that it had no poetry, to a third

it wants earnest feeling, to the fourth its religion is formalism, and its philosophy the lisplings of babes, etc., etc. No wonder if by that process of individualizing that we spoke of above, each small scribbler of the great nineteenth century feels his immense superiority over the Addisons and Popes, the Humes and Adam Smiths of that poor benighted period.

The progress we really have made is most undoubted and most gratifying; but honor to whom honor is due. The nineteenth century may deserve both the oak and the laurel wreath, but there seems no particular reason to crown our own poor insignificant selves. The nineteenth century boasts of great discoveries, but the generality of the young gentlemen of our acquaintance have not been much concerned in them. The nineteenth century has sent steamers across every ocean and electric telegraphs from land to land, forging new bonds of union for the human race; but we believe the fast generation who are now prepared to teach us every thing found these things ready before their teaching began. Some of them may have gone for a holiday trip across the Channel, or sent an electric message to some very indulgent mother on a pressing need for more pocket-money, but this hardly warrants their extreme sense of superiority over all former generations, who enjoyed their holidays and got what pocket-money they could after another fashion. The nineteenth century has spread knowledge, has consolidated free institutions, has pondered long-neglected social questions, has shed light in dark places, and striven to raise the poor and degraded to a higher level; but did that young dandy lend a hand to the work? Was he really laboring for popular education when we thought he was only neglecting his own? Was he so occupied with philanthropic objects, with diffusing the knowledge of our age, that his own ignorance may be accounted for on patriotic grounds? If so, we have much to ask his pardon for, and do so with all humility. Again, the nineteenth century has begun another work it may be justly proud of—it has raised the position of women; it has shattered prejudices which had fettered their freedom, and removed legal and social obstacles to their well-being; but we are not aware that Kate Coventry, or any of her sisterhood, have helped in the good work. We see abun-

dant reason in what they have done to justify each of them in her assertion that she at least is not a strong-minded woman, but no apparent ground for placing them quite so high—as they would place themselves—above Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Somerville. Lastly, vast as are the achievements of the present century, and glorious the prospects which are opened to man by the wide increase of knowledge and the magnificent control over the powers of nature, it is not well to forget that each despised period of the past was preparing the way for what we are called to enjoy. Former generations sowed the seed; it was our fortune to be born in the fullness of time, when the harvest was ripe to yield its richest fruits. It would be wiser, therefore, to give heed that we improve the inheritance for those who come after us than to sit down in self-complacency to deride those who went before.

This remark points to the one view in which this fond dwelling upon the glories of our age may become profitable. We may make it so if when we number the advantages we possess, we are careful to measure our individual attainments by this new standard; if when we compare our means with the means possessed by former generations we forget not to realize the vast responsibility they entail upon us; and feel that to be in any way worthy of an age of social and intellectual progress, requires increased love of knowledge and more earnest desire to serve the highest interests of humanity. This view is one which education might turn to profit if it cared as much for enlarging the soul as for cramming the memory. Had it done so we might have found in the young, simple earnestness in the admiration and pursuit of great things, instead of the prevalent arrogance. We should not at any rate so commonly see the monstrous absurdity of persons indulging self-sufficient pride in work to which they have not contributed, and which entails new duties they have not even striven to understand.

Youthful conceit is fostered in another way by much of the current literature of the day. Newspapers, reviews, magazines, railway publications, all bring a quantity of miscellaneous and hasty opinion before the public; opinions on every variety of subjects and information given out in an *ex cathedra* tone which masks its shallowness. The young read indis-

criminally, digest a small portion of this diluted knowledge, and imbibe *in toto* the easy spirit of decision. It would not be possible for them to form an opinion on a tenth part of the subjects thus brought before them, but they can easily retail opinions, and thus at once deceive themselves and gratify their vanity by having something to say when any of this miscellaneous hoard is turned up in society. It is a very wide and difficult question to strike the balance of good and evil produced by the mass of indifferent literature in the present day. So many important moral and social questions enter into the consideration that we could not venture an opinion here. But this we may assert; that when literature was of a different order it did not in the same manner foster self-deception in those who studied it. In the first place it required to be studied, it was addressed to more cultivated minds. It was not so easy to gather from it opinions of half a dozen grave topics in the course of an hour's drive; the trouble of forming opinions more slowly exercised the judgment of those who really went through the labor, and forced some degree of modest silence on those who did not.

In some measure the question of popular literature is a class question; that is, it must be judged on very different grounds according to the class we are considering. The cheapness and abundance of papers and books brings knowledge in some form or another within the reach of all; this is the good, and can hardly be over-rated. The evil scarcely touches the class who are most affected by the benefit. The poor man out of all this abundance probably gets one paper only to read, or one book, which is slowly conned in his scanty leisure hours, and which can not therefore present information in too easy a form. Multitudes are thus enabled to read, while each has still but little variety in his reading. With the upper classes who have abundant leisure, the case is reversed. There each one can command the variety which is intended to meet the various tastes of the multitude of readers. The light popular form in which knowledge must be presented in order to be available for those who have small means or time for mental culture, just suffices to save trouble to those who might give both time and attention, but are easily led to prefer the desultory, superficial gleanings of

popular works, to the books requiring thought and labor, which their intellectual opportunities might privilege them to study. Thus what is a substantial benefit to one class becomes a snare to another. Again, if it is desired to cultivate a taste for reading as a refining habit, opposed to the coarse pleasures which offer their ceaseless temptations to the workingman, we must have amusing books. Information, if aimed at, at all, must be in an attractive form, while fiction itself has noble uses in raising the ignorant mind used to the low and coarse tone of its own public, to know what is the standard of opinion and sentiment accepted among the more cultivated and gentler bred. Emotion and imagination are thereby excited, the heart and mind the better for it. The elevating influence of the drama may thus in great measure be exercised without the accompanying evils of the stage. But in a higher class of society this mode of influence should be needed; and fiction sinks to the mere amusement of an idle hour. If those to whom the finest poetry of several languages is, or ought to be, accessible; to whom the world's history and the record of what man's genius has done, appeal in a thousand voices to stir thought and imagination; if they are still dependent for mental excitement on the commonplace fictions that swarm from our presses, they deserve indeed our unfeigned compassion. But let us rather blame the education which has left them so intellectually poor, than deny praise to the efforts made to meet the needs of those who have had fewer means to neglect, and fewer opportunities to misuse.

Another source of self-deception with the young is that reading is the fashion. It is impossible to give it another name with the generality, when we see how entirely their reading is limited to what fashion prescribes, to what "everybody is reading." It would be curious to examine the lists sent to Mudie's library during a period of some months, for the sake of discovering what proportion among these constant readers have any purpose of their own in their reading, a purpose which would show itself in selection and in consecutive study of some particular subject. We believe such an examination would afford a startling revelation of the utter absence in general of any of the real purposes of reading. A new book comes out on China, or North-America; the whole

interest of the circulating library public is immediately concentrated on those countries; the most valuable, nay the most amusing book, six months older in date, would not be looked at. Next week a theological work threatens to divide the Church, or a philosophical speculation excites enough attention to become matter of general conversation; immediately every one, however incapable of following the argument or appreciating the research, must read that work and no other. The author might wish that his reader should give at least as many days' thought to the study of his work as he gave years to the composition of it, but little does he know the reading public if he indulges such a hope; let him only rejoice when speedily a new novel or a new sermon comes out which it would be equally disgraceful not to be able to talk over at every dinner-table. When all other resource fails and fashion is silent, the clerk at the library is desired to cater for the intellectual wants of these industrious readers, he "must send them *something*, for they have nothing to read." Some of these starved supplicants for books have libraries at home, but the books are old enough to have been bound, and that we know puts them out of the readable class.

No doubt some information is gleaned from this heterogeneous mass; but while it is seldom such as to improve the understanding, it is always enough to feed self sufficiency. How can we, how can they themselves doubt their knowledge, when they are so continually reading; when many of them do not travel an hour or wait ten minutes at a shop door without a book? None can doubt the fact of the reading, but apart from the nature of it, the very quantity might make us distrustful. Those, at any rate, who know how much mind and character owe to thought and meditation, will have their doubts whether this eschewing of apparent idleness is altogether a guise of mental profit.

All the faults we have censured in the young of the present day, and which we ascribe partly to defective education, and partly to the desultory habits of reading, are also fostered very powerfully by the growth of democratic opinions. What that influence has been in this respect is shown in a yet stronger light by the example of America, where those opinions prevail more entirely and where the same condition of the young mind is seen in a

more aggravated form. The parental rule is more relaxed than among ourselves, the spirit of independence and the arrogant tone more marked among the young. It is asserted that public opinion operates to narrow the exercise of the most legitimate authority to such a degree that the discipline necessary for education is almost abandoned, and a mother has been known to say that she *dared* not punish her child. Every youth feels that independence will soon be within his grasp and exults in the almost boundless field open to his energies. His ignorance and inexperience very naturally seem no obstacles, when the constitution of his country considers such drawbacks no impediment to the possession of the most serious political privileges. Girls hitherto debarred from these, naturally look upon the exclusion as a wrong which excites again the rebellious spirit; or if not active-minded enough to care for these things, they are content with the wide career of social independence opened to them. They frequently go out alone when even our fast tribe still go through the ceremony of having a chaperon, and marry at an age which almost insures their having neither knowledge nor power to resist being thrust again into the background by their own children.

Where go-ahead is the ruling principle of life those who have most energy for the race and most prospect of distancing others will necessarily hold the first rank; and these must be the young, the men of action, as opposed to the men of thought and experience. And conversely, where the younger minds influence society the growth of democratic opinions is more rapid. Accordingly it was one of the grievances of the democratic party under the Restoration in France that the age for entering the Chamber of Deputies was fixed so late, thereby increasing the Conservative force which in their eyes was a suicidal, retrograde movement. Rapid advance, change, daring innovation, are the work of minds as yet undaunted and untried; in America, therefore, where the average of life is shorter than in England, and younger men constantly sway public opinion, great encouragement is given to the naturally democratic tendencies of a young country, owing its origin to commerce and to successful rebellion; and all the social influence of those opinions will be felt.

In making these remarks we are not

passing censure on the democratic movement of the present day. Its many benefits we are fully aware of, and still more certainly are convinced that nothing can stay its progress. The very points which the most aristocratic party in our own country is content to defend, show beyond all other evidence how impossible it was to retain more. When a Tory ministry, for whatever motive, could bring in a reform bill, we may rest assured that the knell of real Toryism, almost of real Conservatism in its ancient meaning, is already rung. For good or for evil, then, we must onward. But the educated classes of a country ought to have sufficient influence somewhat to shape the course, if they did not in indolence, or in despair, let the helm drop from their hands. Certainly as regards the future it is by education, more than by any other means, that the course might be shaped. Doubtless it is well that we should abandon that attitude of respectful veneration for the wisdom of our ancestors which has perpetuated so many abuses; but our ancestors hardly deserve the contempt with which their very young posterity are inclined now to treat them. It were better for the young if they laid to heart some lessons taught by those days in which men struggled for freedom, when freedom was not an acknowledged right; in which they lived for knowledge, when knowledge was neither a fashion nor a road to power; in which they were stern and earnest unto death for the faith to God or king, without asking if reason approved or prudence sanctioned what conscience had stamped as a duty. If the young mind were turned to view these things it might safely also perceive that the forms in which that noble spirit was manifested were erroneous, and that we have better light shed upon our own path. They would feel that the past was not all foolish, that its long experience which prepared the better days for us does not deserve to be cast aside altogether to attend only to boasting of the present and wild hopes of the future. The danger of the prevalent tone of modern conceit for the young is that, since their own knowledge can suggest nothing better than the object of the old veneration, they are mere echoes of an opinion which at the same time feeds indirectly their own vanity. They can only follow a fashion in casting out the idol, as they did of yore

in worshipping it; but it is a more dangerous fashion for the ignorant, inasmuch as it feeds conceit instead of diffidence, presumption instead of humility. If the real grounds for reverence, whether of persons or institutions, were kept carefully before the mind, it might be felt how well an attitude of respect suits those who not only have as yet given no pledge of their powers to improve society, but have no rational grounds for trusting to any such power in themselves. A great writer of the present day who has been only too forward in our opinion in his crusade against past objects of veneration, has nevertheless some remarks which corroborate our view, and gladly do we quote them from a source which might seem generally to be hostile. He is speaking of the necessity of discriminating between wonder and admiration: "Wonder," he says, "is the product of ignorance; admiration is the product of knowledge. Ignorance wonders at the supposed irregularities of nature; science admires its uniformities."* This distinction carefully kept before the young mind might preserve it from the folly we have spoken of. For admiration in the sense in which the word is here used by Mr. Buckle is the companion of wholesome reverence. It is not that veneration allied to wonder which is turned superstitiously to subjects, whether of earthly or spiritual concern, but that which comes with earnest respect to examine and admire what is truly admirable in the works of God or man, in the effusions of genius or in those spiritual manifestations of humanity, when our poor weak nature rises on the wings of lofty purpose or emotion to the sublime in action. Conceit and presumption wither in the presence of such contemplations, while hope and resolution gather strength from the generous emotion they kindle.

In weighing the good and evil effect of democratic opinions we do not always consider their social and their political influence sufficiently apart. It is so much easier, there is so much less expenditure of thought in taking one view only of a question, that it is little wonder if opinions *à l'outrance* are commonly the fashion, and that to discriminate and go a certain length with different parties, is held

* Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, vol. II. p. 188, note.

to be timid, if not uncandid. We must, however, submit to the taunt; for while acknowledging fully all the benefits of the progress of liberal opinions, we can not accept as advantageous to society all the consequences which they have occasioned. The political advance of democracy, even when threatening danger, is always an earnest movement, is one in which the widest interests of humanity are concerned; but the social movement is mixed up with every feeling of petty jealousy and ambition. In this country we owe many blessings to the fact that our free institutions have not been the conquests of a revolutionary democracy, but were struggled for and established by a class of men whose position, being already secure, had socially nothing to contend for. Thus political aims have been kept far more free from petty views of social jealousy than in some other countries. *Freedom* has been our watchword, not *equality*. The one is a noble aspiration nobly realized; the other the baseless dream of morbid minds, blind to the distinction between great and little ends, between that which is necessary for the full development of human nature, and that which nature herself has made impossible. But the modern spirit of rebellion tends to this unhealthy view of all privilege and distinction; and it is well to have courage to take up the unpopular side, and to show the folly that sees oppression in questions of precedence, and believes that virtue and talent exist in inverse ratio to the opportunities for cultivating either! We must remember that it is in its trifling aspect that the spirit of an age works upon the multitude of minds by whom its depth and earnestness are unfelt. Thus the young may grow up democratic, in obedience to the general, social influence around them, without being one whit the more lovers of true liberty, without perceiving that the fopperies of radicalism have no more to do with freedom than the ceremonial of a church service with religion. In the class we have been speaking of, youthful arrogance does not show itself in contempt for social position, simply because they either possess it themselves, or are connected closely enough with those who do to reap its advantages. But if they were capable of reflection, they would see that their want of reverence for what is above them—their rebellion against constituted authorities and accepted con-

ventionalisms—ought also, if consistently carried out, to strike at the root of the very distinctions and privileges some of them are proud of, and some vainly covet. The off-hand independence they exhibit is, then, more natural and intelligible in America than in the English fashionable world, and would be more intelligible still in a lower class of society than in those of either country who have possessed the privileges of education and gentle breeding.

Since inequalities must ever exist, gladly would we respect the social distinctions that give an assured place and weight in society to those who, *as a class*, are more likely to exercise a refining influence upon it. Till human nature is very different from what it has hitherto been, the minds of most men will have an idol. Better, then, let it be any thing that involves an idea, a sentiment, as the prestige of birth undoubtedly does, than the golden calf of Mammon. Here is the god that inherits the worship of every fallen idol! One object of veneration after another is destroyed, and the materials, sensual enjoyments of life intrude their *reality* more and more as each *ideal* fades; and wealth, which is the key to their possession, becomes the one object of desire and respect. The golden demon enters the heart thus freed from all other spiritual influences, and truly "the last state of that man is worse than the first."

Just as the condition of the young mind has been influenced by the progress of democratic opinions, so also have the latter influenced the efforts making so actively now in favor of female emancipation. Men began the crusade against privilege and authority: it was hardly to be expected that, when attacked as between class and class, they would be left to stand unquestioned between one half of the human race and the other. Women caught the infection of freedom; and what had been before only the cry of the really oppressed among them, became the general cry of all who felt they were within reach of oppression. It was no longer here and there a wronged woman claiming justice against her tyrant; it was the multitude of women standing up to claim that tyranny should no longer be a favored institution—fain would they have said that it should no longer be possible. And steadily and earnestly, with perseverance against difficulties, and patience

against ridicule, have they worked their onward way, till views, deemed visionary and dangerous a few years ago, are accepted; and the warm sympathy of men has often been enlisted in favor of what at first was supposed to be subversive of their interests. Never, indeed, can their objects be fully attained; for never, we fear, will might cease to be right, nor law be able to reach the abuse of power screened from public cognizance by all that makes home sacred. But we may hope that other generations of men, growing up under the different tone of opinion this movement has given birth to, may feel shame at the thought of such oppression of the weak by the strong as their fathers practiced with a safe conscience, and may see that to be unmanly and base which was considered before as the undoubted privilege of manhood.

But in these efforts, as in the progress of democracy, we again see the twofold aspect of a wide movement—the trifling by the side of the earnest agitation, and the danger lest that should exercise most influence over the young. Here also we see the paltry struggle for insignificant objects, the petty jealousies showing how needful it is that sound minds should exert themselves to keep the lead, and not allow themselves merely to be carried forward by the general movement. To this foolish phase of the struggle for freedom among women belong the frivolous display of masculine tasks and pursuits; the boast of equality with men, which we might at least expect to see proved before so much is built upon it; the impatience of home occupations; the forgetfulness of all the differences by which nature points to a different vocation for the two sexes, and other sad mistakes which threaten to mar the good which the wiser efforts have wrought. Mostly, however, does this frivolous aspect of the movement show itself in mere follies of dress and tone, in masculine manners, in contempt for conventionalities, in the rude disclaiming of protection, in the general defiant tone and violent *esprit de corps*, the principal effect of which upon sober minds is to recall how much more numerous, after all, in their own recollection, are the instances of men who were not tyrants to their wives, than of those who were. It is, in short, in all that assemblage of unfeminine follies which lead us daily to expect the announcement of a new amazon kingdom,

and make us look forward, not without comfort, to the time when these vociferous victims shall go forth to found it. It is asserted even that we only see a reflex of this same folly in that most melancholy phenomenon of our day—the fast young lady; that this painful exhibition is only part of the general defiance of all authority and established conventions, part of that protest against all that has been which we see in so many forms. If it be so, we ought not, perhaps, to be surprised that in the hands of the ignorant and frivolous it should assume a form in which self-respect is sacrificed among other antiquated things.

When young women who have no ostensible occupation but amusement, assume a peculiar mode of dress and manner, the natural supposition, according to old-fashioned notions, would be that it is intended to secure admiration from the other sex; but we are assured that in this case, far from being intended to attract, it is meant to show a noble independence of their approval; that it is to defy the opinions of men that these champions of their oppressed sex wear impudent hats, and talk vulgar slang. How this supposition is made to agree with the abject craving for an establishment, which is not apparently less felt in this section of the female fashionable world than in any other, is a point too knotty for the uninitiated to solve. We only hail with joy the indirect praise of our younger countrymen, which is implied in the fact that these things are supposed rather to offend than attract them. It would be too painful a reflection for any lover of Old England could we believe that young men were in any danger of forming their ideal of woman upon such models. So far we are reassured. But if, on the other hand, this habitual contempt for feminine decorum; if this unwomanly aping of male follies; if this unblushing courting of attention by a style of dress and manner which allows a wide scope to conjecture as to the kind of attention that will be acceptable; if these are, indeed, parts of a protest in favor of female emancipation, then truly it is time that earnest minded women should rise and put down the insolent pretension to fellowship. The aspiration for freedom which goes masquerading in bold attire, and shows its capacity for self-government by compromising all a woman should hold

most dear for the sake of a new excitement—such aspirations can not too soon be attacked by any weapons which the blunted sensibilities of the pretenders will allow them to feel. The only indulgence they deserve is owing to the far heavier censure which falls on parents who could allow such inclinations to develop unheeded, and drop the authority or the influence which should have restrained them, looking on apparently unmoved at evil, which the young rush into, but are themselves too ignorant to fathom.

But now, when we have done, many will say to us, "Is the folly worth so much serious indignation? Granting the conceit, the arrogance, the absurdities of both sexes, are these manifestations of youthful ignorance a fit subject for such grave rebuke?" As such only, certainly not. If it were a passing fashion merely among fashionable young ladies, and boys dreaming they are men, it would not, indeed, be worth more than a passing laugh. But faults of this nature seem to us to taint the moral and intellectual constitution; and those suffering the taint, though now boys and girls, hold in their hands the destiny, for many years to come, of all we hold dear in national life. We live in grave times, and in the future many an arduous struggle seems already shadowed forth, in which the youth of to-day must bear their part, and bring honor or disgrace upon their class and their country—struggles which will need qualities less easily roused at the sudden call of danger than the courage and manliness the most apparently effeminate among us have never yet failed in. Hardy games and wild sports may suffice to counteract for that purpose the evil influence of luxury and self-indulgence, but England may need yet higher service

from her sons; and may we not well ask what, in this arrogant, self-sufficient boyhood, is preparing for a manhood of care, of thought, and responsibility?

What generous action can we hope from the riper years of one who, in the age of illusions, is given up to matter-of-fact wordliness; who, in the age of trust, is proud of being suspicious; who, in the age of inexperience, is full of self-assurance? What exalted sense of national interests is promised by the career of one who begins life by disbelieving in earnest ambition, to whom heroic action or disinterested patriotism seem mere ignorance of the world? What course of social or political improvement can we expect from one whose small self is his standard of human achievement—to whom the experience of age inspires no respect, to whom the utterances of genius are as mere words submitted to his criticism, and fame a childish dream—whose real criterion is the gold it earns? What great or noble thing dare we hope from one to whom, in the very season of poetry and emotion, reverence is unknown, and who bows not in silent respect before moral or intellectual greatness; one who, if brought into society with all whom the grateful homage of generations has stamped immortal, would probably call Newton a *muff*, and Shakspeare a *brick*, and forthwith sit undaunted in judgment upon both?

Truly, if such be the prospect opened to us by the boasted education of the nineteenth century, it is not too soon to look seriously into the question; it is not too soon to seek around us for some methods of dealing with the young which shall look a little deeper than those now in vogue into principles of human nature and the best interests of society.

POSSIBILITIES OF CREATION.

Possibilities of Creation; or, What the World Might have Been. A Book of Fancies. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1863. *Possibilities of Creation*, while made up of the fanciful or imaginary, is withal an exceedingly ingenious and humorous book. We

were quite sure of finding good in the volume when, among other things in its preface, we read the wise and healthy words: "Creation is as marvelous now as it was six thousand years ago. We may find as much to admire in the hoary hills, and veteran sun, and modern plants, as the first mortal when he set out on his opening ramble through the groves of

Eden. There is no fear that we shall ever drain nature of her many meanings, or extract the syllable of instruction she is competent to afford. To her great volume there is no 'Finis.' It has occurred to us sometimes, as we followed the writer's innumerable 'Fancies,' that he has not sufficiently taken into account the doctrine of the conditions of existence. Not to go further than his second chapter, 'Possible Atmospheres,' are not the fancies of such a character that it would be impossible to construct them into the premises of an argument? and if so, are they not, so far as the main object of the book is concerned, simply useless? As we could have no life at all in an atmosphere of carburetted hydrogen, etc., it surely is nothing to the purpose to depict the lamentable effects which would follow the production of such an atmosphere.

The author could very well have afforded to take the fullest cognizance of this doctrine, and would still have had left a wide field for the display of the benevolence and wisdom to be traced in God's works. In the chapter on heat and cold, for example, he has shown how well he could have granted all that a positive philosopher has a right to demand, and could none the less have built up with what remained an irrefragable and triumphant argument. His work, however, is distinguished by so many excellences that we prefer our demurrer with regret, and should not prefer it at all only that we have so often seen the evil of proving too much. The book is thoroughly religious, notwithstanding its exuberant fun, and is unmistakably the production of a man of thought, culture, and science.—*British Quarterly.*

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

THE FIRST OF THE CONSTANTINES.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

SOME names bear a fatality with them. The name of "Constantine" has been a fatal one to Poland. Weeks have scarcely grown into months since the harsh overbearing policy and oppressive measures of one Constantine, Grand Duke of Russia, and brother of its Emperor, have forced the long-suffering Poles into an insurrection, the issue of which lies still hidden in the womb of the future. More than thirty years ago, another Constantine, Grand Duke of Russia, and likewise brother of the then reigning Emperor, drove the distracted country into a previous insurrection, by a treatment still more harsh and overbearing, and by measures still more oppressive. Compared with his fearful uncle, the second Constantine is the mild pupil of modern civilization; compared with the hideous tyranny of the "First of the Constantines," his oppres-

sion has been the gentlest of governments. With that "First of the Constantines," that wild and uncontrollable offspring of a mad father, circumstances made me personally acquainted: his portrait claims some historical interest.

I was but a youth when, in the month of June, 1830, I suddenly resolved one day, while enjoying the delights of Vienna, so push on to Russia, and explore new regions for the gratification of a craving curiosity and an insatiate spirit of romance. Though light-hearted and careless in general, I was still too old a traveler not to have my passport duly presented at the Russian Embassy for the official *visa* to that jealously-guarded country. Not the slightest objection was offered on the occasion; not the faintest shadow of official demur clouded the feeling so dear to an Englishman's heart,

and so often in his mouth—"All right!" I started without a foreboding of any possible hindrance from authorities, however rigid, and with the clearest of consciences as to any political opinions, "suspected" or otherwise, seeing that my superficial mind never took any thought on such subjects, as not clearly akin to the main objects of my wanderings—the romantic and the picturesque. These remarks form a necessary preface to what afterwards occurred, although they tend to obscure rather than to elucidate the mystery of the occurrences—a mystery never to be cleared up—the mystery of a madman's motives.

Adventures in plenty, to my heart's content, escorted me on my journey through Cracow to the gates of Warsaw; but as they have no bearing on the circumstances which attended my unexpectedly lengthy sojourn in the latter city, they will find no place here.

It so chanced, on my arrival at Warsaw, that the last Polish Diet, or figament of a Diet, was being held there. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia and the Empress were present on a temporary visit. Balls, reviews, festivities, illuminations, imperial receptions, were succeeding each other in hot-haste rapidly, day by day, night by night. The pleasant and glittering comedy of state-rejoicing was being enacted in all the streets and saloons of Warsaw; and what a mere comedy it was, soon to be followed by a fearful tragedy! It was not my nature then to look beneath the surface; no eye was more easily dazzled, no heart more easily gratified by the splendor, than my own; but its details, interesting as they might prove in some respects, again form no part of the purpose of this paper.

Agreeable as was the show, my impatient spirit was longing to be "onwards, onwards" on my journey. On applying for my passport, delivered up, as was the custom, at the city barriers, I was told, to my surprise, that there was some "little difficulty." In a few hours afterwards, I was officially informed that a compulsory visit, on my part, was earnestly requested by the director of the police. By that awful functionary the unknown fact was communicated to me, with the blandest of smiles, but in the most peremptory of tones, that my passport was not *en règle*, and I was not to be allowed

to proceed on my journey. Vainly I entreated, expostulated, blustered, protested that my passport emanated from the highest English authorities, and was duly signed by Russian; and even—Heaven help my folly!—swaggered about the liberty of an Englishman, and the "rights of nations," of which I knew not the very alphabet. With a tone still as peremptory, although with a smile ever bland, I was positively informed that all was useless, but that I might seek redress by presenting a petition on the subject to the Grand Duke Constantine. Now this same Grand Duke Constantine was, rightfully and legally, nothing more than the commander of the forces in Poland, and had no possible concern with a wandering Englishman and his passport. But he had long since usurped the functions of Viceroy of the land, *vice* the last legal Polish Viceroy, deceased, and never replaced. I was clearly caught, like a poor innocent mouse in a trap. I could neither turn back on my way, nor go on. Was I, then, a prisoner? If so, why? These were considerations which no inquiry, and no mental investigation of my own, could satisfactorily answer. There was supposed to be a sort of official English consul at Warsaw, I believe; but if so, the gentleman was *non inventus* at the time. I accepted the suggestion offered, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, obeyed the order given. My petition was duly protocoled and addressed to the Grand Duke Constantine. Some days went by; no answer was returned. I was growing not only weary and impatient, but somewhat anxious withal, when, one day, a Colonel Baron von Sass, with whom an apparent chance had made me acquainted, and of whom more hereafter, suggested that I had better solicit a presentation to the Grand Duke Constantine—the suggestion, as I quickly discovered, having been an order emanating from the Grand Duke himself. Moreover, with a friendliness which appeared singular to me at the moment from an almost entire stranger, but at the time no more than singular, as no suspicions of any hidden vocations of my agreeable acquaintance entered my mind, he offered to be himself my introducer. I accepted. I have frequently wondered since what would have happened had I refused.

Orders arrived forthwith that I should hold myself ready to be presented to the

Grand Duke the following day, at his residence in the Belvedere Palace, at six o'clock in the morning! Strange as this early hour appeared to the novice, it was even late; audiences, as I subsequently learned, were not unfrequently held at four. The Grand Duke was ingenious in the science of lesser torment to those around him, even at the expense of his own well-being.

To the Belvedere Palace, on the outskirts of the city, I drove one bright, but somewhat chilly, morning of June; or did the chill I felt, as I shivered more in my droska, arise from an indefinite feeling of awe, at being ushered into the presence of a despot, of whose insane violence dark and mysterious rumors had already reached my ears? Perhaps so. Yet I was too young and light hearted to indulge in presentiments of evil, and had no natural awe of persons in high places. Besides, what had I to fear? at least, so I reasoned with myself. There was nothing certainly in the aspect of the so-called palace to cheer the heart, or remove any chill upon the feelings. It was a plain red building, plain in every sense, not to say ugly; and as my droska, which had galloped along the road, suddenly took to creeping before the tall iron railings in front, and then stopped with a jerk at the gate, as if the very horses were suddenly smitten with awe, it looked, to my astonished eyes, more like a barrack, not to say a prison, than a palace. I passed the sentinels unchallenged. Orders had evidently been given. The strange darkling silence that prevailed did but increase the feeling of oppression which the aspect of the cheerless palace caused to creep more chillily than ever over the mind. In subsequent days I got more accustomed to the place, and the chill gradually passed off in some degree, though never wholly; but I afterwards learned that it was a common saying in Warsaw, that the frogs never dared to croak in the neighboring ponds when Constantine sojourned at the Belvedere.

That the palace was as cheerless within as without, I quickly learned, when I was met by my acquaintance, Colonel von Sass, on the threshold, and conducted, with a whisper here and a murmur there, bestowed on various military forms that were marshaled on either side, to a spacious but tolerably bare ante-room. Here every thing again was plain and unadorn-

ed; every where the atmosphere was pervaded by that awful chill. In the apartment stood, in a group, several officers. They were conversing in a lone tone among themselves—a tone that involuntarily called the words of Shakespeare to my mind: "In bondsman's key, with bated breath, and whispering humbleness." They were joined by my introducer; and my little British pride was aroused within me when I could not but observe that their conversation was now of me, and that, as heads were turned now and then to scan my person, many a low and, it seemed, satirical chuckle was indulged in. On the opposite side of the room were ranged several sub-officers and privates of various regiments, evidently intended for the inspection of the Grand Duke. The long minutes were not pleasant ones, as I stood in my isolated and awkward position, aware that I was the object of remark. Suddenly the door of an inner apartment opened. There was a general start, a rapid formal ranging of every body present. But it was a false alarm; it was only a smart adjutant, who entered with a jaunty, but still cat-like step, disturbing the silence only with the clanking of his spurs. After a murmured greeting he bestowed his attention on the "specimens" of the Grand Duke's military hothouse, ranged against the wall, pulling the hair of one, punching the cheek of another, knocking up the head of a third, and going through these rough maneuvers with a *piano* accompaniment of unharmonious oaths *en sourdine*. Another false alarm—another adjutant: more low greetings, more punching and pulling and knocking of heads, with an accompaniment of a similar symphony in another key. The poor puppets submitted to the exercise of fists and fingers as mere machines. The adjutants again disappeared. Then came a long pause, more oppressive than all the previous deadly chill. At last the folding-doors of the inner room were thrown open. Again a spasmodic start of all there present, saving the puppets, who seemed to have been drilled out of all vitality. A hoarse murmur from within the room beyond—and, followed by his adjutants and general officers, the Grand Duke Constantine strode quickly into the room. Spite of myself, my heart beat painfully.

As the dreaded man passed along the gathered line of officers, he condescended

to return their murmured salutation with a series of grunts. He then fixed his sharp eyes on the young foreigner at the farther end of the room with a prolonged and steady stare, knitting his brows with a heavy scowl the while. Presently he tossed his head back with another grunt, and, without further notice or salutation, strode to examine the puppets selected for his inspection. There was a very visible agitation and uneasiness pervading the countenances of the officers in attendance. Will the dreaded man find any thing wrong? The Grand Duke gave a word of command. The puppets marched as far as the space would permit. Another word of command, and the puppets went through some passes of sword-exercise. Pretty doll's play it was. I had played a similar game with figures on a mimic stage. One would have thought, to see the scared and anxious faces of the officers on duty, that the fate of the world hung by a hair upon the next few moments. As I afterwards learned, had but a button been out of place, a belt disordered but a hair's breadth, a step or a sword-pass but the fraction of an inch out of regulation, rage and fury would have been thundered by the angry despot; general, colonel, quartermaster—all would have been placed under arrest; every private would have received five hundred lashes; and all around would have suffered the most ignominious of moral martyrdoms during the day. That morning, as propitious fates would have it, the thunder never so much as growled. The fatal words, "contrary to regulation," were never spoken. The military despot did not smile, but his silence was sufficient. The spell of terror was broken. The crisis of the day was passed.

I had previously seen the Grand Duke Constantine at a great review. But during the process of this inspection I was able, for the first time, to scan his person near and narrowly. What a contrast to his brother, the Emperor Nicholas! The one at that time in the prime and perfection of manly beauty, although of cold and awe-inspiring type; the other, cursed with a countenance of rare and almost superhuman ugliness! The form of the Grand Duke was tall and burly, burly almost to unwieldiness; but that face! The forehead was high and full; but the brow overhanging, as a penthouse—a pair of small swinish eyes, that glanced around,

now and then, with the ferocity of an untamed beast—the nose short to stumpiness and turned up, as if to afford an easy inspection of the brain through the spreading nostrils—the upper lip long, the lower protruding—the expression fierce sulen, lowering. The portrait is not overcharged. There is naught "set down in malice." Once seen, it was never to be forgotten. It was destined to haunt my dreams afterwards in many a nightmare.

Presently, without any ceremony of formal presentation, or any previous introduction, the Grand Duke strode quickly down upon me. It was my good fortune, as I afterwards learned, that the animal, compounded of a tiger and a bear, was in unusually good humor. For a wonder, nothing had gone wrong that morning. He eyed me with a scowl, from top to toe, for a few seconds, which appeared to me interminable, growled, or rather grunted, at me without words, turned to my introducer, who had advanced a step before the other officers, and sharply asked, "Speaks German?" and, receiving an answer in the affirmative, burst suddenly into a torrent of questions to me, in a brief and authoritative tone, without always waiting for an answer, and with the evident expectation of receiving his replies as rapidly. Who was I? What was I? Whence did I come? Whither was I going? Why did I come to Poland? What did I want in Warsaw? What did I think of all that I had seen? were but a few of these abrupt and overwhelming questions. I did my best to stand my ground. There were no suspicious passes in this rapid fence to parry; so I gave thrust for thrust as quickly as I was able. It was vainly, however, that I attempted to take the initiative in the matter of my disputed passport: not a moment's breathing time was allowed me for this purpose; and, without the faintest allusion to this, the sole reason for my presentation, my gruff questioner turned his back on me as suddenly as he had accosted me, with a jerk of the head and another grunt. I was dismissed.

My introducer followed me from the room, and his first words were to congratulate me on the satisfactory result of my interview. "You must have been charmed with the condescension and politeness of his imperial highness," he said. Evading any reply to so doubtful a remark, al-

though afterwards fully appreciating the condescension and politeness that were to be judged simply by comparisons, I ventured to suggest, that of course there would be no further "little difficulty" about my unlucky passport. On getting no answer, I looked up and saw a strange satirical smile flitting over the face of my acquaintance. What did it mean? Was I still to be detained? I asked. But why? What object could there be in thus laying a strong arm upon an insignificant individual like myself, an unknown English youth, clearly only traveling for his pleasure? There could be none. Still no answer—still the recurrence of that singular smile. I could not comprehend the mystery. I may even add here that I have never cleared it to this day. But so it was; my detention was resolved on. The next morning brought me a visit from the Baron von Sass. It had been decided that I must write to one of the English ministers of either of the continental cities where I had last sojourned, Munich or Vienna, and obtain a new passport before I could proceed. But such a one will be no more than what I already possessed, was my objection. A shrug of the shoulders and another smile were all my answer. There was nothing to be done. The despot's mandate was as irrevocable as it was resistless. On my further objecting the inconveniences to me arising from a compulsory residence, for an indefinite number of weeks, at Warsaw, I was politely informed that his (the Baron von Sass's) house was open to me as a guest. I protested against this intrusion on my part; I was politely urged. Reiterated protests, reiterated politeness, at last brought to my cognizance a further fact—I was to reside, during my stay, with my new acquaintance, *whether I would or no*.

But here it is necessary to say a few words on the position of my very obliging and hospitable host "to order."

"*De mortuis nil nisi bene*," I would gladly adopt as my motto in speaking of him. He was killed, poor fellow, in an apartment of that same Belvedere, in attempting to defend his master's escape, on the first outbreak of the Polish revolution a few months afterwards. Gentlemanly and courteous in intercourse, a lover of literature, no mean poet and novelist himself, cordial and most hospitable to all his guests, he was to me a most agreeable host. But what I began quick-

ly to suspect was gradually confirmed by the acquaintances I was destined to make among the young Russian officers thrown in my way. The Baron von Sass was one of the numerous army spies employed by the Grand Duke Constantine. He was chief of the secret military police. Why, in his capacity more immediately connected with *military* matters, he should have been selected as the man who was to make my acquaintance, and afterwards to be my "keeper," I was never able to discover. The spy system that prevailed in Warsaw was organized in six or eight categories. There was the postal spy office, the native (subdivided for nobles and for bourgeois,) the military, the official, and that exercised over foreigners, among many others. How came it, then, that I did not fall into the hands of those appointed to supervise my own particular category? I can not tell. At all events, I had no reason to complain of the manner of my detention, since detained I was to be. Among the many spies, to the number of several hundreds, high and low, who swarmed in the city of Warsaw, none certainly could have performed such ignoble functions with more natural kindness and gentlemanly grace than did the Baron von Sass. To this day I can scarcely sever my esteem for the well-bred and highly-cultivated gentleman from the contempt and abhorrence which his functions inspired. Would, indeed, that I could write "*De mortuis nil nisi bene!*"

My compulsory sojourn in Warsaw, under these peculiar and incomprehensible conditions, was, with certain occasional drawbacks, as pleasant as a pleasure-loving young fellow of my age could desire. A carriage was provided for me; I was taken to see every object of interest, made a sharer in every festivity. Among the drawbacks I could but reckon my constant compelled attendances on the Grand Duke, into whose presence I was summoned, by order, on an average three times a week. At first these attendances were confined to the early morning levées of the Grand Duke, which generally took place at five o'clock. On these occasions the scene was always similar, with casual variations, to that already described. Sometimes the imperial tiger-bear would never condescend to bestow the slightest notice on me during the whole interview. Sometimes he would pass me with only a sulky nod of recognition, and a still sul-

kier grunt. At times he would question me rapidly and concisely on a variety of subjects connected with England and English institutions; and when I declared my ignorance on some matters, would eye me with a look of suspicious rage, or spit out the words that I ought to be ashamed of myself (perhaps I ought,) that I was a fool—a *dummer jünger*—the latter expression conveying an insult which a German alone can fully comprehend. When first it was used, my blood boiled, my eye flashed probably, and I looked around on the officers assembled, my whole frame tingling with shame. But the witnesses of the insult were impassive—they had probably endured far worse themselves. I could but be impassive too. Once I ventured an almost unconscious look of reproach, which was received with a hoarse laugh, and the information that I was “a rum fellow,”—*ein curiöser Kerl*.

One day I was startled by an order to wait on his imperial highness at a later hour—in fact, to breakfast. Afterwards, these invitations were frequently repeated; and it was in the more intricate recesses of his den that I was able to study the humors of the wild beast more closely. Breakfasting with such an animal is by no means a pleasant pastime. Occasionally, true, there was a sort of sulky grace in the imperial politeness; but ever to feel at my ease was beyond my power. It was never possible to know or foresee how and when the creature's wrath might be roused; and when once the storm of rage commenced, it was with difficulty assuaged. The task of pacification was something more than I ever ventured to attempt. The looking on in silence, with what apparent calmness I could assume, was my only—perhaps, my best—policy. At these private interviews there was one person almost always present, who at the same time interested and astonished me. This was the Princess Lowicz, his wife—his wife by a left-handed marriage, but no less his legitimate wife—the woman for whose sake, as some surmises would have it, he had renounced the imperial throne of Russia in favor of his younger brother Nicholas. Graceful and ladylike in manner rather than beautiful, this extraordinary woman, whose fate was thus linked to a wild animal, without reason to control his impulses, and whose obstinacy, ferocity, and cruelty were notorious all

over Europe, had seemingly obtained an influence over the creature to whom she was chained, which was at once irresistible, and always exercised for good. And with what seeming ease and gentleness was the beneficial influence called into play! It was truly a soft and silken, and even almost invisible, cord by which the furious beast was led. The old types of Una and the lion were revived in this strangely contrasting pair. I have seen the lion sitting low, and playing with the silken locks of Una, or fondling her little hands in his paws, while listening to the English which flowed with a pleasant, slightly foreign, accent from her mouth, as she conversed with me, and evidently delighting in her display of an accomplishment which he himself did not possess. It was probably for the purpose of speaking my native tongue with her that I was invited so frequently. The monster would set us talking, rubbing his paws with seeming satisfaction as the conversation progressed, and grunting in his peculiar fashion when pleased by the information, which, in answer to his ceaselessly reiterated inquiries, I was able, without flattery, to give, that she spoke the language with a rare perfection. I might have added, had I dared, that nothing could be more alluring than the tones in which my native English was so sweetly uttered. In truth, and especially in those notes of gentle and caressing expostulation which I sometimes heard, her voice was exquisite.

On one occasion I heard the good angel plead for me. The scene would have been utterly ludicrous in its grotesqueness, had not a madman been the prominent actor in it. Strawberries were on the breakfast-table. I had eaten of them to satiety, when my imperial host asked me to take some more; I declined. I was again requested to eat, a little less politely; I still refused; and the requests became commands. I had my own boyish pride and obstinacy—no commands would have induced me to eat another strawberry. This contradiction was more than the wayward despot could endure; his mad passion burst forth; he thrust the plate of strawberries at my jaw, then flung it at my head, spat in my face, and stamped about the room, foaming—really, not metaphorically, foaming—at the mouth with rage, and uttering yells which were probably Russian curses. His fair wife followed

him as he rushed hither and thither, ex-postulating, wheedling, coaxing. Her arms were at last around his neck, and she pulled him down into a chair. Now she gently laughed, as one who would cajole a fractious child into a smile; and the maddened child did smile at last, then laugh, then burst into a noisy roar of merriment. The beast was tamed for the time. A stealthy wave of the hand from the Princess told me my better course. I escaped amidst the yells of laughter from the now merry monster.

It may be easily inferred that, light as my strange captivity had been to me, I was not without considerable anxiety as to its eventual result. There was nothing to guarantee me from any wild fancy that might suddenly take hold on the mind of the semi-madman, with whom I had to deal. The same caprice that had induced him to detain me in Warsaw on a frivolous pretext—for mere caprice it could but appear to me—might urge him to maltreat me in some outrageous manner for no reason at all. There was probably some amount of “chaff” in the whispered fears of my young military friends of the hour, that I might be at any moment “packed off” to some fortress, and “never heard of more;” and at these suggestions I would laugh as extravagant jokes. But in lonely moments of sober earnestness I could not but acknowledge to myself that all was *possible*. Well-authenticated cases of the most capricious cruelty continually reached my ears. Several such occurred while I was myself at Warsaw; some—such as arrests for the most frivolous reasons, orders for imprisonment in fortresses, and scenes of personal violence—under my own eyes. The degradation of a bourgeois of Warsaw, because he had, unknowingly, a Russian deserter in his service, to wheel a dirt-barrel around the city in chains; the dastardly ill-treatment of the man’s daughter when she sued for pardon; the sending of schoolboys to the army as common soldiers, because they had eulogized Brutus, spite of the frantic supplications of their parents; the deportation of officers, never to be heard of more, no one knew whither; the flogging of priests for contradiction of opinion; the constant imprisonments; the torturings to death; the chastisement of women who had dared to murmur when their husbands or sons were sent to Siberia, or imprisoned for a whim or a caprice—the thousand

fearful devices of a madman in his maddest freaks—tale after tale of horror was dinned into my ears. These I knew to be true; and, although I felt firm in the unconsciousness of harm, I never knew how a word or a look might not be tortured into a deliberate offence. I might be pardoned, therefore, in not always feeling so assured as to the results of my strange and mysterious position under the paw of the wild-beast.

The mildest of the probable fates of which I was continually warned was, that I might be compelled, against my will, to take service under the tyrant of Poland. That he took a fancy, on occasions, to enlist young foreigners in his army, in order to introduce a new element into its organization, I knew to be a fact. Perhaps this whim was, after all, the real solution of the mystery of my absurd and illegal detention. One circumstance induced me to conceive that I might be right in this opinion. It is necessary, however, to premise that my constant inquiries at the post-office for the expected new passport from Munich or Vienna were wholly futile, while, at the same time, no letters reached me from relatives or friends. His mightiness the Polish autocrat even condescended occasionally to “chaff” me, in his pleasantest and most jocose growls, on the evident proof that no minister would grant me a new passport, no Russian minister countersign it, and that I was very obviously an objectionable and suspicious personage. It was only afterwards that it came to my knowledge that the Grand Duke had laid an embargo on my new passport, had ordered it, on arrival, to be brought to his *chancellerie*, and had it even then in his own possession. Pretty pleasantly! At last, during one of the early morning levées at the Belvedere, the Grand Duke, who had previously paid me not the slightest attention, suddenly strode down upon me with the abrupt and almost angry question whether I would take service under him. I hesitated. He growled out the question once more. I spoke of not being my own master, of having parents whom it was my duty to consult. A furious “Yes or no?”—a rapid “No” from me—a furious growl in my face—a moment’s pause, during which I expected the despot would have struck me—he turned his back, and all was over! Shortly afterwards, my new passport, *visé* for St. Petersburg, was placed in my hands by

Baron von Sass, together with a host of letters of long date, all of which bore traces of having been opened. I was cautioned by my friendly host to ask no questions, and make no remarks; but I was free, at length, to pursue my journey. My last leave-taking audience with the dreaded man passed over without a word; a cold haughty acknowledgment and one more sulky grunt were all the signs of *congé* I received. Warsaw was not left without regret. I had made many pleasant jovial acquaintances; and even my good host, spite of his despicable functions, had won a place in my heart. But, al-

though still anxious, I drew my breath more satisfactorily, with a sense of rescue, when I found myself flying towards the North, and felt myself comparatively free from the claws of the tiger-bear.

The "First of the Constantines" died during the ensuing war—by poison, it was said; his tender, amiable wife soon followed him. The fate of the Second of the Constantines, like that of the insurrection he has raised, is still shrouded in darkness. Received with acclamations by the Poles, as a man of liberal mind, he has known only how to earn the curses of a nation, as his hated uncle did before him. P.

From the British Quarterly.

T H E R I V E R A M A Z O N S . *

IN April, 1848, Mr. Bates left England with his friend Mr. Wallace for an expedition to the River Amazons. Their object was to explore the natural history of its banks, to collect objects, and to gather facts "towards solving the problem of the origin of species." Mr. Bates remained seven years after Mr. Wallace's return, explored some thousands of miles which the latter never trod, and found himself once more in England in the summer of 1859. The results of his zealous and most praiseworthy researches are before us in these volumes. They are replete with interest and novelty. The pathless wilds of virgin forest, their exuberance of beauty and variety, their damp, warm moisture, and their extraordinary wealth of insect-life, the solemn shade of their heaven-kissing palms, and the impenetrable arch of foliage they sustain; the far-stretching Amazons, with a drainage of more than a million and a half of square miles, the sparse and motley population found at intervals upon their banks, their incredible volume, and the half-savage charm of

life upon their waters—are all reproduced in these pages, and make one feel as if one had almost seen and known for himself the scenes which the author has described.

In a desire to convey to our reader some not very inadequate idea of the ground traversed by this book, we are met at the very outset by a difficulty which we do not how to surmount. It is the difficulty of excess of materials. Recommending our reader, therefore, to procure the book and read for himself, we shall limit ourselves to the indication of some of the author's more notable facts and observations, and to a very brief glance at their supposed bearing on the Darwinian theory of the origin of species.

And commencing with the human portion of the Fauna, we observe that Mr. Bates gives what at the present time is unusually important testimony to the character and capacity of the numerous negroes he met with. The slavery permitted in Brazil is less severe than that of most of the plantations of the Slave States of North-America, and the qualities of the average negro are higher in proportion. Pará, a little to the south of the mouths of the Amazons, was the city of Mr. Bates' primary destination; and as his

* *The Naturalist on the River Amazons: a Record of Eleven Years' Residence and Travel under the Equator.* By HENRY WALTER BATES. Two Volumes. London: John Murray. 1863.

residence there extended over quite eighteen months, his evidence as to the various classes of its population can not be impugned on the ground of incompetence or of inadequate opportunity, while it is equally safe from any other kind of attack. He found among the negro slaves of Pará many traits of character which needed nothing but the scope of freedom to develop into all the varieties of what is excellent and admirable, and a living and most practical refutation of the pretence as to their natural degradation. In the free negroes these traits were still more definitely and largely marked, many of them being persons every way worthy of confidence and esteem. His experience of other parts of the Brazils, only confirmed the impressions made by the negroes of Pará. They are less superstitious, and are in other respects scarcely as low as the lower-class Portuguese settlers, and are both as honest and as religious as are average whites. At Pará, indeed, they have built themselves a church, and built it, as the author was informed, entirely by their own exertions.

"It is called Nossa Senhora do Rosario, or Our Lady of the Rosary. During the first weeks of our residence at Pará, I frequently observed a line of negroes and negresses late at night marching along the streets singing a chorus. Each carried on his or her head a quantity of building materials—stones, bricks, mortar, or planks. I found they were chiefly slaves, who after their hard day's work, were contributing a little towards the construction of their church. The materials had all been purchased by their own savings. The interior was finished about a year afterwards, and was decorated, I thought, quite as superbly as the other churches, which were constructed, with far larger means, by the old religious orders more than a century ago. Annually the negroes celebrate the festival of Nossa Senhora do Rosario, and generally make it a complete success."

A closer and more intimate knowledge of negro character tends to heighten rather than to lower the favorable impressions derivable from their religious zeal. Mr. Bates and his companion engaged a free negro as cook and servant-of-all-work; and we can not but make room for his master's valuable testimony to Isodoro, and his passing remarks on the negro subject generally. A part of his observations we put in italics.

"I was quite surprised to find little or no

trace in Isodoro of that baseness of character which I had read of as being the rule amongst negro slaves in the country. Isodoro was an old man, with an anxious, lugubrious expression of countenance, and exhibited signs of having been overworked in his younger days, which I understood had been passed in slavery. The first traits I perceived in him were a certain degree of self-respect and a spirit of independence; these I found afterwards to be by no means rare qualities among the free negroes. Sometime after he had entered our service, I scolded him one morning about some delay in getting breakfast. It happened that it was not his fault, for he had been detained, much against his will, at the shambles. He resented the scolding, not in an insolent way, but in a quiet, respectful manner, and told me how the thing had occurred, that I must not expect the same regularity in Brazil which is found in England, and that '*paciencia*' was a necessary accomplishment to a Brazilian traveler. There was nothing ridiculous about Isodoro; there was a gravity of demeanor and sense of propriety about him which would have been considered becoming in a serving man in any country. This spirit of self-respect is, I think, attributable partly to the lenient treatment which slaves have generally received from their white masters in this part of Brazil, and partly to the almost total absence of prejudice against colored people amongst the inhabitants. This latter is a very hopeful state of things. It seems to be encouraged by the governing classes in Brazil; and, by drawing together the races and classes of the heterogeneous population, will doubtless lead to the most happy results. *I had afterwards, as I shall have to relate in the course of my narrative, to number free negroes amongst my most esteemed friends; men of temperate, quiet habits, desirous of mental and moral improvement, observant of the minor courtesies of life, and quite as trustworthy, in more important matters, as the whites and half-castes of the province.* Isodoro was not, perhaps, scrupulously honest in small matters; scrupulous honesty is a rare quality in casual servants any where. He took pains to show that he knew he had made a contract to perform certain duties, and he tried, evidently, to perform them to the best of his ability."

Elsewhere Mr. Bates met with a negro widow, who, *hiring herself out to herself* as market-gardener, regularly paid her owner the stipulated sum for her services, and saved in addition as much as would purchase her own and her son's freedom. She was already the owner of the house she lived in when the author first saw her; and when he met her more than five years afterwards, she was quite a prosperous woman; she and her son, a blacksmith, living together in happy and con-

stant industry, and in the well-earned respect of the community.

Among the Brazilians proper the author found much to admire; that their government was efficiently and liberally administered; but that the state of religion in the country was, with some exceptions, low and unhealthy. There is a zealous bishop, of devout and irreproachable life, and there are a few priests who are worthy of their superior; but, as a rule, the priests are both ignorant and irreligious, exercising a really baneful influence on the morals and habits of the people. The half-castes are various, and present some favorable specimens; but the native Indians exhibit in Brazil, as elsewhere, a want of adaptability to circumstances, an incapacity for any kind of culture, and a general "inflexibility of organization," which make their long continuance extremely doubtful. One is the more tempted to regret this, as the obviously paramount want of the country is undoubtedly of population. But the Indian can not support labor there with any thing like the endurance of even the whites, much less of the negroes. Life is sustained almost without exertion from year's end to year's end; and of the means of the adornment and refinement of life—the cultivation of its intellectual and spiritual sides—the Indian has as little conception as he has of disposition to the patient toil such cultivation would involve. Other classes of the population exhibit more or less of the same apathy. There is some little activity in the cities, but, as a whole, the country is utterly undeveloped. Its millions upon millions of acres of soil, than which there is none in the world more productive, its extraordinary facilities for commerce, and its natural advantages of other kinds, ask simply for men and for time to make the Brazils one of the most prosperous as well as one of the most delightful countries in the world. The citizens of Pará have an alliterative proverb which reads: "He who goes to Pará stops there;" and Mr. Bates confesses he often fancied himself destined to add another to the many illustrations which European and American emigrants and visitors have furnished to its truth. It needs little but the conditions we have specified to make the proverb as applicable to the country at large as it now is to Pará alone. But leaving men and cities behind us, we seek the primeval forest. At a little distance from

the path it towers up to the height of a hundred feet or more, looking at a little distance like some gigantic and unbroken wall of foliage.

"The tree-trunks were only seen partially here and there; nearly the whole frontage, from ground to summit, being covered with a diversified drapery of creeping plants, all of the most vivid shades of green; scarcely a flower to be seen, except in some places a solitary scarlet passion-flower, set in the green mantle like a star. The low ground on the borders between the forest wall and the road, was encumbered with a tangled mass of bushy and shrubby vegetation, amongst which prickly mimosas were very numerous, covering the other bushes in the same way as brambles do in England. Other dwarf mimosas trailed along the ground close to the edge of the road, shrinking at the slightest touch of the feet as we passed by. Cassia-trees, with their elegant pinnate foliage and conspicuous yellow flowers, formed a great proportion of the lower trees, and arborescent arums grew in groups around the swampy hollows. Over the whole fluttered a larger number of brilliantly colored butterflies than we had yet seen; some wholly orange or yellow (*Callidryas*), others with excessively elongated wings, sailing horizontally through the air, colored black, and varied with blue, red, and yellow (*Heliconii*.) One magnificent grassy-green species (*Colqenis Dido*) especially attracted our attention. Near the ground hovered many other small species, very similar in appearance to those found at home, attracted by the flowers and the numerous leguminous and other shrubs. Besides butterflies, there were few other insects except dragon-flies, which were in great numbers, similar in shape to English species, but some of them looking conspicuously different on account of their fiery-red colors."

By-and-by the ground rises, the character of the soil also has changed, and a change no less marked is observed in the surrounding vegetation. We are in a part of the forest which is of second growth; the trees are less lofty; grasses and cyperacæ are abundant; the evergreens of our gardens seem to be reproduced. The radiation of heat is distinctly perceptible in the quivering motion of the air. The very soil scorches our feet. There is no noise of bird or beast. We know we are under the Equator, but are in some danger of fancying that the earth has been cast bodily into a solar oven, when, happily, we again near the forest, and, plunging into its shade, find unspeakable relief. So densely interwoven is the lofty foliage overhead, that it is only here and there we can discern the immeasur-

able blue depths of sky. Then the ground becomes more swampy, and it is difficult to make one's way. The character of much of the vegetation has altered along with it; and we are told that our best chance of forming a conception of the scene, is to figure to ourselves the palm-house at Kew spreading over a vast swamp, to imagine large exogenous trees, answering to our oaks and elms, scattered among its palms, and covered with creepers and parasites, while "the ground is encumbered with fallen and rotting trunks, branches, and leaves; the whole illuminated by a glowing vertical sun, and reeking with moisture." The forests of the other parts are similar to those whose description we have borrowed. Their insect, bird, and mammal life present greater and more noticable varieties than their vegetation, though the mammals are comparatively few. What the author has written of the first forests he explored is no less applicable to the others.

"To obtain a fair notion of the number and variety of the animal tenants of these forests, it is necessary to follow up the research month after month, and explore them in different directions and at all seasons. During several months I used to visit this district two or three days every week, and never failed to obtain some species new to me, of bird, reptile, or insect. It seemed to be an epitome of all that the Pará forests could produce. This endless diversity, the coolness of the air, the varied and strange forms of vegetation, the entire freedom from mosquitoes and other pests, and even the solemn gloom and silence, combined to make my rambles through it always pleasant as well as profitable. Such places are paradises to a naturalist, and if he be of a contemplative turn there is no situation more favorable for his indulging the tendency. There is something in a tropical forest akin to the ocean in its effects on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance there, and the vastness of nature.

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We often read in books of travels of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling

of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often, even in the still hours of mid-day, a sudden crash will be heard, resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated; and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind."

What a rich and interesting field awaits the explorations of the Naturalist in Brazil, we may in some part judge from the fact that on the author's arrival at Pará there were *seven hundred species of butterflies alone* within an hour's walk of the town. The subsequent increase of population, and the extension of the suburbs which has followed it, will make necessary to Mr. Bates' successors a little modification of that statement. Civilization is very gradually trenching on the ground which has for uncounted ages been the scene of the operations of Nature unchecked and unobserved; but many more, doubtless, are the ages which must pass before the explorer will need go far from Pará to verify the insect discoveries which, once on the spot, were made by the author with ease. Equally noticeable with the excessive number of the species, however, was the fewness of the individuals; a circumstance which is in great part to be accounted for by the numbers and variety of the Insectivora. Among the chief of them were the dragon-flies. To day-fly-ing insects they appeared not less destructive than the birds. They were incessantly active, and were often seen chasing butterflies, retiring to a tree on effecting a capture, and devouring the body of their victim at leisure.

After spending some months at Pará and its neighborhood, the author made an expedition up the river Tocantins, and was greatly pleased with the city of Cameta. His observations were as good as the opportunities of the voyage would allow, and soon after returning to Pará he set out for the Amazons.*

* We are to call this vast system of rivers the Amazons, it appears, partly from the obvious propriety of thus distinguishing the plurality of the streams intended, and partly for the sake of conforming to the usage of the country. The Lower

In 1849 there were no steamers of which the author could avail himself for this voyage, and he was glad to arrange for a passage in a merchant schooner of about forty-nine tons burden. Scarcely knowing where he might stop, he provided himself with the various necessities of housekeeping, with provisions, chests, ammunition, a few books, and about a hundred-weight of copper money. The crew of the schooner consisted of twelve persons, one of whom, the pilot, was remarkable for an endurance that in Brazil seemed almost incredible. Save for two or three hours in the morning, he never quitted the helm night or day, having even his meals brought to him by others. The crew were on very easy terms with one another and with their officers, and were by no means overworked. On the 28th day of an easy and not unbroken voyage the schooner made the main stream of the Lower Amazons, having sailed through the river Pará and the channels on the south-west of the island Marajo. Any tolerable atlas will show the course. But here is the main stream of the well-named King of Rivers, with its total breadth of twenty miles divided by a series of islands into three streams. Its ochre-colored waters, says Mr. Bates, did not present the lake-like appearance of the Pará, or of the Tocantins, though there was no lack of majesty; but they "had all the swing, so to speak, of a vast flowing stream." Before night the vessel had passed the mouth of the Xingú, the first of the great tributaries of the Amazons, and twelve hundred miles in length. Then came an introduction to the storms of the river. A black cloud was seen in the north-east, and scarcely had the sails been taken in when the squall burst forth, "tearing the waters into foam, and producing a frightful uproar in the neighboring forest. A drenching rain followed; but in half an hour all was again calm, and the full moon appeared sailing in a cloudless sky." Various weather was experienced, and great variety was observed

Amazons reach from the Atlantic to the river Negro, which there joins the main stream in such prodigious volume that the main stream itself is frequently mistaken for the tributary. From this point there is a manifest difference observable in the waters: their body seems as great as previously; though we are now supposed to have passed west of the Negro, and the river is henceforth called the Upper Amazons, or by its older name, the Solimões.

in the breadth of the river and in the position of the land beyond its banks, and in due time the voyagers approached Santarem and the mouth of the Tapajos. The Tapajos flows into the Lower Amazons from the south, if one thousand miles long, and during the last eighty of them rolls its clear olive-green waters over a breadth of from six to ten miles. Yet it is only over a short space on the right bank of the river that you can observe the fact of its inflow, notwithstanding the contrasted colors of the two waters. "The white turbid current" of the Amazons usurps throughout almost the whole breadth of the bed; and opposite to the mouth of this confluent, and in the middle of the main river, you can not make out that the Tapajos flows into it at all. Well may the Portuguese call the Amazons King of Rivers.

Mr. Bates paid a short visit to Santarem, and was pleased with the generally clean and agreeable appearance of the town. It has the advantage of a situation equally beautiful and desirable, and though four hundred miles from the sea, "it is accessible to vessels of heavy tonnage coming straight from the Atlantic." The voyage of two hundred miles from the Macacos Channel, by which the author entered the Amazons, was made by this ill-rigged schooner in only three days and a half, against stream, but with the advantage of a steady trade-wind that blows up stream for five or six months of the year. We shall return to Santarem a little later, but at present our destination is Obydos. It is some fifty miles higher than Santarem, and on the opposite bank of the river.

The first thing that strikes one at Obydos is the greatly altered character of the coasts and of the "lie" of the land. The bluff on which the town stands is ninety or a hundred feet above the level of the river; there are tall cliffs right and left, and the Amazon is contracted to a breadth of twenty-two yards less than a mile. From the accelerated rush of the waters it is very difficult, and was long believed impossible, to take soundings here. Lieutenant Herndon, however, of the United States Navy, succeeded in getting soundings, which gave a depth of from thirty to thirty-five fathoms, but he believed that in one place he had not reached the bottom at forty. The middle depth has been supposed greater than forty, and the quan-

tity of water which rushes through the strait is estimated at four hundred and ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and eighty-four cubic feet per second. The population of Obydos is only about one thousand two hundred, but some agreeable and hospitable persons are to be found among them, and the author passed a few weeks there very pleasantly.

It appeared to him that the excellent example of the vicar had a very beneficial effect upon the morals and the manners of the people. One of the drawbacks of the place is the presence of mosquitoes, in some part compensated to our author by the abundance of insects generally. The forest was observed to be more varied than is usual in the Amazons' region, and to abound in monkeys. One species of the four which were found it is needful to remark: the other three were the *Chrysotrrix scinreus*, the *Callithrix torquatus*, and the *Midas ursulus*. The fourth, the *Coaitá* (*Ateles paniscus*), is large, black, and hairy, with some parts of the face of a tawny flesh-color. "It occurs throughout the low lands of the Lower and Upper Amazons, but does not range to the south beyond the limits of the river plains." At that point occurs one of those arrangements of nature which are so striking and suggestive to every reflective and scientific mind. Why should our *Ateles* never have managed to pass the plains? He has surely been there long enough. There are evidently some conditions which his "southern proclivities" have never permitted him or enabled him to comply with; but lo! a new *Ateles* is found in his place, the *Ateles marginatus*, or *White-whiskered Coaitá*. The earlier form of ape must, we are ready to suppose, have been in each case the same: what are the causes of such divergence in development? The great distinction of the *Coaitás* is, that they present the highest organization of tail which has yet been seen. It is the perfecting of their adaption to a purely arboreal life. Their tails are wonderfully flexible, and are "always in motion, coiling and uncoiling like the trunk of an elephant, and grasping whatever comes within reach." A scarcely less remarkable character of the *Coaitá* is "the absence of a thumb to the anterior hands." It is not an anthropoid; so that though higher than the Chimpanzee, for example, in respect of the prehensibility of its tail,

it is quite as clearly of a lower class as an ape.

The neighborhood of Obydos, it has already been mentioned, is rich in insects. In the broad alleys of the forest Mr. Bates saw every day the magnificent *Morpho Hecuba*, six to eight inches in expanse, gliding along at twenty feet or more from the ground. Other butterflies were scarcely less conspicuous; and a very singular phenomenon was observed in connection with some sulphur-yellow and orange-colored ones belonging to the genus *Callidryas*.

"They assembled in densely packed masses, sometimes two or three yards in circumference, their wings all held in an upright position, so that the beach looked as though variegated with beds of crocuses. These *Callidryades* seem to be migratory insects, and have large powers of dissemination. During the last two days of our voyage the great numbers constantly passing over the river attracted the attention of every one on board. They all crossed in one direction, namely, from north to south, and the processions were uninterrupted from an early hour in the morning until sunset. All the individuals which resort to the sandy beaches are of the male sex. The females are much more rare, and are seen only on the borders of the forest, wandering from tree to tree, and depositing their eggs on low mimosas which grow in the shade. The migrating hordes, as far as I could ascertain, are composed only of males, and on this account I believe their wanderings do not extend very far."

At Obydos Mr. Bates obtained a solitary specimen of the musical cricket, called by the natives, in allusion to its so-called music, *Tananá*. The music consists of a sharp and extremely loud "resonant stridulation," often repeated. The cricket is two and a quarter inches long, pale green, and belongs to a group intermediate between crickets and grasshoppers. It produces its note by the motion of curiously constructed wing-cases.

After remaining for some weeks at Obydos, the author embraced an opportunity of getting up to the river Negro. On every fine day at about noon the vessel was made fast in the shadiest place that could be found, while the master cooked dinner on shore, and his passenger hunted for new species in the forest. In the afternoon the only object of life was to escape the sickening heat of the sun, even the stifling cabin being thought pre-

ferable to the unshaded deck. Then came the intensely appreciated and delicious coolness of evening. The forest, too, woke out of its profound siesta, and every living thing in it gave forth its voice; fire-flies, swift and brilliant, flashed to and fro among the gathering shadows, and at length all, save here and there a grasshopper or a tree-frog, became hushed and still beneath the infinite blue sky and the unspeakable glory of its stars. The author was almost daily adding largely to his collection of objects, the voyage being made by very easy "stages," and a few days before reaching the Negro, but after passing that prince of tributaries the Madeira—a river two thousand miles long—he made acquaintance with that extraordinary pest the Pium-fly. This satanically inspired little creature of only two-thirds of a line in length having here commenced its reign, at about nine hundred or one thousand miles from the sea, "continues henceforward as a terrible scourge along the upper river, or Solimoens, to the end of the navigation on the Amazons."

"It comes forth only by day, relieving the mosquito at sunrise with the greatest punctuality, and occurs only near the muddy shores of the stream, not one ever being found in the shade of the forest. In places where it is abundant it accompanies canoes in such dense swarms as to resemble thin clouds of smoke. It made its appearance in this way the first day after we crossed the river. Before I was aware of the presence of flies, I felt a slight itching on my neck, wrist, and ankles, and on looking for the cause, saw a number of tiny objects having a disgusting resemblance to lice, adhering to the skin. This was my introduction to the much-talked-of Pium. On close examination, they are seen to be minute two-winged insects, with dark-colored body and pale legs and wings, the latter closed lengthwise over the back. They alight imperceptibly, and squatting close, fall at once to work; stretching forward their long front legs, which are in constant motion and seem to act as feelers, and then applying their short broad snouts to the skin. Their abdomens soon become distended and red with blood, and then, their thirst satisfied, they slowly move off, sometimes so stupefied with their potations that they can scarcely fly. No pain is felt while they are at work, but they each leave a small circular raised spot on the skin, and a disagreeable irritation. The latter may be avoided in great measure by pressing out the blood which remains in the spot; but this is a troublesome task when one has several hundred punctures in the course

of the day. . . . In the course of a few days the red spots dry up, and the skin in time becomes blackened with the endless number of discolored punctures that are crowded together. The irritation they produce is more acutely felt by some persons than others. I once traveled with a middle-aged Portuguese, who was laid up for three weeks from the attacks of Pium; his legs being swelled to an enormous size, and the punctures aggravated into spreading sores."

After resting some weeks at Barra, a town about seven miles up the river Negro, and of considerable importance since the introduction of steamers to the Amazons, the author went back, purposing to return to the Solimoens somewhat later. He did so in 1855, and remained on it for three and a half years. Meanwhile we return with him to Santarem and the Tapajos, investigated in 1851-4.

Santarem has a population of twenty-five hundred persons, and plumes itself on the cultivation and refinement of its society. It supports two goldsmiths, several blacksmiths, and is quite too civilized to be much frequented by the Indians. The upper classes are ambitiously stiff and formal in their manners, stand much on ceremony, the gentlemen making their calls under an equatorial and mid-day sun in black dress coats. Happily for them, the introduction of steamers is modifying their loftiness and changing some of their petty stateliness of habit, rendering them at the same time both more comfortable and more agreeable. There are numerous shops, stocked with the wares of England, France, Germany, and the United States. Middle-class education is not neglected, and Santarem is a pleasant place to live in. It has a terrible drawback in the prevalence of leprosy, but it has no insect pests, has a glorious climate, clean streets, and butchers' shops, which only they who have suffered from the almost impossibility of obtaining provisions at most of the interior settlements of South-America know how to appreciate. Fish, bread, milk, fruits, a magnificent river, delicious bathing, and an orderly population; the people of Santarem not less than the people of Pará have some right to boast of their inheritance.

Some pools on the beach at a little distance from the town were found to be tenanted by fresh-water mollusks and by a considerable variety of insects. They

furnished specimens of seventeen genera of water-beetles, thirteen of which were European. Under pebbles, by the margin of the pools, were numerous carnivorous land-beetles, while dragon-flies, strikingly similar to those of England, played over the waters. On the sand may be watched the interesting operations of a small pale green *Bembex* of great industry and of notable instincts. This wasp is solitary, and after digging a slanting gallery in the sand, of two or three inches in length, she will back out, take a turn or two round the hole, as if she were criticising her work, and then fly away. In the course of a few minutes, or perhaps after a good hour, you may see her returning with a fly in her grasp. She reënters the mine, deposits an egg in the body of the fly, carefully closes the opening with sand, and hies away to repeat the same work elsewhere, comforting herself with the thought that she has already provided for her offspring a supply that will last till it is able to provide for itself.

Another part of the same district was interesting for its *Pelopæus* wasp and for *Melipona* bees. They build with clay in the most patient and vigorously masonic fashion. Not less interesting were the white ants. In a single termitarium were found, besides the king, queen, and workers, no fewer than eight species of soldiers, their arms and armature strikingly different. The occasional exodus from a termitarium is a very remarkable occurrence. It continues on close evenings or cloudy mornings during several days, and is attended with the greatest excitement among an apparently very anxious community. The way is cleared for the ants just perfected from pupæ, and away they fly by myriads. They fill the air with the loud rustle of their wings, and, when attracted by lights, will crowd your chamber with innumerable legions, regardless whether they alight on the flame of your lamp or the table you are writing on.

"Almost as soon as they touch the ground they wriggle off their wings, to aid which operation there is a special provision in the structure of the organs, a seam running across near their roots and dividing the horny nervures. To prove that this mutilation was voluntary on the part of the insects, I repeatedly tried to detach the wings by force, but could never succeed whilst they were fresh, for they always tore out by the roots. Few escape the innumerable enemies which are on the alert at these times to devour them; ants,

spiders, lizards, toads, bats, and goat-suckers. The waste of life is astonishing. The few that do survive pair, and become kings and queens of new colonies."

A still more remarkable ant was found up the Tapajos, in a channel of about a quarter of a mile in breadth. Wherever the beach was sandy it was covered with "swarms of the terrible fire-ant, whose sting is likened by the Brazilians to the puncture of a red-hot needle. There was scarcely a square inch of ground free from them." Farther up the same river was a village, Aveyros, which, a few years previous, the inhabitants had been compelled to desert, by this furious little tormentor. At the time of the author's visit they had returned, but we imagine they must before this have been again driven into exile. For the whole village had been undermined. "The houses are overrun with them; they dispute every fragment of food, and destroy clothing for the sake of the starch." Your only chance of preserving any thing edible is to suspend it in a basket by a cord that has previously been well soaked in *capaiba* balsam. The *Pidm* is diabolically inspired, but the fire-ant is so diabolical by nature as to need no inspiration. If you dare to stand in the street for only two minutes, though at a distance from their nests, your audacity is resented as intolerable. You are punished without mercy by a horde of fiends that swarm up your legs, each of them digging his jaws well into your flesh (for better purchase) the instant he touches it, doubling in his tail and stinging with all his might. The legs of the chair on which you sit to enjoy the evening air must be anointed with the balsam; your indispensable foot-stool must have its legs anointed in like manner; and the cords of your hammock above all must be soaked, for very life's sake.

It is high time, however, to descend the Tapajos, and having recovered from its dangers to health and its fatigues, to make for the Solimões or Upper Amazons. Unfortunately there is almost no space left to speak of what the author saw and did there. After a not very agreeable voyage of five weeks from Barra on the Negro, Mr. Bates arrived at Ega. It took but a short time to convince him that he could not do better than lay himself out forthwith for a long, pleasant, and busy residence there. The

result has been the enrichment of the chief museums of Europe, and a far greater enrichment of the knowledge of natural history every where. Mr. Bates was very kindly received by the simple-hearted people of the place, and grew much attached to them. One day he was explaining to a little circle that his pursuit of science in their neighborhood was not without some remuneration from abroad, when one of his listeners grew suddenly enthusiastic, and exclaimed, "How rich are these great nations of Europe! We half-civilized creatures know nothing. Let us treat the stranger well, that he may stay amongst us and teach our children."

Scarlet-faced monkeys, the Paranaçu monkey, the Owl-faced Night-apes, Barigudo monkeys, Marmosets, were all found at Ega. Another curious monkey-like creature found there was the Jupurá: it has six cutting-teeth to each jaw, has long claws instead of nails, and has proper paws in lieu of hands. Many species of bats were observed, some of them exceedingly curious, and five species of Toucan, the commonest of them being Cuvier's, and the most notable the Curl-crested Toucan. Of other birds there was a scarcity which Mr. Bates saw reason to think was more apparent than real. It often happened, he says, that he passed a whole day in the richest and most varied parts of the woods without seeing one, while at other times the forest would suddenly and swiftly swarm with whole hosts of them—circumstances which were clearly to be accounted for by the gregariousness of the birds. It was found, indeed, that even the Insectivore were, in this instance, like other birds, and hunted in flocks.

In insects the neighborhood of Ega is peculiarly rich. The author obtained there, during his four and a half years' residence and rambling, upwards of seven thousand species. They included five hundred and fifty distinct species; and he may well say, "Those who know a little of Etymology will be able to form some idea of the riches of the place in this department, when I mention that eighteen species of true Papilio (the swallow-tailed genus) were found within ten minutes' walk of my house." Let the hunter over English moors, and commons, and fields, think of that, and keep the tenth commandment if he can. Eighteen species

of true Papilio within ten minutes' walk of one's house! The garden of Eden may very likely have been not far from the Euphrates, but the Elysian fields are unquestionably to be sought by right-minded men on the banks of the Amazons.

As we have spoken a few pages back of the human portion of the Fauna of the Amazons, we can hardly omit to mention that, in more than one of his excursions beyond Ega, Mr. Bates met with Indian cannibals. The species were at least two, and an individual belonging to one of them was too peculiar, to English notions at least, for merely general mention. In revenge for one of their raids a cannibal tribe were attacked, and among the captives was the best-dispositioned Indian girl whom Mr. Bates ever met. Tall, strong, intelligent, and grateful, he one day heard her relate, without the smallest hesitation, and with perfect artlessness, how she had herself eaten a portion of the bodies of the young men whom her tribe had killed and roasted. That she had done any thing revolting was the last thing that could have occurred to her. She never suspected in even the slightest degree that even in the meal or the story her conduct was not *comme il faut*. "But"—and perhaps the civilized specimen deserves no less observation than the savage—"but what increased greatly the incongruity of this business, the young widow of one of the victims, a neighbor of mine, happened to be present during the narrative, and showed her interest in it by laughing at the broken Portuguese in which the girl related the horrible story."

As our readers were informed at the beginning of this paper, that one of the author's objects in his expedition to the Amazons was the collection of facts "towards solving the problem of the origin of species," they will be prepared to hear that Mr. Bates is an acceptor of the theory to which Mr. Darwin has deservedly given name. The supposed relevant facts obtained do not at present appear to be numerous. We say at present, because it is impossible in any given stage of scientific discovery to put a limit to the possible relevancies of uses of any one fact observed. Mr. Bates' facts were chiefly as to the genus *Heliconia*.* He believ-

* Formerly *Heliconia*. *Heliconia* has long caus-

ed he obtained all the links between Heliconius Melpomene and Heliconius Thelxiope; that he is warranted in regarding the latter, a true species, as a derivative by transition forms from the former, which is also a true species; that the observed distribution of Heliconii is perfectly in harmony with his hypothesis, and is, indeed, no weak subsidiary argument in its favor; and that we have thus, in fact, an instance of the "manufacture" (he will give us very free permission to think the word ill chosen) "of a new species in nature." The species, so far as known, are true and physiological, and not merely morphological; and Mr. Bates is perfectly justified in saying, that if the conclusions he has formed are valid as to these delicately organized butterflies, they will be no less valid as to other organized beings; to speak plainly, that the law of a part will prove to be the law of the whole made up of the parts.

Mr. Darwin's ingenious and by no means unplausible theory has never excited in us the horror and astonishment with which it smote sundry of our contemporaries; and the main grounds of our positive objection to it are, that it is perfectly gratuitous, and that it does not know where to stop. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of any thing that pertains to a naturalist whom we regard as we regard Mr. Darwin, and who deserves all the honor he enjoys; but his theory of the origin of species has always appeared to us simply an extremely pretty philosophical speculation. Logically carried out, it appears to us to involve a conclusion which, put into a categorical shape, is the one lie-swallowing Lie of the universe. As we never do carry it out, and never dream of regarding it as otherwise than a charming hypothesis, we never call it by hard names, and we have no objection to any collection of facts, however extensive, gathered and arranged in order to its illustration. Our objections to it as more than this are various, the first of them being in shape of a question as to why it *should* be more. It is simply not proven. There is nothing it appears to account for which we are not warranted in supposing to be accountable for in some other way. There are many facts of which it can not take

cognizance, to which it does not appear to sustain any possible relation whatever—the facts of parthenogenesis, for example—and above all there is this fact, that the actual transmutation of any one true species into any other true species has never been observed yet, whether in the widest domains of unassisted nature or by aid of the appliances of art.

A priori, therefore, we have not a shadow of doubt that Mr. Bates' Heliconii were not, as physiologically distinct species, produced simply and truly by natural selection. It might, moreover, be very respectfully suggested to him, whether his own observations were not in many instances such as a due recognition of the admitted principle (that the law of the part must be the law of the whole of the parts) would have shown were in no way to be harmonized with the theory he has espoused. To take only a single case: among the most valuable objects Mr. Bates collected were specimens of the chief species of the new-world monkeys, a tribe in which the collector took a special and wise interest. He knows quite as well as any one else knows, that the Darwinian theory involves the principle of progression by inherent and native force. Give up the principle of progression, of development, and you give up the whole. You can not dispense with the doctrine of the fruit being germinally contained in the seed, of the result being involved in the antecedent, of the posterity being potentially contained in the ancestry.* Put side by side with that principle the observed facts of the distribution, say of monkeys, and you are at once committed to a whole legion of wild and utterly gratuitous hypotheses—not in order to account for your natural history, but in order to prevent the facts of your natural history from going as straight through your theory as a Whitworth shot would go through a washing-tub. Why should Madagascar never have produced any thing higher than the disgusting Lemur? Why should not the Lemur have

* All scientific men hold more or less of the doctrine of development. The difference between the acceptors and rejectors of the Darwinian theory respects degree. The former regard as absolutely essential antecedents what the latter deem superfluous. In respect of this part of his theory it is needless to say Mr. Darwin in no way affects originality. Who deserves the credit of the invention it may be impossible to find out, but certainly it is no one born since Thales died.

ed inconvenience, because of its botanical use. Felder's suggestion of Helicanus is adopted by Mr. Bates, and we hope his example may be generally followed.

crossed and recrossed till it had become lost in an Anthropoid? Why should America have been equally incompetent with Madagascar to produce a Gorilla? It had men and monkeys: the latter have stopped short at prehensile tails, and the former have never developed red men into any thing yet. Indians at the beginning, they are Indians still; and simply because of their notorious and proverbial "inflexibility of organization," are more likely to perish than to survive. Mr. Bates says, in so many words, of the new-world monkeys, that "there has been no direct advance in the organization of the order toward a higher type;" and we do not presume he is disposed to suggest any indirect advance. Then if all the ages which geology proves to have passed over America as a continent have been insufficient to raise the production of its supposed most susceptible organizations out of their confessed dead level, surely we have something like a demonstration that the reason of this must be the inherent and essential

incapacity of the organization to do any thing of the kind, to develop any such change. There has been a sufficient field in conjunction with a sufficient era, and the negative result is, we submit, a positive argument. We had marked some other instances, but one will suffice. For it is, as our author states, "scarcely necessary to add that the conclusions thus arrived at will apply to all organic beings."

It is just to advise our reader, as we take leave of these volumes, that the author's observations of facts were never vitiated in any degree by any theory whatever as to the possible production of the facts. Mr. Bates has made every naturalist greatly his debtor. He obtained during his long and self-denying exile specimens of nearly fifteen thousand species, more than eight thousand of which were new to science; and he has our best thanks for a book which is replete with interest and charm and information from the beginning to the end.

From Chambers's Journal.

SEPULTURE OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

It is of course among savage tribes that we meet with the most primitive modes of interment; the Esquimaux and other races around the Frozen Ocean never bury their dead, or at most merely cover them with the branches of shrubs. The natives of the Murray River and other parts of Australia elevate them among the branches of trees, or else upon a framework of sticks, raised upon four poles, leaving the body uncovered, a prey to the ravens and vultures. Suspended thus in mid-air, a little village of dead will sometimes be met with, whose putrefying carcasses contaminate the atmosphere for miles round, and oblige the settler, as a sanitary measure, to disregard this national freak of interment, cut down the corpses, and bury them in a proper fashion. Not infrequently the benighted

traveler who has lost his road, seeking the shelter of some umbrageous tree, to protect him from the rain, unwittingly deposits his weary body at the foot of one of these aerial tombs, and safe from the dropping shower, is exposed all night long to a continued patter of what the daylight reveals to be decaying human remains. But these modern savages are not the only people who have adopted this singular mode of burial, for Herodotus tells us that the Colcheans disposed of their dead in like manner. The great difficulty seems always to be how to get rid of the remains.

Among the Parsees, who form such a large proportion of the inhabitants of China, the dead are admitted into a tower of great depth and circumference, at the bottom of which is a well. This tower

is open at the top to the air, and allows entrance to birds of prey, who, attracted by the smell of the carrion, gorge themselves with human flesh till the bones are left nearly bare. When, by the aid of these scavengers, and the natural process of decay, the body has been reduced to a skeleton, the friends of the deceased revisit the tower, and commit the remains of their departed friend to the well, which, being furnished with subterraneous passages, is mysteriously supposed to communicate with the other world, and afford an easy transit to the regions of the blessed. Among other modes of burial by simple exposure is that followed by some of the inhabitants of Tibet, who, cutting up their deceased friend into quarters, carry the pieces up into the mountains, and there leave them, to be devoured by birds, or destroyed by natural influences.

Though exposure of the dead on the surface of the earth seems thus to have been not uncommon, we rarely read of their being committed to the waters, either of any large inland river or of the sea. The only instance in which we are aware of such form of burial being adopted as the usual custom, is that of the boatmen of the Indian rivers, who bury their dead by floating them on the surface of the water, and thus permit the stream to bear them along till they are either devoured by the alligators, or become stranded and torn in pieces by vultures and adjutants; before parting with the body, the attendants place a live coal in the mouth, for the purpose, as they aver, of burning out the evil nature.

Inhumation would seem to have been practiced from the earliest ages. Sometimes a cave was selected, such as that of Machpelah by Abraham; at others, vast catacombs were excavated under ground, where were deposited the sarcophagi and coffins containing the remains, and among savage tribes the more rude process was in vogue of merely digging out a hole, placing the body in it, and raising on it a mound or tumulus, which, as civilization and wealth advanced, became supplanted by the marble tablet. Some select the sitting posture as the one most appropriate in which to bury their dead, others the standing, while the most common position of all is lying on the back. Nor do all savage tribes adopt the plan of removing their dead out of their sight,

for we find that the natives of Sierra Leone not infrequently bury their children in the floors of their houses, and the Soosooos, another African race, inter their dead in their streets.

The Egyptians seem to have been the first people who paid much attention to the burial of the dead, owing, no doubt, to their belief in the immortality of the soul, and its transmigration into the bodies of birds and other animals, till, after the lapse of a cycle of years, it returned to inhabit the human tenement which it had just quitted. To this end, therefore, is to be attributed the care which they took in forming proper places of sepulture, and embalming the body. As among other nations, the friends of the deceased put on mourning-habits, and withdrew themselves for a period from all levity and enjoyment. There existed, however, among the ancient Egyptians, a custom now nowhere to be met with, and which most probably gave rise to the mythological story of Charon the ferryman and his boat conveying the dead across the Styx—that is, that when an Egyptian died, before his friends could inter him, they were obliged to submit him to a solemn judgment. This consisted in the ferrying of the dead across the lake of the district to which the deceased belonged. The friends of the departed having been summoned, they and the judges, usually forty in number, repaired to the lake, and stationed themselves on the further side, when the latter waited to hear if there was an accusation against the deceased. The attendants having placed the body, inclosed in a coffin, in the boat, which was under the care of a pilot, termed in the Egyptian Charon, the accusers, if any existed, who could charge the deceased with having led a wicked life, then stepped forward, and the accusation was listened to, and decided on by the judges. If no sin was laid to his charge, or if the statement proved to be false, the friends immediately changed their lamentations into expressions of joy and gladness, and extolled in high encomiums the virtues and good actions of the dead. If, on the contrary, it was proved that he had spent his life in wickedness, the sentence was passed upon the deceased that he be deprived of burial. King and people were alike subject to this ordeal, and Diodorus Siculus tells us that several Egyptian sovereigns had been refused the

rites of burial, due to the accusations brought against them by their subjects, and that fear of such an exposure exerted a wholesome effect on their life and actions. In embalming the dead, it was customary for the Egyptians to take out the entrails, and while praying for the deceased, to aver that if he had done any wickedness in his lifetime, it was through these, (the entrails,) which were then inclosed in a box, and thrown into the river, while the body was carefully preserved.

The burial custom of the Greeks resembled not a little those of the Egyptians and Romans; they, too, rolled themselves in the dust, covered themselves with ashes, beat their breasts, wounded themselves with their nails, tore off their hair, and threw it into the funeral-pile, and in many other ways manifested their sorrow.

The ancient Greeks placed a piece of money in the mouth of the deceased, as a fee to the pilot who was to convey the body across the river Styx. They likewise furnished the body with a cake of bread, which was supposed to appease the wrath of Cerberus, door-keeper of the infernal regions.

Among the Romans, great attention was paid to preparing the body of the deceased for inhumation. Having been washed with warm water, the limbs were next anointed with aromatic salves, each member having its own particular unguent. After this, the body was wrapped in fine black linen, or in a white toga, to which was superadded the ceremonial-dress of the deceased, if he had been a person of note. A state couch was then prepared, and placed in the vestibule of the mansion, on which the body, laid with its feet towards the door, was allowed to remain a week, while preparations were going forward for the due performance of the ceremony. During these seven days, a *conclamatio*, or system of yelling and shouting, was kept up, in order that if the dead were only in a slumber, he might be wakened, while an altar was also erected by the side of the body, for the purpose of receiving the incense offered by friends. At the door were placed branches of the cypress or pine, according to the rank of the individual; and lest any robbery should occur, a sentinel was stationed to guard the body. As in a climate like that of Italy a body could

not possibly be kept for a week without becoming very offensive, young boys were frequently employed to drive away the flies, naturally attracted by the decaying mass; and, unlike ourselves, the Romans chose the hour before sunrise as the one most suitable for interment, doubtless owing to the greater quietude and coolness of the city at that time. A herald having proclaimed the day of the funeral, also invited every one to be present; but generally only relatives attended, except where the deceased had been a person of note, and the public were anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. The bier, highly decorated and ornamented with flowers, according to the rank of the dead, was then carried forth, in order that its occupant might undergo the last process either of inhumation or cremation; but as the latter was a most expensive proceeding, it was reserved only for those of the wealthier classes.

Among the Mohammedans, funerals are conducted with great pomp under the special superintendence of the priests; but instead of allowing any time to elapse in ceremonies, no sooner is the faithful follower of the Prophet dead, than preparations are immediately made for his burial, that he may be detained as short time as possible on earth, nor be precluded from entering at once into the happiness of the blessed promised by Mohammed. Having washed the body with milk and water, or water alone, and laid it on a bier on its right side, with the face uncovered, and the feet directed towards Mecca, the attendants, usually of the same sex as the deceased, hasten with it to the grave, the priest accompanying them, and calling on the dead three times, sometimes coupling with the name of the deceased that of his mother. Nor is there any lack of bearers, but all of every rank press forward in the endeavor to lend assistance, faithfully relying on the indulgence promised by the Prophet, that whosoever shall carry a dead body forty paces shall blot out a heinous sin.

It matters not to the good Mohammedan what may have been the cause of death, how infectious the corpse, or how contaminating the touch, but relying on the promise of the Prophet, and the blessing of Allah, he cheerfully lends a hand to carry his fellow-mortal to the grave. With a more extended interchange

of human kindness, induced, no doubt, by the promise of a reward hereafter, the good Mohammedan combines more resignation; and instead of wringing his hands, and giving vent to groanings and lamentations, he meekly accepts the bereavement as the will of Providence.

If, however, the Mohammedans think they can not be too hasty in interring the dead, the Chinese again dwell over it with a tediousness and fastidiousness loathsome to our ideas, keeping the bodies of their friends as long as two years, in order that the obsequies may be performed with greater magnificence and detail. In consequence of this, a funeral forms, in Chinese household history, a landmark from which members of a family, and even subsequent generations, date their domestic records; nor can a son or an heir throw greater disregard on his predecessor than by conducting the funeral ceremonies in a parsimonious and careless manner. The Chinese must be a morbidly moralizing race, for they love to ruminate for years before they die on the little tenement which is to be their long home, carefully fashioning and adorning it with their own hands, in proportion to the amount of their income, and placing it in a conspicuous part of the house, where they can feast their eyes on it. When the superstitious in our own country dream of coffins or funerals, they usually opine that some calamity is at hand; with how much more reason would they think so if some one were to forward them a coffin ticketed with their own name; but in China children often join together, and hoard up their little savings, to purchase a coffin for their father, which he, as the custom of his country, receives as an especial mark of filial affection, and points out exultingly to his guests as an evidence of the regard in which he is held by his children.

When a Chinaman dies, his relatives cover his face with a handkerchief, to which the soul of the deceased is supposed to attach itself, and which is carefully preserved after his interment. The coffin, instead of being fastened with screws, is closed by some very adhesive pitch, and varnished outside, to prevent the emanation of any disagreeable odor. Besides the body of the occupant, there is usually inclosed as much food and clothing as is deemed sufficient for his use in the next world. The Chinese are exceedingly

particular as to the place of sepulture, expending great sums on the purchase of some chosen spot, disposing sometimes of the whole landed property of the deceased, in order to enable them to raise sufficient money to give him a costly and superb burial. When at last the body is carried to its resting-place, the heir precedes it, having his head wrapped in a fagot of straw, and flinging himself on the ground, retards the progress of the procession, as if by his actions he would still detain the departed a little longer.

But a Chinaman's regard for the dead continues long after they have been interred, and a traveler will often notice, on the beautiful hillsides selected for sepulture, relatives engaged burning incense and sycee paper, while chanting hymns to the spirits of the departed. Great care is bestowed in keeping the tombs and surrounding ground in order, so long at least as survivors remain to pay attention to the sepulchre of their ancestors.

Buddha sometimes condescends to be present at the burial of the Chinese, but only at that of the priests, nor is he visible to all mortal eyes that may be there, but only to the high-priest. On such occasions, propitiatory offerings are made him, varying in worth according to the rank of the deceased, and a table spread with the good things of this life is laid out to appease the god's hunger. When the followers of the deceased are absent on some other part of the ceremony, the clothes, or whatever articles may have been offered, if worthless, are burnt, and the cakes, fruit, etc., disposed of by other than immortal beings, though put down to the credit of Buddha.

The Jews preserve many of the customs with which they were wont to bury their dead when masters of Jerusalem; instead, however, of rending their garments, the modern Jew merely cuts off a bit in token of affliction. The bending of the thumb into the hand, and retaining it in that posture with a string, is still followed, the Hebrew of our own time believing, as did his forefathers, that by giving the thumb of the dead the figure of the name of God, the devil would not dare to approach it. Those who follow the body do so barefooted, and throw dust on their heads, as emblematic of their sorrow. Of old, the wealthy Jew lavished large sums on the burial of the

dead; as, for instance, Josephus tells us that Herod's body, when lying in state, was placed upon a couch, and covered with purple cloth. It was then transferred to a bier of solid gold, ornamented with precious stones, while the deceased ruler had a crown of the same metal placed on his head, and a scepter in his right hand.

Cremation, or the burning of the dead, once greatly practiced among the Greeks and Romans, is now entirely confined to some eastern nations. It was put down by the early Christians, who manifested much abhorrence at the custom, and invariably inhumed their dead; but though not now followed among civilized people, it has this powerful argument in its defense, that it is a much more healthy and decorous proceeding than that of cramming a city churchyard with ten times more dead than it will carry, till the surface of the ground has risen six or seven feet above its original level. Among the Greeks, the pile was lighted by the deceased's nearest friends, who, pouring libations of wine upon the burning mass, invoked the winds, by vows and prayers, to consume it as quickly as possible, while at the same time they called the dead by name. It was customary to add to the pile the clothes which had been recently worn by the deceased. The Romans followed a nearly similar plan, with this exception, that they occasionally cut off a finger of the dead, and af-

ter the body had been reduced to ashes, buried the remaining portion with further ceremonies. In either case, the ashes of the dead were subsequently collected, deposited in an urn, and placed in some conspicuous apartment of the house.

In the East, where cremation still constitutes one of the modes of disposing of the dead, the Siamese follow a method of their own. Having removed the intestines from the body, it is then placed upon a bier made of gilt wood, whilst tapers and perfumes are kept constantly burning round it. The pile, which is composed of precious woods, is kindled by the friends and family of the deceased, who, dressed in white, attend the funeral, whilst the sound of various instruments drowns the crackling of the fire, and serves, in Siamese opinions, to enhance the splendor of the ceremony. The whole eventually concludes with theatricals and other amusements.

Two-thirds of the natives of India burn the bodies of the dead, and scatter the ashes on the Ganges or any other river they may live near, for which purpose the process of cremation is carried on on the banks of the stream. Among the Buddhist priesthood of China, of whom there are several divisions, the largest class burn their dead, and afterwards deposit the ashes in urns, carefully preserved in neat-looking temples, which are usually stationed on some hillside.

LIFE OF BOLINGBROKE.

The Life of Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Anne. By THOMAS MAC-KNIGHT, author of *The History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke.*, etc. London: Chapman and Hall. 1863. To estimate equitably and truly the character of Bolingbroke is no easy matter. He attracts by his unconquerable spirit, and revolts by his undisguised profligacy. We have no sooner acknowledged his splendid talents than we are shocked at his utter want of principle in the use of them. He had gifts which might have

made him, perhaps, the first man in England, and which would certainly have long sustained him in the highest offices of state; yet he prostituted his love of country to his love of self, and scrupled not at even treason to gratify revenge. After making all allowance possible on the grounds of human frailty, the fashionableness of vice, and the general ignominiousness of the times in which St. John's life was cast, we are still unable, however willing, to regard him as having been, on the whole, anything better than a brilliant and highly accomplished bad man. Born in 1678, he entered Parliament in his twenty-third year, and soon became nota-

ble for his unusual gifts of oratory. He had scarcely been three years in the House when he was made Secretary at War, and continued to unite a vigorous prosecution of public business with unbounded private debauchery. In 1707 he professed to be disgusted with public life and the pursuits of ambition, and announced his intention of retiring into the country. He kept his word, resigning both his office and his seat amid the ridicule and regrets of his friends. In 1710 he saw a much better chance for the Tory party than there had been previously, and forthwith allowed himself to be reelected for the family borough. Almost immediately after he became Secretary of State conjointly with Lord Dartmouth. It was a busy time with Europe. Marlborough had gained Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, and was now hastening to his fall. To that fall Bolingbroke, whom the victorious duke had greatly befriended, contributed all in his power. The grand alliance was dissolved; peace was made with France, and England was governed by an obese queen without brains, and by a waiting-woman fitter to tyrannize in a workhouse than to be honored at court. Mrs. Marsham was supreme, and the Duchess of Marlborough in disgrace. Feeling himself secure of Mrs. Marsham, and, therefore, of power, Bolingbroke pressed relentlessly for vengeance on his political opponents, and succeeded in getting Walpole committed to the Tower. By and by the change came. To the great advantage of the country God's mercy relieved it of the queen. A college of twenty-five regents carried out, by authority, the provisions of the Act of Settlement, and in due time the Elector of

Hanover, George I. of England, succeeded to the throne. St. John hastened, even before his arrival, to assure him of his fidelity and zeal, conveying no very obscure hints of his desire to continue in power. The elector deigned no answer, but the king sent a note dismissing him from office. Great was the exultation at his fall. It was now the turn of his enemies, and ere long this patrician persecutor of the Whigs, who had dishonored England's greatest general, and had made his country false to his allies, was himself impeached by Bill of Attainder. He escaped from its last consequences by timely flight. His next step was to commence negotiations with the exiled Stuarts. He accepted imaginary office under the banished king, and at once commenced active operations in favor of Jacobite reaction and Jacobite plots. He failed; and though his treasons were perfectly well known in England he was, after some years, allowed to return. He settled near Uxbridge, and spent his days in amateur farming and cultivated leisure. He paid another visit to France, suffered much from cancer in the jaw, and in 1751 he died.

His works are somewhat voluminous, show great powers of declamation, but have been frequently overrated in their other merits. Bolingbroke's life has some sad and stern lessons. Just in proportion as he was without religion in his heart he was without decency in his life. Mr. Macknight's biography of him shows some industry, and is a very readable book, though it lacks condensation and power. —*British Quarterly*.

THE present strength of the Russian army is—on paper—as follows: There are 120,000 men in the Caucasus, 15,000 in Finland, 18,000 in Eastern Siberia, 12,000 in Orenburg. The so-called "active" army is composed of 34,000 guards, 32,500 grenadiers, and six *corps d'armée* of the line. The cavalry consists of 10,200 guards, 8000 cuirassiers, and 42,500 "cavalry of the line." The reserves are said to amount to 53,800 men. The artillery of the line is composed of 29,400 men, with 936 guns; the horse artillery of 9600, with 256 guns.

A LIFE of the late William H. Prescott, by his life-long friend, George Ticknor, LL.D., will soon

be issued from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The same firm will also shortly publish a new edition of Mr. Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. The first edition, together with a duplicate of it published in England, has been entirely sold.

LORD MACAULAY's library has just been sold at auction in London. Owing to the negligence of the auctioneers a number of rough-looking books were sold off cheap, which, on examination, proved to be rare works richly and copiously annotated by the great historian's own hand. The library of Mr. Buckle, author of the *History of Civilization*, is to be sold this spring.

' From the British Quarterly.

HEAT CONSIDERED AS A MODE OF MOTION.*

WE can scarcely be wrong, we think, in regarding Professor Tyndal's Lectures as the chief contribution to the scientific literature of the season. Every thing is in favor of their success, and the practical importance of the book will in great part be determined by that success. The subject is not wholly new, though it is certainly the reverse of hackneyed. Its treatment was rendered the more effective in that Professor Tyndal's mastery of the literature of his subject and of the existing state of scientific opinion on it, was backed by great thinking power and ingenuity of his own; while he has preserved a method of treatment which conjoins the greatest animation of style with clearness of exposition and abundance of illustration. His book is not without two faults, we think; but one of them is a source of almost constant amusement, while the other is merely as to the taste of a few expressions which, though natural enough in extempore discourse, might have been better omitted: from the long-hand copy of the short-hand report.

For any thing like an exposition of the modern, and, as we imagine, the true doctrine on Heat, we can not do better than refer our readers to Professor Tyndal's pages. If the last degree of lucidity of treatment is not a matter of concern to them, Professor Thomson will be found perhaps an equally sure guide, though he may not conduct them quite so far, while sundry memoirs in the *Philosophical Transactions* may supplement the study of either or of both. The subject is too important, however, and too little popular, for us to be justified in offering a merely general reference to it, and we shall indicate accordingly some of the chief points of this new philosophy, (for

such it will prove itself,) and leave our reader to supplement his knowledge of them from whatever sources he prefers.

In studying the phenomena of the force we call Heat, we have first to consider its derivation—to find out where it comes from as immediately apprehended by us. To say that it has its source in motion is to speak with too much generality. We shall do better to say there is no kind of motion from which the generation of heat is wanting. You generate heat when you rub your hand across the page you are reading, when you grasp your book so as to prevent its falling, when you pour cold water out of the tumbler into another. But this is trifling? Not at all so. We are merely instancing details of what may very likely prove the grandest and most fruitful principle of cotemporary science. That the degree of heat produced in the ways we have mentioned is small, is obviously no objection: the question is as to the fact, and the fact is no less demonstrable in such instances as we have given than in grosser ones. A Fahrenheit thermometer may not enable you to find it out, but the exquisite and unerring sensitiveness of the thermo-electric pile (invented by Nobili and practically perfected by Melloni) will prove it to your completest satisfaction. The phenomena of Heat are simply and literally transformations of Motion. Touch the place where a shot has just struck the target at Shoeburyness, and you burn your hand as unmistakably as if you thrust it into the fire. The motion of the 68-pound ball was suddenly arrested; did it perish? Far other: it was transmuted into heat. When Robert Stephenson was driving in the piles of that marvelous High Level Bridge at Newcastle, the heads of the piles frequently burst out in flames: it was the motion of the Nasmyth hammer in another mode of being. And when the flame is quenched or the iron plate has cooled, the heat is still in being somewhere and in some form, for in Nature

* *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion: being a Course of Twelve Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, in the Season of 1862. By JOHN TYNDAL, F.R.S., etc., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. With Illustrations. London: Longman & Co. 1863.*

nothing perishes, nothing is wasted, and even the slightest of fragments are gathered up, that nothing be lost. To make this more intelligible we may fall back on Professor Tyndal: he illustrates both parts of the statement we have made. "Whenever friction is overcome, heat is produced, and the heat produced is the measure of the force expended in overcoming the friction. The heat is simply the primitive force in another form; and if we wish to avoid this conversion we must abolish the friction. We usually put oil upon the surface of a hone; we grease the saw, and are careful to lubricate the axles of our railway-carriages. What are we really doing in these cases? Let us get general notions first; we shall come to particulars afterwards. It is the object of the railway-engineer to urge his train bodily from one place to another; say from London to Edinburgh, or from London to Oxford, as the case may be. He wishes to apply the force of his steam, or of his furnace, which gives tension to the steam, to this particular purpose. It is not his interest to allow any portion of that force to be converted into another form of force which would not further the attainment of his object. He does not want his axles heated, and hence he avoids as much as possible expending his power in heating them. In fact he has obtained his force from heat, and it is not his object to reconvert the force thus obtained into its primitive form. For, by every degree of temperature generated by the friction of his axles, a definite amount would be withdrawn from the urging force of his engine. There is no force lost absolutely. Could we gather up all the heat generated by the friction, and could we apply it mechanically, we should by it be able to impart to the train the precise amount of speed which it had lost by the friction. Thus every one of those railway-porters whom you see moving about with his can of yellow grease, and opening the little boxes which surround the carriage-axles, is, without knowing it, illustrating a principle which forms the very solder of Nature. In so doing he is unconsciously affirming both the convertibility and the indestructibility of force. He is practically asserting that mechanical energy may be converted into heat, and that when so converted it can not still exist as mechanical energy, but that for every degree of heat developed a strict

and proportional equivalent of *locomotive force* of the engine disappears. A station is approached, say at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour; the brake is applied, and smoke and sparks issue from the wheel on which it presses. The train is brought to rest: how? Simply by converting the entire moving-force which it possessed, at the moment the brake was applied, into heat." In the discovery of the infinite variety of the modes of generating heat, and of the disposition of heat, we have the keys to the philosophy of the whole subject. The very interesting phenomena of expansion and contraction, and all speculations as to the nature of heat, become, one might almost say, of secondary weight. They help us in various ways, but it is the application of the principles of the former to the suggested question as to *the possibility of discovering the mechanical equivalent of heat*, that will most attract our attention. That question has now been answered by Mr. Joule, of Manchester, and by Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn; and their names will take probably first and equal rank among the investigators of the new science. The mechanical equivalent of a certain amount of heat has been accurately determined in repeated instances; thus proving that, whether we have the means of determining it or not in any specified or casual instances, *the equivalent must in one form or other always be there*. The man who first proved this was surely entitled, if ever man was, to cry, Eureka! Eureka! We can not follow Professor Tyndal into other parts of his lectures, nor into his account of the speculations as to the source of the heat of the sun; and we are truly sorry not to quote from him in full the peroration of his last lecture. It is eloquent in facts, it is still more eloquent in the thoughts it suggests, and there is one portion of it we must reproduce if only to escape our own and our readers' reproaches for doing an injustice. "Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton. So great and grand are they, that in the contemplation of them a certain force of character is requisite to preserve us from bewilderment. Look at

the integrated energies of our world—the stored power of our coal-fields; our fleets, armies, and guns. What are they? They are all generated by a portion of the sun's energy, which does not amount to $\frac{1}{100,000,000}$ th of the whole. This, in fact, is the entire fraction of the sun's force intercepted by the earth; and, in reality, we convert but a small fraction of this fraction into mechanical energy. To Nature nothing can be added; from Nature nothing can be taken away; the sum of her energies is constant, and the utmost man can do in the pursuit of physical truth, or in the applications of physical knowledge, is to shift the consti-

tuents of the never-varying total, and out of one of them to form another. The law of conservation rigidly excludes both creation and annihilation. Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves—magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude—asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ melt in air—the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy—the manifestations of life, as well as the display of phenomena—are but the modulations of its rhythm."

From the British Quarterly.

THE NEW FOREST; ITS HISTORY AND ITS SCENERY.*

Few lovers of natural scenery can, we think, range our picturesque forest glades, and mark the magic play of light and shade along the green alleys, the rich tree masses, so exquisite in their blended coloring, and the soft outline of the distant hills glowing with the ruby and amethyst of the blossoming heather, but must feel themselves veritable descendants of our forefathers, to whom the "good greenwood" was the spot where their imaginations most delighted to dwell, and around which their brightest associations ever clustered. The "fayre forest," the "merry greenwood," the "wodes that joye it is to see"—how did our fathers revel amid thoughts of these bright sunny glades, these fair leafy covers, where the tall stag sought refuge from the hunter, even as the bold yeoman sought shelter from Norman tyranny; that wide expanse of hill and dale, and thick woodland, where all was beauty, and joyance, and freedom.

A very pleasant book, throwing light

* *The New Forest; its History and its Scenery.* By JOHN R. WISE. With sixty three Illustrations, drawn by WATER CRANE, engraved by W. J. LINTON. Smith, Elder, & Co.

upon numerous portions of our early history too, would a general history of our forests, together with their legends, their traditions, their ancient usages, be. Perhaps it is almost too late to expect this; for our forests are well-nigh swept away, and many a wild legend, many a time-hallowed tradition, well worthy a place in our "folk-lore," has been also swept away with the ancient trees. We were therefore well pleased to see the announcement of the work before us, since it proved that some attention was being paid to this subject; and although the New Forest, especially as to its later history, offers fewer points of interest than almost any other, still, as the locality is believed to exhibit such unquestionable proofs of the Conqueror's cruel tyranny, and is the spot where two of his sons—tradition reports, also a grandson—lost their lives, it has a certain claim on our notice. The present work, however, may be rather considered as a very full and complete description of the New Forest than a history of it: we will therefore rather treat the subject historically, especially with respect to the two incidents by which it has become so well known among us.

While the origin of all our other forests is lost in the obscurity of pre-historic times, the story of the New Forest has been handed down among us as a household word through almost eight hundred years; and men to whom the history of their own country was well-nigh a blank, have learnt from it to abhor the memory of the pitiless Conqueror, who swept away fruitful fields, flourishing villages, even parish churches, to make a wide inclosure, more than thirty miles in length, for those "tall deer," whom, as the Saxon Chronicle so naively remarks, "he loved as though he had been their father." This account is not only handed down by tradition, but is recorded by numerous chroniclers, whose testimony in other cases is trustworthy—two of whom, too, were cotemporary, or nearly so—and the tale is besides true to the character of the monarch, who was alike distinguished for his keen love of field sports and for his stern and cruel disposition. Still there are difficulties in the commonly received tradition which it would be as well to inquire into.

The generally received account is, that the Conqueror laid waste and depopulated the *whole* tract of land to which the name of the New Forest has been given. Now, that the stern and vindictive ruler who devastated the wide district between the Tyne and the Humber, lest the Danes should effect a landing, would have been withheld by any gentle or conscientious feeling from laying waste for his own pleasure a much narrower spot, can not be believed. Yet, that at a period when nearly three fourths of the country lay uncultivated, when forests, abounding in game, encroached almost to the gates of the walled town, a monarch should destroy fields and villages for the purpose of planting trees under whose shadow he could never hope to stand, of forming a chase where he could never pursue his sport, seems almost an act of wanton insanity, rather than the deed of a ruler who, cruel, rapacious, tyrannical though he were, was yet the most distinguished among the princes of his age for his astute and vigorous policy, and who in his municipal enactments and in his Doomsday Book has given such unquestionable proofs of clear-headedness.

Now in Doomsday Book we have evidence that a great portion of this district formed part of the royal demesnes even in

the time of Edward the Confessor. And looking to the beginning of the century, we find Edward's predecessor Canute, a keen hunter, residing chiefly at Winchester, and from thence dating the curious charter, which proves that forest laws—laws scarcely less severe than those of our Norman sovereigns—were well known full sixty years before the time that William is said to have so cruelly laid waste this locality. Winchester, indeed, was the favorite city of Canute; and when we find him here enacting his code of forest laws, we can not but think that this district, or a great part of it, was really afforested by him. Canute, like all the Scandinavian race, was a mighty hunter; and it seems very unlikely that he should choose for his favorite residence a city where no facilities for field sports could be enjoyed. In this case the title New Forest would most appropriately be given, and this, of course, would still be its title when William the Norman succeeded to the ownership both of the forest and the realm.

That William, however, was guilty of gross cruelty and injustice with respect to some of the inhabitants of the New Forest, we can not but believe; for although tradition may alter and exaggerate, it certainly never invents; and although the monkish historians are frequently inaccurate, recent historical inquiries have largely verified their general correctness. The forcible ejection of families whose forefathers had dwelt for generations on the Forest; the seizing wide tracts of common land, a most unpardonable offense in the eyes of the Saxon, who viewed "the mark" almost as a sacred inheritance—such were probably the crimes of William, and what he would be most likely to commit if he enlarged the boundaries of the New Forest; but that he destroyed villages, and razed parish churches to the ground, is utterly disproved by Doomsday Book, which gives the names of hamlets and villages, mills and salt-works, within its bounds, stating, in many instances, the amount of rents which had been paid by the occupiers in the time of the Confessor, and the names of the occupiers too. As Mr. Wise truly says, most people have a very incorrect view of the old royal forests, taking their notion, we think, from a modern park. But the forest, according to the venerable authority

of Manwood, was "a certain territorie of woody grounds and fruitful pastures," extending, as in some of our northern forests, over the greater part of a county, and containing a population scanty and poor indeed, but still, on the whole, gaining a comfortable subsistence. While Domesday Book affords such unquestionable evidence that the popular tale is a myth, the testimony of remains dug up in the Forest proves further that the hand of violence was *never* there. Keltic barrows, containing urns of the rudest and slightest construction, have been left undisturbed for the explorers of modern days; the site of the Roman potteries is still marked by heaps of broken flasks and drinking-cups, untouched through fourteen or fifteen centuries; while churches, with Norman arch and pillar, in the very heart of the Forest, add their unquestionable evidence to the fact that the New Forest in its general features was the same in the days of the Conqueror as in the earlier days of the Roman and even Keltic occupancy. Even to this evidence may be added geological proof, that the soil of the New Forest is unfitted to grow a single ear of corn; while, notwithstanding the immensely increased rental of land, and all the appliances of modern agricultural skill, "the best evidence," as Mr. Wise truly says, "is the simple fact, that the New Forest remains the New Forest still."

And here, in these wide forest glades, the stern Conqueror, followed by the great officers of his Court, pursued his cherished pastime, striking down with unerring aim the tall stag and the "hart royal," until a sterner marksman laid him low. And then the green shades and broad alleys rang with the riotous shouts of the Red King and his reckless company of revelers, as with even keener delight he followed the chase through the greenwood. And here, that sunny Lammas Day, all unwitting the fate so close at hand, he stood beneath the beeches, fitting the arrow on the string, when the deadly shaft was sent through his heart by some unknown archer.

As apocryphal an account as that of the making the New Forest does the usually received tale of the Red King being shot by Walter Tyrrel appear to us; and we fully agree with Mr. Wise in his wonder that even our best modern historians should have slavishly adhered to it. If

the Red King were quite alone, who could have seen Tyrrel take aim at him? If there were attendants at hand, why was not the murderer at once seized? Even if the death were accidental, men in that vindictive age, and where the life of a king was concerned, were not likely to weigh the claims of mercy, and, even without inquiry, let the culprit go free.

The story, indeed, both as told by Malmsbury and Ordericus Vitalis, is far too minute to be true. Malmsbury's account, especially, with the King's ominous dream, and next the dream of the monk, which is so strangely rewarded with a hundred shillings; then his hesitation as to hunting that day, his eventual determination to proceed to the Forest, his armorer's approach with the six brand-new arrows, and his ominous remark as he gives two to Walter Tyrrel—"the best arrows to the best marksman"—each incident so neatly fitted together proves the whole to have been a mere skillfully constructed tale, for the purpose of concealing the truth. The concluding incidents are detailed in an equally unsatisfactory way. The hunt continues all the afternoon, and even to sunset; an unusually late time, for it is the first of August, and thus it must have been not very long before curfew. Tyrrel and the King were alone, the latter watching the deer he had just slightly wounded, and shading his eyes with his hand from the blaze of the setting sun. It was then that Tyrrel shot, and the Red King fell speechless, vainly trying to pull from his breast the arrow that broke off in his hand. Now who saw all this? for the story, according to every version but one, is, that the two were alone. And what followed? Tyrrel is said to have mounted his horse, and fled twelve miles to the boundary of the Forest, and crossed the Avon at the place which to this day bears the name of Tyrrel's Ford, while the King lay neglected, apparently unsought for, during all that lingering summer twilight; and when at length discovered he was brought to Winchester by some foresters in a cart, which later chroniclers have told us belonged to Purkis, a charcoal-burner. But these were days of right royal state; and although this fatal chase was not a "royal hunt," for none of the great officers of the Crown were there, still the symbols of royalty—the signet ring, the ermined cape, the golden circlet—were never laid

aside. Now into whose hands did these fall? Who left the body stripped and bleeding under the beeches? While Malsbury is so positive that Tyrrel struck down the King, it is important to remember that Tyrrel himself declared to Suger, a most trustworthy witness, that he not only had not entered the Forest that day, but had not even seen the King.

From discrepancies in the generally received narratives like these, and from the fact that the Red King was so deeply hated, alike by his nobles and prelates, Mr. Wise suggests that his death was neither accidental nor caused by Walter Tyrrel, but the result of a conspiracy in which his ecclesiastics took the chief part. Now this was scarcely the age for a deeply laid conspiracy; it was rather an age of open violence; nor, notwithstanding the Red King's evident hostility to his clergy, had they received such cruel wrong at his hands that they should seek his life. Refusing to pay Peter's pence, or questioning the Pope's supremacy, would contribute rather to his popularity with the English clergy; while holding ecclesiastical offices, and of course their emoluments, in his hands, galling as it would be, was so common a method then, and for centuries after, of filling an empty exchequer, that not even the fiercest Churchman would consider death as the fitting penalty. Now a survey of general history will show, that in the great majority of cases where monarchs have lost their lives by violence, gain, and not revenge, has been the motive. Might not gain have been the motive here?

It is difficult to ascertain all the names of the small company that went with the Red King on this his last hunting expedition; but we find among them two or three who in after-years were firm friends, and very high in favor with his successor Beauclerc; and it is also stated by every chronicler that Beauclerc himself was there. This seems strange, for this brother had borne arms against the Red King in Normandy as well as against Robert; for whatever clerkly learning the first Henry might boast, to the claims of morality, or of natural affection, he was quite as callous as his ruder brothers. He had been defeated by the Red King, and he dreaded so greatly the danger of falling into his hands, that for two whole years he wandered in the Vexin, with no attendant save his chaplain Roger (who

afterwards became Bishop of Sarum and his High Justiciar,) and there suffered the extremity of want, oftentimes even seeking food in vain. We have no clear account how the brothers were eventually reconciled; but we know that Beauclerc on that Lammas morning had not a single rod of land that he could call his own, that he was a mere visitant on sufferance in his brother's Court, liable upon any capricious outbreak of temper to be consigned to imprisonment, perhaps death. How tempting must that royal state have appeared to the wanderer, with naught he could call his own! with what tantalizing splendor must that golden circlet have shone in his eyes!

The merry company ride forth; they separate; the King lies dead; Tyrrel, as the story goes, has fled away; but we find Beauclerc already at Winchester, demanding the keys of the royal treasury from William De Breteuil, the Seneschal, and eventually seizing them, while the faithful servant proffers his unavailing claim on behalf of the elder Robert, now doing battle against the Pagans in the Holy Land. The corpse of the Red King is next evening consigned to a hasty grave, not even in the cathedral, but beneath the tower, and within *three* days the hunted wanderer in the Vexin is anointed and crowned at Westminster King of England! Now viewing all these circumstances, and bearing in mind, too, the remarkable opportune season of the year, when the great nobles were either at their distant castles or in Normandy, and their vassals closely engaged with their harvest, when the great officers of the Crown, too, were absent, how easily might the blow be struck, how easily, too, might the recognition of the new sovereign be completed, almost before the news of the Red King's death had been made known through the land.

Mr. Wise represents Beauclerc as a mere tool in the hands of the clergy; but the very contrary was the fact. The first Henry knew well not only how "to hold his own," but to hold what belonged to others. He patronized the clergy in the earlier years of his reign, because he needed their influence to bear upon the masses; but when the strife of Papal supremacy began, Anselm himself found Henry quite as unbending an opponent as ever the Red King had been. The first Henry, indeed, was the son who, in astuteness

and talents for government, most resembled his father; and in his first acts on his accession, too, he exhibited much of his father's stern promptitude. While he especially favored the Saxon population, and afforded some relief to his Norman subjects, he held his powerful nobles in stern check, and soon compelled the Bras-defers and Mauleverers to acknowledge that the rule of the Scholar-King was far more crushing than the wayward tyranny of Rufus. Misled by Malmsbury's most eulogistic statements, nearly all our historians have represented Beauclerc as an upright, justice-loving King; but by other chroniclers, far more trustworthy, we find such acts of deadly revenge and atrocious cruelty recorded, that we may well believe that the shaft which ended the life of the Red King was aimed, not by Tyrrel, but by his brother. Now taking this view of the case, how admirably adapted was the popular story, especially that told by Malmsbury. The Red King, notwithstanding his outrageous tyranny, was slain, not by conspirators, but Heaven interposed to avenge the suffering land. And Heaven, ever-merciful, sent unregarded warnings, dreams, omens, even up to the time when the sentenced King rode to the greenwood, where the random shaft wrought deliverance. And fitting was it that he upon whom so many warnings had been lavished in vain, should meet so swift a doom; most fitting that he, the fierce hunter, should receive his death-wound in the very glades of that forest which had so often witnessed his cruel infliction of the forest laws. And most fitting, too, was it that the scorner of holy rites should be struck down without confession or absolution; that the contemner of holy Church and her ministers, dragged on the charcoal-burner's cart to the door of the cathedral, should be flung into a hasty grave, without chant, taper, or passing bell. How must each incident of such a story have told upon the minds of a devout but superstitious age; how must it have deepened the Saxons' hatred of the late King, and thus led them more heartily to welcome his successor. How utterly, too, would all suspicion of assassination be removed by details which pointed so emphatically to judgments direct from Heaven.

Mr. Wise has remarked on the strange fact, that the story of the Conqueror's cruelties in inclosing the New Forest is

not to be found in the chronicles in regular historical sequence, but is first told in narrating the death of the Red King. May we not in this trace the astute policy of the Scholar-King? Malmsbury, who first gives the narrative, was a dweller in his Court, and wrote his history under the especial auspices of Earl Robert of Gloucester, Beauclerc's favorite son. Now how well adapted was this tale, also, to turn aside suspicion. The ban of Heaven was upon the cruel King, and *three* of his descendants met their deaths in that very forest. What wonder, then, that Walter Tyrrel should be an unwitting homicide? and what injustice would it be to punish him, the mere blind worker out of Heaven's own will?

Although it might well suit the first Henry to encourage the spread of such stories, we do not find him relaxing the severity of the forest laws. He, like all his race, keenly loved the sports of the greenwood, and often did the gorgeous array of the royal hunt sweep along the green alleys of the New Forest. During Stephen's reign there was sterner pastime; while the disastrous siege of Winchester, which laid the greater part of the ancient city in ashes, made way, on the accession of the first Plantagenet, for the transference of the seat of government to London. From henceforward we seldom find our Kings residing at Winchester; and thus from the close of the twelfth century seldom was the New Forest visited by them. All this time the forest laws remained unrepealed; and while the first Plantagenet paid laudable attention to the legal improvements suggested by his Justiciar Glanville, he maintained the unjust and cruel provisions of the forest laws in all their unmitigated severity, "shaming not," as John of Salisbury so forcibly remarks, "to give for a contemptible beast the life of a man who had been redeemed by the Son of God." And then the strife for freedom arose, and the iniquity of these laws, which fenced the wild wood round with sterner prohibitions than even the walled town, and which gave the power of inflicting mutilation and even death to irresponsible officers of the Crown, became so glaring, that the great charter of the commons—the Charter of the Forest—became, a few years after Magna Charta, the law of the land.

In a book purporting to give the history of a royal forest, some notice more

than a mere foot-note should certainly have been taken of that great remedial act—hailed by the “folke” of the land with feelings of greater joy and gratitude than even the Great Charter, because it came so directly home to the business of their daily life—the *Charta de Foresta*. We are therefore surprised that Mr. Wise has passed over this very interesting document, which illustrates in so many respects the rural, and especially the forest life, of our forefathers, with a bare allusion. How important to those who had writhed under the tyranny of the King’s foresters, and had seen, without power to protest against the injustice, the unrebuked encroachments upon the border lands of the Forest, this opening declaration: “All forests made by our grandfather Henry II.” (the charter dates 9th Henry III., 1222) “shall be viewed by good and lawful men; and if he have made forest of any other wood than his lawful demesnes, we will forthwith that it be disforested.” An important concession this, to the commons: the monarch compelled to keep his royal forest within lawful bounds, just as the owner of the little croft was obliged to do. Then follow several enactments relating to the forest courts, but all most important, inasmuch as they direct that every proceeding, even in the most trifling questions concerning “green hue or hunting,” shall be in strict accordance with the written law. The crowning enactment follows next. “No man from henceforth lose life or limb for killing our deer, but any man convicted of taking our venison shall make grievous fine; or, if he have nothing to lose, be imprisoned a year and a day, and at the end if he find sufficient sureties he shall be delivered, if not, abjure the realm.” And the conviction of the deer-stealer could only take place before the duly appointed judge; for, “No constable, castellan, or bailiff, shall hold plea of the forest, neither for green hue or hunting, but every forester shall make attachments, and shall present the same to the verderers, and when enrolled and inclosed under seal of the verderers, they shall be presented to our chief justices of the forests when they shall come thither to hold the pleas of the forest, and before them shall they be determined.” There are many other characteristic enactments. Thus, “Every abbot and lord of Parliament sent for by the King may, in coming or returning, kill one deer or two

in the King’s forest or chase through which he passes, but it must be done in view of the forester, if present, or if absent by causing one to blow a horn, because otherwise he may seem to be a trespasser.” How vividly does this provision bring before us the keen delight our fathers felt in the chase. And although the dwellers in the royal forest were prohibited from killing the deer, still, as though to console them for this privation, we find it expressly enacted that “every freeman shall have in his own woods eiries of hawks, sparrow-hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons:” thus he might recreate himself at will with the almost equally cherished sport of hawking; and moreover—nor was this a slight boon before the introduction of sugar—he was to have unquestioned right to “all the honey found there.”

There was always much imposing grandeur in the public ceremonials of the middle ages; but most picturesque as well as imposing must have been the forest court, held, not in hall or court-house, but beneath the open sky. Manwood becomes almost poetical in describing the long procession as it wound through the forest to the sylvan judgment-seat, of hewn stone, bearing the royal arms carved on the front. Onward, in due order, before “the King’s Chief-Justice in Eyre,” came keepers, rangers, woodwards, all in liveries of forest green, the brass bugle or hatchet suspended from the baldric; then, in richer garb, but still of forest green, came chief woodwards, foresters of the bailwicks, agisters, verderers, regarders (for the King’s own forest boasted as numerous a retinue as the King’s own palace,) while in rich array, on his palfrey, bearing the gilded bugle, the symbol of his office, rode the Grand Forester; and lastly, chief of the forest train, surrounded by his retainers in gorgeous liveries, rode the hereditary Warden of the Forest, bearing the hazel wand—simple badge of an authority which in the old times extended over life and limb.

Nor was it an inferior officer of the King’s Court to whom was intrusted the “visitation for pleas of the forest,” nor with abated dignity did he come. The Lord Chief-Justice, in scarlet, and ermine-lined robes, took his way through the forest, preceded by his mace-bearers bearing silver maces, and heralds, and pursuivants, just as when he went in royal state

to hold his court at Westminster. And each form of the highest law-courts was strictly followed in that sylvan judgment-hall. The pursuivants opened the court with the thrice-repeated trumpet blast, and the thrice-repeated "Oyez," and the proclamation was read, summoning "all the King's liege subjects within the boundaries of the forest" to repair hither, "there to do justice and have justice done them, according to the Charter of the Forest." Precious words these, and precious the charter that recited them.

The charge was then read by the Chief-Justice; and the minuteness of the provisions of this charter may be well imagined when we find that this charge included *eighty-four* enactments. Then each woodward, kneeling, presented his hatchet, and again received it from the hand of the Judge; each forester and ranger in like manner tendered his bugle, and again received it; while the Chief Forester proffered the gilded hunting horn, and, receiving it again from the Judge, was bound "to blow three *mots*," in token of his office; and, doubtless, merrily did that bugle echo far along glade, and upland, and sunny valley. Then the business of the court proceeded, and sentence was pronounced—no longer according to the capricious tyranny of the forest officers; but the right of the dweller in the forest, of the outlaw himself, to be tried by his jury, was distinctly recognized—and the Lord Chief-Justice awarded the fitting penalty. No wonder that the Charter of the Forest was dear to our forefathers.

A pleasant perambulation of the Forest occupies the following chapters; and we fully agree with Mr. Wise that a tourist might do worse in visiting many a much-lauded Continental place of resort, than in spending a few quiet days among the varied but lovely and truly English scenery of the New Forest. Indeed, the delightful "bits" of woodland and upland scenery which so profusely illustrate the volume before us, are quite tantalizing. The trees are remarkably fine; the oaks, although they can not compete in size and beauty with those veritable monarchs of the forest at Coleorton and in Quorn Wood—those venerable relics of Charnwood—are fine specimens; while the beeches are remarkable both for size and great beauty. The New Forest, indeed, seems to have chiefly consisted of beeches; and

hence, doubtless, the acknowledged superiority of the New Forest swine, fed upon the rich mast, rather than the acrid and less nutritious acorns. But the New Forest boasts a greater variety of trees than most of our ancient forests. Fine avenues of elms, clusters of yews, "standing massive and black in all their depth of foliage, mixed in loveliest contrast with clumps of whitebeams," and chestnuts, and hollies too, making glad the wintry woods with their lustrous green.

There are some rather interesting Norman remains in the churches of the New Forest, affording additional proof that the Conqueror could not have destroyed parish churches to form it; and just beside the boundary is the curious Norman dwelling, probably that of Baldwin De Redvers, built, unquestionably, early in the twelfth century, and still displaying its handsome "first floor" apartments, with its circular windows surmounted by the chevron and billeted moldings, and its *inclosed* fire-place, with the round chimney above—that unique specimen of our earliest domestic architecture. A chapter is devoted to Beaulieu and its remains, illustrated by three or four lovely little drawings of the ruins. Mr. Wise, however, is in error representing the Cistercians as following the rule of St. Benedict; St. Bernard was their founder. Elinor of Aquitaine, too, (the cruel Queen Elinor of the ballad,) was not buried at Beaulieu. She retired a year or two before her death to Fontevraud, and was there buried beside her husband and her son Cœur de Lion. Her effigy is still remaining (the reader may see a copy of it in the Crystal Palace,) it is remarkable for the peculiarly regal dignity of the figure, and the admirable arrangement of the drapery.

There are several Roman and Celtic remains scattered through the New Forest; a Roman road, now nearly obliterated, and pottery works; but these evidently supplied only the commonest earthen vessels. It is worthy of remark, however, what graceful outlines these pipkins, and oil-flasks, and wine-jars present; the very meanest crockery taking forms of rounded beauty or turning in elegant curves such as we seldom see even in the Parian ornaments on our drawing-room tables. Well did these ancient potters understand, as Mr. Wise has truly expressed it, "that it

is the real perfection of art to make beauty ever the handmaid of use." The Keltic remains consist of rude embankments which probably girdled in the rude British town, and barrows, in which, however, nothing has been found save slightly baked earthen urns, containing charcoal and calcined bones, but in none of them either weapon or ornament, however homely. Indeed, from all the numerous barrows opened by Mr. Wise and his friends, the result was only a few slinging-stones, two flint knives, and a stone hammer. It must have been a very rude and scanty population that dwelt there; but that any part of the New Forest should have been inhabited at so early a time, seems to prove that the south of England must have been more densely peopled than is commonly supposed.

Mr. Wise devotes a chapter to the inhabitants of the New Forest, and another to their folk-lore and dialect. Whether the inhabitants or those interested in them will be greatly pleased with the character he gives them, we, however, much doubt. That the New Forest peasant should still have faith in dreams and omens, is no peculiarity marking an inferior order of mind; for the rural inhabitants of Yorkshire and Lancashire, to whom he yields a vast superiority, are quite as superstitious, as their folk-lore will show. And that the inhabitants of Hampshire did not wage a lengthened contest with William, can be scarcely attributed to a deficiency of natural courage, but rather to their locality. "The Northmen across the Humber" might easily bid him defiance; for hundreds of miles stretched behind them where they might find secure refuge, and beside them stretched a lengthened sea-board constantly watched by the northern Vikings, pledged to the aid of a race cognate with their own. Not, indeed, until the whole extent of that coast was devastated, did the Conqueror find that all danger from this source had ceased; but even then the moors, and fells, and thick woods spread out, welcoming the asserters of freedom to a secure hiding-place. Look at the inhabitants of the south of Hampshire. The royal forest stretching along, the royal city of Winchester hard by, and the royal port of Southampton too, with Norman vessels riding at anchor or guarding the coast; the most adventurous outlaw would have found even escape from

such a locality difficult enough. From whence "the extreme deference, almost amounting to a painful obsequiousness," which we are also told characterizes the dwellers in the New Forest, arises, seems difficult to ascertain. Their "slowness of perception," perhaps, may arise from bad teaching, or no teaching at all; but as to their "cunningness and craft," which "notwithstanding their apparent servility peeps out," we must leave them to settle these grievous charges with Mr. Wise, who, we must say, seems to have been influenced by no unkindly spirit, but bears a hearty testimony to the fact, that although "the most ill-paid and ill-fed laborer in England, he bears his heavy yoke of poverty without a murmur."

The general remark as to want of energy seems, however, contradicted by the tales that are recorded both of deer-stalking and smuggling. "Until within the last thirty years smuggling was a recognized calling;" and so audaciously was it carried on, that Warner says he had seen twenty or thirty wagons laden with kegs, guarded by two or three hundred horsemen, each bearing two or three tubs, coming over Hengistbury Head, making their way, in the open daylight, past Christchurch, to the Forest. Truly there must have been some skill and some daring to arrange and carry out so wholesale a robbery. Later than Warner's time the New Forest smugglers were remarkably daring. Boats were built in many a barn from the Forest timber, and foresters armed with "swingels" defied the coast-guard. Often a hundred tubs, each worth two or three guineas, would be run in a night; and these were safely stowed away in out-of-the-way places. Mr. Wise explains to us the meaning of the well-known sarcasm on the Hampshire peasant, his "moon-raking," in hopes, as was said, to seize the moon as she shone reflected in the pond. But the Hampshire peasant might well smile at the story-teller who so complacently gave credence to his stupidity; for it was not the moon, but the kegs of spirits furtively sunk in the pond, that he was thus carefully fishing up.

The chapter on the Forest "folk-lore" is very unsatisfactory. The few superstitions recorded—those relating to the four-leaved ash, the passing the sick child through the cleft ash-tree, the telling the bees when a death occurs in a family, and turning the money on first sight of

the new moon—all these will be found as firmly believed by the East Anglican peasant and the descendant of the Mercians as by the West Saxon. Some others, such as the belief that witches can not cross running water, and that wells in forests are full of gold, belong to that earliest cyclus of fable which in pre-historic times accompanied our fathers from the East. The notion of the efficacy of Good Friday bread (bun, rather) we find from the Land's End to Northumberland. Indeed we knew a thorough cockney who would never be without a piece of this valuable specific. The proverbs, in like manner, belong to the common stock of England. "As yellow as a kite's claw;" "He won't climb up May hill"—these are as often to be heard in London as in the New Forest. Even the three or four sayings which have reference to forest localities are mere modifications of some well-known ones. When we remember the abundant harvest of "folk-lore" that has been gathered in some parts, we are surprised at Mr. Wise's scanty gleanings. But the reason, we think, will be found in the spirit in which the inquiries were made. Mr. Wise evidently holds all these old-world beliefs

in great contempt; and to such an inquirer few answers will be given. We have often been struck with the solemnity, almost awe, with which the aged countrywoman has told the story told to her by her grandmother, especially if a tale not generally known; and how the old magical rhyme is whispered rather than spoken. The legend, the story, the metrical charm, indeed, are all viewed by those among whom they still linger as time-hallowed heir-looms; and it is only by expressing your deep interest in them—an interest which the Grimms, and Mr. Thorpe, and Dr. Dasent have not disdained to express—that your curiosity can be satisfied.

The work is concluded by chapters on the geology, the botany, and the ornithology of the district, to which are added a glossary, and lists of flowering plants, birds, and insects. Ere closing we must, however, especially point out to the reader's notice the admirable sixty-three vignettes, which take us into the very heart of the Forest, showing us lovely studies of trees, so truthful and so spirited that they remind us of Turner's sketches. Seldom have we met with more exquisite "bits" than these.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT RHODES.

THE phenomena of earthquakes are always instructive and impressive. The power which causes these terrific phenomena slumbers for ages and centuries, and then suddenly bursts forth, as in the recent convulsion whose effects have been so destructive. The city of Rhodes was founded during the Peloponnesian War. A prince of Rhodes distinguished himself at the siege of Troy. It was famed in ancient history for its brazen Colossus, one hundred and five feet high, made by Chares of Lyndus, which continued standing for fifty-six years, when it was overthrown by an earthquake in the reign of Ptolemy Energetes, King of Egypt, which did other considerable damage. This Colossus was reckoned one of the seven won-

ders of the world. It was a brazen figure of Apollo, and was of such a height that ships could pass in full sail between its legs. It was hollow, and in its cavities were large stones, employed by its artificer to counterbalance its weight and render it steady on its pedestal.

On account of the damage which the island had sustained by the earthquake which overthrew the Colossus, the inhabitants sent ambassadors to all the princes of Greek origin, soliciting assistance to repair it, and large sums were obtained from the kings of Egypt, Macedonia, Syria, Pontus, and Bithynia, which amounted to five times the injury; but instead of setting up the brazen statue again, the Rhodians pretended that the oracle of Delphos

had forbidden it, and appropriated the money to other uses. It lay neglected on the ground nearly nine centuries, until the time of the sixth caliph of the Saracens, who, having conquered the island, sold the statue to a Jewish merchant, who is said to have loaded nine hundred camels with the metal. Some have maintained that this Colossus gave its name to the people among whom it stood, and that the Rhodians are often called Colossians, particularly by the ancient poets. They hence argue that the Colossians, to whom St. Paul directed his Epistle, were in reality inhabitants of Rhodes. It is almost unnecessary to observe that there is not the slightest evidence for this assumption.

The Island of Rhodes, forty-five miles long by about eighteen broad, takes its name from the great quantity and beauty of its roses. The city of Rhodes, which has just been destroyed, was once one of the best built and most magnificent cities of the ancient world. Strabo wrote of it saying: "The beauty of its harbors, streets, and walls, and the magnificence of its monuments, render it so much superior to all other cities as to admit of no other comparison." These facts impart an additional and melancholy interest to the calamity which has recently befallen this ancient city, an account of which we place in our pages.

Full particulars of this calamitous convulsion of nature has reached us from the Levant. On the 16th of April a slight premonitory shock was felt by the inhabitants of Rhodes, but it was not till the 22d that the visitation, in all its terrible force, broke upon the land. The morning of that day is described as calm and hazy; but the wind rose about noon, and gradually increased toward night, when it blew a gale from the north. The temperature fell until it became bitterly cold. A little before half past ten at night, a series of short undulatory movements from the north-east to the south took place, followed, after a brief interval, by a continuous shock, which quivered through the island for nearly a minute. Every where was heard the straining, cracking, crashing of timbers and walls, mingled with the shrieks of women and children, the howling of dogs, and the indescribably fearful and unearthly screams of camels.

A correspondent of the *Levant Herald* says: "Rhodians go early to bed as a rule; the calamity, therefore, found three

fourths of the population under their yorghans, in what proved to many their last sleep. I happened myself to be sitting up, and the shock so shook my house that I was literally thrown from my chair. I can not attempt to describe the scene which met my eyes and ears outside in the town on my rushing out—crowds of half-dressed men, women, and children rushing from every door, mingling their screams with the dull rumble of falling houses and party walls. The whole formed a combination of terrible sight and sound of which I can convey no impression by any words of mine. Though only a few hardly perceptible shocks took place again during the night, this sad scene continued with but little abatement till daylight, when the real extent of the damage done to the town became at once apparent. This, though disastrous enough, has happily been less so than the horrors of the night prepared one to see. About a thousand houses, more or less, have been injured, some four hundred of which have been nearly altogether destroyed, and the remainder either partially knocked down or rent to an extent that will compel the pulling down of most of them. Inside the inclosure of the citadel about twenty have been demolished, and several others greatly damaged. Great injury has also been done to the fortifications, and the architectural relics of the knights. Of these last, the beautiful square tower of St. Michael, at the entrance to the larger harbor, has been rent from top to bottom, nearly the whole inner half of it, landwards, knocked entirely down. The old palace of the grand masters—now a prison—has been rent in several places, as has also the light-house." This informant states the loss of life on the night of the 22d at about fifty, and the maimed and wounded at more than double, but these numbers are confined to the town itself. In an account given by another resident we read: "Throughout the island above two hundred and forty people were killed, and a great many hurt. Twelve out of forty-four villages were utterly destroyed, and the others greatly injured. The village of Massari was leveled with the ground; even the church, strongly built three years ago, was shattered; the roof had fallen in, the walls were rent, and the stone arches fastened with iron were torn asunder. Out of a population of two hundred one hundred and twenty-six persons were kill-

ed, and about thirty hurt. It was a sad scene—bodies lying about and crushed under the ruins, and the survivors mourning their dead. Some of the people in the neighboring village of Malona, which had partially escaped, had come to Massari to help to bury the bodies. At Lindos several houses and the inner walls of the old castle had been thrown down. Great stones had fallen, threatening to crush the village." The same writer gives the following account of the destruction in the city of Rhodes itself: "The beautiful Arab's Tower—a prominent object in the view of Rhodes from the sea—was in ruins; the north-west angle of the tower, with wall, staircase, turret, and center tower, were torn away, and the two remaining walls were widely split and leaning over. One side of the tower of St. Nicholas, on which the lighthouse stood, had fallen, together with the staircase. The walls of the fortifications were rent in various places. In the town and suburbs houses had been thrown down in all directions. Other dwellings—the consulate among the rest—were much injured. Thirteen persons were killed, one family being buried in the ruins of their house. All the mosques, with the Greek and Latin churches, had suffered more or less severely. A minaret and large round fountain had fallen."

During the next day, the 23d, slight shocks were repeatedly felt, and these were succeeded by others, till, on the 26th, a violent thunderstorm with rain threw down more of the partially ruined houses, adding to the misery of the populace. We are told: "The terror caused by the first earthquake was beginning to abate, when the inhabitants were again alarmed by a strong shock, at noon of the 30th, followed by a more severe one in half-an-hour. The houses were immediately deserted; tents and huts of sails, carpets, boards, or any thing that could be got together, were set up in every vacant space. European consuls, natives, every one made up such shelter as they could. Mr. Calender, the British consul, and his family, took shelter in their garden in a tent made

of a ship's awning and some boat sails. Fields and gardens were occupied by whole families huddled together in but scanty room. Two Turkish families asked leave, which was of course granted, to make their dwellings in the Protestant cemetery in an unexposed situation. The crowding of the tents was so great that it was feared sickness would break out. A Turkish steamer arrived that evening with an aid-de-camp of the Sultan, who had sent five hundred thousand piasters to help the sufferers. On the 3d May a steamer appeared with the Kaimakan of Mitylene, and the next day the Mouette arrived from Syra with three surgeons on board, sent by the French admiral. The weather changed and became sultry and oppressive, the ground felt feverish and quivering, a sirocco wind and leaden sky and strange rumbling noises under ground, all seemed to portend another shock; the natives in terror believing the island would sink into the sea. A new danger now threatened the inhabitants. The earthquake had so shaken the prison, the grand master's palace, that it was feared the prisoners might get out. On the evening of the 4th a plot was discovered; the convicts, one hundred and eight in number, intended making their escape—they had dug a passage under the walls of the prison. Soldiers were posted at different points, and on the top of the palace, with orders to fire on the prisoners if they made any attempt to escape. Some of the convicts have confessed that they intended to set fire to the town, kill every one they could, carry off all the booty they could lay their hands on, and get off by the boats. Fresh alarm ensued; every one who had the means armed himself, and regular watches were kept during the night at all the tents. On the 5th May the ringleaders and most desperate characters were removed to a small prison, where they are chained and watched; the rest remain at the old prison, strongly guarded. From the desperate character of the convicts it is fortunate the plot was discovered in time, otherwise most frightful atrocities would have been committed."

B O S T O N P U B L I C S C H O O L S .

ADDRESS OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE following address, delivered in Boston at the examination and exhibition of the Everett (Girls') School, July 20th, 1863, is so rich and replete with suggestive thought, that we give it a permanent record on our pages. It was reported for the *Boston Daily Advertiser*:

*Mr. Hyde, Gentlemen of the Committee.
My Young Friends:*

I am somewhat afraid that the character of this anniversary is changing a little, and that, instead of being simply the exhibition of the pupils of the Everett School, it is getting also to be an exhibition of a certain gentleman, considerably advanced beyond the years of pupilage, and who had much rather be a pleased and silent looker-on, than take any active part in the proceedings of the afternoon. At your request, however, Mr. Hyde, and that of the committee, and especially after receiving this agreeable token [a beautiful bouquet] of the kind regard of our young friends of the graduating class, it would be churlish in me to refuse to express the satisfaction with which I have witnessed the exercises of the day, though I do it at some risk of repeating what I may have said on former similar occasions, which, however, I will try not to do.

I always attend these exhibitions with pleasure; and I have never done so with greater satisfaction than at this time. The examination in the various branches of knowledge pursued in the school, the exercises in reading—one of the most elegant accomplishments—and the specimens of composition have been such as to reflect the highest credit on teachers and pupils. I do not know that I can pay the examinations a higher compliment, than to repeat a remark which my friend Hillard leaned over and made to me, that he should be sorry to have some of the questions put to him, which were answered with readiness by several of the graduating class. I believe there are not many of us on this platform who, if put

upon their honor, would not echo Mr. Hillard's remark.

It is almost a matter of course in addressing an audience like this, at the annual examination and exhibition of one of our public schools, to allude to the extent and importance of the provision made by the city of Boston for the education of her children—a provision not surpassed in any other city in the world; equaled in but few. The tribute of admiration is justly due to the magnitude and thorough organization of the system; the number and gradation of the schools; the general high character of the teachers; the commodiousness of the school houses; the thousands of pupils of both sexes educated, and the great expense, defrayed by taxation, at which the entire system, in all its parts, is maintained and carried on—nearly sixty thousand dollars for the year 1861–2, although that was about fifty thousand dollars less than the expense of the preceding year.

I doubt, however, whether it is these statistics, important and interesting as they are, which give us the clearest idea of the subject. To feel all the importance—the transcendent value of our system of public education—we must contemplate it from a different point of view—not so much with reference to the number of schools erected and the cost at which they are maintained, or even the number of pupils educated numerically considered. We ought rather to reflect upon the final object for which the system is organized and carried on—its ultimate effects, in connection with the well-being of the community. Let us look upon the subject a moment in that light, asking ourselves what the system is and what it does, and of course I can on this occasion only glance at the points, whose full discussion would require a volume.

The number of public schools, then, in Boston of all kinds, is, I believe, two hundred and seventy-three, namely, the Latin School, the English High School,

the Girls' High and Normal School, twenty Grammar Schools—seven for boys, seven for girls, and six for both sexes—and two hundred and fifty primary schools. In these schools of all kinds, about twenty-seven thousand children were educated the past year. Here, then, is an organization which takes the entire rising generation of both sexes, (with a sad exception, to which I shall presently advert,) from the age of five to that of fifteen, the forming period of life, when the remark of the moral poet has its direct application, that "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," places them for ten years, and for five or six hours daily, under the watchful eye of vigilant guardians; subjects them all this time to a course of intellectual and moral discipline and instruction, under well-qualified and faithful teachers; imparts to them those branches of knowledge which belong to a good education for almost any walk in life; trains them to habits of industry, application, and attention to prescribed duty; inculcates upon them the great laws of moral obligation, and habituates them to the proprieties of virtuous social life. Such in a word is the system; such its operation.

Now in this, as in so many similar cases, we are so familiar with the working of the system; it is presented so constantly in detail to our observation; we are so seldom called upon to view it as a whole, that we form no adequate conception of its supreme importance to the well-being—I might rather say, the very existence, of a civilized community. We have perhaps never asked ourselves, what would be the state of our city if some fatal delusion should come over the public mind, and the system of public education, henceforward and forever, should be done away with; if, for instance, the municipal government, from this time forward, were to refuse to appropriate a dollar for education, and in consequence our school houses should be shut up; our faithful instructors of both sexes dismissed; the twenty-seven thousand children now educated at the public expense left to grow up in ignorance, mental and moral, of all that they are now taught between the ages of five and fifteen. Such a state of things implies, of course, a depravity of the public conscience, which would cause all private establishments of education to be put a stop to and destroyed, equally

with the public. In short, it assumes the entire prostration of the educational system of the country, and the inauguration of a millenium of ignorance. It requires but little reflection to see that, under such circumstances, the community would soon sink into utter barbarism, as it is indeed only in the lowest forms of barbarous and savage life that schools and school education of some kind are wholly unknown. Plainly, four or five generations would be enough, under the blighting influence of such a state of things as I have indicated, to reduce the most enlightened community to a level with the degraded tribes of the Pacific islands, or of the interior wastes of our continent.

And I fear that we need not go so far as to the barbarous tribes of the Pacific islands, or the savage aborigines of our own continent, to measure the difference between a highly-educated community and one lying in a state of universal and midnight darkness. There is in all large cities, in Boston and in New-York, as in Paris and London, a city within the city; or rather, outside of the city of the educated, the industrious, and the prosperous there is the city of the ignorant, the wretched, the forlorn. There are in this our beloved Boston, not included in those favored twenty-seven thousand, among whom it is your great privilege, my young friends, to be included, hundreds, I fear I must say thousands, of poor young creatures who have no part or share in this mighty heritage of good. Sometimes in consequence of the poverty of the parents, too great to provide the children decent clothing, or to dispense with their time—the older children being kept at home to take care—and what care?—of the younger; sometimes from the short-sighted cupidity of the parents, unwilling to give up the wretched gains to be earned by peddling newspapers, (an unmitigated nuisance,) lozenges, and matches; in many cases from a stolid and impenetrable insensibility—the inheritance from generations of oppression in the older world—to the importance of education, there are, in this enlightened city of Boston, whose expenditure for education is no where exceeded, some hundreds of children who never go to school; who grow up in profound ignorance; who pass their lives in the street, at best in the demoralizing occupations to which I have alluded;

often in entire idleness; practicing all the varieties of juvenile vice and depravity, and struggling under all the forms of juvenile destitution and suffering.

Yes, living, herding I had almost said, within a few rods of our comfortable homes, nobody follows them to their noisome cellars and dismal garrets, save now and then a kind-hearted Samaritan of either sex, more frequently the policeman and the constable, they grow up to be the pest and the scourge of the community, to people our houses of correction and prisons, and sink, the victims of want, of sin, and sorrow, to early and unlamented graves.

Such is the career, I repeat, to which hundreds, in our generous and enlightened Boston, seem doomed; poor creatures, who, after public liberality and private benevolence have done their utmost, never hear, from the beginning to the end of the year, a cheerful encouraging word; never put on a clean decent garment; never sit down to a comfortable meal; never enter into a school house or a church; never utter or hear the name of God or Christ except in some horrid oath. In quiet times the existence of such a class—as a class—is unknown to the mass of the community. Individuals belonging to it are scattered, here and there, about the streets;—we gaze with wonder and pity on their squalid rags and haggard cheeks, and mourn over a misery which seems to defy relief. It is in times of disorder and commotion that they swarm from their covert, and make their existence too sadly felt. The newspapers tell us that the hideous mobs which have lately spread terror and desolation in the city of New-York were composed in part of very young persons. Out “of sixty-six persons thus far (20th July) ascertained to have been killed, fourteen were boys of from six to twelve years of age, shot during the riot and burning of the armory at the corner of 21st street and 2d avenue. Although of such tender years, they were taking an active part in the riot!” In the attempted riot in this city last week two young children were killed. No one supposes that these children in New-York or Boston, though of the school age, belong to the class which receives the tutelage and instruction of our excellent schools; they belonged unquestionably to that other unhappy class which I have described, who, for the reasons I have mentioned, grow up without enjoying the priv-

ileges of education, so bountifully lavished on you, and pass the forming years of their life in ignorance, idleness, and vice. The same has ever been the case in the terrible commotions of Europe. A large share of the disorders of the revolution in Paris in 1848 were ascribed to juvenile miscreants. In the terrible riots in Bristol in 1831, in the words of the *Annual Register*, gangs of boys, “that seemed trained to their hellish arts,” went round the city, setting fire to buildings public and private; and the mob which held London at its mercy for a week in 1780, of which I dare say some of you, my young friends, could give us a minute account, was, according to Horace Walpole, “two thirds apprentices and women.”

These and other similar facts, which might be indefinitely multiplied, teach us, in language too plain to be mistaken, that we are indebted, in the last resort, for the preservation of peace in the community, not exclusively to our armed soldiery—cavalry, artillery, infantry—necessary as their interposition is at critical moments, but to this peaceful army of twenty-seven thousand children; marshaled, not by major and brigadier-generals, but by their faithful teachers of either sex; quartered not in the barracks of Readville or the casemates of Fort Independence, but in these commodious school houses; and waging the great war against the legion hosts of ignorance, vice, and anarchy, not with cannons and Minié rifles, but with the spelling-book, the grammar, and the Bible!

It has been objected to placing the system of education for the two sexes so nearly on the same footing, that there is a want of employment for well-educated girls; that we are training them beyond the demands of society. If this objection was ever well founded, which I greatly doubt, it is fast ceasing to be so. The circle of employment for young women is daily widening. Two thirds of the business of teaching in our schools—a great profession of itself—has already passed into their hands. Many are finding employment as book-keepers and clerks, and this will be more and more the case while the war lasts. In short, as in all other cases, demand and supply will act and react upon each other, and in proportion as our girls are educated and qualify themselves for occupation, hitherto monopolized by the other sex, our young women,

where there is no natural unfitness, will find openings for the service.

Then there is the great sphere of female occupation and influence—constantly talked about, but far too lightly deemed of by either sex—I mean the sphere of home. The great object in life for both sexes, after keeping a good conscience, should be to make home attractive and happy. It is the most terrible of all mistakes, that the main thing to be thought of is outdoor success; professional advancement, lucrative business, a prosperous establishment in life; alas, these may all exist with a dreary cheerless household. On the other hand the intellectual treasures which you, my young friends, if you have been, as I know many of you have been, faithful to your opportunities, will carry with you from these schools, a taste for reading, a relish for the pleasures of the mind—with a few well-chosen books—the sense to converse rationally on the important topics of the day—the ability to entertain the family circle with an hour's reading of an interesting volume aloud—a little domestic music, vocal and instrumental, such as has charmed us this afternoon, these will do more to make a happy home, than a lucky speculation in stocks or a profitable contract in business. These, my dear young friends, are the keys which open the inmost shrine of the temple of earthly felicity, and they are almost exclusively in the hands of your sex.

I was much struck, a couple of days ago, with a testimony to the importance of these home-bred resources for happiness, in a quarter where it was hardly to be expected, I mean the correspondence of Napoleon the First. In the eleventh volume of that work, (which is regularly sent to our noble public library by the present Emperor of the French,) I chanced upon a very agreeable letter written in 1806 by Napoleon I. to his step-son, Prince Eugene, the Viceroy of Italy, then lately married to a Bavarian princess. The mighty chieftain and conqueror, then at the height of his power, writes to the young prince, to whom he was much attached, that he, Prince Eugene, worked too hard; that his life was too monotonous, that he should throw aside business at 6 o'clock, and pass the rest of the evening in the company of his youthful wife; and writing to her he says, "I am going to send you"—what think you, my young friends, the great Napoleon promises to send to his young step-daughter, the daughter herself of a king—not ornaments of gold and silver—diamonds and pearls—no, "I am going to send you a nice little library."

But it is time to check myself, and, repeating the expression of the great pleasure with which I have listened to the various exercises of the day, and offering you, my dear young friends, my best wishes, to give way to the gentlemen around me, whom you are all desirous to hear.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SCIENCE AND TRADITIONS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

MAGIC, SORCERY, AND WITCHCRAFT.

THE wide and full view of nature and its operations enjoyed by our first parents was probably much contracted after their fall, and only descended in a fragmentary manner to their posterity. After the flood, this treasure, diminished and broken up, was far from being common property to the sons of the children of Noah. It remained in greatest fullness among the

heads of families of the descent of Heber; and, when idolatry began to prevail, it continued in an inferior and perverted form among the Assyrian and Egyptian priests. Among them were known, or believed to be known, all means by which knowledge of present and future things, and of the cure of diseases, could be innocently obtained, or evilly wrung from

spiritual powers. This knowledge got in time the name of magic, for which different derivations have been given. "Priestly knowledge" is probably the best equivalent. When any one gifted with a portion of this science chose to exert it for the mere attainment of power or temporal possessions, or for the destruction or harm of others, he was looked on as a malignant sorcerer or witch would be in modern times. Sir Edward Bulwer, who has made magic, in its use and abuse, his particular study, has well individualized the higher class of sages in the noble-minded *Zanoni*, and the evil-disposed professors in *Arbaces*, priest of Isis, and the poison-concocting witch of Vesuvius.

There were at all times individuals tormented with a desire to penetrate the designs of Providence, the cause and mode of natural processes ever before their eyes, the dark mysteries of life, and of the union of mind and matter, and they ardently longed that these deep and inexplicable arcana should become intelligible to their intellect.

These classes of men saw within the range of their mental and bodily faculties no means of gratifying their wishes. Unblessed with patience or acquiescence in the Divine Will, or faith in the power, or confidence in the goodness of the Creator, they determined on devising some means to oblige those beings whose presence can not be detected by bodily organs, to be their guides through the labyrinth which they never should have thought of entering. From Zoroaster to the man who subjects household furniture to sleight-of-hand tricks, all professors and disciples of forbidden arts are obnoxious to be ranged in one of these categories.

It would take us out of our way to examine the various processes through which the clear insight, accorded to our first parents of the relation in which all creatures stand to the Creator, passed in degenerating to the worship of created things, human passions, the functions of nature, and the souls of departed heroes. It is merely requisite for our purpose to say that the heavenly bodies, so mysterious in their unapproachableness, and in their motions, and the undoubted influence of the apparently largest two on the condition of the parent earth, became chief objects of adoration. The prolific

earth, which appeared to give birth to all living beings, to furnish them with food, and all things essential to their existence, and in whose bosom all seek their final rest, was the loved, the genial *Alma Mater*. Her hand-maidens, the subtle and (as was supposed) simple elements, the water, the fire, and the air, came in for their measure of worship. The original notion of the heavenly messengers and guardian angels become deteriorated in time to that of demons or genii. Our modern verse-makers, when mentioning the genius of Rome, the genius of Cæsar, etc., scarcely reflect that what to them is a mere poetic image, was an existing, potent being to the contemporaries of the Tarquini, the Fabii, and the Julian family.

As has been observed, nothing evil was necessarily connected with the word *magic*. The Persian Magi were well qualified to rule their subjects by their superior attainments in science. They sacrificed to the gods; they consulted them on their own affairs, but particularly as to the issue of events pregnant with the weal or woe of their people. The Egyptian priests were depositories of all the knowledge that had survived the dispersion at Babel in a fragmentary form. Both priests and Magi had recourse to rites in presence of the people for the foreknowledge of future events. This, in fact, formed a portion of the state religion; but an acquaintance with more recondite and solemn ceremonies, which they practiced in secret, was carefully kept from the commonalty.

While the Greeks and Romans paid divine honors to Jupiter and Juno, or their doubles, Zeus and Héré, and the other divinities, great and less great, some tradition of the primeval truth held its ground among the more intelligent, and the existence of a Supreme Ruler was acknowledged. With some Destiny was chief ruler, and an uneasy feeling was abroad that Jove would be deprived of power some day. It was the same in the Scandinavian mythology. The giants and the wolf Fenris were to prevail against the Æsir, though themselves were, in turn, to perish also, and after this twilight of the gods the world was to be renewed under the sway of the All-Father.

Nearly every thing in the mythologies was a corruption, or a distortion, or shadow

of some primeval revelation or religious ceremonial, or commandment solemnly given.

The dread inhabitants of Jotunheim, though inferior to Odin and his family in Asgard, were an enduring trouble to them, especially as they were aware of the dreadful strife when the horrible twilight was to come. This had a parallel in the Grecian mythology. The Titans, though subdued and bound, could not be destroyed; and Prometheus, suffering tortures on his rock, was less in awe of Zeus than Zeus was of him. These views, both Grecian and Scandinavian, were the remains of early traditions of truths debased and disfigured. The powers of evil were permitted to exert their forces to contravene the designs of Providence in reference to the human race. Toward the end of the world their baleful energies will be exerted with their fullest force, but to be finally crushed; and then God's kingdom will indeed come, and all, except the thoroughly reprobate, will have no will but his.

Etherealized beings as they were, the gods might perhaps be happy in Olympus feasting on their nectar and ambrosia; but for their own meager, shivering shades, once this life was past, they expected but a chill, comfortless existence. A long life on the warm, genial bosom of mother Earth formed their most cherished wish, and the spiritual beings that ruled the air, the earth, and hades were invoked and questioned as to the future earthly weal and woe of the consulters.

What a disheartening picture is given in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* of the existence after death, and of the gloomy rites performed by Odysseus in order to know his own future fortunes. He leaves the abode of the goddess Circe, who can do nothing better than direct him to sail to the confines of Orcus, situate on the outer rim of the earth-encircling ocean stream, and consult the shade of the blind seer Tiresias. He arrives at the gloomy beach that never basked in the warm light of the sun, scoops an all-wide trench, pours into it milk, honey, water, wine, and meal, and last, the blood of the black ewe and ram given him by the enchantress. No sooner has the blood been poured in than the poor specters of the mighty dead—hungry and wan—crowd round the pit to drink the blood.

The sage warrior's heart aches when the shade of his revered mother presses forward, impelled by hunger, and all ignorant and regardless of the presence of her unhappy son. Oh, stern destiny! he knows her well enough, but is forced to keep her off at the sword's point till Tiresias has satisfied his thirst in the sacrificial gore. Then, after learning the destiny of his house, he may permit the poor maternal shade to come and satisfy her unnatural appetite.

This may be said to be the earliest account of a necromantic rite, which was not, however, practicable in ordinary cases. If the body had not obtained sepulchral rites, the poor, shivering soul could not cross the Styx, and perhaps it might avail itself of the opportunity to appall some late relative by its ghastly presence, exhort him to collect its mortal relics, burn them, move three times round the pyre, and pronounce the farewell charm which privileged the poor shade to cross in Charon's cranky cockle-shell, and enjoy the sad comforts of Elysium. Once there, the shade was deaf to the voices of all mortal charmers,* and the curious inquirer into futurity either consulted an oracle, or employed the legal trafficker in omens, or made solemn perquisitions to the evil or good genius who was born at the same moment, and would at the same moment perish with him. The system of paganism, being based in error, could not be expected to be consistent. Whatever the Grecian poets might think concerning the state of the separated souls, their Roman brethren would persist in considering the spirits of the good as taking interests in the weal of their native cities or their own surviving families. They hovered unseen near the family hearths, and were believed to dwell in the little images, the Lares, which were placed near the kitchen fires. These loved and revered little images resembled monkeys rather than men. They were appropriately clad in the skins of the dog, the faithful house guard, and their festivals were held in the genial

* There were exceptions, however, to this general rule. Some terrible adepts in magic incantations were even powerful enough to draw down dread Hecate from her sphere; nay, the *Di Majores* themselves were obnoxious to their hellish charms. In the Hindoo mythology such power could be obtained by severe penances. Witness Southey's *Kichama*.

month sacred to Maia. The souls of wicked men, the Larvæ or Lemures, employed themselves on the other hand in working evil to their survivors, whose lot they envied. They received a kind of worship, arising from fear. They were besought not to work harm to the house nor its inmates, but to be their defense against stranger beings of their class. The homage paid to them had thus a Fetish character. Frightful little idols were made to propitiate them, and probably to frighten away strange Larvæ. Teraphim* of this class have been discovered under entrances to buildings at Nineveh. Some have thought that the little idols carried away by Rachael were of this frightful character. We incline rather to suppose them to belong to the class of the benevolent and protecting Lares.†

As all the knowledge possessed by the priests and philosophers of heathen times—and in which the generality of men did not share—was properly magic, the name was not connected with any idea of evil. It was the abuse of this knowledge, such as causing, by incantations, gods or demi-gods, or souls of departed men to appear, and do for the theurgist something evil, and out of the ordinary course of nature; this was what was odious, to which they gave the name *goetia*, and which was continued under the Christian dispensation by the title of "sorcery."

In the Egyptian temples, and in those raised to Apollo, Esculapius, and others, were dormitories devoted to the convenience of patients, who, previous to a near approach to the divinity, were required to abstain for some short time from food, for a longer period from wine, to drink water, to bathe, to be fumigated, to be rubbed well, and in fact to observe a regimen similar to what a skillful physician of modern times would recommend. The sick man was put to rest (generally on the skin of a black ram)‡ where no

glimpse of heaven's light could penetrate, and where no sound from the outer world could be heard. Next day he was questioned by the priests as to how the night had passed; and in most cases he had a vision of the god to communicate. The heavenly visitor had appeared in such or such a guise, and had prescribed such and such remedies. These remedies, mostly extracted from herbs, and generally accompanied with superstitious circumstances and charms, were resorted to with a most unhesitating faith on the part of the invalid. The cures were numerous, and the failures but few. Access to the adytum of the god was out of the question. It was a great privilege to be allowed to approach the apartment of high priest or priestess, and all the active agencies of the secret machinery of the establishment were religiously kept a mystery to the profane.* Hence the management of the sick worshipers can only be guessed at. One of these two theories may be rationally adopted. The priest, well acquainted with the science of optics, and the other divisions of natural philosophy, as well as the skillful treatment of the sick, would find it a matter of little difficulty to present to the patient under the influence of a narcotic, amid fumigations and sweet music, a personification of the deity of the temple, and make him listen entranced to the words of wisdom, and the health-imparting oracles proceeding from his sacred lips.

Theory number two supposes the existence of animal magnetism.

After the skillful preparation of the patient already described, and while his faith was strong, and his expectation of seeing glorious sights was eager and intense, and while his senses of smelling and hearing were entranced, he was subjected to a process of animal magnetism. Then, while gifted with clairvoyance, and his attention powerfully directed to this or that matter connected with his complaint, he gave utterance to the names or descriptions of the medicines on which depended his cure. Of course, when the wise priests lighted on a happily-conditioned subject, they did not neglect to direct his regards to scenes and events about which they required some definite information. If the passive instrument of the skill and knowledge of the priests

* *Rephah*—one who relaxes with fear, or strikes with terror.

† In Russian cottages were to be seen not long since the tutelary *Obress*. In an islet off one of the British isles, an unshapely stone is, or was some time ago, propitiated with libations, so that he might send some good shipwrecks.

‡ When the highland chief wished his seer to bring him information from the world of spirits, he caused him to take his unhallowed rest on the hide of a newly-slain bull, and within hearing of a catarract. The rite was in force when Herodotus was collecting materials for his history, a black sheep-skin being the bed-sheet in the earlier period.

* *Pro Fnum*—before or outside the temple.

retained any memory of his experience next morning, he of course gave credit to the god for the fancied visions or ecstasies. His cure followed. Isis, or Horus, or Ceres, or Apollo, was powerful and propitious; the priests were their wise and benevolent ministers and favorites, and greater luster and glory were shed on the fane in which these wonders occurred.

At Delphi, where a priestess was the medium through whom Apollo gave counsels and uttered prophecies, she was questioned by her managers while her brain was excited by intoxicating fumes. She needed to lead a mortified and chaste life, otherwise excitement produced death. The priests made a happy selection, when choosing their instrument, among maids of a delicate organization, and fine-strung or partly diseased nervous system. She was never seen by any of the numerous worshipers that thronged to the temple for insight into their future lives or relief from their present maladies. She was carefully bathed, rubbed, anointed, fumigated, and, in all respects, treated as the unsound suppliants who came to be healed at this or that temple.

Among the answers given at Delphi are two remarkable ones, both returned to Cræsus, the rich King of Lydia. He directed his ambassadors to inquire of the oracle on the hundredth day after their departure, and at a certain hour of that day, how he (Cræsus) was employed at the moment. The priests having their unhappy *Pythia* composed in the magnetic trance at the moment, directed her from headland to headland; and, having landed her on the Asian coast, spirited her on to the Palace of Sardis. What is the rich monarch of Lydia doing at this moment? cried they; and an answer came in Greek hexameters:

"See, I number the sands; the distances know I of ocean;

Hear even the dumb; comprehend, too, the thoughts of the silent.

Now perceive I an odor—an odor it seemeth of lamb's flesh,

As boiling—as boiling in bronze—and mixed with the flesh of a tortoise.

Brass is beneath, and with brass is this covered all over."*

And, indeed, just then Cræsus was seething a lamb and tortoise in a brazen pot covered with a brazen lid.

* *Ennemoser's History of Magic*, translated by William Howitt.

The other question was—whether the king's son, then dumb, would ever enjoy the faculty of speech, and this was the answer:

"Lydian, foolish of heart, although a potentate mighty,

Long not to hear the voice of a son in thy palace.

'Twill bring thee no good; for know, his mouth he will open,

Of all days, on the one most unlucky."

Cræsus, on the point of being slain in his last battle with Cyrus, was preserved by his hitherto dumb son crying out to the Persian soldier: "Man, do not kill Cræsus!"

One of three suppositions must be made in relation to these answers:

1st. Herodotus has related the things which were not.

2d. The *Pythia* was in the magnetic sleep when she was asked the questions, saw the events, and gave true answers.

3d. The Devil had a certain knowledge of what was passing where he was not personally present, and a limited knowledge of future events, and was thus able to keep up the delusions of mythology.

Old-fashioned Christians, who consider it safest to look on the natural sense as the rule, and the non-natural as the exception, when studying the historic portions of Scripture, will, if they trust to the good old Geoffrey Keating, of *Halicarnassus*, adopt at once our third hypothesis. German rationalists and their English admirers, and all who put faith in Mesmer's buckets and brass rods, and ignore the personality of the spirit of evil, and are certain that the demoniacs of Judea were only afflicted with epilepsy, will favor the second supposition.

We have now seen magi and priests using such lights as were vouchsafed to them for the benefit of their kings and patrons, and for the recovery of the sick; but, besides these reverently disposed sages, there were others of more or less proficiency in the learning of the time who were strongly acted on by a desire to pierce deeper into the secrets of nature, so as to procure a long enjoyment of this world's goods, as they looked but to a joyless after-life. These became incessant in sacrificing to, and otherwise propitiating, the mysterious Hecate, the powers that ruled Hades, and the elements of the earth, the fire, and the air, that they might

be admitted to communication with those subtle and powerful beings from whom they were separated by their envelope of earth. The means used were travesties of the forms in which adoration had been paid from the beginning to the Supreme Being—incantations in mystic numbers instead of prayers, and sacrifices chiefly of unclean animals, and offerings of various substances always looked on with disgust as connected with the decay of our mortal frames.

All that may be fairly looked on as superstitious practices among Christians, all belief in fairies and ghosts, are relics of paganism, which, despite the zeal and teaching of the early missionaries, remained fixed in the minds and hearts of the partly converted. Some pagan ideas remained the objects of lingering attachment and reverence, others of fear and dislike. The great shaggy satyr, Pan—concerning whom the awful voice was heard by the coast-dwellers of the central sea: "The great god Pan is dead"—lost his prestige, and became the hooved and horned devil of medieval story and legend. The Lares and Lemures began to feel their identities and dispositions blending and getting confused; and at last the brownie or goblin, drudging lubber-fiend, lurikawn or pooka, was the result—nearly as well disposed as the Lar to the happiness of the family in which he was domesticated, but retaining something of the malignity of the Larva, and taking delight in whimsical and ludicrous annoyance, inflicted on lazy man or maid-servant. He still was grateful for food, but his reason for decamping from any house where new clothes were laid in his way, has not, as far as we know, been satisfactorily accounted for. The old familiar was only provided with a dog-skin dressing-gown, so that for want of a suit of ceremony he could not go out to evening parties, however willing he might be. Perhaps, had the Latian or Veian, or Tuscan Lar, been gladdened with the sight of a good surtout, the temptation would have been above his strength, and his comfortable berth by door or hob of Penetralia would have known him no more.

The spirit of prophecy made the soul of the chaste priestess of Delphi his favorite resting-place; but, when the oracle became dumb, the genius—now a lying, and perverse, and ill-informed one—selected for abode the breast of a woman, young or old, who, for the gift, had bartered her

salvation with the Evil One. It fared somewhat better with the fauns and the female genii of the hills, the forests, the lakes, and the rivers. These became fairies, more or less kindly disposed to man; and the worst that happened to the fauns was their transformation to pookas, fir-darriags, and lurikeens.

In the heathen dispensation, Zeus, Ares, Poseidon, and Orcus contract morganatic marriages with mortal women; and some favored mortals, such as Anchises, Endymion, Tithonus, and Numa Pompilius, found favor in eyes of goddess, nymph of stream or sea, Oread of the hill, or Hamadryad of the wood. Those good times having come to an end, Michael Scott is found dwelling with the fairy queen in her kingdom; the handsome fisherman sitting by the side of the northern fiord is enticed by the mermaid to descend to the meads and bowers at the bottom of the green waves; Ossian follows a golden-haired maiden through the sun-lighted waves till they reach Tirnan-Oge, land of youthful delight, at the bottom of the Atlantic; and the founder of the house of O'Sullivan Mhor is equally fortunate. Women, neglecting the sacred Christian rites, are carried into fairy hills, and recognized after many years by old neighbors, who, belated and slightly affected by "mountain dew," have entered an enchanted rath, lighted up brighter than the day, and filled with beautiful men and women with rich dresses, such as he never before saw, and probably will never see again.

But the representatives of the Celtic or Gothic superstition have received damage from their remote ancestors. The graceful fairy, dressed in red and green, skimming over a Kerry meadow by moonlight, or the Neck, sitting by Scandinavian lake, and playing on his harp, is equally doubtful of future happiness, when their present home shall "wither like a parched scroll." If priest or peasant tell the anxiously inquiring Neck that he will be saved through the SAVIOR's merits and goodness; then will he joyfully dance on the smooth lake to the sound of his harp; but if a harsh answer is made, he utters a shriek, and dives to the water's deepest recess. These parallels might be extended to the utmost limit of a volume; so we give them up in despair.

In adverting to the successors of the magicians, white and black, of ancient times, we must necessarily refer to that

repository of recondite knowledge, the CABBALA. The root of the word is *kibbel*, to receive, which had reference to the supposed lofty learning acquired by Moses, while on the Mount, and which he afterwards communicated to Joshua. This was orally handed down to succeeding scholars, and passed in time to Christian adepts, whom the later Jewish sages admitted to their confidence in the spirit of freemasonry. By degrees, those secret communications, in which the hidden designs of Providence, and all the mystic relations of spirit and matter were revealed, were intrusted to ink and parchment. The adepts began to feel less interest in the vast scheme of creation than in their own supposed relations with the lower invisible beings among whom they lived; and at last the studies of the sages seemed confined to the means for obliging the elementary spirits to appear and reveal their knowledge.

Has any reader of the *University* not yet perused the *Rape of the Lock*, that gem of ethereal poesy? Without pausing for answer, we beg to remind him that the poet, in dedicating the work to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, the beautiful heroine of the piece, refers her to certain memoirs of Le Comte de Gabalis for illustration of the spiritual machinery of the fable. He tells her that many ladies had read the book on the supposition of its being a romance, but says nothing as to the author's name or station. The witty and learned writer was the Abbé de Villars, of the Montfaucon family, and near relative of the learned Père de Montfaucon, Benedictin. He was assassinated on the road from Paris to Lyons in 1675, by a relative of his own.

The *Count of Gabalis*, a profound Rosicrucian, pays a visit to the representative of the author, a young gentleman with a penchant for occult studies, and reveals the mysteries of his peculiar science to his half-incredulous listener. The disciple, taking the master's hypotheses as certain, deduces preposterous conclusions from them, but is not able to shake the count's confidence in the soundness of his system, of which the following meager outline is presented:

"At the creation, beings of a refined and subtle essence were created to watch over the four elements, and keep the machinery of our terrestrial orb in the most pleasing and useful order. They

were not spirits in the common acceptance of the word, but rather the quintessence of the several elements, refined and condensed, and differing from each other much in the same proportion as the grosser particles from which they were sublimated. These were the nymphs, the sylphs, the salamanders, and the gnomes; their respective charges being the waters, the air, the fire, and the earth. There were male and female spirits, even as the human race consisted of men and women; and if our first parents had consulted the well-being of themselves and their posterity, Eve would have wedded one of these pure and powerful beings, and Adam another. Then, instead of the sickly, weak, and wicked race that now encumbers the earth, there would flourish, during the time allotted for its endurance, a noble race of intellectual, powerful, and glorious beings, exempt from the yoke of passion and appetite, and enriched with a profound knowledge of the operations of nature, the mystical relations of the other heavenly bodies with ours, and the duties of all creatures to the Creator.

"This desirable state of things, however, was not to be. Our first parents foolishly (and even wickedly, according to the Cabbalistic philosophy, of which Count Gabalis was a high professor) preferred each other for life companions, and we, their unhappy offspring, are enduring the bitter consequences of their folly.

"Noah was wiser in his generation than Adam. Being actuated by the most lofty motives, he and his wife, *Vesta*, agreed to live apart, and select new partners from the elementary genii. She selected the Salamander, Oromasias, for her new lord and master, and their children were the renowned Zoroaster (otherwise Japhet) and Egeria, the beloved of Numa in after times. Sambethe, a wise daughter of Noë, had the same good-fortune. It is scarcely necessary to explain that the sybils had the blood (*ichor*, we meant to say) of the sylphs in their arteries. Ham did not approve of this conduct of his parents, nor of the similar one of his brothers and their partners. He was a man of low propensities, and preferred his earthly wife to sylph, ondine, gnome, or salamander, and see the result in the inferior African race, their posterity. The vestal virgins were instituted in honor of her mother by Egeria, and Zoroaster shed his lights on Persia and other countries of

Asia. The noble race (Ham's posterity excepted) that so rapidly peopled the world after the flood, owed their personal greatness and the stupendous works they were able to execute (still an enigma to the little people of later times) to the wisdom of Noah and Vesta's selection of partners.* It is not surprising that the grand feature of Manichæism, the denouncing of matrimony as being of the Evil Principle or Arimaneas, should have taken its rise in the favored country of the son of the Salamander, Oromasis.

"One little inconvenience attending the condition of our Rosicrucian essences, was their being subject to annihilation after longer or shorter periods of existence. However, there was not wanting balm in Gilead. As soon as marriage-rites were solemnized between mortal and sylph, that moment the aerial bride or bridegroom became immortal. So the tutelary spirits of fire, air, and water were well disposed to these profitable and pleasing alliances with the adepts of the Cabbalistic science. The devils, notwithstanding the prevalent belief concerning their state, were strictly confined within the glowing center of the earth, and unable to look abroad on our fair world, or induce man or woman to displease the Creator. The gnomes—the spirits of the earth—produced by the selection and etherization of its finest particles, residing in the regions next to the demons' habitation, had good opportunity of witnessing their horrible condition, indefinitely aggravated by the idea of the eternity of their sufferings. The demons, on their side, improved the occasion by representing to the simple-minded gnomes, that if they formed earthly connections they would be damned, and their torments lengthened out for an eternity of eternities. This had the desired effect. Scarcely a gnome would consent to be united to the finest man or woman born, (bear in mind that there are male and female gnomes,) while the only bar that prevented every nymph, sylph, and salamander from obtaining the boon of

immortality, was the fewness of the large-minded philosophers of the occult science, who alone were calculated to render them happy. The following great fact jars a little in principle with what has been explained, but we are not to blame.

"During the period from the days of Noe to the commencement of the Christian era, and in the rampant days of Paganism, the elemental spirits wished to furnish to man these helps, which an outraged Providence seemed indisposed to afford. So fine weather was sent, and prophecies were uttered by various oracles, the foreseeing power of each being an individual of one of the four orders.

"As in most cases the human media of old prophecies were of the gentle sex, they must have got their inspiration from spiritual beings of the ungentle ditto, who imparted their knowledge of futurity to their mortal spouses in return for the great boon of immortality received through them. Gnome, nymph, salamander, or sylph, partaking in no degree whatever of the malevolent nature of the demons, thought—good easy spirits!—that they were doing great good by imparting their knowledge of future and distant occurrences to their favorites; but see how the best things may be abused by mortal folly and demon wickedness. The devils finding man abandoned to his own devices, and no powers looking after his lowly condition but the benevolent beings of the Cabbala, got it circulated among the degenerate sons of men, that the priestess who sat on the uncomfortable tripod at Delphi received inspiration, not from an elemental sprite, but from a deity, who deserved and ought to receive divine honors from the hands and lips of man. Moreover, the spirits, the refined quintessences and the guardians of the elements from which they had been formed, were not merely to be cherished and honored, but adored—yes, adored!† Oh, cunning and baneful fiends, how like the 'bees of Trebizond,' you convert the finest juices extracted from the flowers of creation into deadly poison, driving the souls of men into madness.

* It may be reasonably supposed that the text "The sons of God saw the daughters of men," etc., etc., misunderstood and misinterpreted, led to the adoption of these absurdities and the Manichean errors among the professors of the Cabbala. A variety introduced by some sage makes *Namah*, wife of Noah, to have been beloved by the spirit *Azel*, who for her sake voluntarily renounced his high privilege, and has continued an outcast to the present time.

† We are not ignorant of the jarring of this portion of the Cabbalistic theory upon that already enunciated concerning the innocuous and confined condition of the natives of Pandemonium. But if any theory-monger whose system is not based on God's Word finds fault, we will be at the trouble of obliging him to produce his own. The vulgar theory as to the necessity of a good memory to a liar is very applicable here.

"It might be naturally supposed that the marriage of an ondine or a sylph with a son of Eve would be attended with some joyful ceremonial; such, indeed, was the case. The sprites on these occasions would, as a preparatory exercise, listen to a *Prone* from a head doctor in Cabbalistic lore. If it were a reluctant gnome brought at last to see the error of his ways, the professor would hold forth on the great benefit conferred on him by his union with a daughter of earth, all that his neighbors of the burning pit could say against it notwithstanding.

"Orpheus was the first of mortal mold who held forth to these subtilized beings; and on his opening speech the great gnome, *Sabatius*, abjured annihilation and celibacy, and took a mortal bride. These meetings have since borne the name of the wise convert, and a new trait of the malice of the devil has manifested itself thereby. We do not hear much of 'Witohes' Sabats,' so called, till the middle of the fifteenth century, but they existed long before; and the Satanic agents took care to spread abroad that instead of intellectual and mildly joyful reunions, they were meetings held by repulsive old hags, and shameless young women, and reprobate men, all presided over by the great goatish-looking wretch himself, who made villainous music for them, exhorted them to do all the mischief practicable between that and the next meeting; and instead of allowing them to kiss his hand or mouth, obliged each man or woman to bestow his or her accolade upon a less honorable portion of his person. Another palpable instance of the devil's vain glory, and his spite against gnomes and men! Knowing the noble and lofty position to be attained by man when united in brotherhood to the elemental genii, he gets his *fauterers* on earth to throw an air of sordid indecency, impiety, and horror over these reunions, Goethe and other poets giving their aid, and thus deterred men from an acquaintance so beneficial to themselves and their posterity.

"We must give another instance or two of the malicious aspersions thrown upon the descendants of the gnomes and sylphs. The great (impostor according to some) Apollonius of Tyana understood the language of birds; could vanish into thin air when Domitian wished to lay hands on him; raised a dead girl to life; announced in an assembly in Asia, that at

the same moment they were putting a tyrant to death in Rome;* but all these great deeds of his are imputed to the devil instead of the ondine or salamander, to whom he was tied in Hymen's chain. An English princess bears the sage Merlin to a spirit-husband, and the world, instigated by the evil one, denounces her as an unchaste woman. Yea, many will contend that the fay or genius, Melusina, is not the ancestress of the noble house of Lusignan, in Poitiers.

"If any ambitious and inquisitive reader is induced to seek the acquaintance of these wise, beautiful, and benevolent beings, and is anxious to know the mode of opening a communication with them, let him restrain his impatience a little. The learned Comte de Gabalis offered to introduce his disciple to an assembly whom he was going to address in public; this was to be on the next interview between disciple and sage; but if it took place, the Abbé has left presentation and acquaintance unrecorded. There is a supposition that the Teraphim carried off from Laban were used by him for obtaining interviews with the sprites, and therefore his concern at being robbed of them was so great. Micah, in the Book of Judges, also bitterly lamented his idols, probably for the same reason. The only hope we can hold out to our presumptuous friends lies in a search after these idols or Teraphim.

"The mystics of the middle ages cherished tutelar genii, as well as these beings just enlarged on. These undertook to warn the mortals to whom they were attached of impending danger, to point out the right line of conduct in doubtful concerns, and to be of as much use to him in worldly matters as his guardian angel in the affairs of his spiritual ones. Hence the warnings sent in dreams—the sudden thoughts that enter the mind, as by inspiration, pointing to this or that line of conduct or action, sure to lead to a good result. Those who appear born to disappointments and misfortunes are naturally wayward, and negligent, and indocile to

* This Cagliostro of the ancients was born in Capadocia, a few years before the Christian era. He was a Pythagorean, and renounced wine, women, meat, and fish, at least in appearance. He died toward the end of the first century, making sure to conceal the manner of it, even from his confidant, Damis. This honest man wrote his life, which was afterwards enlarged and polished into a romance by Philostratus.

good instruction ; hence their genii at last get tired of their charge, and leave them to the ordinary adverse course of events. What earthly chance would all the non-beautiful women have of winning desirable partners in life were they not aided by their genii, who communicate a charm to their tones and gestures, infuse an agreeability of manner into them, and cause their homely features to be seen through an enchanted medium ? An example will exhibit the proceedings of these good genii better than whole pages of essay.

"A savant of Dijon, contemporary with Christina of Sweden and Descartes, was annoyed by a passage in one of the Greek poets for days. He was unable to penetrate the sense ; and, at last, despairingly betook himself to sleep. In a dream his genius conducted him to the royal library of Stockholm. He accurately observed the arrangement of the shelves, busts, etc., and at the end, opened a volume, and found, about the twenty-fourth page, a passage in Greek which completely solved his difficulty. Awaking, he struck a light, wrote down the lines while they were fresh in his memory, and on rising next morning, he found the solution of his perplexity on the table. He questioned by letter the philosopher, Descartes, who had charge of the library at Stockholm at the time, and found the description given of its local features to correspond exactly with the picture presented to him in his sleep. A duplicate of the very scarce volume, which he had, up to the date of his dream, never seen, was sent to him, and his wonder and perplexity were great. Let no professional mountebank ascribe this wonderful circumstance to his darling clairvoyance ; the savant had no professor by to throw him into the mesmeric trance, and bid him *cherche*.

"This case was nearly matched by what happened to a councillor of the French parliament, to whom a young man appeared in his sleep, and uttered a few words in a foreign and (to him) unknown tongue. He wrote down the sounds as well as he could, and showed the paper to the learned Mons. de Sommaise, who pronounced the piece to be a Syriac passage written in Roman character, and the purport this : 'Go out of thy house ; for it will be a heap of ruins to-morrow evening.' The councillor showed himself a man of sense. He removed his family and his furniture ;

and the house, when it fell, caused no loss of life nor valuable furniture.

"These and other wonderful interferences of genii for good are given on the authority of an Irish adept, whom his French laudator called *Magnamara*. He made no difficulty of bringing a young aspirant face to face with his guardian genius. In an obscure apartment he drew a circle on the floor, and a square within the circle, (Sir E. Bulwer Lytton would have preferred a pentagon,) placed a mysterious name of the Deity at each angle of the figure, and the powerful name, *Agla*, in the center. He then stripped the postulant, clapped a brimless hat on his head, and a winding sheet round his shoulders, made him so stand inside the square that the powerful *Agla* would lie between his feet, punctured some characters on his forehead, and wrote certain words in two small circles in his right hand. This was all, except some very vigorous prayers said on his knees, with his face to the rising sun.

"It will be recollected that the Comte de Gabalis forgot to summon, or was prevented from summoning, one of the elementary sprites for the edification of his disciple ; but the Irish sage, after gratifying his pupil with the sight of his genius, called up a refractory gnome, to whom he read an unavailing lecture on the stiff-neckedness of his tribe regarding intermarriages with mortals. The dress of ceremony was the same as on the visit of the genius—the brimless hat, the winding-sheet, and the inscriptions, and fumigations, and lustrations, were not omitted. The tyro went on his knees, and recited a certain formula, with his face to the east, his eyes having previously been rubbed with a collyrium used by Psellus* when invoking spirits. He had also swallowed some drops of a concentrated essence of pure earth. The gnome prince appeared, small of size, but finely proportioned, and in his reply to the great Magnamara, he was as little complimentary to the human family as the king of *Brobdingnag* to Lemuel Gulliver's fellow-men, after the little man had endeavored to impress his gigantic majesty with the goodness and power and ability of European human nature in the reign of the First George."

Such sages as the imaginary Count of

* A Greek writer who flourished in the reign of Constantine Ducas.

Gabalus and Mr. Magnamara would, of course, shudder at being obliged to seek aid from genius or elementary sprite in obtaining any gift less than the Universal Menstruum or the philosopher's stone, and this chiefly for the advantage of their fellow-men. They renounced the agency of the devil and his imps (in theory) as earnestly as ever did *Miss Miggs* "pre-nounce the Pope of Babylon and all his works which is Pagan." The contrast between the knowledge-seeking, disinterested spirit of Rosicrucianism,* evident in the dreamy theories of Cardan, Agrippa, Paracelsus, Albertus Magnus, and others, and the malignant, disgusting, and horrible practices of sorcery, from its rise among the earliest idolaters, is very striking. It is not surprising that those who believed every portion of the earth and its products, and all the powers of nature, to be represented by some numen or spiritual influence, should endeavor to propitiate the superior essences, and subjugate the inferior ones to their will. The moon, so mystical in its motions and changes, its apparent waning and extinction, and renewal of being, could not fail to attract the deepest attention from every tyro in the study of occult sciences. The priests boasted the possession of occult knowledge; they had their neophytes, and impiously parodied in their profane ceremonies the primeval modes of offering homage to, or invoking the Creator of the world. When spiritual and powerful qualities were imputed to matter, or those influences that produce modifications or changes therein, it was but a natural sequence that the heavenly agents, the angels, should become the genii, or good dæmons,† or intelligences, and that the memory of the evil spirits should keep its hold on the popular imagination, and their essences be perpetuated in those malignant beings represented in surviving specimens of Etruscan art, in the Egyptian Typhon, in the Scan-

dinavian Loki, and the Wolf Fenris, and the world-encircling Serpent, and the Giants of Jotunheim, and the Orcus or Pluto of Greece and Rome, and his grisly satellites, and triple-headed dog, and the Incubi and Succubi, and the fearful Larvæ, and the dread Parcæ, and the representatives of war, and of natural scourges and evils, and of man's own baleful passions.

The primeval knowledge possessed by man of the subserviency of all the powers of pain or evil to the great and good Creator became enfeebled and perverted, till they came at last to be looked on as influences whose powers did not depend for their own continuance on the pleasure or will of Heaven's Ruler or Rulers. Osiris and Isis could not extinguish Typhon, or even deprive him of his evil privileges; the Giants, and Loki, and the Wolf bade defiance to the dwellers in Asgard, to whom man was dear; the Titans, the Furies, and the Grisly King of Hell paid no direct worship to Zeus or Jupiter. So all these sinister and baleful sub-divinities gradually found incense burning to them, and sacrifices offered in deprecation of their dread offices. These sacrifices were mostly the intestines of black animals, and the hair and nails of human beings; and the institution still survives wherever Fetish worship is kept up by the ignorant and lazy denizens of tropical countries, or the benighted dwellers within the Arctic circle.

The Manichean belief in Arimanes, the independent Evil Principle, over whom Ormuzd, the Good Principle, could not obtain any decided victory, harmonizes well with this portion of mythology. As our lighter and more graceful fairy fictions, and resorting to holy wells, and our bonfires on the eves of May Day and St. John the Baptist, and our efforts to dive into the secrets of futurity on All-Saints' eve, remain lasting and comparatively harmless remains of Celtic or Teutonic Mythology, so all attempts by means of witchcraft* to recover lost goods, to avert evil from ourselves, or inflict it on our neighbors, are connected with the gloomy rites paid to the representations of evil in the operations of nature or their own passions, by the ancient seekers of infernal aid.

Every sincere believer in the inspiration and authenticity of the Scriptures

* *Ros*, dew; and *cruz*, cross. The dew was supposed one of the most effective dissolvents for all stubborn substances. Crucibles were marked with the cross, and the compound word was deemed a fit title for sages in search of the Universal Menstruum and the philosopher's stone. John Valentine Andrea, born in the end of the fifteenth century, makes first mention of the society. They guarded their secrets as carefully as the Druids. They seem to have dwindled into the Illuminati of the eighteenth century.

† *Δαίμων*, learned, skillful.

* *Wissen*, to know; hence also *wit*.

will acknowledge that before, and at the period of, Our Lord's appearance on the earth, the demons were permitted to sensibly afflict the bodies of men.* Witness Job and the demoniacs relieved by the Savior. They likewise exerted some influence over irrational animals, the possession of the swine, for instance.

To those who can not suppose or believe that there is a spiritual essence capable of all evil and incapable of good, and whom we designate by Satan or Devil, and who, if they granted his existence, can not conceive how he could open a communication with a human being, or how he could, by entering into such human being, set him distracted, or how he could produce madness in an irrational herd of swine, and drive them to their destruction—to such, part of what is said above will appear void of sense. But if we are to grant nothing but what we can understand, then there are no such things as dreams—muscular motion is not the result of intellect acting on fine, soft, sensitive threads of nerves, and communicating messages through them from the central seat of consciousness. In fact, no animal functions were ever discharged, for it is beyond human intellect to conceive how the soul, undecaying and always the same, is now ultimately united with the tissues of a certain body, and is found after the lapse of some months as intimately united with an entirely different set of nerves, muscles, bones, etc.; the former frame having been entirely decomposed, and sunk into the earth, or flown into the air in minute particles.

The children of Israel could not have abode so long among the idolatrous Egyptians without having seen magic-rites practiced, and having been more or less influenced for the worse by evil examples.

So we find Moses forbidding such practices as the following: Divining by the motions of the clouds, or perhaps enchanting by the eye, consulting the flights of birds or the movements of terrestrial animals, enchanting by drugs or charmed forms of speech, unlawful prying into the occult qualities of matter,

consulting familiar spirits or the souls of the departed.

The prohibition was not unneeded, as the Woman of Endor is found invoking or pretending to invoke a spirit to give an answer to the reckless King of Juda. She evidently was confident of producing in person some familiar spirit or phantasm of her own contrivance, and hence her surprise when the ghost of Samuel, or an angel in his likeness, made his appearance.

If evil spirits had prescience of coming events before the reign of Christ was established on earth, then it is scarcely to be doubted that they imparted this gift to the priestesses who ministered at Delphi; or those who served Jupiter at Dodona, or in the Libyan Oasis. No means more effective could the devil have used to confirm the worship of the false deities, who were supposed to communicate this foreknowledge.

If this were not in the power of the fiends, and if there be such a faculty incident to persons in a diseased state of nerve as clairvoyance, the priestesses were in this category, and the impostor priests, the hard-headed magnetizers, throwing them into the state of lucid trance, got from them the information they needed. Supposing that these means were not resorted to, they who were the depositaries of the learning of the times would use drugs or fumes to produce a kindred effect. Besides these, the only remaining theory available is, that the agency of many ingenious agents were at work to procure all sorts of information; and that juggling replies, answers dictated by extensive knowledge and deep human penetration, were returned.

To those whose object was their own aggrandisement, different modes presented themselves, according to circumstances; sacrifices were offered to Mercury, or other deities, for success in individual speculations; witch-hazel twigs, held upright by two forks, would turn down when over concealed treasures; or a candle, made with the fat of a dead man, and held in a dead man's hand, would light the selfish and unscrupulous seeker to concealed hoards; and the practitioners would never omit the muttering of charms during the operation.

Then, if the life of an undesirable individual was aimed at, there were powerful charms devoting him to death; and a

* If any weight were to be given to the interpretation of some who pretend that demoniacs were merely relieved of some ailment incident to human nature, all certainty as to the meaning of ordinary speech would be at an end.

waxen image, set slowly to melt before the fire, would involve his gradual decay; or, pierced with knives and bodkins, would inflict sympathetic pangs on his sensitive frame.

Horace's *Canidia* was skilled in such manipulations, and the art was not lost in the days of the wife of good Duke Humphrey, (herself a professor,) nor for a score of centuries later.

However the charms still used by ignorant and superstitious people may savor of Christian faith somewhat abused, there can be no doubt but modern incantations are the mere relics of some that were spoken years before the Christian era. Here is a charm, once popular in parts of Ireland, at all events. There are varieties of it to be found in England :

"CHARM FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

"St. Peter sitting on a marble stone, our Savior passing by, asked him what was the matter. 'Oh, Lord, a tooth-ache!' 'Stand up, Peter, and follow me; and whoever keeps these words in memory of me, shall never be troubled with a tooth-ache.' Amen."

The next charm is worthy this one. We have not heard it in Ireland :

"CHARM FOR CRAMP.

"The devil is tying a knot in my leg, Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it, I beg. Crosses three we make to ease us, Two for the thieves, and one for CHRIST JESUS."

"CHARM FOR EPILEPSY.—NO. 1.

"Caspar brings myrrh, Melchior incense, Balthazar* gold; whoever carries these three names about with him, will, through Christ, be free from the falling-sickness."

While using No. 2, the operator takes the patient by the hand, and whispers in his ear, thus combining animal magnetism and incantation :

"I abjure thee by the sun, and the moon, and the gospel of this day, that thou arise, and no more fall to the ground. In the name," etc., etc., etc.

Among the peasantry in portions of Ireland, some fifty years since, the following prayer, slightly tinged with the

* These are the traditional names given to the Magi that came to adore the infant Savior. Their relics are supposed to rest in Cologne.

character of a charm, would be repeated after lying down to rest :

"Here I lay me down to sleep,
To God I give my soul to keep;
Sleep now, sleep never,
To God I give my soul forever.
Four corners on my bed,
Four angels o'er them spread,
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on!
When I'm asleep, and can not see,
Wake, sweet Jesus, and comfort me.
Jesus within me, Jesus without me,
Twelve Apostles round about me!
God the Father, bless me,
Illuminate and sanctify me,
This good night and for evermore.

Amen."

However objectionable the form here and there, it was repeated in good faith and with genuine piety.

There is scarcely a variety of witchcraft or sorcery witnessed or suspected in modern times, which can not be traced to the anti-Christian times. The following instance is selected from the *Golden Ass* of Lucius Apuleius* :

Pamphile, a married woman, is distinguished by her want of fidelity to her husband, Milo. She can control the elements, shake the stars in their sphere, raise the spirits of the dead, and enthral the divinities themselves. Being anxious for a dark night, that she may execute a love spell, she threatens the sun himself with a misty veil if he does not accelerate his chariot wheels down the western slope. She has seen her new favorite under the hands of the barber, and his fair locks falling from the scissors. She hurries her maid to the shop of the artist in hair to secure some of the curly locks, and when welcome darkness arrives she brings out on a balcony open at both ends—

* This writer was born at Madaura, S. W. of Carthage, in the second century. While traveling to Alexandria, for the purpose of study, he stayed at Occa, (now Tripoli,) at the house of a young friend; and the mother of this youth, a rich widow, thought fit to endow him with her hand and her treasures. He was brought to trial by her family for the alleged crime of having bewitched her, but was honorably acquitted. His *apology* on this occasion was a favorite with succeeding scholars. His *Golden Ass* is a curious specimen of early romance. In the translation into English by Sir George Head, Longman & Co., 1851, the indelicate passages and expressions are omitted. In a story of heathen society, written by a heathen, such blemishes were certain to abound.

"Divers sorts of aromatics, tablets engraved with unknown characters, nails wrenched from ships wrecked on the ocean, limbs and remnants of buried and unburied corpses, noses and fingers, pieces of flesh of crucified criminals sticking to the iron nails, blood-stained daggers of assassins, and skulls from which the teeth of wild beasts had ripped the scalp. All these things she arranged in proper order; and then, after performing a sacrifice, and pronouncing an incantation over the palpitating entrails of the victim, she poured over them a libation of cow's milk, mountain honey, and wine diluted with spring water. Finally, she took the hair, mixed with it much perfume, plaited it in several distinct locks, tied all the locks in a knot together, and threw them on the live coals of a chafing dish to be consumed."

The next expected result would be the hastening of the young man to her door; but something had gone wrong in the preparation of the unholy rite. Photis, the maid, prowling about the barber's chair, had conveyed some of the Theban's flowing ringlets into her bosom, but the worthy barber was on the watch. He seized and searched her, recovered the stolen honors, and gave the roguish maid the key of the street. She, coming home in great fear of a beating, saw three goat-skin bags of wine resting on a wall; some tufts of hair, resembling the desired ones in color, were soon detached from these skins, and burned unexpectedly by Pamphile. Now comes the *bizarre* result of the sorcery. No sooner had the hair begun to crackle, than the wine-bags, with their contents, roused to a factitious state of existence, and obeying the potent spell, rushed furiously toward Milo's house.

Arrived there, they thundered at the door, and the hero of the tale, a temporary visitor returning belated, saw what he supposed were three bluff robbers striving to effect an entrance. He rushed on them, and his sword was in their vitals before they could devise any effective plan of defense. He was taken up by the patrol, tried for the murder of the three citizens, and exposed to public derision and laughter, as all but himself knew what and who the sufferers were. Apuleius is supposed to have introduced this passage into his philosophic tale for the purpose of throwing ridicule on his own prosecutors for their treatment of himself, on the score of his magic.

Pamphile, wondering at the ill-success of her charm, took an opportunity next

night to change herself into an owl to fly away to her love, as he would not, or perhaps could not, come to her.

"She first divested herself of all her garments, and then, having unlocked a chest, took from it several little boxes, and opened one which contained a certain ointment. Rubbing this ointment a good while between the palms of her hands, she anointed her whole body, and then whispered many magic words to a lamp, as if she was talking to it; then she began to move her arms, first by tremulous jerks, and afterwards by a gentle undulating motion, till a glittering downy surface overspread her body; feathers and strong quills burst forth presently, her nose became a hard, crooked beak, her toes changed to curved talons, and Pamphile was no longer Pamphile, but it was an owl I saw before me. And now, uttering a harsh, querulous scream, leaping from the ground by little and little, in order to try her powers; and presently, poising herself aloft on her pinions, she stretched forth her wings on either side to their full extent, and flew away."

Lucius, envying the witch her power, begs of Photis to furnish him with a box of the ointment. She is at first unwilling, but finally complying, she unfortunately hands him a wrong one; and when he is swinging his arms in triumph, expecting to be on the wing in a moment, he finds his tender skin hardening, his soles degenerating into horny hoofs, his palms the same, his mouth becoming a muzzle, his ears lengthening, and his entire structure and nature metamorphosed into those of an ass. Photis is in despair for a moment, but recollecting herself, she bids him be of courage. He has nothing to do but masticate the first rose he meets in the morning, and he will be as good a man as ever. Had he changed to a bird, a drink of water, in which a little anise-seed and a few laurel leaves had been steeped, would have restored him.* Alas! before morning came, he had been kicked by his own beasts, seized on by banditti, and begun to be hurried through all the strange adventures in the work, including the original of the bandit and cavern-scene of Gil Blas.

The higher and nobler portion of the

* We give with some reluctance formulas of sorcery, but have no hesitation in quoting this one at length, for who that can honestly quote Terence's *Homo Sum* would not take pleasure in restoring to manhood a poor brother, who by any means, magic or what you will, had got himself converted into owl or ass.

science having been transmitted to the professors of the Cabbala, resulted, to the great surprise of the sage experimenters themselves, in valuable chemical discoveries, and a great advance in our knowledge of astronomy. Canidia and Pamphile, and their sisters, left to modern wizards and witches nothing better than skill in the concocting of poisons and love-philters, and charms to withdraw the produce of cultivated fields, and of cattle, from their rightful owners, and spells producing lingering sickness and death, by melting wax effigies of the victims, and other diabolical means.

There have been but few varieties in the rites of sorcery during three thousand years, the change of faith from Paganism to Christianity having effected little worth notice. It will be sufficient to quote the ceremonies of which the Lady Alice Kyteler, of Kilkenny, her son William Outlawe, and their accomplices, were accused about the year 1300. Ireland has had in her time a liberal quota of troubles, but certainly very few of them proceeded from witch finding and witch-burning on a large scale—for this let us be duly thankful! The Kilkenny *cause célèbre* was a very remarkable one, but we have no space to enter into its details, with the exception of some of the alleged magic rites. Lady Alice was accused of having been seen sweeping the dust of the street* to the threshold of her son, William, mumbling this charm the while—

"To the house of William, my son,
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town."

Herself and her friends were accused of renouncing their faith in the Savior for certain periods, during which time they would not attend at Mass, say a prayer, nor discharge any religious function whatever. They killed certain animals, and flung the torn portions about at cross-roads, thus offering them as a sacrifice to *Robin, Son of Artis*, a devil of low degree. They

* There was much Symbolism in all these devil's doings. A witch, desirous to transfer the produce of a farmer's lands to herself or another, would be found on May morning skimming the dew off the grass of one of his meadows into a bowl. She would draw the spangle of one of his cows, to take the milk from his flock; she would draw the pot-rack, and after a while, removing the pot lid, she would find the pot filled with curds and whey, if the spell was lucky; all the operation being accompanied by charmed rhymes, chaunted in a low, mysterious tone.

mimicked the ceremony of excommunication against sundry parties to whom they bore ill-will. They sacrificed to the demons the intestines of cocks, mingled with horrible worms, baleful herbs, nails and hair of dead men, the clothes and portions of the bodies of unchristened children. They boiled these and other such ingredients in the skull of an executed criminal, over a fire of oak sticks. They made magic powders and magic candles from the hellish mixture, to excite love in some, and procure lingering deaths for others.

Lady Alice had held conferences with the said Robin Artisson in the shapes of a black cat, a black dog, and a black man. She was known to have sacrificed to him nine red cocks, and nine peacocks' eyes, at a stone bridge; and on more than one occasion to have anointed a coultter, and performed long, airy journeys on it. So far her accusers. Lady Alice, however, got in safety to England. William Outlawe, a man of influence, submitted to imprisonment for a season; and poor Petronilla de Meath was burnt. She had been flogged six times; and it is probable that she confessed to being present at the horrible rites above named, in company with Lady Alice, to escape a repetition of the degrading torture. She was the first real or suspected witch burned in Ireland. We do not at this moment recollect another.

In the reign of Philip Augustus the Templars were put on their defense in more than one kingdom, and accused of crimes too horrible even to be mentioned in this place, and the suppression of the order was the result. From the middle of the fifteenth century, with little interruptions, there were in Germany, and Belgium, and France a series of searches for, and findings of, witches.

Sabat meetings were the subjects into which the judges entered with the greatest zest. They were never weary of hearing how the poor, old, demented creatures anointed twig, or broom, or tongs, and how they flew through the air to the brocken, or any other convenient dance-floor; how *Old William*, in likeness of goat, or dog, or the old god Pan, received them; how he made inquiries as to the amount of mischief each had done since last reunion, and how he distributed rewards or stripes, according to the greater or less amount of evil wrought.

After these reports were handed in, and

the needful labor finished, the amusement grew fast and furious. When dancing was the order of the night, the fiend made music on a peculiar flageolet, sometimes using his nose as a substitute; and when the orgies, altogether unfit for description, came to an end, each jaded old girl and boy (for men were also of the horrible society) were conveyed by the same steeds to the place from whence they came, and were scarcely able to leave their beds for a week.

Early in the sixteenth century trials for witchcraft began in Scotland. The celebrated case connected with the Munroes of Fowlis occupied public attention from about 1577 to the end of the century.

It is well known that when the Scottish Solomon was not hunting, cased in his padded suit, or writing Latin polemics, or indecent songs, or unbending with his favorites, he was gloating over the revelations made by the miserable, distracted creatures—in great part the result of insidious questions put to them by their torturers, or of the workings of their own crazed intellects on the subjects of past trials, and fire-side conversations in city and country. One trial for sorcery came too near to himself to be pleasant.

Lady Essex married very young, cared little for her lord, but much for young Carr, James's minion. Doctor Forman and Mrs. Turner were employed by her to use their knowledge of sorcery to put the Earl of Essex out of the way, and secure for herself the affections of the Earl of Somerset—Carr. The husband obstinately continued to live; so a divorce was got on plausible grounds, and the guilty

pair were wedded. Sir Thomas Overbury, who had been the most useful agent in the commencement of the intrigue, somehow displeased the earl and countess, and was committed to the Tower. He is supposed to have been there poisoned, and Carr and his lady were brought to trial. James, for very urgent reasons, exerted himself to get an acquittal. Mrs. Turner was executed in her yellow ruff. Dr. Forman would also have suffered only for having met with a sudden death, foretold, as it is said, by himself on the previous day.

Strange to say, accused witches fared better before the Spanish tribunals than elsewhere. Their revelations were rightly judged to be the result of their own diseased imaginations. One woman gave a circumstantial account of her ride to the meeting, and the orgies there witnessed and shared, but a crony of her own proved that after anointing her stick she had lain down on her own hearth and dreamed the rest.

The terrible *Malleus Maleficarum*, the "Hammer of Witches," was put forth in 1484, by the inquisitors Jacob Sprenger, and one who called himself Henricus Institor. Reginald Scott, Dr. Cotta, and Thomas Ady were among the few that had sufficient sense to see through the general delusion under which their contemporaries labored, and courage to publicly express their convictions in writing. While lamenting the hard treatment experienced by the accused, we must take into account the general disregard of life which distinguished the witch period, and that many, very many, of those burned deserved hanging at least for real crimes.

THE RUSSIAN PLACE OF HONOR.—In the corner of each room might be seen the usual little picture, with the small lamp in front. "Why is it that we so frequently see these lamps placed in the corners? Is it intentional or merely accidental?" we inquired of the guide. "It is intentional; the corner is considered the most honored place; and if you will watch, you will find the corners devoted to the objects of the greatest reverence. The Tsars are crowned in a corner; the tombs of the mightiest of them rest in the corners; the most sacred pictures

hang in the corners not only of churches but of private houses." "How very singular," thought we, at the remembrance to the very different purposes to which our corners in old England are devoted.

EDWARD EVERETT is hard at work on his great book on *The Law of Nations*. Benjamin J. Lossing is still engaged on his *History of the Rebellion*, the materials for which accumulate on his hands with fearful rapidity.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE BLACK EXCHANGE.

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

My first setting up was in Charleston, South-Carolina, where I got a profitable practice among the neighboring planters, and became man of business to Arthur Fosbrook, Esquire. He was one of the richest men in the State, and of one of the oldest families; his plantation, besides being of more than common extent, yielded the best cotton, indigo, and tobacco. It had been in the Fosbrooks' possession for a century and more; the grandfather of my employer was one of Washington's officers in the War of Independence; in short, the Fosbrooks were reckoned chiefs among the Carolina aristocracy, for strange as it may appear, republican America boasts such a class, particularly in the Southern States. Their plantation being within three miles of Charleston, they kept no town-house, as many of the up-country planters do, or did in my time—let me observe, it is forty years ago—the city being a sort of capital for all the Southern States, much frequented by retired West-Indians, with their fortunes made, and boasting a good deal of fashion and select society. Fosbrook Hall, within three miles of it, was a large, antiquated, stately-looking place, which, but for its southern verandas and summer windows of lattice-work, would have reminded one of some old family mansion far away in England. It had got lawn, garden, and park on the old-country model. The first Fosbrook had laid them out when he settled in South-Carolina, and built his house on lands granted to him by George I., it was said for active service against the Old Chevalier. My employer was his last male descendant, and failing his line, the rich plantation, house, and all, must pass to a far-off cousin, the heir-at-law, who was then a colonel in the United States army, not very young, for he had distinguished himself at the defense of New-Orleans in the last brush with England, but still unmarried, though remarkably handsome,

and in high repute with the ladies. Some said he couldn't meet with a fortune to his mind, his sword and his expectations being all the gallant colonel had; and as the latter hung about Fosbrook Hall, they were likely to be soon fulfilled or disappointed, for Arthur Fosbrook had a daughter, his only child, heiress to rank, wealth, and name, and now beginning to be talked of among beaux and belles in the early South as woman-grown, for she was just fifteen. They had fixed that age, I know not why, as the proper one for bringing out in Charleston; and Miss Fosbrook was to be brought out with becoming pomp and solemnity at a grand ball on her fifteenth birthday, which happened six months after I had become acquainted with the family, and established in her father's business. A letter of introduction which I had brought from a legal firm of some eminence in London, with which his family had an ancient connection, first recommended me to Mr. Fosbrook, and I was received by him and his not only as a lawyer, but a friend. The peculiar institution of the South has one good effect as regards white men with their wits for an estate—the African race serving for everybody's inferior, all of the perfect European blood are equalized as gentlemen, and a wealthy planter thus receiving his attorney is by no means so remarkable as it might seem to English eyes. So I got acquainted with the Fosbrooks, ladies and all; but I liked the gentleman best, and therein did not differ from every acquaintance of the family. He was a handsome, high-spirited man, agreeable in his manners, chivalrous in honor, generous to a fault, and so good-natured, that anybody with little enough of conscience could persuade or coax him into anything. In other respects Mr. Fosbrook was, like most Southern gentlemen, a good shot, a good rider, a good billiard-player, a polished man of the world, and a bit of a *bon-*

vivant. Mrs. Fosbrook was known to be a great deal more strait-laced and serious. She was great in church-going, uncommonly proper, and could talk religion and morality by the mile; but when it suited the lady's whims or tempers, she was capable of doing hard or sly things which her husband would not have thought of. It was said she had been a belle in her youth, but American belleship quickly passes; it had gone from Mrs. Fosbrook for many a year, and left her faded, but very genteel—what the women call lady-like; well informed, too, out of schools and books, but narrow-minded by nature, and strongly inclined to censoriousness and jealousy.

The daughter, Miss Letitia, was expected to fill her mother's place in the world of youth and fashion, and the girl had some beauty, but no resemblance to either of her parents. Her complexion was remarkably dark; her features had a full, almost coarse cast; it would have been treason to say so, but they slightly approached the negro mold. She was tall and well developed for her years, had fine black eyes, and hair of the same color; they said it was rather too wavy, and could never be dressed in smooth bands. But people liked Miss Letitia better than her mother, for she was livelier and more good-natured than ever that excellent lady could have been, though quite as proud of herself, her rank, and her fashion, and somewhat tinctured with the maternal inclination to jealousy. Miss Letitia had a companion, or rather playfellow, whom nobody that frequented the house could miss knowing, she was so constantly with the young lady and in the family rooms. Her name was Letitia too; but they called her Letty, by way of proper distinction, for the blood of Africa was in her veins, and she was the daughter of a slave. Letty's mother, unlike the rest of Mr. Fosbrook's negroes, was not a native of his estate, but had been purchased, together with her unborn child, at the sale of a deceased West Indian's establishment; she had been parted from her husband, it was said, through Mrs. Fosbrook's determination to have the woman but not the man in her household. She was not a complete African, but something whiter than a mulatto—I think it was a Spanish trace she had—and they called her Elva, probably an abbreviation of Elvira. A thin, wiry, early withered woman she looked; but

there was a piercing intelligence in her keen, black eyes, not common to the negro race; she was more grave and silent, too, than is their wont, was thought to have a deal of discretion, and known to be great in needle-work. Her European origin accounted to most people for this superiority, and it also helped to account for the surprising beauty of her daughter. Letty was positively fair, with finely-cut features, long glossy hair, and a figure so finely molded, yet so slender, that she might have stood for the youngest of the graces. To a stranger, it was astonishing that the girl could have come of African blood, but one gets accustomed to any wonder. Every body knew her to be Elva's daughter, born on the same day as Miss Letitia, and allowed to grow up as her playfellow and foster-sister, for Elva was made nurse to the infant heiress, having either by her wisdom or good-luck acquired the particular confidence and cold-blooded liking of Mrs. Fosbrook, and continued to be her right-hand woman and family seamstress till the time of my story.

Curious it is that, though the African race are held in bondage in the Southern States, the same amount of personal repulsion, or rather antipathy, to them does not prevail as in the North. The negro nurse and negro play-fellow have a hold on the affections and memory of the plantation child, which its grown-up life acknowledges; and where dispositions are good and circumstances favorable, slavery thus becomes something like what it must have been in patriarchal times. When secession was yet undreamed of, and vigilance committees were not, that state of things was common enough in the Carolinas, and long established at Fosbrook Hall. The master's will was law, but it was guided by good-nature and good customs. The old negroes had seen him get his first lessons in walking; the young had grown up under his government. They were all well provided for, and not overworked. The out-door people had their pretty cottages and gardens, where the children played; and the aged rested literally under vines and fig-trees. The house-servants had the comforts and sociability of a numerous well-kept establishment, with all the life, gayety, and ease of a wealthy planter's mansion within three miles of Charleston. They kept all manner of festivals; all the family birthdays, including their own; had Sunday dresses, all white,

of course, with flashy rings and pins, and very few troubles except the pleasing of the "missis," which was generally allowed to be a difficult task, and seldom properly accomplished by any but Elva. The quantity of fine needle-work she did for Mrs. Fosbrook was something to be astonished at. The good lady took a sort of pride in showing off the collars, sleeves, and trimmings worked by the "woman she had bought almost in spite of Mr. Fosbrook, and saved him the trouble he should have had with that self-willed, obstinate-looking man, Elva's husband. The poor creature was so much better without him. Did not all her friends see how contentedly she sat in her own little room, on the back veranda, working away from morning till night? That woman was a treasure." Elva's daughter was not in such favor with the "missis," though a gentler, more sweet-tempered girl could not have been found among black or white. Indeed, there was something both soft and sad in Letty's look and manner, which made one believe in omens when her after-fate was come. It was perhaps the gentleness and sweetness of her disposition, as well as their early playtimes, which made the young heiress cling so fondly to her humble companion, and take such delight in her society, even when grown-up life, with its duties and distinctions, came on. They had never been seen separate, except when her mother wanted Letty, and Miss Letitia had to go to lessons, to which the young lady was not partial; and when, at last, the bringing-out time came, and she was expected to be admired and married in due time, Miss Letitia still protested that Letty and she should never part, but live together as mistress and maid, "just like mamma and Elva."

The young lady was in that mind when her fifteenth birthday arrived. Cards of invitation had been issued three weeks before to the half of Charleston. I had the honor of receiving one, and can vouch that it was a large and well dressed gathering; but the principal guest of the evening was Colonel Fosbrook. Though never on bad terms with the proprietor, he had been seldom at the Hall. Some said its lady was not to his mind, some that his military duties took him to different quarters. At all events, he was known by reputation rather than by sight to Mr. Fosbrook's friends; but all who saw him that evening acknowledged that a more

distinguished-looking or agreeable man never entered a Carolina ball-room. Mr. Fosbrook had made a point of having him on the birthday. His excellent lady and he were too prudent to say it in so many words, but I, as their family lawyer, guessed that they had set their hearts on a match between the colonel and the heiress. Though at least twenty years her senior, he was only in the prime of life, a man whom any lady might choose with credit to her taste. Moreover, the colonel had high principles, sound sense, and prudence, was a Fosbrook of the same descent, the heir-at-law after Miss Letitia, and most suitable to perpetuate the name and line.

He was expected to stay for some weeks, but could not arrive before the evening of the birthday. I remember being introduced to him in the crowded ball-room, and observing that, though attentive to all the ladies, as became a Southern gentleman, he showed a particular regard for the daughter of the house, and the belle of the evening. I forget how long her mother and female friends had been occupied with what she should wear. The young lady's complexion puzzled them. At last they fixed on amber satin, with gold ornaments, in which, I must say, Miss Letitia looked well. They had at the same time agreed—because nothing else would serve the heiress—on dressing Letty handsomely, but in white, which no Southern lady will wear, being, wonderful to say, the negroes' chosen color, and allowing her to appear in public as Miss Letitia's personal attendant.

I suppose Colonel Fosbrook had never seen the girl before; but at the close of the first dance, as he was conducting Miss Letitia to her seat, Letty came up on the discharge of her duties. How promoted and happy, yet timid withal, the sweet girl looked, as she handed the heiress her expensive Parisian fan. Never did man approaching forty look so struck as the colonel; he said nothing for a few minutes, but his eyes were fixed on Letty; she saw it, blushed deeply, and stole away behind her mistress, while he inquired of Mr. Fosbrook, who came up at the moment: "Where on earth did you find that lovely girl?"

"Oh, my daughter's maid," said Fosbrook, with his accustomed ease.

"She is not a negro?" said the colonel.

"Yes, I assure you. I bought her

mother in Charleston. She is wonderfully fair, I must allow, and a good girl. Letitia has always liked her, and would have her here to-night."

The rest of Mr. Fosbrook's communication was made in a tone too low for my hearing; but all that brilliant evening, wherever Letty came or went through the handsome suite of reception-rooms, anxious to make herself useful, and on her promotion, his eyes followed the girl; I saw him gazing after her while Mrs. Fosbrook was preaching to him about doing good, and Miss Letitia tossing her head and showing off her jewels. It became manifest to me, also, that both mother and daughter could see as well as I, and the sight was one to bring the worst part of their natures uppermost. Can any woman commit a greater sin against another than to get admired in her stead? The colonel did admire Letty, maid and of negro origin as she was, and there was many an eye in the ball-room that followed the slight, graceful figure, and fair, winning face as well as his, though on nobody was the impression so marked. The man could not help showing it, for all his sense and experience, and I was not prepared for the effect it had on the young heiress. She grew positively ugly—awful, as the Americans say—with ill-temper and jealousy. I thought she would strike poor Letty when the innocent creature came to settle her wreath, thrown back by a haughty toss. Miss Letitia, frowning fiercely, said: "I don't want you here any more;" and Mrs. Fosbrook desired the nearest servant to tell that girl she might go down stairs. Poor Letty went on the instant, looking as if she had committed murder. The colonel, who had witnessed all, seemed astonished, angry, and a little out of his discretion, for he rose from Miss Letitia's side with a very brief apology, walked straight out to the veranda, and stayed there, pacing about, for half an hour or more. When he came back, Colonel Fosbrook was himself again. We saw no more of Letty, had a magnificent supper, and all went home at day-break. Miss Letitia and her mother seemed to have recovered their good-humor. The colonel continued his visit, as expected. They were never without company to dinner or tea; I was always invited, Mr. Fosbrook having taken a particular fancy to me, and thus I had an opportunity of seeing that attentions were

still paid to the daughter of the house; but her play-fellow and foster-sister was not in the request she had been; Letty was manifestly kept out of sight, and under surveillance; and when the poor girl did chance to become visible, it was sad to see the resigned and helpless sorrow that had settled on her fair young face. I am not sure that the colonel had not interested her also; I observed her peeping out at his comings and goings from back windows and hidden corners, though Letty had not much opportunity for that, as Mrs. Fosbrook now sent her to work with her mother, remarking, that "Elva was a prudent, sensible creature, and would keep nonsense out of the girl's head."

I don't know how Elva fulfilled the expected duty, but coming to talk on particular business with Mr. Fosbrook one afternoon—a time when Southern ladies are generally fast within doors—I found the colonel leaning over the rails of the back veranda, where Letty sat at work. He was evidently talking to the girl; she had let her muslin fall, and was picking it up all in a flush. The colonel saw he was caught, but was too much of a gentleman to show it, bade me good-day without changing his position, asked if I had seen the morning papers, if there were any news, but did not observe that there were a pair of fierce, cold, jealous eyes taking notes of him from the window above, where the Venetian blind concealed his excellent hostess. The colonel walked into the house with me, and Letty went on with her sewing. I saw her sitting there when my business was done, stitching away, but the flush had faded then, and she looked sad and thoughtful.

All the way home I had thoughts about the colonel's intentions, and Mrs. Fosbrook's next move; it was no affair of mine, but one could not help feeling an interest in poor Letty and the ill-luck that seemed closing round her.

That same week the colonel went off to join his regiment; I happened to be particularly busy with the affairs of a broken-up land-company, and had no occasion to go to the Hall for some time; but Mr. Fosbrook called at my office one morning, seemed very friendly, talked of two or three trifling matters, and had evidently something else in his mind—something disagreeable, and hard to begin speaking about. He looked at his watch, looked out of the window, and then said: "By

the by, Mr. Clarkson, you must manage a piece of business for me—a particular and unpleasant one, I must say—we are going to part with Letty. Yes,” he continued, catching my astonished look; “Mrs. Fosbrook will have it so; she says the girl has got upsetting notions, and will give trouble. I can not see it myself, but Mrs. Fosbrook is an uncommonly observant woman. At any rate,” and the man looked desperately worried, “there is no putting women off a thing once they take it in their heads.”

“And Miss Fosbrook?” said I.

“Oh, she agrees with her mother, which is very proper; but it goes against my conscience, and the girl is so young. Do come over, and try to talk her out of it to-morrow evening: a lawyer should be able to do that, if any body can.”

I knew the cause of poor Letty's condemnation, one which Mr. Fosbrook would not acknowledge had it been made known to him; and I also knew that talking to ladies of Mrs. Fosbrook's mold against any piece of spleen was about as useful as talking against the tide. I went, nevertheless, as requested, got on the subject, and made nothing of it. Mrs. Fosbrook discoursed of her principles, her responsibility, and her sense of duty; but on Letty's being disposed of, sent off the plantation, sold, in short, she was resolved, beyond the power of argument. I suggested that, if it were thought proper to remove the girl, she might be apprenticed or boarded out; but Mrs. Fosbrook would hear of no such compromise. It was contrary to her principles to raise colored people so far above their natural position. Letty's mother had been bought and sold, and so should she. I mentioned how hard it would be to part them, the girl so young, and the woman having no other child; but Mrs. Fosbrook was clear on keeping Elva, she was such a charming worker. Who would do her sleeves and collars properly, if Elva were gone? Besides, the woman was not at all attached to her daughter. No doubt that was Letty's fault, though she had not observed it before. Elva was uncommonly sensible for a person of color, and would know it was all for the best.

“You'll be sorry to part with Letty?” said I to Miss Letitia, who at that moment came in from her evening walk.

“Yes, no; that is, if mamma thinks it right;” and the young heiress admired

her new Paris bonnet in the chimney-glass. The bringing out and the jealousy had done their work—there was no hope from that quarter; and I could only go back to my office with an earnest wish that the ladies might change their minds. I had heard nothing from the Hall, and kept well out of it for three weeks, when Mr. Fosbrook once more called. I'll do him the justice to say he looked more worried than ever, and throwing himself into a chair, said: “It's of no use, Clarkson; that business must be done. I have no peace at home day or night, and I'll stand it no longer. No doubt Mrs. Fosbrook knows better than I do all about girls, black or white. Letty must go; I know it is the best thing for her too, Clarkson. They wouldn't be kind to her, if I held out; and her mother don't care about the girl. She cares for nobody, as far as I see, but Mrs. Fosbrook, though it was she that made me part Elva from her husband. That always went against my mind, yet you see it has turned out well, and so may this. She is a very observant woman. You'll do the best you can, Clarkson. I don't care about the price—it may go to buy the girl clothes—but find some good, honest, kindly home for her, where she will be taken care of, and get into no mischief or hard work. After bringing her up so with my own girl, and she so pretty and good tempered, whatever they may say of her now, I couldn't rest in my house if Letty were not well provided for; but you'll do the best you can.”

I promised to do so, being by this time aware of the necessity. Since Letty had become a cause of family disquiet, her immediate removal was the best thing for all parties; but I had some difficulty in finding the sort of purchaser which Mr. Fosbrook's instructions and my own inclinations urged me to seek. At length, however, as price was no object, I hit upon a member of the before-mentioned land-company, whom its business had brought to Charleston from the borders of the Dismal Swamp in North-Carolina, where he had reclaimed and brought into cultivation an extensive farm, which, with the help of three maiden sisters, he was making a small Mount Harmony of his own. Whether they were Dunkers, Shakers, or New Jerusalemites, I never ascertained; but he and his managing sisters I knew to be just, conscientious, and kindly. Letty would be safe and well among them,

once she got reconciled to the new life, and far enough out of Mrs. Fosbrook's way. I thought it would be terrible work breaking the news to her; but the lady of high principles made no ceremony about that, and poor Letty seemed to have expected something of the kind. Fosbrook told me she never said a word, but bowed her head and stole away with the tears in her eyes. A strange and hopeless resignation seemed to have come over the girl; she did not cry or lament, but packed up her clothes as she was told, took a quiet, kindly leave of all the negroes—there was not a dry eye among them but her own—bade Mrs. Fosbrook good-by with the same gentle sadness, and going up to her former play-fellow, said: "Farewell, Miss Letitia. I hope you will get a better maid, and be always happy; but I did not think you would see me sold and sent away." On hearing that, the heiress began to cry violently, and at last went into hysterics, for which Mrs. Fosbrook scolded Letty. The master of the Hall had gone off on a shooting excursion, I charitably believe to spare himself the scene; and I saw her safe off, little trunk and all, in the good farmer's traveling-wagon, and went back to my office with a relieved mind.

Elva had made no demonstrations at her daughter's departure. The footman told me afterwards that she had gone privately to Mrs. Fosbrook, when the matter was first guessed at, and begged of her, earnestly but calmly, not to send her child from her; but that excellent lady heard her with the same unmoved composure to which I had been treated, and made the woman understand that her intentions were to be acquiesced in, and should be carried out. Elva subsided into resignation at once, parted quietly with her daughter, and continued to stitch away in her own room or the back-veranda, as if nothing had happened. If the woman had any repinings or regrets, the Fosbrooks were too much occupied to notice them, for the colonel came back the week after Letty's departure. If he missed her, nobody was allowed to be aware of it; he must have heard of the transaction from some one about the house, and that visit was not a long one. But the Fosbrooks paid him every attention, wrote, invited, sent tokens of their remembrance, and in a couple of months more the colonel came back again; by that time having

probably made up his mind that there was no more prudent course for him, the heir-at-law, than to marry the heiress-apparent, as the family were willing, and the young lady nothing loath. He came and paid attentions accordingly. All the Fosbrooks' circle knew it would be a match, and a match it was. Having fairly commenced his suit, the colonel would lose no time; he must rejoin his regiment, which might be ordered to Florida, where the Indians were then giving trouble. Of course he was an impatient lover, as all men are at forty years. So the Fosbrooks' gave their consent. It was early for Miss Letitia to enter on the responsibilities of married life; but girls marry young in South Carolina, and the dark complexion and large growth made her look beyond her years.

The wedding was celebrated with great pomp, in the most fashionable church of Charleston; there were half a score of bridesmaids, and finery enough to keep the ladies talking for a fortnight. I forget the number of dresses and the amount of bridal presents provided for the heiress; they were sufficient to have turned the head of a wiser girl. Every body agreed that Miss Letitia had the surest prospect of happiness. She certainly queened it wonderfully for the middle of her sixteenth year. The colonel was her own choice, as well as that of her parents, notwithstanding the disparity of their age. On his account she had parted with her early play-fellow, and in the fuss, the grandeur, and the novelty, seemed to have forgotten that Letty ever existed. I suppose Mrs. Fosbrook forgot too, she was so engaged with the glory of her house, and preaching about their overflowing cup and the duty of thankfulness. But the master of the Hall did not forget, though he had gone to shoot, for fear of the scene which did not take place at her going away; he spoke of the poor girl often in my office, and made me write to the good people in North-Carolina, inquiring about her. Their reports were all favorable as regarded Letty's conduct—her patience, her gentleness, her good-nature, were subjects of continual praise from the farmer and his managing sisters; but they wrote only in reply to my letters. I had not written for some time, till Fosbrook reminded me of it a few days before the wedding; and their answer grieved us both, for it stated that poor Letty,

though she took kindly to the place and people, seemed to pine away latterly, and had caught the swamp-fever, from which she had no strength to recover, and died on the very day of Miss Letitia's marriage. Fosbrook could not keep the news to himself, though he at first promised to do so; but in the general excitement it seemed to affect nobody in the Hall, not even Elva, which Mrs. Fosbrook thought an additional proof of her sense. She had undertaken the breaking of the news to the bereaved mother, and performed it to her own satisfaction. I believe she also broke it to the colonel and his bride when they returned from that indispensable excursion which people must take after the ceremony of white veils and orange blossoms, the half-score of bridesmaids and elegant *déjeûner*. They do these things in style in South-Carolina; and Miss Letitia had come through them so creditably, and had so much more to do in the way of receiving visits, and attending bridal-parties, that there was no time for regret or repentance. I never heard what she said or did on the occasion; but while the visits were going on, and the parties pending, poor Elva slipped on the stair while running up with a tucker, ordered in great haste, that Mrs. Col. Fosbrook might see how it would suit with her cream colored tabinet, fell to the bottom, and broke her leg. She had the best medical attendance, of course; a woman who could work such sleeves and collars was not to be neglected, though, as her excellent mistress remarked, "she could work just as well without the limb: what a mercy it was not one of her arms." But from some constitutional cause the accident could not be remedied—the broken bone would not adhere, the wound would not heal, and the doctor at length announced his dread of mortification. He added—I presume it was to settle Mrs. Fosbrook—that there was no use in attempting to amputate the limb, the patient's system had been so vitiated by her sedentary life she had no chance of recovery. His opinion was confirmed in a few days; mortification set in, and poor Elva's death-warrant was sealed.

The doctor had been seeing her for the last time, and gone away saying he could do nothing more—the woman would not hold out till sunset, when I called to pay my congratulatory visit to the new-married pair. The ceremony had been post-

poned on account of business, but all the world was visiting, and so must I. It was a glorious day, in the early spring-time of the South, before the fierce heat set in, and every thing looked bright and beautiful about Fosbrook Hall. The abode of pleasantness and peace it seemed, and I was admiring the prospect from the bay-windows of the drawing-room; while Mrs. Fosbrook, having no other listeners, just then was going on about the overflowing cup, and how thankful they should be, when her own maid came in with a whispered message. "It is poor Elva," said the excellent lady, breaking off her strain; "she has taken a strange fancy to see us all in her room: the maid said she spoke of having something to tell; but of course it is only a fancy of the poor creature; still I think we should go—what do you say, Mr. Clarkson?—it will remind us of our latter end, and no doubt encourage poor Elva."

We all rose, the two couples and myself, for Mr. Fosbrook said: "Come along, Clarkson," and proceeded to Elva's room. It was neat and orderly, as she had always kept it; the morning sun was shimmering through the white-curtained window, and the scent of flowers came in from the garden beyond; and the woman, who was to be encouraged on her last journey, sat up in bed wan and worn with sickness, but looking more lively and energetic than ever she had seemed in her stitching-days, and with a keener light in her deep black eyes.

"How are you, Elva?" said Fosbrook, coming kindly forward.

"Not very well, master; but I am going home," said Elva, "to the long home prepared for black and white; and there is something I want to tell you all before I go, particularly the missis here;" and Elva fixed her eyes on the mistress she was said to have been so much attached to, with a look of such piercing power as for once in her life struck that lady speechless. "Did not you buy me away from my husband sixteen years ago, when he was sold far west, and I never saw him more? Did not you sell my only child away from me, till she died of fever on the edge of the Dismal Swamp, and wasn't it all in the order of Providence, or it never could have happened? You told me so, and I was to believe it, and not repine. Now, I'll tell you something that must have been in the order of Prov-

idence, for it happened too. It was not my daughter that died on the edge of the Dismal Swamp—but your own! It was not your daughter that went in the carriage and the finery to be married in Charleston church—but mine!”

“What do you say, woman?” cried Mr. Fosbrook, losing all command of himself.

“I say the truth; and I’ll tell you how it happened. The children were born on the same day; and the missis sent me word that they should get the same name, and be brought up together; but I knew that my child could be bought and sold as its father and mother had been. The poor slave was not used to be cared for, like the rich lady, and could get up sooner; so in the dead of the second night, when the monthly nurse had taken too much peach-brandy, and slept soundly, I crept into the room, and made a fair exchange—a black one may be you’ll call it, but colors don’t show at that time of life. I left my own child in the fine satin-covered cradle, and took Mrs. Fosbrook’s baby to the basket beside my bed. The one was mine, and the other was hers ever after. There is my daughter, the heiress of Fosbrook Hall,” she continued, addressing her mistress; “and yonder lies yours, in the churchyard by the Dismal Swamp. That is how the whites can make out blood and race; but it was all in the order of Providence, or it couldn’t have happened, you know;” and Elva flung herself back with a burst of vengeful and triumphant laughter, that made the roof ring.

“You wretch, it is all a falsehood! Where do you expect to go to?” cried Mrs. Fosbrook.

“Madam, it is most probably true,” said the colonel, who had stood silently listening at the foot of the bed, like a man heart-stricken and admonished—“it is most probably true. Let the dying woman alone: the past can neither be recalled nor altered; and she has followed our example, in calling our own sins and selfishness the works of Providence. Come away.”

We all walked back to the drawing-room, and the ladies did not faint. As for myself and every soul that heard Elva’s confession, we felt convinced that it was true. Of course, in law, the testimony of a revengeful slave would count for nothing; but we had all eyes and memories, and their evidence was not to be

set aside as regarded poor sold Letty, and the fair face which had been such a cause of jealousy and despite. Moreover, the revelation could not be kept a secret—it was too publicly made; many of the servants had been within hearing, and nobody doubted it, though Elva could not be induced to give any further particulars. Perhaps the woman had none to give; at any rate, she spoke little after that wild laugh, but gradually sunk and died, as the doctor had predicted, an hour before sunset.

Her tale made no apparent difference to the Fosbrook’s; all things and all people remained in their places—there were the senior and the junior couples, the father and his son-in-law, the mother and her daughter; but it went abroad, and was canvassed in every drawing-room and on every plantation, in Charleston clubs and coffee-houses, and wherever the Fosbrook’s were known. It touched nothing visible, yet their lives were changed, and the different effects were curious. Mr. Fosbrook’s steady and domestic habits gradually forsook him; he took to the clubs, the gaming-tables, it was said to all manner of dissipation, was never at home, and believed to be virtually separated from Mrs. Fosbrook. She continued to preach; I suppose nothing could alter the woman; but she was left very much in the background, for Fosbrook Hall became a lonely mansion, shorn of its splendor and retinue, between her husband’s extravagance and a step to which the colonel urged him—namely, the gradual emancipation of all his negroes. The fact could be accomplished more easily at that time than in these days of ferment and civil war. It was managed by Mr. Fosbrook’s son-in-law, on the estate which he had married for. How much he regretted the real heiress, and the misfortunes which had fallen upon her, for his sake, people could only conjecture; but certain it was, that from being gay and careless, he became a serious man, resigned his commission in the army, took to the emancipation business, but prudently and with forethought; and when it was fairly accomplished, and the negroes put in ways of getting their own living, he removed with his wife to Pennsylvania, where he entered the Society of Friends, and continued to the end of his days to be a moderate and rational abolitionist. He returned only once to South-Carolina, and

that was at the time of Mr. Fosbrook's death, which happened ten years after the colonel's marriage. Then he settled the old lady in a first-rate boarding-house, and sold the Hall and plantation. I understand it passed through many hands after-

wards, and got the reputation of being unlucky, for the populace, and especially the negroes, gave the place a new title, from some memory of Elva's confession, and called it the Black Exchange.

From the Popular Science Review.

C O L O R - B L I N D N E S S .

BY JABEZ HOGG, F.L.S., ETC.

THE eye—that index of the soul, that channel of human knowledge—conjures up a host of feelings when the mind is directed to it as an object of especial attention. Of the five senses with which most of us have been blest, the loss of sight seems to be the greatest calamity that can befall us. Reflect for a moment on the condition of those deprived of this exquisite gift. To what a sad state are they reduced who, in a perpetual darkness in the midst of light, have not any thing like a conception of what we mean when we talk of the golden sun, the bright stars, the ever-varying tinted flowers, the beauty of spring, the glow of summer fields, the ripening fruits of autumn, and all beside that clothes the face of nature so beauteously to our eyes!

Our theme, however, is not with those who have so large a claim to our sympathies, but rather with others among us who suffer from a partial kind of blindness—not necessarily a mechanical or optical defect, but one which is almost unknown or unrecognized by those who suffer from it, and, being ignorant of its existence themselves, can not easily be persuaded to believe it.

An explanation of this curious defect will be worth while listening to, the more so as many eminent philosophers have suffered from it; and it is perhaps owing to this circumstance that so much time and attention has been given to the investigation of so curious an anomaly. It is well known that a ray of light, from any source, may be divided by means of a prism into a number of rays of different

refrangibility, forming a series, and called a spectrum, the most familiar instance of which is the rainbow. The drops of rain falling between the sun and the eye act as so many prisms, and each ray is thereby bent or refracted to a different angle, the red most and the blue least; and as thus the rays of light are made to enter the eye separately, we have produced the beautiful prismatic phenomenon of the rainbow, the outermost color of which is red, the innermost violet, and the intermediate, from slightly intermixing and overlapping each other, we respectively name orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo. The three homogeneous colors—yellow, red, and blue—have been shown by Mr. Field, in a satisfactory manner, to be in the numerical proportional power as follows: yellow, three; red, five; and blue, eight. When these three colors are reflected from any opaque body in these proportions, white is produced; they are then said to be in an active state, but each is neutralized by the relative effect that the others have upon it. When they are absorbed, they are in a passive state, and black is the result. When transmitted through any transparent body, the effect is the same; but in the first case they are material or inherent, and in the second impalpable or transient. Color, therefore, depends entirely on the reflective or refractive power of bodies, as the transmission or reflection of sound does upon their vibratory powers. By the undulatory theory of light, philosophers account for the variously-colored rays of the solar spectrum, by calculating

the differences in the frequency of the vibrations of each ray—that is, the rays of light are supposed capable of vibrating in waves of different lengths. The shortest waves produce violet light, the longest red; and with such precision have some of the more complex phenomena of light been studied, that mathematicians have absolutely been able to calculate the number of vibrations necessary to produce an impression of either white or colored light. For instance, the periodical movements of the medium in white light regularly recur at equal intervals, five hundred millions of millions of times in a second of time; in the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions; of violet, seven hundred and seven millions of millions; and so on.

How seldom do the most reflecting among us think, as we gaze on the flowers composing a bouquet, and inhale their fragrance which perfumes the surrounding air, that in order to distinguish the yellow tint of the laburnum, five hundred and forty-two millions of millions of undulations of light must occur; that the ruby fuschia requires the eyes to receive four hundred and eighty-two millions of millions of undulations in a second; that the violet's tint is only distinguishable when seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated to the sensitive retina!

When objects are illuminated by homogeneous yellow light, the only thing which can be distinguished by the eye is the difference of intensity or brightness. It is now a generally received opinion that different bodies, according to the manner in which their minutest particles are arranged, possess the power of variously absorbing a part and reflecting the other portion of the rays of light that fall upon them; and that on the proportions of the rays absorbed and reflected does the color depend, and that it is not a part of the object itself. The meaning of this will be best understood by an example. When a ray of light falls on the green grass, a part of the ray is absorbed and part reflected, and the grass is only seen with the part that is reflected. The green we see consists of the original white light, deprived of a portion of its rays by absorption. It is, therefore, partial darkness, and not absolute light, consequently not a

pure and absolute green, but only a residual group of the unabsorbed colored rays. A poppy appears scarlet, as it absorbs all the colors of the rays except red, and hence its peculiar tint; but if it be looked at through green glass it will appear black: as the poppy only reflects the red ray, this is absorbed by the green glass. The red of the rose, the blue of the violet, the yellow of the jonquil are due to their absorption of all the rays excepting the red, blue, and yellow. The pale-tinted rose, almost white, reflects nearly all the colored rays. We can, therefore, easily perceive, without light the face of nature would be that of a world in mourning; it is light that enlivens the scene, painting the exterior with a beauty, richness, delicacy, and harmony that man vainly attempts to rival. Color is so dependent on light, that when artificially produced, as by candle or gas, from not being pure, many things appear of a different color, as is well known by the lady who attempts to choose a ribbon, or the artist who paints a picture by artificial light: a blue being mistaken for a green, and green for a blue. On a moonlight night we can not distinguish the color of a chimney-pot; and were we to take a number of pieces of cloth, or different colored papers, and examine them by the bright light of the moon, and write on the back of each the color it appears, we should be astonished in daylight to see how we had been deceived as to the true tint of each.

Assuming, therefore, that the sound eye can see perfectly well three simple colors—red, yellow, and blue—and that all the rest of the colors of the spectrum are mixtures of these with each other, let us now proceed to inquire what is the peculiar condition of sight in those persons who, being unable to distinguish certain rays, are, as we have already stated, *color-blind*; but not necessarily owing to disease of the optic nerve or retina, but simply arising from inability to recognize those rays of light which consist of pure red.

Professor Maxwell, who has closely and philosophically investigated the subject, says: "The mathematical expression of the difference between the color-blind and ordinary vision is, that color to the former is a function of two independent variables, but to an ordinary eye of three; and that the relation of the two kinds of

vision is not arbitrary, but indicates the absence of determinate sensation, depending upon some undiscovered structure or organic arrangement, which forms one third of the apparatus by which we receive sensations of color.

"Suppose the absent structure to be that which is brought most into play when red light falls on our eyes, then to the *color-blind* red light will be visible only so far as it affects the other two sensations, say of blue and green. It will, therefore, appear to them much less bright than to us, and will excite a sensation not distinguishable from that of a bluish-green light."

That is to say, the normal eye reduces its color-sensations to three, and analyzes white light into three colored elements, one of which is red; and that the color-blind eye, on the other hand, reduces its color-sensation to two, and analyzes white light into two elements, neither of which is red; for color-blindness takes its character more from its non-recognition of red than its positive recognition of yellow and violet. An essential distinction which can thus be drawn between perfect vision and color-blindness has induced Sir J. Herschell to adopt the term *dichromatic* (cognizant only of two colors) to characterize the color-blind.* We shall now examine how far the withdrawal of the red ray affects other colors. In the first place, all the light tints, as well as the dark tints, are liable to be mistaken for each other. The orange is no longer red and yellow, but dark yellow; the yellow is purer, the green distinct, the blue purer, and the indigo and violet no longer mixed and blue, but blue mixed with more or less black, the violet being the darkest, as containing least blue in proportion to red, while the red part itself, though not seen as a color, is not perfectly black. The red is generally seen as gray, or neutral tint; the orange as a dingy yellow; the blue as a dirty indigo, and the violet as a pale blue, mixed with black and gray.

In the *Philosophical Magazine* for 1857 and 1862 will be found a series of experiments, instituted by Professor Max-

well, to test the accuracy of his own eyes in distinguishing between shades of color; and his data may be followed by any one curious in the same field of inquiry. A large variety of all shades and tints of colored wools may be used for the purpose. They should be placed in a mixed heap before the person, who must try to arrange and name them, beginning with the darkest, and putting those tints together that are most alike. Professor Maxwell adds: "The intelligent testimony of the color-blind may supply a sure foundation for the theory of vision."

Many other curious and interesting points in connection with the philosophical part of our inquiry might be entered upon did the space at command permit us to do so; but enough has been said about light and color to enable the reader to comprehend the more intricate part of the subject we are about to enter upon—namely, color-blindness. As I have already said, the defect does not necessarily interfere with the integrity of the eye as an optical instrument. Indeed, in a case recorded by Dr. Wilson of a Mr. R—, an engraver, he counts himself not a sufferer, but a gainer by his color-blindness. "Thus, an engraver has two negative colors to deal with—black and white. Now, when I look at a picture, I see it only in white and black, or light and shade; and any want of harmony in the coloring of a picture is immediately made manifest by a corresponding discord in the arrangement of the light and shade, or, as artists term it, the *effect*. I find, at times, many of my brother engravers in doubt how to translate certain colors of pictures which to me are matters of decided certainty and ease. Thus, to me it is valuable. I am totally unable to retain certain colors in my mind, nor able to give their names when shown to me a second time. Sometimes I can see some reds and greens by lamplight. A few years ago I ventured to buy some green baize, but unfortunately bought a very bright red, which was excessively painful to my eyes by lamplight, but agreeable enough by daylight. One of my brothers is equally defective, and my grandfather was very deficient in his knowledge of colors. My sight is natural, and rather powerful; for I am able to see very minute objects without assistance from glasses, and I can also see very distinctly with but little light. With regard to

* Dr. Wilson employs the term *chromato-pseudopsis*, (false vision of colors,) as it, he says, "very fairly expresses the general character of the affection, which more frequently shows itself as an insensibility to certain colors, than as a total inability to discern them."

the rainbow, or solar spectrum, I can see clearly that there are different shades of color, but I am unable to say which is the red. The violet and yellow are very clear and distinct."

Those who have compared a colored drawing or oil painting with an engraving of it, will appreciate the nature of the difficulty which Mr. R—— so easily surmounts. In heraldic engraving, for example, a system has long been followed of representing each color by a separate set of marks. It comes, however, to be a very curious question whether this gentleman's version of a picture would satisfy one whose perception of colors was perfect. Professor Kelland and Dr. Wilson think it would not, as they have observed in the course of their inquiry that color-blind persons arrange different shades of the same color according to their intensity, in a series which did not satisfy their eyes; and further, that their arrangement of different colors according to their intensities seemed discordant to both these gentlemen.

The celebrated Dugald Stewart, and Dr. Darwin, the poet and botanist, could only by shape discover the difference between cherries and the leaves among which they grow. Dr. Dalton, the propounder of the atomic theory in chemistry, was not convinced that he was color-blind, until by accident observing the color of the flower of the *Geranium zonale* by candle-light in the autumn of 1792. The flower was pink, but it appeared to him almost a sky-blue by day; in candle-light, however, it was astonishingly changed, not having then any blue in it, but being what he called red; forming a striking contrast to the blue. He also compared sealing-wax to one side of a laurel-leaf, and a red wafer to the other, and his doctor's scarlet gown to the leaves of trees. "I have seen specimens," writes Dr. Dalton, "of crimson, claret, and mud, which were very nearly alike. Crimson has a grave appearance, being the reverse of every showy or splendid color. The color of a florid complexion appears to me that of a dull, opaque, blackish-blue upon a white ground. Diluted black ink upon white paper gives a color much resembling that of a florid complexion. It has no resemblance to the color of blood." From the care with which Dr. Dalton investigated his own defect, it has become popularly known as

"Daltonism." Nor was his case at all peculiar with regard to flowers, for the color-blind are constantly found unable to distinguish the petals of the scarlet geranium from its leaves, the flowers of the wild poppy from the unripe corn among which it is growing. Moreover, those who thus mistake scarlet, regard green as a darkish color, and confound it with drab.

The number of cases now upon record of persons afflicted in this way are very considerable; though until within these late years it was supposed to be confined to a very few individuals. From the calculations of various authors, that one person out of every fifteen is color-blind, and from the investigations of the late Dr. Wilson upon one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons at Edinburgh, made in 1852-3, we gather that—

1 in 55 confounded red with green,
1 in 60 confounded brown with green,
1 in 46 confounded blue with green;

hence, that one in nearly every eighteen had this imperfection. Professor Siebeck found five out of forty youths in the two upper classes in a school at Berlin color-blind. Professor Prevost considers it occurs on an average in one out of twenty persons; and Wartmann, whose investigations almost exhaust the subject, thinks this estimate is not exaggerated. M. Lubeck rejects this conclusion as unsound, from the observations having been made in England and Germany, where blue is the prevailing color of the eyes; and it is a question with him whether it occurs so frequently in persons the *irides*-color of whose eyes are black or hazel. In answer to this, it seems the great majority of cases examined by Wartmann had black irides.

This consideration, however, can not be of much importance beyond the physiological correspondence observable with the ophthalmoscope between the color of the iris and the fundus of the eye, by the relative determination of the *pigmentum nigrum* in persons of different complexions. In adapting the eye to varying intensities of light, the pupil (iris) of course acts a principal part as to the amount of visual rays received, but its changes can not have much effect upon the varying intensities of the vibrations to which the supplementary phenomena of colors are ascribed. It is the intensity rather than

the character of the light that the iris controls, and which remains the same whatever sensation of color is excited. It is different with regard to the influence which sex seems to exert, for on an analysis of upward of two hundred cases, the proportion of males affected is no less than nine tenths of the whole. Thus, it would appear that in this respect—the perfection of vision—the ladies have greatly the advantage over the gentlemen. There is, however, an interesting account given by M. Cumer of a family of thirteen females, (extending through five generations,) all of whom were color-blind. On the other hand Dr. Bronner, of Paris, relates the case of a learned chemist, a German, whose two daughters were free from their father's defect. The children of the eldest one were likewise unaffected, whereas three sons of the youngest were all color-blind. A grandson, also, the son of one of these latter, inherited the defect. In the *American Journal of Medical Science*, 1854, another similar case is reported, where seventeen descendants, chiefly males, of the maternal grandfather all inherited color-blindness.

The two elder sons out of a family of four suffer from this defect. The second son, now an eminent sculptor, early in life exhibited great taste in drawing and painting, but after some few years of study was obliged to relinquish the art, in consequence of the many blunders he committed in the combination of his reds and greens. Upon my directing his attention not long since to a very brilliant carpet, having a bright scarlet ground, with vivid green fern-leaves running over it, he said he could see no difference except in the warmth of tone of the red over the green. I have repeatedly examined his eyes with the ophthalmoscope without observing any departure from the normal condition, except a small difference in the color of the fundus; the choroid has less blood circulating in it, and the pigment-coat is certainly much paler. But this must be taken with some modification, as the irides are brownish, scarcely hazel: in every other respect the sight is nearly normal, as may readily be surmised from his successful career as a sculptor. An only sister, it should be mentioned, paints to perfection.

From other instances on record, it would seem that color-blindness is frequently compensated for by the greater

exactness with which distant as well as near objects may be perceived, and this, too, in a comparatively obscure light. We find in the *Glasgow Medical Journal*, vol. ii., a case of the kind with some valuable remarks by the individual himself. "All objects whatever, when viewed at a distance, lose their local coloring, and assume more or less of a pale azure blue tinge, which painters term *the color of the air*: this is interposed between myself and a distant object. No color contrasts to me so forcibly with black as this azure blue; and as you know that the shadows of all objects are composed of black, the forms of objects which have acquired more or less of this blue tint, from being distant, become defined and marked by the possession of shadows which are invisible to me in the more highly-colored objects in the foreground, and which are thus left comparatively confused and shapeless masses of color. So much is this the case with me when viewing a distant object, as to overcome the effect of perspective, and the shading in the form and the garments of human beings at some distance from my eye is often so predominant, and marks them out so distinctly, as to overcome the effect of diminution of size; and although I see the object most distinctly, I am unable to tell whether it be a child near me or a grown-up person far off."

Both Professor Wartmann and Dr. Wilson examined and tested individuals who corrected by the touch erroneous judgments which they formed regarding colors. A case of the kind came under my own observation which I shall presently relate; and I know and have met with very many instances in the totally blind able to distinguish every variety of colors by the delicacy of the sense of *touch*: they tell me there is a sensible difference in the degree of heat conveyed to the point of the finger.

The fact that a difference of tint is recognized, although the eye of the color-blind person does not appreciate any difference of color, as red and green, when compared together, and that every one is educated to call things by certain names, whether he understands the meaning or not, may help to explain the slowness with which this defect is discovered; and again, that the report of every case is rendered hopelessly imperfect from the impossibility of subjecting the eye to the test of color.

In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1859, Mr. W. Pole, a well-known civil engineer, thus describes his own case: "I was about eight years old when the mistaking a piece of red cloth for a green leaf betrayed the existence of some peculiarity in my ideas of colors; and as I grew older continued errors of a similar kind led my friends to suspect that my eyesight was defective; but I myself could not comprehend this, insisting that I saw colors clearly enough, and only mistook their names. I was articled to a civil engineer, and had to go through many years of practice in making drawings of the kind connected with this profession. These are frequently colored, and I recollect often being obliged to ask in copying a drawing what colors I ought to use; but these difficulties left no permanent impression, and up to a mature age I had no suspicion that my vision was different from that of other people. I frequently made mistakes, and noticed many circumstances in regard to colors which temporarily perplexed me. I recollect in particular having wondered why the beautiful rose light of sunset on the Alps, which threw my friends into raptures, seemed all a delusion to me. I still, however, adhered to my first opinion, that I was only at fault in regard to the names of colors, and not as to the ideas of them; and this opinion was strengthened by observing that the persons who were attempting to point out my mistakes often disputed among themselves as to what certain hues of color ought to be called." At length Mr. Pole when about thirty years of age committed a glaring blunder, and this circumstance led him to make an investigation of his case, which ended in his discovering that he was color-blind.

All who have investigated the subject of color-blindness agree that in the greatest number of cases it is not a disease, but rather a remarkable type of vision. It is known, however, that the peculiarity exists sometimes as a matter of degree, and that an abnormal sensation of color may be received, but of so short a duration and corrected spontaneously as to be a source of little inconvenience, and even passes unnoticed. But as many important facts in connection with the subject have come to light, it is now made essential, and very properly so, for every driver or guard of the railway train to

pass an examination as to his power of perceiving and distinguishing different colored signals used on railways. Dr. Wilson goes further, and says: "It admits of a question whether the demands of public safety would be best met by excluding color from railway and ship signals, or by excluding the color-blind from the office of signalmen." Red and green lamps are employed as signals at sea, as well as on railways, and many appalling accidents, no doubt, have been occasioned by mistaking the color exhibited both on sea and land.

A mistake in color may arise from the fact that the sensation can only be prolonged for a very *limited time*. Thus, whenever any one looks fixedly at a bright object placed on a surface of a dark tint, and then closes his eyes, or transfers them suddenly to another ground of a lighter color, he immediately perceives an image presenting a color complementary to the one last observed. This arises, also, when the eyes have been fatigued by the prolonged observation of a colored and very bright object, as a colored light, and then suddenly turned to look at another object of a different color; or when the eyes are fatigued by over-work and hours of watching. Many remarkable cases are on record where colored vision has been suddenly produced. The particulars of a somewhat remarkable case lately excited some attention, and a medico-legal question of importance was raised. The sufferer, a corn-dealer, brought an action against a railway company for compensation, inasmuch as that after the accident every thing appeared yellow, and all qualities of flour, therefore, were alike in color. The evidence chiefly depended upon the man's own statement, as it appeared the eyes were carefully examined, and yet none of the medical witnesses could give any explanation as to the cause of the yellow vision. The jury, however, awarded twelve hundred pounds damages; and as a certain amount of colored vision is not unfrequently found to be associated with paralysis, it is not difficult to believe the retina may have been partially paralyzed by the severe shock received in this railway collision.

But whether we regard color-blindness as only a curious physical phenomenon, simply a defect, or as a positively abnormal condition in some one or more of the structures of the eye, it may be truly said

we know so little concerning its true nature, that I need offer no apology for the few remarks I am about to add upon it.

As I have often met with it associated with actual disease, and since by the invention of the ophthalmoscope we are now enabled to observe many very curious changes in the internal eye before unrecognized, it is not improbable by its aid we may ultimately discover some structural differences in the eyes of the color-blind. And if the proposition be well-founded that the color of the internal membranes of the eye must affect its perception of colors, then the choroid, which is the most fully colored of the tunics, and the one most liable to vary in extent and depth of coloration, must have a very important influence on color-vision. Now, in the few cases that I have had the opportunity of examining, I noticed a considerable difference, both in the quantity of pigmental coloring matter, in the size of the vessels, and in the amount of blood circulating in the eye. The seat or cause of the defect probably lies altogether beyond our reach; but whatever we can learn concerning it is certain to be of service in determining the extent to which we may hope to cure or alleviate this affection of sight.

The first case of color-blindness that fell under my notice, was that of my late talented friend, Mr. Angus Reach, whose untimely death has been so much and so justly lamented. He was incapable of distinguishing green, and only partially so red. With him both were nearly the same. The former would sometimes appear more of a pink than even red. He had altogether but a very poor conception of the primary colors. This I detected on one occasion when endeavoring to demonstrate the gradation of beautiful colors displayed by some objects made to depolarize light when placed on the stage of my microscope. After a long endeavor to convince him of the fact, as he could see nothing wonderful in it, I discovered that he was unable to name the colors correctly; and he then told me he had always been indifferent about them. To prevent error he had been accustomed always to avoid describing them, except in relatively as light and shadow, or black and white. He remarked of the *vin ordinaire* of France, that to him it appeared so like ink that he once found himself

endeavoring to write with it. He saw no red in it.

At this time, unfortunately, my attention was not so much drawn to ophthalmic disease as it has been since, and I omitted to make such an investigation of this remarkable affection, which, in one so fully capable of affording accurate information as to the phenomena observed, would have been so valuable. Very soon after he was attacked with the first symptoms of softening of the brain, which gradually progressed during the two years his life was prolonged.

It has since several times occurred to me that the defective condition of sight might have been connected with the early development of the disease in the brain. The extreme condition of color-blindness in which I found Mr. Reach's eyes must have been a progressive aggravation, for otherwise it is most probable more notice would have been taken of it than seems to have been the case. Indeed it might have been induced as the first symptom of an over-worked brain, as I have had opportunities since of observing instances of color-blindness arising from general disturbance of the system, and disappearing as this was corrected and relieved.

In another case the fundus of the eyes upon examination were seen to be very pale; the defect gradually yielded to proper treatment. The gentleman, Mr. Raith, first noticed many peculiar appearances when looking at green leaves, chiefly so if growing with grass; then all appeared elongated and serrated. Even the leaves of trees—a willow-tree in particular—were not only indistinctly seen, but were very much serrated. Red flowers of most kinds could only be distinguished by their form from leaves; the exception to this was when they were globular in their form, as the dahlia.

Mr. W. Butcher was early put to the carpet trade, and after a short time he discovered some defect of sight, which ultimately proved to be color-blindness. By close observation he made himself well acquainted with the proper names of colors, and so kept his defect from those about him. By educating the eye to the peculiar *warmth* imparted when all the colors in carpets were said to harmonize, he was enabled to raise himself to the position of a salesman in a large house of

business, and ultimately became traveling-salesman. He has four brothers living, all of whom are color-blind. Taking up the prismatic colors, he could distinctly see the line of demarkation between them, but confounded purple and crimson, pink and blue, red and green; and on placing before him a series of reds, scarlets, greens, and browns, he said: "They are all a mass of confusion, and it is totally impossible for me to distinguish one from the other." Orange and yellow were selected easily, and appeared very bright to him.

About six years since, while in good bodily health and vigor, his sight began to decline, and now, for some months past, he has been quite blind. It is technically called *white atrophy*—that is, the blood supply to the optic nerve and retina is in some way cut off; in consequence the vessels are very small and nearly obliterated; the choroid coat is sharing the general disorganization.

These are only a few of the facts which have been brought to our knowledge in connection with the very interesting subject of *color-blindness*.]

From the British Quarterly.

G E R M A N C O U R T S . *

[Concluded from last volume.]

THE genius of Frederick the Great was not essentially military. By inborn tendency he was more a man of letters than a man of the sword. Literature was his earliest passion, and his latest. His literary ability, however misdirected, was far above mediocrity. He wrote bad French verses, it is true; but to write good French verses is possible only for a Frenchman. His prose style received the praise of Gibbon. His reputation as an author has risen rapidly since the appearance of a correct edition of his works. His history excels in the sterling manly qualities. It shows that he could render full justice to an enemy. It delineates character, on the way, with that suggestive terseness so rare, except among writers who have been at once men of action and men of books. The first military essays of Frederick, on the contrary, were by no means promising. He fled from the field of Mollwitz. He owed his first great defeat to his refusal to follow the wiser counsel of Prince Maurice of Dessau. He acknowledged that he went to school to the enemy.

But the secret of his strength lay in a power of endurance which no disasters could exhaust, a power of will which no obstacle could turn aside. That right royal determination would have given him preëminence in any province of human action wherein the bold man and the patient is assured of success. The art of poetry was not to be learnt; but the art of war it was possible to acquire; and in that art this man of iron, winning some new lesson from every defeat and every victory, became ere long a master.

With the opening of the Seven Years' War commences a novel system of alliance in Europe. France and Austria—since the days of Richelieu so invariably foes—become fast friends. To the two Romanist powers are opposed the two Protestant—England and Prussia. Both the German courts are in want of money. A golden stream of subsidy flows from England into Prussia, from France into Austria. But England was the better paymaster, and Prussia the better economist. Frederick said that he retained Silesia, in the end, because he kept the last dollar in his pocket. Napoleon used to say, that in every battle the victory lay with him to whose last battalion the enemy had nothing to oppose. What is true of men

* *Memoirs of the Court of Prussia.* From the German of Dr. E. VEHSE, by FRANZ C. F. DEMMLER.
Memoirs of the Court, Aristocracy, and Diplomacy of Austria. By Dr. E. VEHSE. Translated from the German, by FRANZ DEMMLER.

in an engagement is no less true of money in a war.

The war was commenced by Frederick with characteristic energy. All the resources of his kingdom were collected for the struggle. There is no waste, no idle show; all is grim, terrible, earnest. His plans are secret, his execution swift and unerring. Silesia has received him with joy. Saxony is soon at his feet. The treachery of allies, the overwhelming combination of his enemies, can not dismay him. Defeats which would have driven many a more skillful leader to submission, are with him the precursors of new victories. He is greatest at the most critical moments. In this lay his superiority. Admirable was the vigor of his design when his army was in its strength; but surpassing all, the higher daring of his greatest exploits when that army had become a wreck. Nor was vigor wanting to the councils of Maria Theresa. Her personal antipathy to Frederick amounted to a mania. The wary Daun was a skillful general; but, happily for Frederick, fettered by bigwigs of the Aulic Council. The genius of Loudon—that red-haired, ill-favored, taciturn man, whom they can not appreciate at Vienna—was of a much higher order. But, happily once more for Frederick, Loudon was ill supported. Austrian corruption had so impoverished the treasury that his victories were barren. But the mastermind of the imperial cabinet, the real antagonist of Frederick, was Prince Kaunitz. It was he who secured the alliance of France when the war began. It was he who repaired the shattered finances of Austria when the war had closed. While ambassador at Paris, Kaunitz had won over Madame de Pompadour. He returned to Vienna to make French influence paramount there. At his instance, the haughty Maria Theresa wrote to the mistress of a French king as to an intimate on equal terms. Great, indeed, is the contrast between Kaunitz and Austria's former great statesman and captain, Eugene. France was to Eugene an abomination; but Kaunitz beheld in a Parisian *salon* his ideal of life. With Eugene all is brave and simple nature, fresh and beautiful. With Kaunitz all is hard and artificial brilliance. The contrast between these two natures resembles that between a May-day bough, fragrant with blossoms, bright with dew, and those

branches which the Salzburg miners produce from their pits, glittering with metallic deposit, incrustated upon every spray with a sparry frostwork of diamond, but sapless, scentless, dead. Kaunitz rivaled Frederick himself in his admiration for the genius of Voltaire. He viewed the priesthood through the medium of Molière's *Tartuffe*. It was he who extorted from the reluctant, and even weeping, empress, an order for the suppression of the Jesuits. Her consent was only yielded when the minister disclosed to her the way in which her Jesuit confessor had forwarded her most secret thoughts to Rome. The resolute example set by Kaunitz was afterwards followed by Choiseul in France, and Pombal in Portugal. But these expulsions of the order by indignant governments brought only a temporary relief—like that obtained by the peasant in the Roman apologue, when he shook his coat to free himself from vermin.

Meanwhile the state of France under Louis XV. and the Pompadour was in reality more critical than even that of Austria under the heaviest reverses of the war. Yet Kaunitz—wise for his generation only—believed that he had found, in the decaying monarchy of France, a tower of strength for the decrepit empire. He kept up a constant correspondence with the mistress, and arranged the alliance with her minister Bernis—that rotund and brilliant little abbé, that comfortable Horace, summoned to the arduous post of a Richelieu. Poor Bernis was an honest man, who did his best, and was overwhelmed by a situation beyond his powers. Scarcely had his treaty been sealed, and the war fairly set on foot, when Frederick, at Rossbach, humbled the arms of France by an overthrow so easy and so complete, that the memory of Agincourt might count as glory in comparison. The French army, so gay in all the finery of war, with its following host of hair-dressers and grisettes, had been scattered to the winds by the Prussian cuirassiers. Among the populace of Paris the murmurs grew loud and menacing. But the king and the court were insensible to national disgrace. They thought only of comforting M. de Soubise, who had lost a battle. Bernis was on the rack, while Louis XV. staked the fortunes of a great kingdom with less thought than he would play a card. "There is no king," he

cried, "there are no generals, there are no ministers. Had we but one man among us with a will, I would be his clerk to-morrow!" For himself, he can but invoke the saints, remonstrate, lament, entreat, alike in vain. His power is too restricted, his will is too weak. He must send for Choiseul, and at last give place to him. At this point the account of Dr. Vehse is not quite accurate. The impression he conveys with regard to the ultimate change of ministry in France is correct. Not so his indication of the steps which led to it. Choiseul was recalled from Vienna to Paris at the instance, not of Kaunitz, but of Bernis himself. As for Bernis, a little mortification was soon swallowed up in a sense of unspeakable relief, when he found himself eventually displaced by the new comer. Now the worthy abbé will compose his shattered nerves, will sleep once more, will fill up those strange hollows in his cheeks, and lose that frightful sallowness. He will be honored and successful hereafter as a cardinal diplomatist—a shrewd observer, a skillful, winning talker—but never more will he covet such responsibility at such a court. In truth, the days of the old *régime* in France were already numbered. One of the early metrical romances of Germany represents a warrior as lying wounded and helpless for years upon a couch, unable to find release in death, till a knight should come, who by asking questions concerning his sad estate should break the spell and give him power to die. Thus sick and powerless lay the monarchy of France. At length French philosophy appeared, and began its questioning. From that moment the old enchantment begins to lose its force: the dying monarchy will soon be dead.

On the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, Frederick devoted the remaining half of his reign to the restoration of that prosperity which so desperate a conflict had destroyed. He remitted the taxes, for a season, where the losses had fallen most heavily. His timely munificence retrieved the fortunes of many a ruined noble, and enabled the decimated and poverty-stricken peasantry to resume the tillage of the land. He did his utmost to promote commerce and manufacture. Many of his regulations for the encouragement of trade were in reality injurious to its interests. But the good-will of his intention was itself no small impetus to

industry—somewhat as the confidence which the assurances of a physician inspires is frequently sufficient to effect a cure, though some of his medicines may have been positively mischievous. Frederick declared all citizens equal in the eyes of the law, he abolished torture, he facilitated justice, he rendered his peasantry the envy of surrounding states. But in the arbitrary character of these well-meant reforms lay the secret of their insufficiency. To give them permanence, they required a succession of sovereigns as restless, as indefatigable, as peremptory, as Frederick himself. His government was an organization of which he himself was alone the life. It was not a legislation with a vitality of its own. Prussia flourished while Frederick lived, because his personal influence was every where active, every where discernible. The royal mind, pervading and embracing every social function, was the element in which the country had its being. The individuality of the governor was to the economy of the governed what the ocean is to the ocean plant. No sooner had his influence ebbed away than the institutions he left behind began to lose activity and vigor, fell into collapse, hung shapeless and lusterless as the sea-weed abandoned by the tide upon the sands.

In the Austrian empire, the policy of Maria Theresa was devoted to the extinction of every national feeling among the different races subject to her sway.

The Bohemians were cruelly oppressed. The Magyar nobles were lured away from Hungary, and turned into fawning courtiers. The Slavonic provinces were allowed to retain just so much of strength as might render them serviceable jailors for imprisoned Hungary. The centralizing process of "Germanization" was quietly carried on by covering the empire with a network of civil functionaries, the creatures of the cabinet. This bureaucracy displaced the old aristocratic power, without lightening the burdens of a people who had long groaned beneath the petty tyranny of the seigneurs. The French police-system was imitated at Vienna. But the management of the post-office was the masterpiece of that despotic state-craft which styles its mechanism the principles of order. A secret office for the opening of letters was established at the meeting-points of all the great highways of Germany. Every such

office rejoiced in its particular Sir James Graham, richly paid for secrecy, usually ennobled for his dirty work. By this means Kaunitz would be reading copies of Frederick's letters at the very same time with the Prussian ambassador at Vienna. By this means the state secrets of neighboring courts, the plans or the complaints of suspected persons, received such astonishingly prompt attention at head-quarters. With two exceptions, all the Prussian cabinet couriers were in the pay of Austria, and allowed Austrian agents to inspect their letter-bags on the road.

Joseph II., the son of Maria Theresa, early evinced his desire to emulate the glory of the great Frederick as a social reformer. Frederick said of him: "He is bred in a bigoted court, and has cast off superstition; he has been brought up in pomp, and yet has adopted plain manners; he has been nurtured with flattery, and yet he is modest." Joseph II. was, like Frederick, an absolute ruler, inspired by the philanthropic ideas of French philosophy. But Joseph possessed a geniality and kindness of temperament of which Frederick knew nothing—even when no Seven Years' War had as yet baited his rugged temper into savageness. On the other hand, Frederick was less utilitarian in his views than Joseph. The former was always the patron of art, the friend of men of letters. The latter cared only for facts and figures. He freed the press from the censorship; but he remained himself a stranger to every literary enjoyment. He was a political economist, a *doctrinaire*, and could conceive only of a calculable and measurable prosperity. Yet Joseph, again, was a sincerely religious man. His noble edict of toleration was not the fruit of a contemptuous indifference, like that of Frederick. The fatal defect in the character of the King of Prussia was his utter want of reverence for any will or power beyond his own. His gross and biting scoffs assailed every ideal and every admiration of mankind, except the love of country and the love of fame. A Frenchman happily compared his letters—so full of coarse language and philosophic sentiment—to the pages of a Marcus Aurelius, every where blotted with beer and begrimed with snuff. For the suppression of man's baser instincts, Frederick hoped every thing from the gallows, nothing from the

pulpit. Joseph II., while granting general religious freedom, sincerely endeavored to correct the abuses of Romanism in Germany, to free it from ultramontane influence, and to promote tolerance and enlightenment among the clergy of every creed. But the task of Joseph as a reformer was more difficult than that of Frederick. The interests for which he had to legislate were more irreconcilable; the ignorance and prejudice of his subjects more obstinate; the traditional corruption in every department of the state more inveterate by far. He himself, too, though not more arbitrary than Frederick in his changes, was more sanguine, less sagacious. Admirable and generous enterprise! But that Austrian rule, established by so long a career of cruelty and falsehood, could not be rendered, in a lifetime, noble and humane by any young enthusiast sprung from its own household. The judgment accumulated by such a past was not to be averted by one brief struggle for such a future. Never could the new wine be holden in those old bottles.

Joseph II. found the Church in Germany dependent upon Rome. From Rome his bishops received their titles, and to Rome they took their oaths. From Rome came every dispensation for marriage, and by the generals of the various orders at Rome the seventy thousand monks and nuns who burdened his dominions were taxed and governed. His new regulations laid a veto on the commands which came from Rome to Austria, and intercepted the gold which poured from Austria to Rome. The old Ghibelline policy was revived. The German Church was to enjoy a jurisdiction of its own. Every papal bull was to be indebted for its validity as law to the imperial *placet*. Every oath to the pope was to be subordinate to a higher oath—that of the Austrian subject to his emperor. No foreign power should interfere with the prerogative of the Cæsars. And within that prerogative Joseph included the merely human institutions of the Church supported by his State.

Now there sat in the chair of St. Peter, at this time, a vain and oily-tongued old gentleman, by name Pius VI. Italian flattery called him *Il Persuasore*. So "the persuasive one" resolved to visit his misguided son the emperor, and try what soft speech might do to recall him to sub-

mission. Slowly the pontiff traveled, through ranks of bowing multitudes who lined his road, dropping benediction on innumerable heads, even unto the capital of his disobedient child. The emperor advanced to meet him; but the papal slipper was not kissed, the papal stirrup was not held. Joseph embraced his Holiness three times, in the hearty French style, as though he were an equal. Introduced by the emperor to Prince Kaunitz, Pius held him out his hand to kiss. That hand the minister seized and—shook—with a cordial English shake—crying out: “*De tout mon cœur! De tout mon cœur!*” Afterwards the same Kaunitz (who, by the way, had never returned the papal visit) received him in easy morning dress, to show him his fine pictures. As they passed together through the gallery, the statesman would eagerly push and pull the pontiff, now this way, now that, like any other mortal, to get him into the best lights, to display to him the choicest beauties. Infallibility was heard to declare itself completely nonplussed (*tutto stupefatto*). Such politeness, such ostentation of welcome every where, but so little reverence! When, one day, he began blandly to introduce business matters, Joseph had cut him short with a courteous apology—he must first consult his counselors. So much homage on the part of the people; such matchless nonchalance of courtesy on the part of their rulers! His Holiness went away in a beautiful traveling carriage, with a diamond cross worth two hundred thousand florins, the gifts of his son Joseph; but he had effected nothing. Nay, scarcely had he turned his back, when Joseph suppressed another monastery—as if to show how little his policy was affected by that papal visit which he had professed to regard as so great an honor. In fact, the journey had been worse than useless. To make such an attempt and fail was to have raised, with his own hands, the slender veil which had concealed the weakness of the Papacy. The caustic Frederick remarked to an ambassador: “Who knows whether even I might not some day have come to believe in the infallibility of the Pope? But—but that journey to Vienna!”

The present Emperor of Austria has granted to another Pius all that Joseph refused, and more beside. He has reduc-

ed the Church in Austria to a mere appanage of the Roman see. He has subjected the civil to the canon law—as “the body to the soul.” It was the purpose of Joseph to show that the Church in Germany might be Catholic, yet not Roman. It has ever been the purpose of the Jesuits to render thoroughly Roman every Catholic community. The struggle on this question has always lain between the sovereign and the prelates, on the one side, and the religious orders, supported by popular superstition, on the other. The masses were Ultramontanist then, as now. Every attempt, whether in Germany or France, to erect an ecclesiastical nationality—to introduce what may be termed a constitution into the Church, has proved, sooner or later, incompatible with the spirit of Catholicism. A central infallibility is the only consistent system of government for such a system of doctrine. It is in the name of a person—by the tangible reality of a pope, that the fanaticism of the populace has always been most readily awakened. It is with the Pope—the Vicar of Christ—that sovereigns have been anxious to make peace, when sickness, disaster, or old age, have awakened the sense of guilt. So the Gallican Church was forced to succumb to Rome, when superstition darkened the decrepitude of Louis XIV. The well-meant reforms of Joseph were arrested by a universal outcry that he was about to destroy religion.

Joseph died, worn out with a nine-years’ struggle against the prejudices of the people, the machinations of the nobles, the malignity of the priests. The Netherlands, stirred up by the priesthood, broke into revolt. The Hungarian magnates were his enemies, for he had endeavored to abolish serfdom, and to make them share the public burdens with the people. The Tyrol was disturbed. His army was demoralized by its disaffected officers. His Turkish campaign was a series of disasters. His health fell a prey to such incessant labors and so many disappointments. Domestic calamity crushed his failing spirits. He was compelled, for the sake of peace, to repeal most of his reforms. The great purpose of his life had failed. They heard him praying on his death-bed: “Oh, Lord! who alone knowest my heart, I call Thee to witness that every thing which I undertook and

ordered was meant only for the happiness and welfare of my subjects. Thy will be done!" It was time to go hence.

Nevertheless Joseph had not lived in vain. But for him Austria would probably have shared in the social convulsions which were now beginning to rend France asunder. Had such a sovereign reigned at the Tuileries, the revolution would not have broken out. What Austria really needed to render her powerful, it was given him, in great measure, to discern. Succeeding events have justified his ulterior aim—have exalted and endeared his memory. But it was not for him to discover and apply the best means for the supply of the want which he lamented. Frederick the Great summed up in a sentence the source of his mistakes. "Joseph," said he, "always takes the second step without the first." The Austrian administration of the present day is the contradiction, at every point, of the principles he endeavored to establish. That contemptible policy, and that empty exchequer, are the best apologists of Joseph the reformer.

Leopold II., the successor of Joseph, reigned but two years. That space of time sufficed to abolish almost every improvement, and to commit Austria to her disastrous war with France. But even in Vienna men could not forget that, for a short interval, they had breathed the air of freedom. The spirit of Joseph's administration survived the destruction of its forms. The middle classes, whom he had done so much to elevate, could not in a moment be reduced to their former level. Aristocratic insolence could not venture so openly to spurn, as the *canaille*, every grade of untitled humanity.

Francis II. ascended the throne in 1792, an indolent and ignorant young man, stunted alike in the growth of body and of mind. He grew pale at the mention of business. He complained of the least exertion as an intolerable bore. He had one affection—for his own ease; one hatred—for every form of liberty. He declared that he would know nothing of the people—he knew only of subjects. One day his physician congratulated him on the excellence of his constitution. "Never again let me hear that word," cried he; "there is no such thing as a good constitution. I have no constitution, and never will have one!" Taciturn and implacable, he never forgave a political

offense. Even Metternich shrank at times from a master who showed himself so immovably cold and selfish. This man, who never really cared for any living creature except himself, would listen with a sneering satisfaction to the praises of his good-nature. To seem one thing and to know himself another was his principal enjoyment. This imperial Tartuffe loved hypocrisy for its own sake, and exulted in the consciousness that his professions were hollow, that the numbers to whom he lavished promises would wait in vain for their fulfillment.

The aged Kaunitz, "the Samuel of the Austrian diplomacy," was succeeded in the premiership by Thugut. This minister was an incarnation of the absolutist principle. It was difficult to say which he hated most, the people, the priesthood, or the nobles. It was certain that he worshiped only power—that brute-force which might effectually coerce the despised masses of mankind. An austere cynic, without passion and without pity, he would have been justly prized by a Louis XI. His face is described by Hormayr as combining the features of a Mephistopheles with those of a satyr. He loved to be served by men of the most infamous character. Such men gratified his contempt for the race. Such men were most completely in his power. He felt comfortable in the thought that he could hang them any day. Revolutionary France was his abhorrence; but even with the democrats he would have made peace and resigned them Belgium, if they would have aided him to seize Bavaria. His emissaries were the most eager at every court in urging the crusade against France. But at the first prospect of advantage to Austria, he would contrive to embarrass and weaken his allies, that France might be sufficiently strong to serve his purpose. Thus the battle of Fleurus was lost by his orders, because a secret agreement was on foot that France should assist him to acquire Venice. The Austrian general, who was not in the secret, fought in earnest. His men fell by thousands—mere food for powder. Diplomacy had arranged every thing beforehand, playing with gallant lives as with pieces on a board. This was not the first campaign in which Austrian diplomacy had engaged, intending to secure an ultimate success with the pen by means of pretended failure with the sword. More than once did her

policy refuse to pursue a military advantage against the Turks, because their power contributed to render Hungary dependent on Vienna. In the midst of success, the Archduke Charles was commanded to retire from Switzerland, that Suwarrow might be compelled to retreat for want of support, and so Russia, the professed ally of Austria, be foiled by France, her professed enemy. A war of conquest, however inhuman, is not a meanness. But the height at once of cruelty and baseness is attained by a cabinet which sends forth armies secretly destined to disgrace and slaughter.

Thugut was not wholly destitute of literary taste. But he dreaded the admission of the faintest ray of light into that thick darkness which he deemed so wholesome for the people. Scarcely one of the great names which were becoming the glory of the German tongue escaped the prohibition of his censorship. The plays of Schiller were banished as so many apostles of revolution. Wieland and Lessing, Goethe and Herder, were not suffered to escape. Every play of Shakspeare in which a king is killed was peremptorily forbidden. No piece might be acted on the stage in which ministers or councilors were among the bad characters. The villains of the tragedy were all accordingly degraded from the higher to the lower ranks. No character might be a scoundrel who was higher than a viscount. Thus, from the count upward, every personage was a model of virtue. Only bailiffs, servants, or tradesmen could figure as rascals.

It is interesting to compare the overthrow of Austria and of Prussia, as they fell, side by side, before the throne-shaker, Napoleon. The humiliation of Prussia was more complete, but her power of self-recovery was far greater. Prussia possessed a Baron Stein, who rebuilt the ruins of her military despotism on a liberal plan, turning her very losses into gain. Austria possessed a Count Stadion, who, even when the capital was lost, could revive the broken spirit of the people, and animate a gallant, though a vain, resistance. In both these men was something of heroic mould. But, with a few exceptions, the terrible trials to which the two countries were exposed served only to show how craven and incompetent, in each of them, was that aristocracy which enjoyed the monopoly of all command.

Alison has attributed the stand which Austria made at Aspern and at Esslingen to the spirit and the wisdom of her nobles. His characteristic reflection is, that, "in the invincible tenacity and far-seeing sagacity of an aristocratic government is to be found the only guarantee, from the days of Cannæ to those of Aspern, for such an unshaken resolution under calamities generally considered as utterly destructive of political independence." But another tale is told by the confidential letters of Gentz, a man employed at this crisis to support with his vigorous pen the views of the Austrian government. The following outburst of indignation, however violent, is perfectly excusable :

"The scum of Vienna—I am speaking of the high nobility and the ministers—only look to the immediate future, of which I am utterly regardless. May the devil take us, by all means, as soon as we deserve no longer to exist. But they have scarcely any feeling whatever about what has just happened—about that which is only terrible. The Austrian cabinet is sunk into complete lethargy. Now the incapacity, the inanity, nay, the infamy of this ministry, appears before the world in all its appalling nature. They are the same as they have ever been. With them nothing great can be done, either in the cabinet or in the field. And yet, even now, there would be a possibility of saving us; indeed, I do not despair altogether, Colloredo, (the old cabinet minister,) at least, is actually dismissed. For the last two days (the letter is dated 22d November) the others also have begun to shake; but all is so rotten and corrupt, that unless the whole be cast away, there is no reasonable hope. Those vilest of the vile do not care, if Napoleon only leave them Vienna. At Troppau, the Minister of Finance, Zichy, said, in my presence: 'At the price of the Tyrol, Venice, and part of Upper Austria, peace is cheaply bought!' Ah! if those fellows only were ruined, there would be good cause for delight in the downfall of the monarchy—but to lose the provinces, honor, Germany, Europe, and to be doomed to keep the Zichys, the Ugarteas, the Cobenels, the Collenbachs, the Lambertis, the Dietrichsteins; not to have any satisfaction or revenge, not to see any of those dogs hanged or quartered: that is more than a man can swallow."—Vol. ii. p. 417.

"Austria, Russia, and Prussia, as now governed, are completely incapable of doing any good, and each of them incapable in the same degree. To blind ourselves to the baseness of the Great Powers, and to their moral inanition, would be extremely dangerous; to share it, would be vile."—P. 419.

Napoleon formed precisely the same

opinion of the Austrian policy as did Frederick the Great. He wrote to Davoust, saying of the Austrian leaders: "This is the way with these folks. At the least ray of hope they are all superciliousness, and at the first reverse cringing and cowardly again."

Under Frederick William II., Prussia had been rapidly sinking to the position of a third-rate power. Resolved, at all costs, to maintain an ignominious neutrality in the approaching struggle; always trimming between France on the one side, and Russia on the other, the cabinet of Berlin fell into a general disrepute, similar to that under which it justly labors at present, and from the same cause. The voluptuous court of Frederick William II. had spread a fatal demoralization throughout the upper classes. The treasury had been exhausted by the costly and inglorious invasion of France, as well as by the extravagance of the preceding court. The worthless favorites of the former sovereign still retained the reins of power. In their hands, Prussia passed fourteen years of contemptible vacillation; and surrounded herself with scornful enemies by a succession of faithless artifices for the maintenance of peace. No power in Europe was so justly despised as well as detested by Napoleon. He prepared a terrible punishment. To inflict that punishment was easy. The Prussian army was perfect in the administration of pipe-clay, and matchless in uniformity of pigtail. But it was officered by effeminate braggarts or aged incapables. Not one of its commanders possessed the eye of a general for the array of an army or the plan of a campaign. The lovely and high-spirited Queen Louisa alone breathed some vigor into the timid counsels of Berlin. The battle of Jena might well console the French for their old defeat at Rossbach. The case of the antagonists was simply reversed. This time it was the Prussian who trusted vainly in a bygone reputation, whose camp was all kitchen, cellar, and toilet-table, as that of Soubise had formerly been. After this defeat, nearly all the great fortresses of Prussia surrendered without a blow. The few strongholds which made resistance were commanded, in nearly every instance, by commoners, or the newly-created nobles. Those which flung open their gates with most disgraceful promptitude had been intrusted to the highest and most ancient nobility. When

Napoleon entered Berlin he was so amazed at the haste made by the people and the authorities to fall prostrate at his feet, that he did not know, he said, "whether to rejoice or to be ashamed."

After the reverses of Napoleon in Russia the Prussians were the first to throw off the yoke. To the Prussian general, Von York—old Isegrim, as they called him—belongs the glory of taking the first decisive step, and taking it solely on his own responsibility. He refused to move his army to the assistance of the French. At first his boldness was disavowed by the terrified king. But soon Prussia was aroused, and the war of liberation commenced. The reforms of Scharnhorst, Stein, and Hardenberg had given the Prussian people something worth fighting for. The cry to arms, *pro aris et focis*, meant no longer, merely, "Shed your blood for your aristocratic oppressors." The army had been remodeled by Scharnhorst, who abolished corporal punishment, and threw open commissions to merit, irrespective of birth. Stein, though hated by the nobles and the functionaries, though outlawed by the jealousy of Napoleon, carried out his great changes. He emancipated the peasantry from the remains of feudal oppression. He elevated the burgher class, and restored municipal freedom. He broke the power of the bureaucracy which had so long preyed upon the vitals of the state. Hardenberg established the universities of Breslau and Berlin upon a liberal basis. Fichte and Steffens kindled to enthusiasm the patriotic fervor of the Prussian youth. Well might Bonaparte abhor the ideologists. Prussia was contemptible no longer.

Austria arose more slowly to assail the still formidable power of the French conqueror. Metternich—that subtle man of expediences—arrested the Tyrolese patriots, that Napoleon might still suppose him faithful to France. By treachery on all sides, by stealthy tortuous movements, the crafty diplomatist passed from subservience to neutrality, from neutrality to war. That great Gallic Hegemony, which the genius of one man had established, gave way on every side; and the Congress of Vienna assembled to distribute rewards and punishments among the nations of Europe.

When the danger was finally past, when Napoleon was safely shut up in his island-prison at St. Helena, the sover-

eigns of the continent forgot the promises by which they had animated the spirit of their people. Both in Prussia and in Austria commenced a process of retrogression. But the latter had fewer backward steps to take than the former, having never advanced, even for a time, so far. The elements of future disturbance were far more formidable, however, in the southern empire than in the northern kingdom. Prussia was at least a nationality, and in reality united. The union of nationalities in the Austrian empire was merely nominal. An under-current of discontent wrought more powerfully to dissolve, than could the repressive policy of Metternich to maintain, the cohesion of the heterogeneous mass. The Italians could not forget that they had been bartered like chattels in a political compromise. The spirit of German liberalism, once awakened, had not expired with the war of liberation. It had even entered the south. It united, in Vienna, with the memory of Joseph II. Then, again, the idea of a great Slavonic confederacy was beginning to agitate races far out-numbering that Germanic people which had so long imposed upon them, from Vienna, the laws and usage of an alien tongue. This conception of a nationality, as distinct from a dynasty, was no mere theoretic novelty, fermenting in the brain of Bohemian professors at the University. It contained the germ of civil war. But more dangerous than all was the effort making among the Magyar race to secure certain internal reforms. The liberal party in Hungary was engaged in an earnest endeavor to strengthen their country against Austrian encroachment, by removing those social abuses which had been the cause of its weakness. This enterprise was conducted by strictly constitutional means. The reforming majority in the Hungarian Lower House was decided. The magnates themselves were broken into two parties on the question. At this juncture—just as Metternich was about to force Hungary back, by the strong hand, to its former feebleness—the flight of Louis Philippe astonished Europe. Within little more than a week Vienna was in revolt and Metternich in exile.

It is important duly to distinguish the Hungarian rising in 1848 from every previous resistance to that Germanizing process which the Viennese cabinet had

carried on so long, with so much falsehood, with so much cruelty. Former revolts had been conducted by the nobles. But these magnates were great feudal lords, ever jealous of each other, and oppressors of the subject serfs. They were themselves exempt from every burden. The miserable people, ground to the dust, paid for every thing with their labor, with their money, with their blood. The dominion of such an oligarchy made Hungary of necessity weak. She was obliged to receive Austrian troops to defend her against the Turk. To receive Austrian troops for defense, was to allow Austria to violate every engagement—to yield her Hungary as a conquered country. Austria was careful that Hungary should acquire no new strength from within by internal progress. She was not less careful that the Slavonic races on the one side, or the Turk upon the other, should always be strong enough to keep Hungary dependent on her for protection. None of the former aristocratic revolts—made almost entirely in the interest of a class—could eventually succeed. The nobles betrayed each other. The high-born informer reveled at Vienna in court favor, and shone with the spoils of other magnates, who had not been speedy enough in securing their own pardon by similar treachery. The debased and imbruted peasantry scarcely knew which master was the worse, the native or the foreign.

But when at last the nation rose up, those great reforms had been secured which gave to every class a social position worth defending to the very death. Feudalism had given place to a constitutional system kindred with our own, and abreast with the wants of the time. Equalized taxation, a responsible government, a more adequate representation, a free press—these were the practical objects for which Kossuth and the liberal party had now contended with success. No Red-Republican theories, no fanatical day-dreams these—as the *Times* (that plausible tool of Austrian despotism) would have persuaded men. The Austrian cabinet, with characteristic falsehood, assured the Hungarians that it disowned the Slavonic outbreak under Jellachich, while it was secretly authorizing that chieftain to ravage Hungary with fire and sword. But against the Croat, and against the Austrian, Hungarian patriotism prevailed.

Surrounded by foes, yet superior to them all, Hungary succumbed only to the hosts of Russia.

What Napoleon said of the diplomacy of Metternich is true of the Hapsburg system, from first to last: "Metternich mistakes intrigue for policy; he forgets that a lie does not deceive twice." The Hungarians will not a second time believe the solemn promises of Austria. They will not a second time hesitate to attack Vienna. The Slavonic principalities will not a second time assist to enslave Hungary—to be themselves the next victims. Austria has every reason to fear the future in Italy. She has offended her Russian allies without conciliating her own dependencies. Prussia now refuses to promise her assistance should Austria be threatened by a revolt in the southern peninsula. Austria, it seems, retaliates by declaring that she would not succor Prussia should France assail the Rhenish provinces. But Prussia would be unharmed by Austrian losses in the south; while Austria is scarcely less concerned than Prussia should France encroach upon the Rhine. Meanwhile the Concordat not only gives to Rome what even a Ferdinand II. would have refused, it justifies all the complaints of Sardinia as to the nature of Austrian occupation in Italy. It is true that since 1848 the returning wave of despotism, both in Church and State, has apparently overwhelmed every former sign of promise, and reduced the continent to a subservience more hopeless than before. The demands of the Papacy, after lying in comparative abeyance, till many began to think that enlightenment had reached at last infallibility itself, have now assumed a port of insolence that re-

vives the memory of Gregory VII., and of Innocent III. The Immaculate Conception made absolute as doctrine; England invaded by territorial titles; and Austria yielded up without reserve; these are the movements which show that the old idea of universal supremacy at Rome is active yet, as hateful, as audacious as ever. But it may reasonably be doubted whether the gain is not more apparent than real. If Rome is stronger than ever at Vienna, she is weaker than ever at Turin. From the south of the Alps rises a voice of impeachment against her rule. France and England applaud. Even Russia listens. As Prussia has relapsed toward absolutism, she has relapsed also into insignificance. Sardinia has thrust her aside. Austria is but at the beginning of her troubles. Her exchequer empty, her protector alienated, her social abuses intensified by the absolutist reaction, well may she tremble as the cloud thickens toward the south. Our brief survey of her policy has shown how vain was the expectation, from such a power, of any honest adherence to either party in the recent struggle. Her obstinacy in the worst selfishness of oppression has rendered her hopelessly feeble. Her feebleness has made her mean. At home, the tree has been cut down, but the fruit has vanished in its fall. Abroad, after attempting to deceive all, she discovers that by all she has been detected. The succession of petty expedients is not an infinite series. It can not much further be prolonged. As the last variety of artifice becomes exhausted, it will be more apparent than ever that Austria is equally wanting in the power to persist in wrong, and in the disposition to abandon it.

THE HON. LUTHER BRADISH, LL.D.

As an attractive embellishment to this first number of the sixtieth volume of *THE ECLECTIC*, we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers an admirable portrait of one of the most distinguished and respected among our citizens. The original of this portrait has long been well and widely known and honored in stations of

public trust, and revered in the circles and walks of more private life. In former years the national government honored him with marked proofs of its confidence, by intrusting to him inquiries of great delicacy and importance. These, it is due to him to say, were conducted by him with great ability and fidelity. We had

long been aware that Governor Bradish had traveled extensively in Europe, Africa, and Western Asia; but not until we took occasion to make inquiries did we know the particulars of his long sojourn abroad, the various countries he visited, the important inquiries intrusted to him, and the valuable services which, in the prosecution of those inquiries and the communication of the result, he rendered to our national government, and, if we are correctly informed, without asking or receiving the smallest pecuniary reward. Well versed in the leading languages of Europe, and speaking fluently the Arabic tongue, he was admirably fitted to traverse the Turkish Empire and hold extended discussion and intercourse with the Sublime Porte, by whom he was uniformly treated with distinguished consideration. The valued fruits of these disinterested and patriotic services are better known by the national government at Washington, than by the public at large.

In presenting this portrait in the position which it occupies in the engraving, we hope to gratify the numerous friends of Governor Bradish, and especially the members of the New-York Historical Society, over whose deliberations he has presided for many years with so much dignity and grace, as well as many friends of the American Bible Society, over whose sacred interests he has more recently been chosen to the high honor of president. We add the long cherished feelings of personal regard. At his accession to the chair of the American Bible Society, the *New-York Observer* offered its tribute of respect by saying: "Governor Bradish has long been distinguished for his administrative and executive talents, and as a presiding officer at public meetings he has no superior. Thoroughly acquainted with parliamentary law, having a commanding presence and dignified, courteous manner, he discharges the duties of a president with great ability and propriety. Governor Bradish is a member of the Episcopal Church, a man of warm Christian sympathies, and beloved in every relation of life." It may add interest to the portrait to say that the chair in which Governor Bradish appears to be seated in the engraving, is the presidential chair of the New-York Historical Society, which, by permission, was removed to the photograph rooms of Mr. Brady for the purpose. This chair has a further historic

interest, having been formed from the timbers of the house in New-York which General Washington was accustomed to make his residence while sojourning in this city. It will impart additional interest to the portrait if we record a few particulars more personal and biographical, which we deem quite fitting to the purpose we have in view. We are only able to present a brief outline sketch of the well-spent life, thus far, of one whom many delight to honor.

LUTHER BRADISH, son of Colonel John Bradish, was born on the 15th of September, 1783, at Cummington, Hampshire county, Massachusetts. In the year 1800 he entered Williams College, and in 1804 graduated from that institution as Bachelor of Arts. The Institution subsequently honored him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. He entered the profession of law in the city of New-York, and soon after his admission to the Bar he embarked at New-York for the West-Indies and South-America. From thence he sailed to England, visited Scotland and Ireland, and returned to New-York shortly before the War of 1812, in which he served as a volunteer. In 1814 he married Helen Elizabeth Gibbs, daughter of the late George Gibbs, of Newport, R. I. In 1816 he had the misfortune to lose his wife and only child, a son. In 1820, with a view to make himself acquainted from personal observation with the country and the commerce of the Levant, and for the purpose of collecting and communicating to the government of the United States information preliminary to the establishment, by treaty, of amicable and commercial relations with the Sublime Porte at Constantinople, he embarked at Norfolk on board the United States ship-of-war, the *Columbus*, seventy-four, Commodore Bainbridge's flag-ship, bound for the Mediterranean. Joining the United States Squadron at Gibraltar, the combined squadron proceeded to make the circuit of the Mediterranean, touching at the principal ports on the European and African coasts. Returning to Gibraltar, Mr. Bradish was sent, by the dispatch vessel of the squadron, through the sea, by the way of Malta and the Archipelago, to Smyrna. He proceeded thence overland to the Gulf of Nicomedia; and thence across the Sea of Marmora, by the Prince's Islands, to Constantinople. An officer of

the navy accompanied Mr. Bradish from Smyrna to Constantinople for the purpose of taking charge of any communications he might have to make to the government of the United States, or to Commodore Bainbridge, the commander of the United States Squadron in the Mediterranean.

At Constantinople, and in excursions thence into the surrounding country, Mr. Bradish occupied himself actively for five or six months in the prosecution of his objects, and in communicating the result to his government. He encountered at Constantinople a strong feeling of jealousy, on the part of the European nations represented there, with the single exception perhaps of Russia, against the establishment by treaty of amicable and commercial relations between the United States and Turkey. Ancient monopoly viewed with hostile feelings the introduction of open competition, and saw, with marked disfavor, the approach of a new participator in the profits of trade.

Having ascertained the true character and force of these jealousies, and being assured of the sincere desire of the Porte for the establishment of such relations, Mr. Bradish, in an extended communication upon the subject, pointed out to his government a mode, differing from those before attempted and failed, in which the desired treaty could be concluded. The mode thus recommended by him was, under the administration of General Jackson, and Mr. Van Buren as Secretary of State, followed, and a favorable treaty of amity and commerce successfully concluded with the Porte, by Mr. Rhind, on the part of the United States. This treaty subsequently was duly ratified by the two governments.

Having accomplished his immediate objects at Constantinople, Mr. Bradish sailed thence for Egypt. He had introductions to the Viceroy, the celebrated Mohammed Ali Pasha. He was received and treated by him with distinguished kindness and respect. He had frequent personal interviews with him, and a subsequent correspondence. Although Mohammed Ali has been reproached for certain acts of his life by some who were ignorant of the circumstances under which he acted, and of course not in a situation to appreciate justly either the motives or the merits of such action, he was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable

men of his time. He found Egypt, at the commencement of his administration, extremely destitute and depressed, without order, and without industry, or any of their fruits. He established order, organized labor, greatly extended cultivation, introduced manufactures, established commerce, provided for the education of at least the flower of his youth, created a navy, formed an army, and thus raised Egypt from the degradation in which he found her, to the condition and character of a respectable, indeed a formidable Eastern power.

The principle of his administration, it is true, was one of almost exclusive monopoly on the part of the government, but was perhaps as liberal as the condition and character of his people at the time would admit. The Viceroy himself desired its relaxation so soon as practicable and expedient. If not wise in itself its results prove at least its adaptation to the country and people over which it was exercised, for, during that administration, the population of the country increased threefold, and its aggregate production tenfold. Unfortunately the resuscitation, from the dust of ages, of this ancient and dilapidated country, so auspiciously begun under Mohammed Ali, has not gone on progressively under his heirs and successors, so that the future of this interesting country is again thrown into painful uncertainty and doubt.

Taking leave of Cairo, Mr. Bradish ascended the Nile, passed the first and second cataracts, and entered upon the great plain of Sennaar. Returning thence to Cairo, he passed the outer desert to the Red Sea, and thence through the inner desert to Syria, which he traversed in almost every direction. Returning to Beyrout he embarked again for Constantinople, where he again passed some months. Taking final leave of this city of the Cæsars and the caliphs, he made the journey, in post, on horseback, accompanied by Tartars, across the beautiful plains of Adrianople and Bulgaria, the great mountain chain of the Balkan, and the Danube, to New-Orsova, in Hungary. He traveled thence by Temeswar, Presburg, and Buda to Vienna. After passing some time in this beautiful capital of the Hapsburgs, he proceeded thence by the Sclavonian Provinces and the Tyrol, to Trieste on the Adriatic; and thence by Venice, Ancona, Perugia, Narni, and Terni to Rome. He

revisited Naples and its environs; returned to Rome; and, after a residence of eight months in "The Eternal City," he recrossed the Appenines to Tuscany. Revisited Florence and the Val d'Arno; and proceeded thence to Lombardy. Went into Sardinia; visited Turin and Genoa, and returned by Pavia to Milan. Visited the Lakes of Como, Lugano, and Maggiore; and thence crossed the Alps, by the Simplon, into Switzerland. Traversed its magnificent mountain glaciers and beautiful valleys; and from the Falls of Schaffhausen went, by the way of the Black Forest, to the Rhine at Strasbourg. Crossed into Alsace, and proceeded to Paris. From Paris he passed through Holland, England, Denmark, Sweden, and Finland, to Cronstadt in Northern Russia; and thence to St. Petersburg, the modern capital of this wonderful empire. Having passed some time in this most beautiful city and its environs, he proceeded to Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, and the winter residence of the rich Boyards of the empire. Thence he went to Warsaw in Poland; and thence, by the Grand Duchy of Posen, to Berlin; and thence to Dresden, the interesting capital of Upper Saxony, where he passed some months. Departing thence he ascended the valley of the Elba into Bohemia, and by Töplitz to Carlsbad. Thence through Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and the smaller German States, to France. From Paris he proceeded to Havre, and embarked for New-York, where, in the close of 1826, he arrived after an absence of six years.

In the autumn of 1827 Mr. Bradish was elected a member of the Assembly of the State from Franklin county. He was re-elected in 1828, 1829, and 1830; and again in 1835, 1836, and 1837. In 1838 he was chosen speaker of the assembly, and in the autumn of that year was elected lieutenant-governor of the State, and again in 1840. In 1842 he was the Whig

candidate for governor, but was not elected.

Since the termination of his second term of office as lieutenant-governor, Mr. Bradish has not participated actively in party politics, contenting himself with exercising his rights, and endeavoring to discharge his duties, as a private citizen. He, however, received unsolicited, from his early and much esteemed friend, President Fillmore, the office of United States Assistant Treasurer for New-York. Of this office, under the following administration, he was relieved by his successor, General Dix.

From the close of 1842, with the above exception, Mr. Bradish's life has been actively devoted to educational, reformatory, and charitable institutions. In 1844 he was elected first vice-president of the New-York Historical Society, and on the death of the Hon. Albert Gallatin was elected its president. In 1847 he was elected a vice-president of the American Bible Society; and, on the decease of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, was elected president of the society. These two offices he still holds. He is also connected with many other charitable institutions. The wise counsels and practical judgment of Gov. Bradish have led many charitable institutions in the city to elect him as vice-president, trustee, or a member of some committee, so as to secure his influence and wisdom in the management of their affairs. These and other facts which might be noted indicate the high respect in which he is held in this great community.

In 1839 Mr. Bradish married Mary Eliza Hart, daughter of the late Peter G. Hart, of the city of New-York. By this marriage he has one child, a daughter. Thus in the bosom of an endeared family, and in the wide circles of many friends, and in the fulfillment of many important duties, public and private, Gov. Bradish is already crowned with gray hairs and with enduring honors.

From Chambers's Journal.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE snapping, sharp, decisive electric spark gives out an intense light, as almost every one knows; and it is now, in these lecture-days, pretty generally known also that a flash of lightning is itself an electric spark on a gigantic scale. There is a current of something—people call it electricity, in the absence of any better name—rushing from one point in space to another; and if it meets with any obstacle to its free movement, this something heats the obstacle so suddenly and so intensely as to make it white hot, and therefore incandescent. Provided we do not tax it too closely, this brief explanation will suffice for the present purpose.

Now, multitudes of ingenious men have been trying for years and years past to make the electric spark sufficiently steady for the purposes of ordinary illumination. The difficulties in doing this are very great. Each spark endures for an almost inconceivably minute space of time; in-somuch that a *continuous* light could result only from a succession of these sparks following each other at imperceptibly small intervals. Every contrivance that could be devised, until quite a recent period, failed in producing steadiness in this succession; the light was always flickering, irritating, and unsuitable for practical use. Many brains have been taxed fruitlessly in this search. About seventeen years ago, two inventors, Messrs. Greener and Staite, patented an electric light with which they intended to startle the world. They devised a mode of inclosing small lumps of pure carbon in air-tight vessels, and rendering them incandescent or luminous by currents of galvanic electricity. After many months of experiment, this new light was actually exhibited outside the National Gallery, the north tower of Hungerford Suspension Bridge, (now doomed,) the Duke of York's Column, and the Polytechnic Institution, in 1847; and there was quite enough to astonish the Londoners in the occasional flashes of intense

light given forth. To produce this result, two small pointed pieces of carbon were so placed that their points should be a small distance apart; and as this distance slightly increased by the slow combustion of the carbon, so were the points brought again to their former distance by means of wheel-work. The two pieces of carbon lay directly in the path of a galvanic current, transmitted from one copper-wire to another; and in the act of leaping over the small space from the one bit of carbon to the other, the current heated both of them intensely, and made them give forth a dazzling white light. But these ingenious inventors, notwithstanding all their praiseworthy endeavors, could not obtain a steady light; it *would* flicker and intermit, and failed to become practically useful, although they fondly hoped—as they declared—that streets and buildings might thusebe lighted at one sixth of the cost of gas.

Then came MM. Achereau and Foucault's display of electric lighting at Paris, in 1848; and M. Le Molt's patented mode of arranging the carbon-points; and other patented improvements by Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Pearce, Mr. King, and others. Mr. Grove, in a lecture at the Royal Institution in 1849, stated that so far back as 1843 he had illuminated the lecture-room at the London Institution with the electric light; but Dr. Faraday and all the scientific men about that time (1849) acknowledged the fitful nature of the light, and its unsuitableness for general purposes, whatever might be the case with special uses. In the following year Mr. Allman tried to devise a mode by which the distance between the carbon-points should vary, according to the intensity of the electric current, so that the one quantity, compensating the other, might produce an equality in the light; but this required apparatus too delicately adjusted for such works. Next came Mr. Paine's electric water-light—a project which drove the American newspapers

almost wild with delight, and absorbed a great many notes of admiration in the printing. The inventor was credited with much more than the introduction of a substitute for candles and gas. A Boston newspaper asserted not only "that he had extorted from nature the secret of the artificial production of light at a nominal cost, but that he has got hold of the key which unlocks, and enables him to command a new force of nature, which is soon to supersede most of the forces now employed — something which is destined to work a revolution both in science and art." Experience has not realized this brilliant anticipation. Mr. Paine's apparatus consisted of a glass jar containing spirits of turpentine, another glass jar containing water, two strips of copper, a small tube which terminated in a jet or burner, and an electro-galvanic machine. When the machine was worked, water was decomposed, bubbles of gas escaped from the jar, these bubbles passed through spirits of turpentine, and a brilliant light was produced by ignition. A battle of the chemists ensued. Mr. Paine asserted that the customary theory about oxygen, hydrogen, and water, is incorrect; and that the truth, as he had developed it, would supply us with a source of light far cheaper than any before known. These views were stoutly combated by those who held to the more usual opinions. Mr. Paine's plan, whatever may have been his theoretical views, did not come successfully into practice. About the same time M. Nollet obtained an English patent for another plan, in which water was to play a great part. Water was to be decomposed by galvanism; the liberated hydrogen was to take up a dose of carbon from another agent; the carburetted hydrogen thus produced was to yield a brilliant light, and at the same time such an amount of heat as would constitute an economic substitute for coal in boiler-furnaces. This, like Mr. Paine's plan, failed to come into effective use.

It will thus be seen that many modes have been attempted for giving the electric light a kind and degree of steadiness suitable for practical purposes; and if we follow the history of the subject within the last few years, we shall find other indications of analogous character. In two instances, at least, the electric light has been made available for engineering

operations. In one of these cases the light was employed at the works of the new Westminster Bridge (now finished). When the foundations were being laid in 1858, much of the work could be done only at low-water, and it thence became desirable to continue the operations by night as well as by day, when the tide suited. To effect this an electric light, equal in intensity to seventy-two argand jets, was produced on shore by means of an electro-galvanic apparatus. The light was about two hundred feet distant from a stage or platform on which a number of men were employed in pile-driving, and was augmented by the use of a pair of Chappins' reflectors. The light was rather flickering, but was sufficient for the purpose, being likened by the men to that of the full moon. In another instance, in France, the electric light was employed to give light to the workmen employed at night in excavating the stupendous docks at Cherbourg, which have excited so much attention. Two sets of apparatus were used, each maintained by one of Bunsen's large batteries of fifty pair of plates. The light was of intensity enough for the requirements of eight hundred men.

In 1862 MM. Dumas and Benoit suggested the employment of the electric light for mining purposes. A galvanic battery, a Ruhmkorff's coil, and a Geissler's tube — three forms of apparatus well known to electricians, but rather too complicated to be described here — are used. The light produced by those agencies does not heat the tube that contains it; it is isolated and distinct, so that no gas in the mine can gain access to it; it is as compact as an ordinary mining-lamp; it will work twelve hours, with only an occasional movement of the carbon with a rod; and the miner can easily carry it about with him in a small carpet-bag. About the same time M. Serrin succeeded in making the electric light burn under water, thereby placing at the disposal of the hydraulic engineer a source of light likely to be very valuable in various constructive works relating to piers, sea-walls, sunken rocks, sunken wrecks; and to the shipwrights, an aid in examining the bottoms of ships needing repair.

In another direction, inventors have sought for modes of illuminating buildings and open public places. Mr. Gasiot, in 1860, communicated to the Royal

Society the *rationale* of a beautiful contrivance for throwing a brilliant light into a room. A glass carbonic-acid tube, one sixteenth of an inch in diameter, is coiled round into a kind of flat spiral; the two ends, considerably widened, are bent downwards nearly side by side, and inclosed in a small wooden box; platinum slips, connected with a Ruhmkorff's coil, enter these two widened ends; and when a current is generated, the whole spiral becomes brilliantly illuminated.

Concerning the lighting of the fronts of buildings, Dr. Phipson, in his recent work on *Phosphorescence*, has brought forward a curious speculation. He states that when houses are freshly whitewashed—that is, coated with lime-wash—and when the sun has been shining brightly on them during the day, a faint phosphorescent light is visible on them at night; and he suggests that, by employing sulphide of calcium or sulphide of barium, the phosphorescence might possibly be strong enough to serve as a substitute for artificial light. However, this is a matter connected with the theory of phosphorescence, rather than with that of the electric light.

In the summer of 1861, the electric light was employed to illuminate the Cour du Carrousel and the Cour du Palais Royal at Paris. On these occasions magneto-electric machines were used instead of electro-galvanic machines. In one of the experiments the machines placed in one of the lower rooms of the Tuileries were worked by a four-horse-power steam-engine. When the horse-shoe magnets had attained a revolution of sixty turns per minute, communication was opened with two copper-wires, each three hundred meters in length, and a light was produced equal in intensity to that of a hundred and fifty carcel lamps. In another experiment, the whole of the court of the Palais Royal, and the two entrances of the Rue St. Honoré, were lighted up almost as with the light of a full moon. The distance asunder of the carbon-points was, in these instances, maintained by an ingenious apparatus invented by M. Serrin, and called by him the "Automatic Regulator." In this apparatus, which the inventor described at the Oxford Meeting of the British Association in 1860, the two carbon-points are placed one above another, and a wheel and a pendulum are so combined as to keep the carbon-points

always at a uniform distance, notwithstanding the gradual burning away of the substance. At a soirée at the Polytechnic Institution some time ago, M. Serrin's apparatus was employed under very pleasing and attractive circumstances; for the brilliant electric light, transmitted through ground glass globes, and through Messrs. Defries's glass prisms, became at once beautiful in tint and bearable in intensity. In one of the experiments at Paris, M. Duboscq displayed an electric light in a great hall where a thousand persons were assembled at a literary soirée; the light was strong enough to read ordinary type at a distance of a hundred feet from the apparatus. Other experiments of analogous character have been made in Paris and in London.

It is not to be wondered at that the problem concerning the applicability of the electric light to *light-house* purposes should have engaged much attention on the part of scientific and practical men, seeing that the light required must necessarily be very intense, in order to penetrate to a great distance, and to overcome to some extent even the resisting medium of fog or mist. Burning coal, tar, and other rough substances, were superseded by lamps and candles of various kinds; and then were devised numerous arrangements of focalizing apparatus, to concentrate the rays chiefly in one direction, by reflection from bright concave metallic surfaces, or by refraction through glass lenses. The lime-light or Drummond light, produced by the action of oxyhydrogen on lime, has also been occasionally employed, but not to any great extent, owing to difficulties connected with the management of the gas. There have been also obstructions of a sufficiently discouraging kind in the attempts to apply the electric light as a substitute for these earlier contrivances. Nevertheless, the difficulties are gradually disappearing. In January of the present year Captain Bolton telegraphed during a hazy night from Portsmouth to Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, a distance of thirteen miles; he used the lime-light, with a modification of Morse's telegraphic alphabet. The success was such as to show that, with the electric light instead of the lime-light, this method might be peculiarly valuable in time of war.

As concerns regular light-house illumination, however, we must go back to the

year 1857, when the Trinity House, as the official authority in these matters, caused experiments to be made on the subject. They were conducted first by Dr. Faraday and Professor Holmes; then the latter was desired to frame a practical system; and finally, this system had the benefit of Dr. Faraday's approval and suggestions. The chief feature in these labors was the substitution of the magneto-electric machine for the galvanic; that is, the production of a current and a spark by magnetic instead of galvanic action. At the end of December, 1858, matters were so far advanced as to permit of an electric light being tried at the South-Foreland light house, in Kent; but as the apparatus was imperfect in some particulars, and the results unsatisfactory, the lighting was suspended for a while, to admit of further improvements. In March, 1859, the apparatus was again set up; and Dr. Faraday made a report to the Trinity House in reference to it. The important part of the report was, an expression of the learned philosopher's opinion that Professor Holmes had practically established the fitness and sufficiency of the magneto-electric light for light-house purposes, so far as its nature and management are concerned. The light produced was powerful beyond any other that he had seen so applied; its regularity in the lantern was great; and its management was easy. Early in 1860, Dr. Faraday again visited the light-house, and found that the electric light was doing its duty bravely, *so long as it shone*. There was, however, one circumstance that caused anxiety to the light-keeper: the light now and then had a tendency to go out, either owing to the breaking off of the end of the bits of carbon, or to some disarrangement of the fine mechanical work of the lamp. It is true that the slightest touch by the light-keeper brought the carbon-points into the proper position again; but it was certainly a serious matter, for it required the keeper to be constantly on the watch, instead of regarding the apparatus as automatic or self-regulating.

Nevertheless, in a paper read by Dr. Faraday before the Royal Institution, on the 9th March, 1860, he spoke in warm praise of Professor Holmes's apparatus. The power was produced by several magnets set into rapid revolution, inducing an electric current in helical coils of copper-

wire; and this current was made to produce light at and between two carbon-points. "There are two magneto-electric machines at the South-Foreland," said Dr. Faraday, "each being put in motion by a two-horse-power steam-engine; and excepting wear and tear, the whole consumption of material to produce the light is that which is required to raise steam for the engines, and carbon-points in the lantern." This is certainly a wonderful example of what now-a-days is called the correlation or convertibility of forces: "a lucifer-match kindles paper and wood; these kindle coke or coal; the heat thence produced makes water boil; the boiling water becomes converted into steam; the pressure of this steam moves a piston; the piston moves a fly-wheel; the rotating fly-wheel causes a series of magnets to rotate; this magnet-rotation induces an electric current through a copper-wire; this current intensely heats two bits of carbon at their point of separation; and the heated carbon gives forth an intensely brilliant light—and so we mount upward from the lucifer-match to the electric light, by an unbroken chain of causes and effects." Dr. Faraday went on to state: "The lamp is a delicate arrangement of machinery, holding the two carbons between which the electric light exists, and regulating their adjustment; so that whilst they gradually consume away, the place of the light shall not be altered. The electric wires end in the two bars of a small railway, and upon these the lamp stands. When the carbons of a lamp are nearly gone, that lamp is lifted off, and another instantly pushed into its place. The machines and lamp have done their duty during the past six months in a real and practical manner. The light has never gone out through any deficiency or cause in the engine or machine-house; and when it has become extinguished in the lantern, a single touch of the keeper's hand has set it shining as bright as ever. The light shone up and down the Channel, and across into France, with a power far surpassing that of any other fixed light within sight, or any where existent. The experiment has been a good one."

Dr. Faraday felt himself justified in recommending to Trinity House, in 1860, a further trial of this excellent invention. They acceded to his views, and after a time established an electric light at the Dungeness light-house. The electric ap-

paratus was nearly the same, but the optical accessories were more complete than at the South-Foreland, so as to focalize the rays in a more practically useful manner. By a judicious arrangement, the old oil-lamp and reflectors were retained without disturbance, that they might be used again if the electric light went wrong, or both might be used together in very foggy weather. Some careful experiments showed, however, that so overwhelming is the intensity of the electric light, compared with any form of oil-lamp, that the latter scarcely adds any thing to the brilliancy of the light produced by the former; this is especially the case at very long distances, showing the penetrating nature of the electric light. During 1860, 1861, and 1862, Dr. Faraday made multiplied experiments and observations on the Dungeness light. He gradually arrived at these conclusions in favor of the oil-light system, as compared with the *electric*: that it is more simple to manage; that it requires only two keepers alternately in a light-house, whereas the electric system requires men who understand the management and repair of

steam-engines, as well as lamps and their watchful adjustment; that the failure of the light is less probable, on account of the greater simplicity of the apparatus; and lastly, that the expense of the oil system is less than that of the electric system. On the other hand, the all-powerful intensity of the light is, in Dr. Faraday's opinion, far more than an equivalent for the advantages on the other side.

In conclusion, there seems every justification for expecting that the still remaining difficulties will one by one be conquered, and that we shall see the electric light adopted extensively for light-house purposes. A light that renders England and France visible to each other in the middle of the night, and that—as is asserted—enables print to be read at a distance of little less than ten miles, is surely a light that will triumph over all petty obstacles. The fitful results of the electric light at the recent public illumination on the 10th of March, were no proof to the contrary; they only showed that incomplete arrangements naturally produce incomplete action.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

FORTY PER CENT. OF LIFE.

THE words haunt me—"Forty per cent." It is the first thing I think of when I wake, the last before I sleep. Were I a dreamer, my nightly visions would be of forty per cent. Not profit; not a dividend;—alas, no. It is a very dead loss indeed.

The forty per cent. that haunts and troubles me comes, year after year, in the bills of mortality. It is the dread fact, that of all the children born in these fair lands of England and Wales, forty per cent. die before they are one year old. Four out of every ten, four hundred of every thousand, four hundred thousand of every million, are placed in little coffins and laid in little graves before they are one year old. It is the saddest fact I find in all our sad statistics. I have read

about King Herod and the massacre of the Innocents. That was a long way off and a good while ago; but this infant mortality—this forty per cent. of dead babies—is *now*, and *here*.

If children ought to die as soon as born in such a large proportion, I have no more to say. I will submit to the will of Providence and the destiny of the race. But I do not believe it. I do not see that it is so of the lower races of animals; why, then, of man? The natural destiny of a dog or a horse is to live, grow to maturity, and, barring accidents, die of old age. One would say that this was the natural order of things. I firmly believe that it is as much so with respect to human creatures as to any branch of the animal creation. We are born to live as surely

as we are born to die; to live our natural lives, and die our natural deaths.

If it were not so—if a certain portion of all children born were naturally destined to die in infancy—we should find this percentage of mortality equally distributed among all classes and in all localities. The man with ten children would expect to bury four in their first year—alike in town and country, alike among the rich and the poor. Every one knows that there is nothing of this kind. Every one knows that there are thousands of families in which from five to twenty children are born and grow to maturity, and that scarcely any are lost; while there are others, in different localities and circumstances, whose families are under the sod of the churchyards.

If a farmer lose his cattle or sheep, we look for a cause, and we are pretty sure to find one. But our children die by millions, and we set it down as the will of God. And so it is. It is the will of God that fire should burn, that water should drown, and that arsenic and bad air should poison grown people and children to death. It is the will of God that foul air, the crowd-poison, filth, and darkness should kill little children. And sixty or seventy of every hundred born into such conditions die in infancy. Where is the mortality greatest? Where there is least of pure air and sunshine, healthful food, and clean water. Where do the greatest proportion of infants grow up to maturity? Where the air is sweetest; where the conditions of a natural, healthful existence are best fulfilled.

The rich are not always wise. They injure themselves and their children with indulgences, coddling; and often with excessive feeding, late hours, and various dissipations. They do not always know the use or value of pure air and cold water. Perhaps they eat too much, or of food too rich, as the poor are forced to err in the opposite direction. But, granting all this, the great fact remains, that the forty per cent. of infantine mortality falls very lightly on the rich, and is borne very largely by the poor. It is St. Giles that furnishes the terrible array of little corpses, not St. James. The market for small coffins is in Bethnal Green, not in Belgravia. As a rule, the children of the rich and the comfortable classes of English society grow up to maturity. Much the larger number do so.

The loss in these classes in infancy does not exceed twenty per cent., and probably falls short of ten. How heavy, then, the loss that falls upon the poor! Any one acquainted with the higher classes knows what large families are born and reared, and how few comparatively are the early deaths among them. Cases in the highest ranks in the land will occur to every reader where such large families have been reared without loss. How is it among the poor? Almost every mother mourns her darlings. One says: "I have had nine children, and but three are alive;" and sometimes one hears a terrible thanksgiving for this sorest of calamities. There are districts in London where, of the infants born in or taken to the workhouse, from the bad conditions in which they are born, or in which they are kept, none live beyond a twelvemonth. All die. Such, at least, have been at certain periods the published statistics.

Killing is not always murder, and, on the other hand, it is not always justifiable homicide. If forty per cent. of the children born in England die before they are a year old, when at least ninety per cent. ought to live, somebody is responsible for the unnatural end of thirty per cent. Yes; three hundred of every thousand born may be safely set down as cases of homicide, with or without malice, and proper subjects for the investigations of coroners' inquests and parliamentary commissions.

Let us see what kills them. What names do the doctors, when any are called, give to their diseases? And, furthermore, what do they mean by these names, which are set down in the bills of mortality? Words conceal ideas; words cover things, and hide the truth. In the old London bills of mortality, published two hundred years ago, there was less Latin and Greek, and more honesty and plain English. One may read there how a certain number of honest Englishmen died every year of "a surfeit," or of "a grypinge of ye gutts." The phrases were not so polite as those now in vogue for the same prevalent diseases; but the last was good honest Saxon, and told what they meant to tell—the truth.

Now, an infant dies of marasmus, of cholera infantum, of convulsions, of scarlatina, of diphtheria, of hooping-cough, of measles. These diseases carry off four

fifths of all the young children who die annually in Great Britain; yet it is as certain as any fact in science, that not one well-born and well-kept child in a hundred will ever die of one of these diseases. Not one such child in a hundred will have these diseases; or if they have any of them, not one case in a hundred will prove fatal.

Take marasmus, the slow wasting away or fading out of scrofulous babes. To be scrofulous, they must be badly born or badly nurtured. Men and women who are diseased by crowding, filth, bad air, and insufficient nutriment, can not give the boon of health to their children. We can not expect sickly men and women to have healthy children; and where the causes of diseases do not manifest their effects upon the parents, they are sure to be felt by their offspring. Thus thousands of little ones are born to die—only to die, and have no other earthly destiny. Scrofula attacks the mesenteric glands, strikes at the center of the nutritive system, and they waste away. If they had any chance of life, it is destroyed. They are deprived of that great stimulant of vitality, sunshine; of that greatest necessity, fresh air; they are nursed on gin and beer, or fed on the milk of cows slop-fed, and but little healthier than their own mother's. If they have life enough to complain with the moans of infancy, they are quieted and poisoned with Godfrey's Cordial, or some other preparation of opium. What is there for such a child but the nauseous and useless draught, the wasting consumption, the sure decay, and the little coffin?

Cholera infantum is a stronger fight for life, but equally unavailing. Here is no absolute necessity of death. The scrofulous taint, if it exists, as it probably does in most cases, is mild, and not fixed upon vital organs. Physicians who know most of this disease and of its ravages, declare that bad air, and bad air alone, is the cause of its mortality. It is the scourge of towns, and of the hot season. It is never found in the country; country air is a cure for it. The open air of the parks and the best parts of the town is the best preventive for those unable to breathe the purer air of the country. The victims of cholera infantum are as surely poisoned as if each had swallowed its sufficient dose of arsenic. It belongs entirely to the class of preventable diseases.

Great numbers of infants die in convulsions or fits. The poisons bred in narrow lanes, filthy courts, and in every crowd of uncleanly human beings, when they fall upon the brain and nervous systems of infants act like strychnine, and are scarcely less fatal. A healthy-born child, reared in healthful conditions, never died of convulsions. That is as sure a fact as any in medical science.

One is astonished to see that thousands of children die in London, and I believe it is the same in other large towns, of hooping-cough—the last disease one would expect a healthy child to die of; a disease that readily yields to proper treatment, or which, under favorable circumstances, may be left to run its course with scarcely a thought of danger. What, then, must be the complications which give it so terrible a mortality? What must be the conditions that convert every trifling ailment of infancy into a Herod of destruction?

By this time the "crowd-poison" ought to be thoroughly understood and carefully guarded against. If there is any human interest which needs the protection of legislative enactment and police regulations, it is the right and necessity to breathe pure air. The world ought not to be ignorant about the cause of so much suffering and such a vast mortality. There have been instances in this country in which prisoners crowded together in a jail have bred a poison which killed judges, lawyers, and jurymen when they were brought out to be tried. Jail-fever comes of the crowd-poison of jails, and was common before government took better care of the health of criminals than of that of honest poor people. Ship-fever came from the same crowding filth, and bad air in ships. Go to sea now, and the law secures you a certain number of cubic feet of space; and there are contrivances, more or less effective, for ventilation. To be crowded and smothered you must not go to sea or to prison, but live in honesty on shore, where the protective power of the law can never reach you. Here you may crowd; here you may stifle; here you may die of typhus—the name given to the effects of the crowd-poison, filth-poison, rotting-graveyard-poison, cold, hunger, and nakedness on shore.

Whatever lowers the tone of vitality in parents predisposes their children to disease. A child is born with weak vital-

ity, and consequently with weak powers of resistance to the causes of disease. Whatever affects the parents injuriously, affects their children before birth and after birth. How is a badly-conditioned, badly-nourished mother to bear a strong healthy child, likely to live and add to the best wealth of the nation? It is impossible; and if legislators knew as much of human beings as they generally do of dogs and horses, sheep and cattle, they would see that the bills of mortality and the death-rate in infancy demonstrate the fact of social conditions that ought not to be allowed to exist a single day; that are more important than national defenses; that affect the life of the nation, and the foundations of its prosperity and power.

I have not forgotten the other diseases of infancy—croup, scarlatina, measles, etc. They are fatal in exact proportion to the weak vitalities and bad conditions of the patients. A healthy child, brought up on pure and simple food, with cleanliness, air, and exercise, either entirely escapes these diseases, or has them so lightly that they are scarcely an inconvenience. Measles and scarlatina are fatal to the young, as cholera is fatal to adults; that is, those die who are so predisposed that their power of resistance is less than the strength of the disease, other things being equal, of course, with respect to the medical treatment. I do not wish to undervalue this. Physicians have always the power at least to do mischief; and any wise physician will bear me out in saying that treatment has very little influence in diminishing the mortality of these diseases. There may be a dozen varying and opposite modes of practice, and, as a rule, the bad cases die under all, and the good ones recover. Those often do the best who have no medical treatment whatever. The disease, fatal or otherwise, does not differ. The infection, contagion, atmospheric influence, or whatever the determining cause may be, was the same. The difference is in the patients, and their constitutions and conditions.

The Asiatic cholera may be taken as an illustration. It passed around the world. There can be no doubt that the inciting, determining cause of the disease passed from place to place, appeared and disappeared. But its ravages were determined by the conditions of those upon whom it acted. It was the disease of the poor, the

badly nurtured, the profligate—in a word, of people in bad sanitary conditions and of a low vitality. Not five per cent. of its victims were among the upper or middle classes of society. Almost its entire force fell upon the laboring population and the poor. It may be doubted if, out of all who died of cholera in England, there were one hundred persons of the upper million who are ranked by statisticians as belonging to the aristocracy. The hospitals and graveyards of every land it visited were filled with the crowded, the uncleanly, the badly nourished, exhausted, and therefore in many cases intemperate and always wretched, poor.

Governments and municipalities acted, not always in time, intelligently, or efficiently; but they acted when the cholera came. They in some way in such an extremity found the power to act. They recognized the right to act. But the conditions which alone made cholera terrible exist to-day; and the death-rate—the rate of preventable mortality—is as high as it would be, taking ten years together, if we had the cholera. There is, therefore, the same need of action, the same right, and the same power. The talk about precedent is always absurd, since many things have been done that should never be repeated, and more things need to be done precisely because they have not been, and therefore there is no precedent for them; still, in regard to sanitary action, there is precedent enough. The health of the people ought to be the first care of every government, as a measure of protection, strength, and general welfare.

Now, what have we to do to secure us against cholera and every other pestilent epidemic, and to reduce infant mortality to its normal standard? How shall we put a stop to the worse than Herodian murder of the innocents that goes on in all the towns of England from year to year? How give strong and healthy men and women to England and her colonies, where so many millions are wanted, instead of this horrible waste of stowing away little corpses in crowded cemeteries? Surely these are objects worthy of a powerful government and a great nation. England glorified a Howard for a humane reform in prisons; and this day an English felon is better housed, clothed, and fed than ten millions of her honest laboring population. The average incomes of eighteen millions of the British

people are less than one third of what it costs them to maintain a convicted felon. Honor to Howard! Yes; but far greater honor to the man or men who shall make free, honest Englishmen as well off for the common necessities and decencies of life as the felon convict! When the cry went forth that sick and wounded British soldiers were suffering in the Crimea, a noble English woman went, and led others, to their aid. Honor to Florence Nightingale! But let us not forget the millions of those who have fought the great and ever-during battle of industry, in which there are more killed and wounded than in any other war, and whose homes are so wretched, and whose conditions so miserable, that their babes perish by thousands upon thousands in the year that they are born. It may be well to send missionaries to Japan, to China, to Africa, and the South Sea Islands; but is there not a more important work to be done for civilization, humanity, and religion right here in England? It is said that there is infanticide in China. Is it worse than our own? What is it but infanticide on the most terrible scale, when at least thirty per cent. of our entire infant population—of all the children born in this country—die before they are one year old of preventable diseases? We *allow* them to die. We *permit* the conditions to exist which destroy them. Would it be much more to kill them outright? When we permit them to be poisoned by bad air, is it much less than if we allowed some one to give them strychnine or prussic acid? They are starved, stifled, poisoned in the air they breathe, the food they eat, and the sedative drugs given to assuage their miseries. So far as we permit all this, having the power to hinder it, we do it ourselves. Somewhere lies the responsibility and the guilt. Where can we fix it but upon those who have the power to remedy the evil? It is certain that the lives of three fourths of the children who perish in infancy might be saved. How long shall we dare not to do it?

Do you ask how it can be done? In the same way that ship-fever has been prevented. In the same way that typhus has been kept out of jails. The simple method is, to provide that every human being shall have the simple necessities of life; and these necessities of life are, space, air, food, cleanliness. The poor are herded and huddled together until

they sicken and die, as animals do under similar circumstances. We are shocked that ten or twelve persons were crowded to death on the night of the recent illuminations, and forget that hundreds die every day as really from overcrowding as the poor women pressed and trampled upon in the city of London. We read with horror of the hundred and twenty-five suffocated in the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the seventy-five destroyed in the same manner, a few years ago, in the cabin of a British steamer, and forget that the lack of ventilation, and the consequently pestiferous air in the crowded dwellings of the poor, is the cause of a far more terrible mortality.

Do we know how many people of these islands are starved to death? The papers give us a case a week in the metropolis. Is one case in ten reported? Are there not both adults and children dying every day, and almost every where, whose lives would have been prolonged by a purer, a more healthful, or a more generous diet? We talk about the "roast beef of Old England;" but what proportion of our eighteen millions of laboring people, whose wages do not average fifteen shillings a week per family, or three shillings a week per head, so much as taste this same roast beef once a week? Is it not a fact that millions seldom eat a good, substantial, nourishing meal?

And as to personal cleanliness, which is such a preservative of health in the upper and middle classes, who feel that the daily bath gives new vigor to their lives, what attention can be paid to cleanliness when a whole family lives, eats, and sleeps in one room, and often more than one family? What decencies of life can be respected in such conditions? There are thousands of people who do not take off their clothes at night, but work and sleep week after week in the same filthy garments.

Is there no society for the suppression of cruelty to men, women, and children? Is there no Howard to explore the dwellings of the poor? Is there no Florence Nightingale to carry relief and consolation to the pale women and dying babes of our own thronging populations? Those who suffer from a cotton famine get relief; but who relieves the distress of this metropolis? I do not speak of poor-law relief. It answers its own purpose, but not the purposes of a wise humanity. The relief

it renders is pitched too low. It is the great class struggling to keep above the level of pauperism, and dying in the struggle, which most needs relief. It is these who need help.

And it is their right. The industrious people of every country have a right to so much of the proceeds of their industry as shall give them a reasonable share of the comforts of life. They have, at least, a valid claim, upon every principle of justice and humanity, to the conditions of health, to decent clothing, suitable lodgings, sufficient food, air fit for breathing, and the means of cleanliness. They have a right to live, and therefore to the means or necessities of life; they have a right also to the lives of their children. All the political economists in the world shall not beat me out of this. I insist on the right of the babe to live, and I claim for it the necessary conditions. I ask as much for the free white Englishman as the South-Carolina planter finds it for his interest, to say nothing of humanity, to give to his negro slave. Will he let a negro baby die? Not if he can help it. In a few years it will be worth a thousand dollars. If there were no higher motive than this, I would still ask, is not a white English baby worth as much to England as a black negro baby is to a Carolinian?

Surplus population! You let them die, because there are already too many. Is that it? Then if, by any accident, they failed to die, you would kill them. That is what your argument or excuse means, if it has any meaning. If you are justified in letting them die when you could prevent it, you would be justified in killing them by some other method. If foul air fail, try arsenic.

The truth is, there is not, and there never has been, a surplus population. America is not one tenth peopled; Australia not one hundredth. All our vast colonies are clamoring for settlers. Are there not waste lands in England still? Can not Ireland support far more than her present population? There must be some way by which emigration could be organized so as to be a good investment to the capital engaged in it, and no one can persuade me, when negroes and coolies are carried half round the world because laborers are wanted, that Englishmen are such a drug in the great market of the world that their very lives are not worth preserving.

In the early days of American colonization there was a class of emigrants termed Redemptioners. They were taken to Pennsylvania, Maryland, and other States by enterprising ship-masters; and the farmers, as the small landed proprietors are called, paid a certain price, covering the cost of outfit, passage, and profit, for so many years of service. At the end of this voluntary servitude, which paid the cost of their emigration, they worked for wages, bought land, often married their masters' daughters, and became the progenitors of a large number of the most respectable people now living in the United States. A man who can not find such employment in England as will maintain him in health and comfort, and enable him to keep a family in living condition, might do much worse than hire himself for two or three years as the price of a passage to Australia or New-Zealand. He would be sure of a home, and would learn the ways of the country. He would probably secure a good place and good wages after he had worked out his passage. In a few years he may become a landed proprietor, and leave a home to his children.

But whatever may be done in this direction, something ought, and can, and must be done to clear us of the responsibility of this wholesale infanticide, which must shock every human soul that gives it a moment's consideration. Our sympathies go out to all the world. We give wherever there is a chance that money will do any good. We pity the heathen, as if we had no pagans of our own; we pity the poor slave, fat and happy on his hog and hominy, while our own people die in multitudes of sheer poverty, and our children perish in vast numbers almost as soon as they are born. This is not worthy of England, and all her glories are not a sufficient compensation for such a shame and blot upon her civilization. In the social order there must be those who lead, and those who follow; some who command, and many who obey; the lords of mind, of power, of wealth, and a vast number whose capital is their labor and their skill. Equality is an idle and foolish dream. But, as in an army, where all obey the will of a single chief, where there is the most perfect order and subordination, the common soldier is guaranteed the necessities of life and the comforts possible to his condition, so should it be

with the great army of industry, and in that larger social order of the life and progress of a nation. The general is in fault if the soldier in the ranks is allowed needlessly to suffer. The admiral is in fault if a common sailor is not suitably cared for. It is the duty of those who com-

mand armies and navies to keep their men in the highest state of efficiency; and it is no less the duty of the rulers of a nation to attend to the welfare of the whole people. The true science of government, the whole mystery of politics, consists in knowing how to do it.

From the British Quarterly.

CONDITION OF FRANCE AND ITALY.*

MR. SPENCER is not a novice in travel. His volumes on European Turkey are full of information relating to countries little known. His style sometimes rises to eloquence, but is, for the most part, simple and natural. He never becomes either brilliant or profound, but, on the other hand, he never sins either against good taste or good sense. His manner is so free from all straining for effect as to give you an agreeable impression of trustworthiness; and he has withal a manly sympathy with freedom, dealing in all cases as an educated Englishman should do with oppression, whether civil or ecclesiastical, as it comes before him. Our report concerning these volumes is, that they are exceedingly agreeable reading, well-timed, full of instruction; and we urge our readers by all means to make themselves acquainted with them.

Mr. Spencer's account of France does not fill more than a fourth of the space assigned by him to his account of Italy. It is, as will be supposed, in relation to the latter country that the publication is chiefly valuable. But the observations on France give us the impressions of an intelligent Englishman, as the result of recent and free intercourse with the people of that country. His opinion is, that the terrible scourge which has come upon France is to be traced mainly to two sources—to priestly influence, which undermines all public virtue after one

fashion; and to infidelity, which does the same work after another fashion. France has always included, and includes still, intelligent and high-minded men, who would be an honor to any country; but the great mass of her people have been long divided into the two great parties mentioned—the professors of no religion, or the professors of a very bad one. The bad faith of the one party has so disgusted the other, as to have caused them to have done with religious faith altogether. Such, in fact, has been the effect of Romanism throughout Christendom—at least, through all the countries where it has not been powerful enough to keep down all intelligence. But we shall allow Mr. Spencer to speak for himself on this subject:

“It would conduce little toward enlightening our readers on the real state of France, were we to follow the various plans of Louis Napoleon and his supporters in their crusade against the liberties of the French people, and show how they succeeded in placing on the brow of their idol an imperial diadem; the leading events are already well known, and might have been anticipated in a country where public virtue and public morality have been sapped by venality and selfishness. But the secret history, the deep game, by which democracy was urged onward to its destination, is still to be written, effected as it was through the machinations of an army of priests, Jesuits, and their allies, the pope and the despotic rulers of Europe, who, confounding civil and religious freedom with anarchy and infidelity, and democracy with socialism, raised a panic, in which universal barbarism, the destruction of property, and of all social order, were the dangers threatened. How easily these exaggerated and un-

* *A Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy, illustrating their present Social, Political, and Religious Condition.* By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. - Hurst & Blackett.

founded representations were believed by a people, who, taken in the mass, are the most visionary, credulous, and least sound-judging of any in Europe, we have abundant proofs in the events of the last few months.

"We have already shown to our readers the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the lower order of agriculturists and peasants of France, the endeavors of the clergy and the higher classes to perpetuate their debased condition, the intolerance and bigotry of the ultramontane press in France, the blasphemy of the St. Esprit brotherhood, and the facility with which the people in general resign themselves to any sudden impulse, political or religious, at the instigation of any clever, eloquent charlatan who may possess sufficient power to win the hearts of his hearers. We have shown in what manner the clergy have become an element of political power in France, a society banded together by the same indissoluble chain which has so long held together the Jesuits. We have shown how, through their influence and intrigues, and the prestige of a name, Louis Napoleon was enabled to corrupt the military, and trample on the laws and liberties of a people he had solemnly sworn to defend. We have shown how admirably the drama was played by those men of the past, their acolytes, and a host of impoverished eager adventurers, who, seeing a brilliant future before them, gave life and vigor to the movement. But perhaps our readers are not aware, and we do not make the assertion on slight grounds, that this well-laid conspiracy was concocted at Gaeta, when the pope resided there as an exile; and that the Church and the despots of Europe contributed ample funds for supporting this well-organized system of chaining down the minds and intelligence of the only people who, from their geographical position and the general prevalence of their language, were capable of influencing the inhabitants of every other country on the continent."—Pp. 337-340.

Our author supposes that nothing short of the present humiliation and suffering of the French people, under this influence, could have sufficed to reveal to them the deadly working of this cancerous priestism. He is persuaded, moreover, in common with nearly all the independent and thoughtful men he has conversed with on the continent, that in this throw, by means of France, despotism and priestcraft have played their last card, and that a losing game, to be among the most memorable in the world's history, is awaiting them. No doubt the most intelligent nations of Europe are at this moment charged throughout with disaffection, which, like an electric element, needs but the fitting touch to ex-

plode. Europe will not be righted by oratory or by statesmanship, though both may contribute to that end. The main-spring—thanks to the all or nothing policy of the despots—will have to be supplied by some military genius, which shall be adequate to the exigency, both in the cabinet and in the field. In the history of providence, when the hands ready to be used for any special object multiply so fast, the head to use them is rarely long in coming. The parties profiting by the new order of things in France do not, indeed, see things in this light. The following is Mr. Spencer's account of the talk of some of them about the future, and about ourselves:

"If we visit the *salons* of the *parti prêtre*, we shall be told that he [Napoleon] has come among men at a time of universal infidelity, invested with full authority to reestablish the Church of Christ in all its primeval grandeur among the nations of the earth, and that his first crusade is to be against England, the head-quarters of the Evil One, the upholder of all the heretical doctrines of republicanism and socialism which have distracted the world during the last three centuries, in which laudable undertaking he is to be assisted by the combined armies of papal Europe. In like manner, if we converse with the military of any grade they will tell us that the Rhine is the natural boundary of France; Switzerland must be divided; Belgium, Saxony, and Holland annexed; we shall hear of a German protectorate, an Italian protectorate, kings of Rome and Naples, expeditions to Egypt, Turkey, and India, the capture of Malta, Gibraltar, and Corfu, the sea wolves entirely driven from the element they have so long usurped, the Mediterranean a French lake, and France the sole arbiter of the destinies of the world! Cowherds are to become generals, swineherds marshals of the empire, and peasants governors of foreign kingdoms and provinces! The agricultural classes, comprehending those small proprietors who cultivate the ground, are equally satisfied. Have they not elected a *plébiscite* emperor, the man of their choice, and of their own order—the savior that heaven has sent to preserve them from total ruin?"—Pp. 345, 346.

In this manner, under the plea of securing right and glory to France and to the Church, the soldier of France is to become the spoliator, and the priest the inquisitor, of all the peoples that may be brought under their sway—the plunder and humiliation of ourselves being the consummation most devoutly to be wished. Not very consonant this with the

sentimental talk we have heard of late about the peaceful and brotherly intentions of our Gallic neighbors, and of the man who has become their master. The parties dominant in France have served themselves at the cost of every thing that gave worth or greatness to their country—and are these the men to scruple about serving themselves at similar costs elsewhere? France has swept away her aristocracy; her millions of peasants are doomed by that act to a state of passive ignorance, her intelligence being restricted to a remnant of her people in her towns and cities, and among these division and weakness may always be sown by the baits of office as emanating from a central government. What France needed—what Europe needed, was, that the position of their aristocracies should be reformed, not that they should be annihilated. It is the error committed in that direction that has shut Europe up to the alternative of republicanism or despotism.

Mr. Spencer's account of Italy presents it as a bed of discontent—of suppressed abhorrence of its tyrants, from the Alps to Sicily. Even a portion of the priests share in this feeling. But as is the tendency to revolt, so is the force of the pressure laid on to prevent it. Mr. Gladstone has opened to us some of the prisons of Naples; Mr. Spencer affords us a glance at those of Rome. There are, we are told, two species of cells in the prisons of the Papal States, *la Segritina*, and *la Largo*. The cells of *la Segritina* are constructed to receive but one prisoner, and are so small as to receive no more air than medical science has pronounced to be necessary to the health of the one person. Since the revolution, such has been the number of accused or suspected persons seized, that each of these cells has been made to receive four persons, in one or two instances, six; care being taken that they shall be mixed with ruffianly brigands and assassins! The unhappy victims are not allowed to leave their place of confinement for any purpose whatever, and all this in a sultry climate like that of Rome—no

marvel that they are known to climb on the shoulders of each other that each in turn may inhale a little of God's fresh air! Each prisoner has a portion of straw for a bed, but it is never changed, and soon becomes filled with vermin. The daily food consists of sixteen ounces of bread, two ounces of salad, and a glass of weak acid wine. As they have fallen into the hands of priests, there must, of course, be a sacred distinction on fast days, when their usual fare is reduced to a meager supply of beans and vegetables. Some go mad, others fall victims to the diseases naturally generated by such treatment; and one exercise of Jesuit malevolence has been to mix jalap with the daily supplies of bread, that the screw of torture laid on upon one side may not favor the release of the victim by death upon the other! Men who have suffered thus for a week only, become almost incredibly changed in their appearance as the consequence. Two youths of healthy forms and intellectual acquirements were thrown into one of these pits of misery, on the charge of having taken part in the late insurrection; in a few weeks they were released, but it was only to die, as the effect of their sufferings, in the arms of their broken-hearted parents. Italy, at this hour, is full of such scenes and such doings. There is not a depth of perfidy or cruelty to which the powers now dominant in that beautiful but ill-fated country have not descended—and all this, not in the age of Machiavelli, but in the face of Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century.

It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Spencer's volumes are filled with details of this terrible complexion; they possess the interest of works of this class on general subjects; but we must confess that to us they are chiefly interesting from what is stated as their special object, namely, to illustrate the "present social, political, and religious condition" of France and Italy. Even on this subject their information is not so thorough as we had expected, but they are well-timed, and adapted to produce a just and salutary impression.

REVOLUTION IN MADAGASCAR.*

ASSASSINATION OF KING RADAMA II.

WE give place to the following important letter from Rev. William Ellis, long a devoted and able missionary of the London Missionary Society to Madagascar, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Tidman, secretary of that society. It can hardly fail to be read with interest as a remarkable chapter in the history of that country :

“ ATANANARIVO, MADAGASCAR, }
May 16th, 1863. }

“ MY DEAR FRIEND: Seldom has the instability of human affairs been more strikingly, and in some respects, tragically manifested, than in the events of the last few days in this city. Within that period the reign of Radama II. has closed with his life; a successor has been chosen by the nobles and accepted by the people; a new form of government has been inaugurated, and it is arranged that the legislative and administrative functions of the sovereignty shall hereafter be discharged by the sovereign, the nobles, and the heads of the people jointly. A series of resolutions embodying what may be regarded as the germs of constitutional government has been prepared and presented by the nobles and heads of the people to the queen, containing the conditions on which they offered her the crown. The acceptance of these conditions by Rabodo, and their due observance by the nobles and heads of the people, were attested by the signatures of the queen and the chief of the nobles, before the former was announced to the people as their future sovereign, and proclaimed under the title of Rasoaherena, Queen of Madagascar. The death of Radama, the offer and acceptance of the

crown, and the proclamation of the present ruler as queen, all occurred on Tuesday, the 12th instant.

“ Amiable and enlightened as in several respects Radama certainly was, his views of the duties of the ruler were exceedingly defective, and almost all government for the good of the country may be said to have been in abeyance ever since his accession. The destruction of a large part of the revenue of government by the abolition of all duties—the exclusion from his councils of many of the nobles and most experienced men in the nation, while he surrounded himself with a number of young, inexperienced, and many of them most objectionable men as his confidential advisers—the relaxation or discontinuance of all efforts to repress crime, or punish it when committed—and the neglect of all measures for placing the prosperity of the country on any solid basis—have, notwithstanding the affection many of the people bore him, produced growing dissatisfaction. Still, confiding in his good nature, all were willing to wait in hope of a change for the better; while the Christians, grateful for the liberty they enjoyed to worship, teach, and extend their knowledge of Christianity, directed their chief attention to the enlightenment of the masses of their heathen countrymen.

“ Within the last two or three months extraordinary efforts have been made to bring the king's mind under the influence of the old superstitions of the country, and these have succeeded to an extent which has resulted in his ruin. Within this period a sort of mental epidemic has appeared in the adjacent provinces and in the capital. The subjects of this disease pretended to be unconscious of their actions, and to be unable to refrain from leaping, running, dancing, etc. These persons also saw visions, and heard voices from the invisible world. One of these visions, seen by many, was the ancestors of the king, and the voices they heard

* It will be remembered that the Island of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean, near the east coast of Africa, is said to be larger in area than the Empire of France, embracing 234,400 square miles, being 930 miles in length, with an average breadth of 300 miles. Marco Polo discovered the island about fourteen years after Columbus discovered this country.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

announced the coming of these ancestors to tell the king what he was to do for the good of the country. Subsequently a message was brought to him as from his ancestors to the effect that, if he did not stop 'the praying,' some great calamity would soon befall him. To the surprise of his best friends, the king was exceedingly interested in this strange movement, seemed to believe the pretended message from the world of spirits, and encouraged the frantic dancers, who daily thronged his house and declared that the disease would continue to increase till 'the praying' was stopped. It is generally reported that these movements were prompted by the guardians of the idols, and promoted by his own *Mena maso*,* who bribed parties to come as sick persons in large numbers from the country, in order to continue the delusion.

"It was then proposed to assassinate a number of Christians, as a means of stopping the progress of Christianity, and also to kill the chief nobles who opposed the king's proceedings. With a view of increasing the influence of this fanatical party, the king issued an order that all persons meeting any of the so-called sick should take off their hats, and thus show them the same mark of respect as was formerly given to the national idols when they were carried through the city. With the view also of shielding the perpetrators of the intended murders, the king announced his intention to issue an order, or law, that any person or persons wishing to fight with fire-arms, swords, or spears, should not be prevented, and that if any one were killed the murderer should not be punished. This alarmed the whole community. On the 7th instant Radama repeated before his ministers and others in the palace, his determination to issue that order; and among all the *Mena maso* present only three opposed the issuing of the order; many were silent, the rest expressed their approval. The nobles and heads of the people spent the day in deliberating on the course they should pursue, and the next morning the

prime minister, with about one hundred of the nobles and heads of the people, including the commander-in-chief, the king's treasurer, and the first officer of the palace, went to the king, and remonstrated against his legalizing murder, and besought him most earnestly not to issue such order. It is said that the prime minister went on his knees before him, and begged him not to issue this obnoxious law; but he remained unmoved. The minister then rose and said to the king: 'Do you say before all these witnesses that if any man is going to fight another with fire-arms, swords, or spears that you will not prevent him, and that if he kills any one he shall not be punished?' The king replied: 'I agree to that.' Then said the minister: 'It is enough; we must arm;' and, turning to his followers, said: 'Let us return.' I saw the long procession as they passed my house, grave and silent, on their way to the minister's dwelling. The day was spent in deliberation, and they determined to oppose the king.

"Toward the evening I was most providentially preserved from assassination at the king's house, five of his confidential advisers—that is, the *Mena maso*—having, as I have since been well informed, combined to take my life, as one of the means of arresting the progress of Christianity. Under God, I owe my preservation to the warning of my friends and the provision made by the prime minister for my safety. I went to the king an hour earlier than usual, and returned immediately, to prepare for removal to a place of greater safety near my own house. Messengers from the minister were waiting my return, and before dusk I removed to the house of Dr. Davidson, which stands on the edge of Andohalo, the large space where public assemblies are often held. The city was in great commotion; all night women and children and slaves, with portable valuables, were hurrying from the city, while crowds of armed men from the suburbs were crowding into it. At daybreak on the ninth some two thousand or more troops occupied Andohalo. The ground around the prime minister's house, on the summit of the northern crest of the mountain close by, was filled with soldiers, while every avenue to the city was securely kept by the minister's troops. The first object of the nobles was to secure upward of thir-

* *Mena maso*, literally, red eyes. These are not the acknowledged ministers of the king, but a sort of inquisitors, supposed to investigate and search out every thing tending to the injury of the government, and to give private and confidential intimation to the king of all occurrences, as well as advice on all affairs; and their eyes are supposed to be red with the strain or continuance of difficult investigations.

ty of the more obnoxious of the *Mena maso*, whom they accused of being the advisers and abettors of the king in his unjust and injurious measures. A number of these were taken and killed, a number fled, but twelve or thirteen remained with the king. These the nobles required should be surrendered to them. The king refused, but they threatened to take them by force from the palace, to which he had removed. Troops continued to pour in from adjacent and distant posts; and, as the few soldiers with the king refused to fire on those surrounding the palace, the people, though pitying the king, did not take up arms in his defense. He consented at length to surrender the *Mena maso*, on condition that their lives should be spared, and that they should be confined for life in fetters. On Monday, the eleventh, they were marched by Andohalo, on their way to the spot where the irons were to be fixed on their limbs.

"In the course of the discussion with the nobles, the king had said he alone was sovereign, his word alone was law, his person was sacred, he was supernaturally protected, and would punish severely the opposers of his will. This led the nobles to determine that it was not safe for him to live, and he died by their hands the next morning, within the palace. The queen, who alone was with him, used every effort, to the last moment of his life, to save him, but in vain. His advisers, the *Mena maso*, were afterwards put to death.

"In the course of the forenoon four of the chief nobles went to the queen, with a written paper, which they handed to her, as expressing the terms or conditions on which, for the future, the country should be governed. They requested her to read it, stating that if she consented to govern according to these conditions, they were willing that she should be the sovereign of the country, but that if she objected or declined, they must seek another ruler. The queen, after reading the document, and listening to it, and receiving explanations on one or two points, expressed her full and entire consent to govern according to the plan therein set forth. The nobles then said: 'We also bind ourselves by this agreement. If we break it, we shall be guilty of treason, and if you break it, we shall do as we have now done.' The prime minister then signed the document on behalf of the

nobles and heads of the people, and the queen signed it also.

"Between three and four o'clock a party of officers came with a copy of this document, which they read to us. I can only state two or three of its chief items:

"The word of the sovereign alone is not to be law, but the nobles and heads of the people, with the sovereign, are to make the laws.

"Perfect liberty and protection are guaranteed to all foreigners who are obedient to the laws of the country.

"Friendly relations are to be maintained with all other nations.

"Duties are to be levied, but commerce and civilization are to be encouraged.

"Protection and liberty to worship, teach, and promote the extension of Christianity are secured to the native Christians, and the same protection and liberty are guaranteed to those who are not Christians.

"Domestic slavery is not abolished; but masters are at liberty to give freedom to their slaves, or to sell them to others.

"No person is to be put to death for any offense by the word of the sovereign alone; and no one is to be sentenced to death till twelve men have declared such person to be guilty of the crime to which the law awards the punishment of death.

"An hour afterwards we were sent for to the palace that we might tender our salutations to the new sovereign, who assured us of her friendship for the English, her good-will to ourselves, and her desire to encourage our work. I can not add more now. We are all well.

"Yours truly, W. ELLIS.

"P. S. June 17.—Every thing is going on well. The new queen has written to Queen Victoria and to the Emperor of the French announcing her accession to the throne, her wish to maintain unimpaired the relations of amity and friendship established between the two nations and Madagascar, and assuring both sovereigns that she will protect the persons and property of their subjects who may come to this country. The officer who gave me this statement informed me also, with evident pleasure, that all the members of the government had carefully examined the treaty with England, and agreed to accept it, and fulfill its conditions."

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE THIRD, 1760-1860. By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C. B. In two volumes. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. New-York: O. S. Felt. 1863. Pp. 596.

THIS work supplies a want which has long been felt in English history. It embraces a period of great interest, during which events of great magnitude and importance transpired. The author has shown how the seeds of English liberty were sown in the ancient Saxon customs; he has pointed out how the ruin of feudalism and the great changes of the sixteenth century deprived medieval polity of many of its principal securities; and how, until after the civil war, the usurpations of the Crown and the Church destroyed the balance of the English constitution. All the lovers of English history will find deep interest and instruction in tracing the great events and influences of English history along the rich and well-filled pages of this valuable book.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR AND THE GARDEN. By EDWARD SPRAGUE RAND, JR. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Illustrations by JOHN ANDREW and A. E. WARREN. Pp. 411.

TILTON & Co. have sent us a copy of this beautiful book. It is printed on fine tinted paper, by that prince of printers, H. O. Houghton, Riverside, Cambridge. The book is splendidly illustrated by cuts, showing the flowers in their form and beauty, single and in groups. The study of flowers in their vast varieties and their cultivation forms one of the most delightful employments which can engage the attention and occupy the leisure hours. There is also a refining influence in the study and cultivation of these rich gems of nature's production; which may well attract the mind. The title of the book, *Flowers for the Parlor and the Garden*, is highly appropriate, both for ornament and conversation on their beauties and exquisite colorings. We commend this beautiful book, and ask for it a place on the parlor tables of all lovers of flowers.

THE DRUMMER BOY: A STORY OF BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION. By the author of "Father Bright's Hopes." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1863.

THIS is a beautiful story of army life, in its various phases, incidents, and dangers, which come up in all forms and shapes, as they occur in the camp, in the field, and on the march to battle and victory. The perusal of such a book is well suited to stir the hearts and kindle the fires of patriotism in the young men of the land. Our country has been in deep danger, and has entered on a new career of self-defense, battling for the right, for homes and fire-side altars, for liberty and freedom of thought and opinion. A new race of men must gird on the sword and be ready for an attack on rebellion, and on mobs and all forms of violence, whose end and aim is the destruction of life and property. This

book will stir many young hearts and help to fit them for the sterner duties of life.

AUSTIN ELLIOTT. By HENRY KINGSLEY, Author of "Ravenshoe," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1863.

THIS is a story of English life and manners. Numerous personages appear and disappear, expressing their opinions, and showing their relations to society around, and enjoying interchanges which go to make up, in a greater or less degree, life in its various aspects. Those who would enjoy the varieties of English society and listen to its conversation, without the expense and trouble of crossing the Atlantic, will of course read this book.

HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1863.

"HOSPITAL TRANSPORTS" has been prepared under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission, and will, it is hoped, by the thrilling and pathetic character of its contents, serve to impress more deeply upon the public attention the importance of the work which that organization is accomplishing. Most of the letters comprising the volume were written by FREDERICK LAW OLNSTED, Esq., Secretary of the Commission, the Rev. Mr. KNAPP, Chief Relief Agent, and several ladies who are co-workers in the enterprise.

BRADY'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.—The gems of photographic art here find their home in great variety and beauty. They are the admiration of innumerable strangers and visitors, who here assemble and find themselves in the photographic presence of the distinguished and renowned among men and women. Mr. Brady, with his accomplished artistic assistants and associates, achieves wonders in the photographic world. He follows the army. He photographs the battle scenes. He photographs the history of this great rebellion in many of its aspects. He goes to the battle grounds, almost before the thunder and smoke have passed away, and placing his photographic instruments in battle array, he invokes the sunlight of heaven to make an accurate sketch of the scene. Mr. Brady has taken the sunlight into partnership, to aid him in enriching his gallery collection with portraits, and battle scenes, and all in his line of art which can gratify the eye of the visitor. His *carte-de-visites* are marvels of beauty in their execution.

FRINGES OF LIGHT DURING SOLAR ECLIPSES.—The appearance of moving fringes of light seen on a whitened wall during the total eclipse of Dec. 31, 1861, is remembered to have been seen by M. Goldschmidt in the annular eclipse of Sept. 7, 1820. He perceived them fully two and a half minutes before the annulus was formed. He was walking at the time in a direction from east to west, when he saw the moving shadows coming toward him slowly.

The movement was not rapid, and the aspect like the shadows of smoke in sunshine; the forms being rhomboids of four or six inches in diameter, mixed up with ribbon-shaped shadows. The inner spaces were filled with round spots mixing gradually with the other in gray transparency. M. Goldschmidt saw this strange apparition whilst he walked for about one hundred steps, when the annulus was suddenly formed, the light of the sun running round the moon like a fluid. At the eclipse of July, 1860, these spots, yellow in color, were noticed by a Spanish countryman flitting over his white dress from west to east, and the fringes were also seen during the same eclipse by Captain Mannheim in Africa.

SOLAR SPOTS AND ZODIACAL LIGHT.—Professor Wolf, whose labors in respect to the solar spots are so well known, gives further proofs of their periodicity, their relative numbers in the five years 1858—1862 being respectively 50.9; 96.4; 98.6; 77.4, and 59.4. He had previously determined the maximum for 1860—2, and has thence deduced the mean declination variation for Prague and Munich. The connection between the Solar Spots and Northern Lights has been likewise satisfactorily established, the period of the first, which recurs every eleven years, agreeing perfectly with that of the second.

JUPITER'S SATELLITES AND THE PLEIADES.—It has frequently been argued whether Jupiter's satellites are visible to the naked eye, and equally so as to the number of stars in the Pleiades visible under those circumstances. A member of the Astronomer Royal's family instead of the ordinary six always sees seven, and in favorable weather as many as twelve, and this has been verified by actual mapping. Mr. Mason, on April 16, after gazing with great care at Jupiter, and taking every precaution, detected a luminous point close to the planet which was altogether independent of the radiations, and on looking through his telescope found the satellites clustered at the point which he had previously noticed.

CULTIVATION OF CINCHONA TREES IN INDIA.—Dr. Anderson, Superintendent of the Calcutta Botanic Garden, is inspecting the introduction of Cinchona into the Sikkim Himalayas. His nursery is reported to be in a most flourishing condition, and he has seven species under cultivation. He states that it promises to be a most successful experiment on those moist hills.

IRON AS A TONIC IN THE VEGETABLE CREATION.—It is alleged that a discovery of a curious kind has been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetation. On chalky soils, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is entirely removed, it is said, by the application of a solution of sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of 60 per cent. It is expected that the salts of iron will be found as beneficial in farming as in horticulture, but the experiments are yet very incomplete. In the cultivation of clover, wonderful advantages are declared to have been gained. The material is cheap and the quantity applied is small.

Mr. FERGUSON has chronicled the recent changes in the Delta of the Ganges. In early historical

times, the plains of Bengal were drained by the Brahmapootra passing to the sea by Goalparah, and the Ganges, which, passing Rajmahal, ran parallel to it. Then came the upheaval of the Modopore jungle, north of Dacca, producing a depression known as the Sylhet Jheels, into which the Brahmapootra was diverted by the upheaval. The Jheels were gradually filled up, and in the beginning of this century the river returned to its former bed. The result of this was that all the rivers of the western half of the Delta were reopened, and should the present drainage continue, the two great rivers promise to resume very nearly the courses held before the disturbance. He thinks there is sufficient historical evidence to demonstrate that 5000 years ago the fruitful rice plains of Bengal were a jungly swamp, with only a few spots on the larger rivers which were inhabitable and capable of cultivation.

QUININE IN INDIA.—To those persons who are watching with interest the growth of quinine in India, it will be gratifying to know that quinine and the other alkaloids known as tonics and useful for their febrifuge properties, have been extracted from the barks of the cinchonas of two years' growth from the Neilgherry Hills. It has been found that the percentage of quinine, cinchonidine, and cinchonine is as great as can be obtained from the bark of the South-American produce.

ANÆSTHETICS.—As an anæsthetic, chloroform has not yet fully satisfied the expectations of the profession. A committee of some of the members of the Medico-Chirurgical Society has been appointed, and is now actively engaged in experimental inquiries as to the uses, effects, and best modes of administering chloroform. The main object which the committee has in view, is to inquire not only into the practice of employing chloroform by inhalation for surgical operations and in midwifery practice, but to ascertain its results in the treatment of many diseases, such as tetanus, delirium tremens, asthma, epilepsy, hysteria, infantile convulsions, etc.

FLAME-PROOF OR NON-INFLAMMABLE FABRICS.—The frequency of accidental death by burning, more especially since crinolines have been in fashion, has given rise to experiments in this country and in France to determine the best means of rendering dresses flame proof. The most recent researches are by Westerman and Oppenheim, which show that solutions of the salts of sulphate of ammonia, phosphate of ammonia, and tungstate of soda, are those that can be used with greatest facility. For rendering tissues unflammable these salts combine the conditions of cheapness and harmlessness to the gloss, color, and structure of the tissue. The solution may be used in the proportion of one third the weight of starch, or from fifteen to twenty per cent. of water. The tungstate of soda appears to have the advantage of the two other preparations, for with starch it forms a better stiffening, and is less liable to be decomposed by the smoothing-iron.

A NEW DISINFECTANT.—Charcoal, which has been long known for its antiseptic properties, is now ingeniously used in the form of charcoal paper, or charcoal lint. The carboniferous paper may be applied to ulcerated surfaces, to absorb and at the same time deodorize the liquid discharges, thus preventing the bed from being soiled. The carboniferous paper may be applied to indolent ulcers with

good effect. Messrs. Maw & Sons, in London, are agents for the French inventors of this novel preparation of charcoal.

IRON REDUCED BY PEAT.—Mr. T. Vincent Lee, O. E., gives some particulars regarding this new application of peat. He took specimens of iron so reduced to the Dublin Exhibition, and it was declared by many of the best judges to be equal to Swedish. The quantity of properly prepared peat per ton of iron is about 1 ton, 15 cwt., the cost being slightly in favor of coal or coke; but the price of the iron made by peat is from £2 to £3 per ton above that from coke or coal. Prepared peat will also, he says, generate and maintain steam quicker and better than either coal or coke; and machinery is now being made in London to produce it.

APPLICATIONS OF STEEL.—Experiments have been made in Prussia to ascertain the capabilities and advantages of cast-steel steam-boilers. Two cylindrical egg end boilers, one of steel, the other of wrought iron, were compared, and after working six months were examined. They were thirty feet long and four feet in diameter; the steel boiler plate was one fourth of an inch thick. It was tried by the hydraulic test to a pressure of one hundred and ninety-five pounds per square inch without altering in shape or showing leakage. After working six months the cast-steel plates were found quite unaffected, and had a remarkably small amount of incrustation as compared with the other boiler. The former generated twenty-five per cent. more steam than the latter. Another examination has recently been made, the boilers having been in use for a year and a half. The steel boiler was found in excellent condition. It appeared that it evaporated 11'66 cubic feet per hour, against 9'37 by the common boiler, with about the same expenditure of fuel. Steel drills for shaft sinking are taking the place of the old iron drills steeled. Stamp heads for crushing ore have hitherto been made of cast iron, the fragments of which mixed with and contaminated the ore, often causing great trouble. A trial is now being made of steel stamp heads, doubtless with considerable advantage.

TUNNEL UNDER MONT CENIS.—The Italian Minister of Public Works has reported on the progress of the Mont Cenis tunnel. Boring machines are now used at each end, worked by compressed air. In 1862, to pierce three hundred and eighty meters on the side of Bardonnèche, forty-five thousand seven hundred and fifty-one holes were bored, from seventy-five to eighty centimeters (thirty to thirty-two inches) in depth; seventy-two thousand five hundred and thirty-eight borers were set to work; there were fifty-four thousand eight hundred and seventy-five blasts, and one million three hundred and thirty-four thousand cubic meters of compressed air were consumed, equal to eight million four thousand cubic meters of atmospheric air. It is expected that at the present rate the tunnel will be completed in twelve and a half years. In consequence of the many accidents from ordinary blasting, the far safer plan of blasting by electricity is gradually commanding itself to the mining public. It has long been used in military mining with success, and also in civil engineering, where large masses of rock had to be moved, since several charges may be fired at precisely the same moment. Thus, a few months ago, a large martello tower which guarded the en-

trance to Chatham harbor was demolished. The charges of powder were each forty pounds, distributed at equal distances beneath the foundations; the whole being connected by wires. In this kind of blasting a pair of wires, united at the extremities by a very fine one of platinum, is placed in the interior of the charge of powder. A current of electricity is passed by a magneto-electric machine. The wires may be of any length, and thus the workman may place himself out of danger. Moreover, if the charge miss fire there is no possibility of any smouldering spark, as in the case of the ordinary fuse, which has led to many accidents from this cause.

THE SULTAN INOOG.—The *Levant Herald*, of May 28th, publishes the following amusing incident concerning the Sultan, reminding one of Haroun Al-raschid's perambulations: "The Sultan was, two evenings back, the hero of a small adventure, which, with the addition of a few imaginative touches, might be made to read like an episode of the *Arabian Nights*. His Majesty, dressed in the common uniform of a bimbashi, crossed quite alone from the Kassim Pasha to the Fanar in a one pair caique. He proceeded to a casino called Kil-bournou, and, calling for a cup of coffee, soon got into conversation with the Greeks and Armenians at his own and the adjoining tables. It was noticed that he spoke very freely, and not over reverently, of the Sultan and the Ministers, inviting frank expression of opinion as to both. His fellow-customers spoke out as freely as the bimbashi himself, and uttered some doubtful compliments of more than one holder of a portfolio, but generally expressed their conviction that Fuad and A'ali Pashas were 'the right men in the right place,' while the Sultan himself was universally admitted to be a 'capital fellow.' In the midst of all this free criticism a certain well-known saraff sauntered into the room and at a glance recognized the stranger. The secret was soon common property and the change of manner toward the bimbashi was surprising. His Majesty saw that he was discovered, but, pretending ignorance, continued his questions; in vain, however, for the answers now given were lavish praise of every body and every thing from Bayukdere to the Seven Towers. He then boldly asked if the company knew him. Of course not; no one present had the ghost of a notion who the Effendi was, though the general impression was that he deserved not to be a mere bimbashi, but Serdar Ekrem or Sarsakier at least. He then pulled out of his pocket a bad lithographic portrait of himself, and asked if it was like him. *Stafirellak!* it was dirt, while he was an Adonis! That was enough. His Majesty then rose to leave, but forgot to pay for his coffee; the cavéeje, however, was so beside himself that he hardly knew whether to insist on payment or to serve the whole company gratis. It ended in the Sultan setting out, accompanied by the cavéeje and every body else, to walk to the old bridge, where his suite and a couple of the Palace caiques were awaiting him. Before embarking his Majesty turned to his late boon companions and thanked them for their remarks on men and things, which he assured them he would not forget."

THE HORSEMEN OF AFRICA.—The Algerian Spahis, who astonished the population so much by their maneuvers at Longchamps on the day of the Grand Prix de Paris, have since had a day of their own on the same ground. They were entirely without arms

—horsemanship, not military accomplishments, being the sole object of display—and therefore falling more legitimately within the sphere of my observations. Not a bit of powder was even burnt, nor a *feu de joie* executed, the evolutions being confined to a sort of Arab carousal of the most singular and incredible wildness and velocity. The troops, first of all, divided themselves into two portions facing each other, and from each of these darted forth at the same instant first one horseman, then a second, then a third, like arrows, or rather like thunderbolts, which were to meet in deadly shock in the midst. But no! really frightful as it seemed, there was no damage done; the fiery little steeds either stood stock still on the instant, or else wheeled round each other without coming in contact. After this *pas de deux* on each side, groups of two, three, and four sprung from either side, and at last the whole cohort advanced together at full swing and began a whirl in the center, of the confusion of which the term "devil's dance" can only convey a very inadequate sensation, especially when shrill cries of a very unearthly description burst from the *mêlée*, and completed its extraordinary effect. Nothing at Francoini's could compete with such a scene by such performers. After this, charges in line were executed with astonishing precision by these wonderful riders, sometimes with hold of each other's hands and the reins in their teeth, sometimes each horseman placing his left hand on the right shoulder of the one adjoining him, and thus advancing at full speed with a front as even as if a cord were drawn along it.—*Letter from Paris.*

RUSSIA, POLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES.

Late European papers contain the following dispatch:

St. Petersburg, June 7th, (May 22d,) 1863.

SIR: I have not failed to place before the emperor, my august master, the dispatch that you communicated to me, by order of your government, and which contains the reply of Mr. Seward to Mr. Dayton, relative to the communication recently made by the French government to the Federal government on the subject of events in Poland.

His Majesty, the Emperor, has a lively appreciation of the sentiments of confidence that the government of the United States possesses in his views and intentions for the general welfare of his empire. This confidence our august master believes he has merited, and it is necessary to him in order that he may complete what he has begun. It is to his Majesty a cause of sincere satisfaction to see that his persevering efforts to direct, with order and without disturbance, every part of his empire in the path of peaceful progress, have been impartially appreciated by the government of a nation toward which his Majesty and the Russian people profess the most friendly dispositions. Such proofs can not but render still more close the bonds of mutual sympathy which unite the two countries; and this is a result which corresponds too well with the wishes of the Emperor for his Majesty not to view it with pleasure.

His Majesty has, in an equal degree, appreciated the firmness with which the government of the United States maintains the principle of non-intervention—a principle of which the meaning is, at the present time, but too often misinterpreted; and also the good faith with which the United States govern-

ment refuses to infringe, with respect to other States, a rule, the violation of which that government would not permit in its own case.

The Federal government gives in this an example of good faith and political probity which can not but increase the esteem that our august master bears toward the American nation.

Be so good, sir, as to transmit to Mr. Seward the expression of these sentiments of his Imperial Majesty, and receive, etc.,
GORICHAKOFF.

THE DUC DE BERRY.—*Après* of the Duc's passionate disposition, it is related that, in an altercation with a Colonel of the Guards, at Court, he was hurried into the unbecoming act of tearing off the epaulets of his adversary, who instinctively clasped the hilt of his sword. Fortunately, Louis XVIII. saw what passed, and with his wonderful presence of mind and readiness, called the colonel up to him and said: "Colonel, my nephew has just taken off your epaulets because he knew that I destined for you those of a general." The prince in the meantime had recovered his temper, and gracefully did his best to efface all painful recollection of the affront.

A VERMILION EDICT.—The Empress Eugénie (says a Paris letter) has made some curious sumptuary edicts this season, one of which is that, with the exception of the lingerie, every visible article of ladies' clothing must be of the same color as her gown. For instance, a lady wearing a yellow dress must wear also yellow boots, yellow gloves, yellow trimmings on her hat or bonnet, a yellow cloak and a yellow parasol. Those wearing yellow or lilac, or blue, or green, or pink must form into distinct groups or regiments, so as to constitute a striking *coup d'œil*, and no lady must wear the same uniform twice while staying at the chateau.

COOLNESS IN ACTION.—Capt. Robert Adair received a wound in the thigh (at Waterloo) which made amputation necessary. The surgeon, whose name was Gilder, was performing the operation with difficulty, his instruments being blunted by over-use, when Adair calmed and encouraged him by a regimental joke: "Take your time, Mr. Carver." Burges, of the same regiment, after undergoing amputation of a leg on the field, refused to have soldiers called to carry him to the cart, saying: "I will hop to it;" which he did. This feat is better attested, if somewhat less surprising, than the one mentioned by Lamartine, who states that "General Lescure, having received six saber wounds, dismounts from his horse, whilst his dragoons are rallying for a fresh charge, has his arm amputated and the blood staunchel, remounts his horse, and charges with them." Even this French general, however, must yield the palm of pluck and endurance to a crusading ancestor of the Percivals, who (according to the late Mr. Henry Drummond) "having lost a leg in an engagement in Palestine, continued, notwithstanding, on horseback till he lost his arm also, and then still remained some time in his seat, holding the bridle with his teeth, till he fell from loss of blood." Perhaps the story of Widdington fighting on his stumps may be thought equally worthy of consideration by some future annalist. So thin is the partition that divides the apocryphal from the authentic, the impossible from the extraordinary, fable from fact.—*Review of Gronow's "Reminiscences."*

H E A V E N W A R D.

THE father and his maiden child
Were walking hand in hand;
The words she spake were strange to him,
He could not understand.

"Father, I hear the angels near,
They fan me as they pass;"
But he said: "It is the wind that stirs
The long, high, summer grass."

"Father, I hear the fluttering sweep
Made by their snow-white wings;"
But he said: "Some bird with pinions large
Soars upward as she sings."

"Father, I hear my brother call—
His words are soft and low;"
But he said: "Your baby brother died
Full seven years ago."

"Father, my head with fever burns,
For a moment let me rest;"
And he said: "Sit down, my child, and lay
Your head upon my breast."

In deep despair at eventide
His room the father trod,
And on the wings of twilight went
A maiden soul to God.

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the
beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it
not.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MARRIAGES.—"I like to
'tend weddings,' said Mrs. Partington, as she came
back from one in church, hung her shawl up, and
replaced the bonnet in the long preserved bandbox;
"I like to see young people come together with the
promise to love, cherish, and nourish each other.
But it is a solemn thing, is matrimony—a very sol-
emn thing—where the minister comes into the
chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the
ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought
to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband
that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall
forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger,
and said, 'with my goods I thee endow.' He used
to keep a dry-goods warehouse then, and I thought
he was going to give me the whole there was in it.
I was young and simple, and didn't know till after-
wards that it only meant one silk gown a year. It
is a lovely sight to see young people 'plight the
trough,' as the song says, and coming up to consume
their vows."

ENVY.—Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the
brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion,
confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to
death.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.—How near akin laughter
is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single
stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a
painting to one crying; and our mothers, without
being great painters, have often brought us, in like
manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

A YANKEE has invented a machine to remove a
boil from a tea kettle.

A FEW days since, says an American paper, Gen-
eral Rosecrans was dining with his staff at one of
the hotels. He unfortunately tasted the Tennessee
butter, when he immediately arose and saluted the
plate before him, remarking, "Gentlemen, that but-
ter out-ranks me."

A FARCE was produced in Bannister's time under
the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its
fate," said he.—"What fate?" whispered the anx-
ious author at his side.—"What fate?" said Ban-
nister; "why, what can fire and water produce but
a hiss?"

M O O N L I G H T L O V E.

BY RUTH N. CROMWELL.

It was born of the moonlight, a perishing gleam;
What wonder, my love, that 'twas only a dream?—
A vanishing dream, a beautiful part
Of the infinite love, that lives in the heart.

It was born of the moonlight, a delicate ray;
What wonder, my love, that it faded away,
'Mid the glitter and glare of a wearisome life,
Of innermost passion, and outward strife?

Sweet as the scent of a delicate flower,
'Twas the fragrant birth of an indolent hour.
It lived and it died, oh! say not in vain,
While linked with a smile, and unmixed with a
pain.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A new member rose to make
his first speech, and, in his embarrassment, began
to scratch his head. "Well, really," exclaimed
Sheridan, "he has got something in his head, after
all."

VERY KNOWING.—An elegantly-dressed young
lady recently entered a railway-carriage, where
there were three or four gents, one of whom was
lighting a cigar. One of the "gents" asked if
smoking would incommode her. She replied: "I
do not know, sir; no gentleman has ever smoked
in my presence."

DYSPEPSIA is said to be the remorse of a guilty
stomach.

SAGACITY IN A DOG.—A day or two ago, the
fine black Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr.
Wilson, Maryport, was observed to stop and rub
himself against a boy who was carrying a water-tin
with water. Having gained his attention, he put
down a half-penny which he had in his mouth. The
lad at once understood his meaning, and gave him
some water to drink. After the noble animal had
finished his potation, the boy restored the half-
penny, and told him to go and get a biscuit with it,
whereupon he trotted away and made the desired
purchase.—*Carlisle Examiner*.

A WITTY MANEUVER.—The Duke of Grammont
was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day.
He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Ma-
zarin without being announced. His eminence
was amusing himself by jumping against the wall.
To surprise a prime minister in so boyish an occu-
pation was dangerous. A less skillful courtier
might have stammered excuses and retired. But
the duke entered briskly, and cried: "I'll bet you

one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your eminence!" And the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and six months afterwards was marshal of France.

RUSSIAN SPECULATIONS ON WAR WITH ENGLAND.—We read in the *Moscow Gazette*: "All the commerce of England is on the sea. Thirty thousand merchant vessels convey on the ocean English property which Mr. Cobden estimates at one hundred to one hundred and twenty millions sterling. The course which these ships follow in the Atlantic, as well as on the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, is so well defined, thanks to the indications of Captain Maury, that it is like a high-road. That power which, traversing these parts, should seize English vessels appearing there would deal a terrible blow at British commerce, and this is what our sailors and vessels of war would be perfectly able to do in case of a war with England. A vast field for their activity would then be open to our vessels without presenting any very great dangers. The space is such that the pursuit of an enterprising cruiser would be very difficult, and a good captain could destroy scores of cargoes without having to engage in combat. During the war in the East, after the affair of Potropaulowski, an American merchant ship, on its arrival at Shanghai, announced that it had been stopped at sea by a Russian frigate, and that it was only released in consequence of its American nationality being proved by the papers on board. The rumor of this affair spread in the commercial world, and the merchants in the Chinese ports would only intrust their merchandise to American vessels. Hong Kong at once expected an attack from the Russian fleet. Admiral Sir J. Stirling, commanding the English naval force in those regions, was unable to comply with all the demands for escort which were addressed to him. The rumor was, however, false; there was not then a single Russian ship at sea. If a false report led to such a panic, what would be the effect produced by twenty or thirty of our cruisers?"

GOLDEN HAIR.—The fashion of sprinkling the hair with gold leaf has of late years been revived by the Empress Eugénie, the material used for the purpose receiving the elegant appellation of *poudre d'or*. It will be a hint worth remembering for such as covet fair hair, and have scarcely enough of the precious metal to emulate the emperor and the empress, that the Germans achieved the desired result, with apparent satisfaction to themselves, by the use of a kind of soap, made of goat's tallow and ashes of beech-wood. This soap, which was called Hessian Soap, from being manufactured in the county of Hesse, was much used, if we may credit Martial, to stain the German wigs, in order to give them a "flame-color."—*Truefil*.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for—faith, peace, and purity of heart. Three things to like—cordiality, good-humor, and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid—

idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate—good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to contend for—honor, country, and friends. Three things to govern—temper, impulse, and the tongue.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Paris Temps* gives the following particulars of the earthquake at Rhodes, already reported:

"On the 22d of April we felt the shock of an earthquake, such as had never been felt here before. Not a single building in Rhodes or in the villages has escaped uninjured. The great tower of St. Michael gave way, and the little that is left threatens every minute to fall into the port and block up the entrance. The light-house tower is ruined, as well as the Palace of the Grand Masters, recently converted into a prison. The walls of the town are more or less damaged, besides all the churches. At Trianda only a dozen houses are left standing. Twelve other villages have been completely destroyed. There have been in all three hundred persons killed, and an immense number wounded. Of all the villages, Massari has suffered most. Out of forty-six families only thirty-five persons have been saved, and they are more or less injured. I was at Massari the second day after the catastrophe. One hundred and twenty-six dead bodies had already been interred. Several families were still missing, but the positions their houses had occupied could no longer be recognized. Five dead bodies were taken out of the ruins while I was there. It was dreadful. The sight recalled to my memory the sad scenes of the explosion of 1856.

"The Vice-Consul of France and family, whose house is uninhabitable, took refuge with us, for our dwelling has suffered but little. To complete our misery, three days after the earthquake a deluge of rain came down, so that some provisions which the peasants helped to save have been utterly lost. It is very cold for the season, and the unfortunate people have neither shelter nor food. They have lost all—relations, friends, houses, clothes, cattle, silk-worms. Our misery is deplorable. May God come to our assistance!"

FIGURATIVE EXPRESSIONS.—How many common figurative expressions in our language are borrowed from the art of carpentry, may be seen in the following sentence: "The lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down law and turned carpenter."

DISCOVERY OF A SAND-EMBEDDED TOWN IN FRANCE.—A singular discovery, it is said, has been made on the French coast, near the mouth of the Garonne. A town has been discovered buried in the sand, and a church has already been extracted from it. Its original plan shows it to have been built near the clove of the Roman empire. The original paintings, its sculptured choir and capitals, are adorned with profuse ornaments, which are attracting a large number of visitors. This is all that remains of those cities described by Pliny and Strabo, although the Gulf of Gascony abounds in ruins of ancient cities.

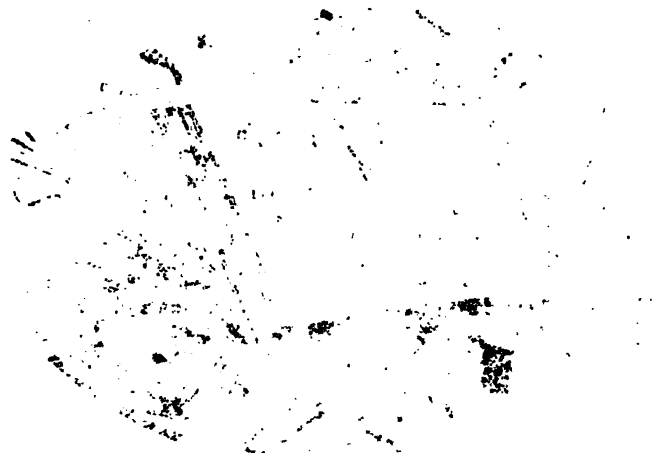


Captain Brooke

Captain Grant

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

Published by the London Missionary Society, 1863.



Calvin Klein

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FOOTNOTES

TOP

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ENGLISH CONSTITUTION SINCE 1900. 1911. 1912. 1913. 1914. 1915. 1916. 1917. 1918. 1919. 1920. 1921. 1922. 1923. 1924. 1925. 1926. 1927. 1928. 1929. 1930. 1931. 1932. 1933. 1934. 1935. 1936. 1937. 1938. 1939. 1940. 1941. 1942. 1943. 1944. 1945. 1946. 1947. 1948. 1949. 1950. 1951. 1952. 1953. 1954. 1955. 1956. 1957. 1958. 1959. 1960. 1961. 1962. 1963. 1964. 1965. 1966. 1967. 1968. 1969. 1970. 1971. 1972. 1973. 1974. 1975. 1976. 1977. 1978. 1979. 1980. 1981. 1982. 1983. 1984. 1985. 1986. 1987. 1988. 1989. 1990. 1991. 1992. 1993. 1994. 1995. 1996. 1997. 1998. 1999. 2000. 2001. 2002. 2003. 2004. 2005. 2006. 2007. 2008. 2009. 2010. 2011. 2012. 2013. 2014. 2015. 2016. 2017. 2018. 2019. 2020. 2021. 2022. 2023. 2024. 2025. 2026. 2027. 2028. 2029. 2030. 2031. 2032. 2033. 2034. 2035. 2036. 2037. 2038. 2039. 2040. 2041. 2042. 2043. 2044. 2045. 2046. 2047. 2048. 2049. 2050. 2051. 2052. 2053. 2054. 2055. 2056. 2057. 2058. 2059. 2060. 2061. 2062. 2063. 2064. 2065. 2066. 2067. 2068. 2069. 2070. 2071. 2072. 2073. 2074. 2075. 2076. 2077. 2078. 2079. 2080. 2081. 2082. 2083. 2084. 2085. 2086. 2087. 2088. 2089. 2090. 2091. 2092. 2093. 2094. 2095. 2096. 2097. 2098. 2099. 2100. 2101. 2102. 2103. 2104. 2105. 2106. 2107. 2108. 2109. 2110. 2111. 2112. 2113. 2114. 2115. 2116. 2117. 2118. 2119. 2120. 2121. 2122. 2123. 2124. 2125. 2126. 2127. 2128. 2129. 2130. 2131. 2132. 2133. 2134. 2135. 2136. 2137. 2138. 2139. 2140. 2141. 2142. 2143. 2144. 2145. 2146. 2147. 2148. 2149. 2150. 2151. 2152. 2153. 2154. 2155. 2156. 2157. 2158. 2159. 2160. 2161. 2162. 2163. 2164. 2165. 2166. 2167. 2168. 2169. 2170. 2171. 2172. 2173. 2174. 2175. 2176. 2177. 2178. 2179. 2180. 2181. 2182. 2183. 2184. 2185. 2186. 2187. 2188. 2189. 2190. 2191. 2192. 2193. 2194. 2195. 2196. 2197. 2198. 2199. 2200. 2201. 2202. 2203. 2204. 2205. 2206. 2207. 2208. 2209. 2210. 2211. 2212. 2213. 2214. 2215. 2216. 2217. 2218. 2219. 2220. 2221. 2222. 2223. 2224. 2225. 2226. 2227. 2228. 2229. 2230. 2231. 2232. 2233. 2234. 2235. 2236. 2237. 2238. 2239. 2240. 2241. 2242. 2243. 2244. 2245. 2246. 2247. 2248. 2249. 2250. 2251. 2252. 2253. 2254. 2255. 2256. 2257. 2258. 2259. 2260. 2261. 2262. 2263. 2264. 2265. 2266. 2267. 2268. 2269. 2270. 2271. 2272. 2273. 2274. 2275. 2276. 2277. 2278. 2279. 2280. 2281. 2282. 2283. 2284. 2285. 2286. 2287. 2288. 2289. 2290. 2291. 2292. 2293. 2294. 2295. 2296. 2297. 2298. 2299. 2300. 2301. 2302. 2303. 2304. 2305. 2306. 2307. 2308. 2309. 2310. 2311. 2312. 2313. 2314. 2315. 2316. 2317. 2318. 2319. 2320. 2321. 2322. 2323. 2324. 2325. 2326. 2327. 2328. 2329. 2330. 2331. 2332. 2333. 2334. 2335. 2336. 2337. 2338. 2339. 2340. 2341. 2342. 2343. 2344. 2345. 2346. 2347. 2348. 2349. 2350. 2351. 2352. 2353. 2354. 2355. 2356. 2357. 2358. 2359. 2360. 2361. 2362. 2363. 2364. 2365. 2366. 2367. 2368. 2369. 2370. 2371. 2372. 2373. 2374. 2375. 2376. 2377. 2378. 2379. 2380. 2381. 2382. 2383. 2384. 2385. 2386. 2387. 2388. 2389. 2390. 2391. 2392. 2393. 2394. 2395. 2396. 2397. 2398. 2399. 2400. 2401. 2402. 2403. 2404. 2405. 2406. 2407. 2408. 2409. 2410. 2411. 2412. 2413. 2414. 2415. 2416. 2417. 2418. 2419. 2420. 2421. 2422. 2423. 2424. 2425. 2426. 2427. 2428. 2429. 2430. 2431. 2432. 2433. 2434. 2435. 2436. 2437. 2438. 2439. 2440. 2441. 2442. 2443. 2444. 2445. 2446. 2447. 2448. 2449. 2450. 2451. 2452. 2453. 2454. 2455. 2456. 2457. 2458. 2459. 2460. 2461. 2462. 2463. 2464. 2465. 2466. 2467. 2468. 2469. 2470. 2471. 2472. 2473. 2474. 2475. 2476. 2477. 2478. 2479. 2480. 2481. 2482. 2483. 2484. 2485. 2486. 2487. 2488. 2489. 2490. 2491. 2492. 2493. 2494. 2495. 2496. 2497. 2498. 2499. 2500. 2501. 2502. 2503. 2504. 2505. 2506. 2507. 2508. 2509. 2510. 2511. 2512. 2513. 2514. 2515. 2516. 2517. 2518. 2519. 2520. 2521. 2522. 2523. 2524. 2525. 2526. 2527. 2528. 2529. 2530. 2531. 2532. 2533. 2534. 2535. 2536. 2537. 2538. 2539. 2540. 2541. 2542. 2543. 2544. 2545. 2546. 2547. 2548. 2549. 2550. 2551. 2552. 2553. 2554. 2555. 2556. 2557. 2558. 2559. 2560. 2561. 2562. 2563. 2564. 2565. 2566. 2567. 2568. 2569. 2570. 2571. 2572. 2573. 2574. 2575. 2576. 2577. 2578. 2579. 2580. 2581. 2582. 2583. 2584. 2585. 2586. 2587. 2588. 2589. 2590. 25

A work such as this has long been wanted, and at length we behold the volume which supplies the deficiency. It is a pity that we have, although the author is an able and experienced writer, no portrait of our old officer, General Hume. Mr. Hume has a right to the credit of being a central pillar with the present Government, and of having done more for the nation's freedom, than any other of its principal statesmen of the 19th century; and in the present day, when the Government is so much in question, he has rendered a great service to the country by his gradual exposition of our institutions, and the manner in which they have been changed, that we may be enabled to see how the Government, while it has revolutionized, has preserved the constitution, and how the seeds of the present Government were sown in the past, and how the present Government has grown up, and the pressure of the future.

History of England
by
H. T. ...
Vol. I. ...

• **Age**



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OCTOBER, 1868.

From the British Quarterly.

ENGLISH CONSTITUTION SINCE THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE III.*

A BOOK such as this has been long wanting, and the volumes before us supply the want, although they do not quite conform to our ideal of Constitutional History. Mr. Hallam has made this generation familiar with the progress of our political system from Saxon times to the reign of George III.; and in treatises of conspicuous merit he has traced the gradual expansion of our institutions until they attained that specific type which the revolution impressed upon them. He has shown how the seeds of English liberty were sown in the ancient Saxon customs, and, though overlaid in their fair growth by the pressure of the

Norman Conquest, how at length they revived and bore fruit in the England of our Plantagenet monarchs. He has pointed out how the ruin of feudalism, and the great changes of the sixteenth century, deprived our medieval polity of many of its principal securities; and how, until after the civil war, the usurpations of the Crown and the Church destroyed the balance of our constitution. From thence he has unfolded the changes which culminated in 1688, when the establishment of a new dynasty and the settlement of parliamentary government put an end to kingly absolutism in England, assured to her representative institutions, made her constitution an aristocratic commonwealth, and secured to Englishmen many of their liberties. And, incidentally with this great development, Mr. Hallam has

* *The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III. 1760—1860.* By THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, C.B. Two vols. London: 1861—1868.

traced the external growth of the British empire in its various parts; and has noted accurately the forces and influences, political, social, religious, and commercial, which continued to form our national life until the middle of the last century.

In following up Mr. Hallam's work, and tracing our constitutional history from 1760 to the present period, Mr. May has done a valuable service to the student of our modern polity. It is true that when Mr. Hallam leaves us, the limited monarchy and the parliamentary government of England have been fully established; that her cardinal institutions have been fixed; that her national tendencies are clearly marked; and that the changes in our constitution which have taken place within a century, are slight compared with those which preceded them. But if we remember that during this period parliamentary and municipal reform have been witnessed; that a material progress and an intellectual activity unknown in any previous age have created interests and influences among us which our great-grandfathers never dreamed of; that the empire has been not only augmented and numerous provinces added to it, but that its colonial system has been metamorphosed; and that social improvement, free trade, the diffusion of enlightenment and education, the expansion of civil and religious liberty, and the reformation of our municipal law, have been among the fruits of this time—we shall readily acknowledge that a supplement to Mr. Hallam's works was necessary. And looking at these volumes as a whole, we are happy to say that Mr. May has performed his task with much ability. He is an accurate and diligent collector of facts, and he sets them forth in a pleasing manner; his judgments upon them are remarkably sound; and his views on social and political questions are eminently liberal, just, and generous.

Mr. May's volumes open with a review of the *status* of the crown since the accession of George III., and of its influence within the constitution. We wish this review had been prefaced by a sketch of our polity, as a whole, toward the middle of the last century. We wish that Mr. May had brought before us the correlation and mutual dependence of the monarchy under the House of Hanover, deprived of the divinity of kingship, yet not the less

with elements of power—of the oligarchic Parliaments of the days of Walpole, well-nigh severed from the influence of opinion, yet in a certain sense representative and popular—of the Church, formidable in her legal ascendancy, yet surrounded by a vigorous Nonconformity, which, though subject to galling disabilities, was nevertheless to a great extent free—and of a people as yet in semi-feudal dependence, yet, on the whole, not ill governed, and wanting only the spread of education to advance socially and politically. We wish that he had given us a picture of the old colonial government of England while the mercantile system still flourished, and had pointed out how Scotland and Ireland—the one but lately devastated by rebellion, the other in the bonds of sectarian domination—were as yet really disunited from the empire. And a vivid description of the social state of England when George III. was young would have been at this point of special value, inasmuch as it is in this particular that the national progress has been greatest, and the influence of this silent change has told most powerfully on our institutions. Perhaps, however, a sketch such as this—at once vigorous and comprehensive—was beyond the scope of Mr. May; and if so he was right not to attempt it; though it must be confessed that this method of treating our polity in its separate parts, without reference to its action as a whole, makes his work rather a political anatomy than in a high sense a constitutional history.

Mr. May's chapters, however, upon the influence of the Crown during the last century, and his account of the effects of that influence, are very just and valuable in their conclusions. He observes correctly, that while the revolution not only made the Houses of Parliament the supreme legislative power in the State, but also armed the House of Commons with a potent control over the executive, it nevertheless left the Crown in possession of the actual executive government, and as such with immense authority. The sovereign was the visible source of power; he commanded the armaments of the State; he was the nominal author of peace and war; and every positive exercise of government, from dissolving Parliament to instituting a prosecution, was done in his name and with his supposed sanction. Besides these legal and imposing prerogatives, the sovereign moreover had as natural allies an

ascendant Church, of which he was the head, and an aristocracy of enormous influence predominant in the national councils; and, as the fountain of honor and office, he possessed a fund of wide-spread patronage, the effects of which need no comment. Accordingly the revolution, even in theory, intrusted the Crown with great powers; and if we remember that their exercise was subjected in the last century to but little control from public opinion, and was only checked by Houses of Parliament composed exclusively of an aristocratic class, we shall understand the elements of strength which the monarchy still retained in our polity.

Mr. May, however, observes with truth, that until the reign of George III. these elements of strength had been latent ever since the accession of the House of Hanover. For the two first Georges had been merely Doges; their ministers had been the depositaries of their power; and their vast patronage had been expended in establishing the ascendancy of parliamentary government. Moreover, they never possessed the authority that rests upon the loyalty of the nation, and the interests naturally most congenial to the Crown considered them as aliens or usurpers. It is not surprising that at the accession of George III. no statesman or thinker should have supposed that the Crown would suddenly regain its powers, would make its influence deeply felt, and would become, if not dominant, at least most potent in the constitution. And yet this phenomenon soon appeared, and the history of the reign of George III. is the history of the will of the sovereign impressing deeply the national councils, and largely influencing the destiny of the empire. Before the king had reigned three years the great ministry of Chatham had been broken up, a favorite of the Crown had been thrust in his place, the oligarchy of the Whigs had been overthrown, and a peace distasteful to the mass of the nation had been voted by a courtly Parliament. The American war, as is well known, was prolonged against the wishes of Lord North and the opinions of the majority in Parliament, by the obstinacy of George III. alone; and the Coalition of 1784 was first dismissed and then defeated by reason of the same agency. So, too, the wars of the French Revolution were due, at least to a great extent, to the personal feelings of the sovereign; and the same influence

caused the fall of Pitt's administration in 1801, and retarded for a number of years the peaceful settlement of the Catholic question. Nor did this power of the Crown cease with the rule of the monarch who had revived it; on the contrary, it was transmitted to his successor; and George IV., when regent and king, gave ample proof of its extent and vigor. As Mr. May observes correctly, the administrations of the close of the regency looked rather to the Crown for support than to the aristocracy or people; and the power of the Crown was so great that it outweighed their double influence. Thus George IV. committed Parliament to abet a disgraceful attack upon his wife which all classes of the nation resented; he long shaped our foreign policy; and like his father he was enabled to retard for years the grant of Catholic Emancipation. It was not, in truth, until the present reign that the direct personal interference of the sovereign in guiding the government of the empire has ceased to be felt in the constitution.

Mr. May has stated correctly enough the causes of this revival of power, which were partly accidental and partly permanent. The ascendancy suddenly gained by George III. was due in part to the fervid loyalty which reawakened in favor of his person, and rallied round his throne large masses of the nation who had hitherto spurned the House of Hanover. It was due in part to the secret dislike entertained by the people for the oligarchy which had been dominant since the revolution, and which urged them to look for better things from the personal government of the sovereign. It was also due in part to the fact that the passions of the king and the people were often united upon the occasions when the Crown most distinctly made itself felt; as, for instance, during the American war, the crisis of the French Revolution, and the agitation of the Catholic question. But the main and paramount cause of it is to be found in the state of the national representation, which enabled a sovereign of strong character, of little scruple, and with immense patronage, to possess himself of the springs of government, and to move them very much at his pleasure. If we bear in mind that the Parliaments of that age were filled with the nominees of the aristocracy, and with the dependents of the court; that, while they wielded the power of the State,

they were not really responsible to the nation; that, meeting with closed doors and free from opinion, they were in close proximity to the palace, and especially liable to corruption and influence; and that the sovereign who was at their head was the recognized source of honor and emolument, and had set himself with steady perseverance to win them over to his will—we shall not wonder that George III. was enabled to boast that he was “really a king,” though shackled by the forms of the constitution. It was this peculiar condition of Parliament, conjoined with the patronage of the executive, that made the Crown so dominant at this time; and as Parliament has been since reformed it is hardly probable that the phenomenon will recur; though, as Mr. May very truly remarks, the great and increasing patronage of the Crown might, under a different reign from the present, be not altogether free from danger to the true equipoise of our polity.

It is needless to say that the great influence which George III. acquired and exercised was not for the good of the empire, for this is written on the face of our history. But the question remains, was it constitutional—was it within the recognized limits of our polity? We may safely answer that it was not, though, with Mr. May, we may fairly acquit the king of any positive design to interfere with the constitutional government. George III., not altogether without success, aspired to be really, as he was in name, the executive ruler of the empire; to guide exclusively its foreign policy, and direct, under compliant Parliaments, the tenor of its domestic legislation. It must be evident, on a moment's reflection, that this would gradually lead to the abrogation of every constitutional check on the sovereign, and would render the Legislature merely passive; and, accordingly, the object of George III.—an object which he partly attained—must be condemned as unconstitutional. What the king did not perceive at all—what none of his courtly ministers told him—was, that his power, even within the bounds which the revolution had set to it, was not an absolute or irresponsible power, but a trust for the benefit of the nation; and therefore, when as head of the executive he claimed a right to direct the government, without accountability to any one, he forgot that this was violating the principle that the

part of the Crown was to rule, indeed, but to rule solely in the general interest. This was the real error of George III.; an error which in a sovereign in our day would be inexcusable and not to be borne, but which in his reign, when opinion was weak, and the voice of Parliament ill-expressed the real wishes and desires of the nation, was in a sovereign comparatively venial.

The practical use of reviewing the history of the influence of the Crown since the accession of George III. is, of course, to determine how far that influence may affect our existing constitution at the present or some future period. We rather gather from Mr. May that he thinks that influence is still on the increase, on account of the augmentation of the patronage which is being yearly added to the Crown; and that possibly a sovereign might arise who could use the power intrusted to him to corrupt the Legislature and endanger our polity. Now without denying that the Crown has obtained a large direct accession of strength, in consequence of the increase of its patronage, and that indirectly its power is enormous on account of the qualities of the reigning sovereign, there are reasons why in the present day a monarch of England would find it most difficult to predominate again in the national councils, or to sway the destinies of the empire to the detriment of the national interests. For though the Crown in all ordinary times will retain the whole prestige of government, and assuredly will be exceedingly powerful in a constitution still essentially aristocratic, and in Parliaments of the existing type, still public opinion in our generation is of such irresistible strength in England, and rests on foundations so firmly settled, that it would probably baffle any sinister attempt to govern against the wishes of the nation. The days are past when a George III. could aim at ruling exactly as he pleased, and could partially accomplish his end; for in the present time the ultimate power that determines the course of the national action is the will of its more enlightened classes, as yet happily undebaased by democracy; and this will, expressed in its organs, is so potent and beyond influence, that we trust it would always prove a barrier against any undue efforts to aggrandize the power of the monarchy or to make it paramount in the constitution. At least this we may

say with confidence: so long as opinion is what it is now, no sovereign will be able to cross it directly, and to acquire any thing like unconstitutional preponderance; and we may hope that this mighty force will be always able to counterbalance any fresh accessions of strength to the monarchy, considered as the head of the executive.

Passing over some valuable chapters on the subjects of the family arrangements and revenues of the Crown—with respect to which we cordially agree with Mr. May's strictures on the royal marriage act—we may next glance at the constitutional history of the estate of the realm that is second in rank—the House of Lords—since 1760. Mr. May has described concisely and well the great expansion which has taken place in this august assembly since the accession of George III., both in the addition of the Irish representation and in the creation of modern peerages. The fact is, that the House of Lords, which at no period of English history resembled an exclusive hereditary chamber, has, owing to the change of the last hundred years, become like the old Roman senate, in which the members of patrician families were combined with a new aristocracy composed of the most illustrious citizens. And though the House of Lords has lost a great deal of its authority in controlling the votes of the House of Commons, and in this way is no doubt unable to exercise power as openly as of old, it has gained greatly in the opinion of the nation, and perhaps is indirectly as powerful as it has been in any previous period. This strength it owes to the wisdom with which it has on the whole performed its functions since the memorable crisis of 1832, to the illustrious traditions which give it dignity, to the fact that it is a real aristocracy, to the improvement in the habits and tastes of the noblemen of the present day compared with those of their great-grandfathers, and to the vast territorial possessions, supported by innumerable interests, which belong to the collective peerage. A senate in the best and highest sense, and possessing nothing of the character of feudalism except its dignity and chivalrous honor, the House of Lords is now really popular, and is rightly esteemed by the mass of the nation as an order of distinguished citizens who give support to the Crown and the law, and act as a

useful Court of Review in supervising the work of Legislature.

But the true position of the House of Lords, illustrious and distinguished as it is, is that emphatically of a check only—of a balancing force against popular excesses, and against crude and hasty legislation. Although no doubt an estate of the realm, and as such capable of initiating legislation or of resisting any bill, the House of Lords, both constitutionally and with regard to its own interests also, should never attempt to dictate to the nation, or set itself against its judgment, provided it be expressed clearly. And the reason is, that the House of Lords is at once the weakest estate of the realm and also the least directly responsible: it is not as strong as the Crown or the Commons, yet it is not capable of immediate control; and from this it happens that if the House of Lords interfere with the wishes of the people, it is alike exposed to a dangerous pressure and difficult to make amenable to opinion. When a juncture like this has arisen the House has been placed in a critical position which all friends of our polity must deprecate; it has seemed an incumbering obstacle to government; and the only way to avoid this is to shun a collision with the other estates, and to do no more than temper their action. Should the House of Lords pertinaciously insist on setting itself against the national will, the only expedient known to the constitution is that of a creation of peers, a violent and anomalous remedy which, unlike a change of ministers or a dissolution, leaves permanent traces of mischief behind it. We agree, however, with Mr. May, that such a remedy is unavoidable should the House of Lords unwisely oppose—as it threatened to do in 1832—any measure necessary to the interests of the nation.

“So far as the House of Lords is concerned, a creation of peers by the Crown on extraordinary occasions is the only equivalent which the constitution has provided for the change and renovation of the House of Commons by a dissolution. In no other way can the opinions of the House of Lords be brought into harmony with those of the people. In ordinary times the House of Lords has been gradually converted to the political opinions of the dominant party in the State by successive creations; but when a crisis arises in which the party of whose sentiments it is the exponent is opposed to the majority of the House of Commons and the country, it must

either yield to the pressure of public opinion, or expose itself to the hazard of a more sudden conversion. Statesmen of all parties would condemn such a measure, except in cases of grave and perilous necessity; but should the emergency be such as to demand it, it can not be pronounced unconstitutional."

Mr. May's account of the House of Commons since 1760, of its constitutional position in the State, of its organic change in 1832, and of the silent but mighty revolution which it has passed through within this century, will repay a careful perusal. When George III. ascended the throne that House had been for two generations the acknowledged principal agent in government; it was the main source and origin of legislation; through its control upon the public purse, and over the armaments of the State, it could always check the action of the executive; and in the weapons of impeachment and censure it held a security for the responsibility of ministers. But while its authority had been assured, its character had been much altered; and it had degenerated from its true type as the representative of the national interests. It had fallen under the influence of oligarchies of all kinds, aristocratic and municipal; it was also, as the event showed, peculiarly liable to the power of the Crown; and while it had become all-powerful, it had very little sympathy with the people, and was under little responsibility to them. Instead, to use the language of Burke, "of being a check for the popular interests, it had become a check on the people;" instead of proving a national representation, it had become the mighty and scarce responsible instrument of interests more or less oligarchic, well-nigh free from the opinion of an age in which opinion was as yet feeble.

That such an assembly should sanction corruption, that it should be penetrated with corrupt influences, and that it should have been weak to resist an executive skillfully and recklessly guided, can surprise no one who remembers its constitution. The elections were a scene of profligate bribery; and the number of electors was so small, that it is said that in Scotland a thousand votes, and in England six thousand only, returned a clear and positive majority. In the nomination and rotten boroughs there was not the semblance of popular election; and even in many of the largest boroughs the influence of the great corporations was all-powerful

to return a candidate. The nobility, too, predominated in the counties; and in almost all the great seaports the Crown had immense influence through the dockyard and the customs' officers. And while this was the basis of the representation, the representatives were themselves exposed to influences from the court and the aristocracy which, being unchecked, were irresistible. In an assembly sitting with closed doors there were many capable of taking bribes; and for others there were crowds of places and pensions, now considerably diminished. These votes could be bought by contracts and sinecures; nor was there any counterbalancing force in the sense of responsibility to the nation to overweigh these powerful incentives: on the contrary, the judgment of the court or the minister was commonly the only standard of opinion. Can we wonder, therefore, that such an assembly, at once packed, corrupt, and irresponsible, should have been usually the instrument of government, and, after escaping from the Whig magnates, should have fallen under the control of George III. and become the general agent of his policy.

Nevertheless, though the House of Commons of this age was far too much the satellite of the executive, and over and over again perverted its power to objects hostile to the general welfare, it was not a passive engine of government, nor altogether wanting to its purpose. For, in the first place, it retained the power and traditions of a popular assembly; and these have always proved most potent to check the illegitimate action of a government. In the next place, it always drew toward it some men of the highest ability and integrity, who were above every sinister influence, and who continued in an opposition that largely directed the national policy. And lastly, penetrated as it was by corruption, and filled with unpopular elements, it counted several popular constituencies; and indirectly it was made responsible—whenever a general election took place—to the judgment of the entire nation. And how powerful that opinion could be, was, even in the reign of George III., exemplified in some memorable instances: as the fate of the Coalition in 1784, and the crusade against the French Revolution. In fact, the House of Commons of this age, though no image of the national interests, and often guilty of violating its trust, had the vital germs

of a constitutional assembly, and never sunk to a register of government.

The relations of a House of Commons such as this with the Crown, the peerage, and the rest of the nation, were such as might have been expected from it. Its action was usually in support of power, however harshly and unscrupulously used, though this action was often crossed and impeded by the protests of a well-organized opposition. The legislative measures of which it was the author were for the most part in the interest of the Crown, or of narrow oligarchic classes; though here, too, we can trace occasionally the presence of an antagonist policy. As regards, however, the real people, its attitude was almost always indifferent, or marked with a hostile jealousy which betrayed how its true character had been altered. But few popular measures can be ascribed to the House of Commons of the reign of George III., and it must be charged with many that were unpopular, and, moreover, arbitrary and tyrannical. The long and scandalous persecution of Wilkes, the affair of the Middlesex election, the jealousy felt at the publication of the reports, the monstrous claims of breach of privilege, the steady opposition to reform of Parliament, the dislike shown to the emancipation of the negro, the frequent protests against religious liberty, the extension of the penal code, and the coercive acts of Pitt and Castlereagh—all these things, which occurred in this reign, stamp the character of the House of Commons of our grandfathers.

The history of the last fifty years records how a House of Commons such as this has been restored to its true type, and made a real representative of the nation. The Reform Act was the positive law which changed the constitution of the House, and based it upon the middle classes—still powerfully influenced from above and below—not on the narrow foundation of an oligarchy. But the Reform Act was only one of the means which have metamorphosed the House of Commons and have placed it in its natural position. Another, and by far the most potent, has been the vast and rapid expansion of popular ideas, education, and progress, which has been witnessed within this country, and which has brought the power of the constituencies to bear most regularly upon their representatives. Mr. May thus notices this great revolution :

“A permanent change in the condition of the people was gradually increasing their influence in public affairs. Education was being rapidly extended, and all classes were growing more enlightened. . . . The revolutionary spirit of France, itself again the result of deeper causes, had spread with epidemic subtlety in the civilized world. Ancient monarchies had been overthrown and kings discredited as in a drama. The traditional reverence of the people for authority had been shaken; their idols had been cast down. In every country—whatever its form of government—democracy was gaining strength in society, in the press, and in the sentiments of the people. In England, harmonizing with free institutions, it gave strength to the popular cause, and ultimately secured the triumph of liberty.”

A subordinate but a powerful means has been the publication of the debates and all the proceedings of the House of Commons, which makes it directly subject to opinion.

“The entire people are now present, as it were, and assist in the deliberations of Parliament. An orator addresses not only the assembly of which he is a member, but through them the civilized world. Publicity has become one of the most important instruments of parliamentary government. The people are taken into counsel by Parliament, and concur in approving or condemning the laws which are there proposed; and thus the doctrine of Hooker is verified to the very letter: ‘Laws they are not which public appreciation hath not made so.’ While publicity secures the ready acceptance of good laws by the people, the passing of bad laws of which the people disapprove is beyond the power of any minister. Long before a measure can be adopted by the Legislature it has been approved or condemned by the public voice; and living and acting in public, Parliament under a free representation has become as sensitive to public opinion as a barometer to atmospheric pressure.”

These three great facts—parliamentary reform, the vast expansion of popular ideas, and the publicity given to the proceedings of Parliament—have made the House of Commons of this day a real image of national interests. Of its legislation we shall speak hereafter; but we quote Mr. May’s correct description of its general attitude toward the people :

“The settlement of 1832 has secured the great object of representation—good government. Wise and beneficent measures have been passed: enlightened public opinion has been satisfied. The representation is theoretic-

cally incomplete, but Parliament has been brought into harmony with the interests and sympathies of the people. It has nearly approached Mr. Burke's standard, according to whom 'the virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons consist in its being the express image of the feelings of a nation.'

The consequences of this remarkable change have been to strengthen the House of Commons by resting it on a broader basis, to make its sway both milder and greater, and yet not to weaken the executive, because the executive is now drawn by a gentle but irresistible pressure to act in harmony with the will of the nation. In fact, the House of Commons now rules; but it rules on the whole with moderation and reason; and while all persons in the State obey it, it claims a willing and kindly obedience. This doubtless approaches the true ideal; and yet it must be ever borne in mind, as Mr. May shows with truth, that the House of Commons can only retain its present popular and commanding *status* by keeping in its true relation, as the representative of national interests. Accordingly, as education and progress still further penetrate among the masses, they should gradually receive the franchise; and though at present parliamentary reform is not sought by any class in the nation, our statesmen should recollect that it must come, and should take care that the popular estate shall always be in harmony with its purpose. Nor should we forget that the present House of Commons is not altogether free from corruption: the taint of bribery clings to some constituencies; and while the representatives are pure, there is much impurity among the electors. This is an evil to be carefully watched; and another, perhaps, is the difficulty of obtaining a supply in the actual House of Commons of young men fit to be trained in politics. Let us hope, however, with Mr. May, that this one excellence of the unreformed Parliament, which is apparently wanting to us now, will be found again in the reformed House of Commons.

From England we pass to a brief review of the constitutional history of Scotland and Ireland. Of the former country there is little to be said; the reform of the Scotch constituencies by the great change of 1832, and the extension of trial by jury in Scotland, being the points most worthy of special notice. But the

revolution in the system of government which has taken place since 1760 in Ireland deserves peculiar attention from the student, and we can highly commend the chapter of Mr. May upon the subject. The constitution of Ireland before the Union was that of a corrupt and selfish oligarchy, dependent on England for protection, and treated by England as dependent, yet divided from a subject nation by the double barrier of race and religion. Every institution of the country was framed to sustain the subjection of the oligarchy to the empire, and at the same time to assure their ascendancy over their Roman Catholic and Celtic fellow-countrymen. The Irish Parliament was merely the satellite of the powerful assembly that sat at Westminster; it could not originate a single measure; it lasted during the reign of the sovereign; and it was openly bought and sold by the Castle. The Irish judicature was subject to the King's Bench and the other superior courts in England; and the government of Ireland was in fact carried on by a clique of officials in London and Dublin, among whom the Irish archbishops were prominent. More over, as has repeatedly happened, commercial dependence was added to political; the trade of Ireland was sacrificed to the selfishness and narrow jealousies of the mercantile system, and Ireland was prevented from exchanging her produce with our colonial empire, and, to a considerable extent, with Great Britain. Meanwhile the mass of the nation groaned beneath the yoke of Protestant ascendancy, expressed in the dominant Episcopalian Church and in a State that excluded them from her pale; and though the Protestant dissenters of the North were in a very much better condition, they, too, were exposed to some of the grievances of a penal code which, aimed at Catholicism, affected them with oblique severity.

Mr. May narrates concisely and well how this monstrous system of misgovernment received first a severe blow at the crisis of the American war, and gave place to the delusive constitution which was known by the name of Irish Independence. The revolution of 1782 for a moment gave a factitious importance to the oligarchic Protestants of Ireland, and probably accomplished this much good, that it made them turn to the Roman Catholic nation for support against a common enemy; but it proved in the end completely abortive.

The Irish Parliament, when nominally free, was really little less dependent than before; instead of being openly purchased it was bought secretly and at a higher price; and that was all the substantial difference. No great reforms or remedial measures are associated with its ignoble existence; it remained to the last what it always had been, the assembly of a dominant caste; and the only improvement it received in 1782 was the growth of a brilliant opposition within it who became useful to the British Senate. So, too, the judicial and commercial independence which Ireland acquired in 1782 was of no real advantage to the country; the judges appointed by the minister of the day were only too ready to do what he pleased in a nation where opinion was impotent; and commerce could find no place among a people reduced to extreme penury. As for the real nation—the Roman Catholic Celts—the revolution of 1782 did nothing whatever for their cause except animate the spirit of Grattan; they remained as before under the double yoke of the Established Church and the Protestant squirearchy; and though they obtained the franchise in 1793, it was only to become the tools of their masters. Nor was the change of much avail to get rid of the disabilities of the Irish Dissenters.

In 1800, as every one knows, the Union was the occasion of bringing this unhappy country into the bosom of the empire. For many years the first great remedy for curing the manifold evils of Ireland—the getting rid of Protestant ascendancy and placing her sects on a more equal footing—was retarded by the bigotry of George III.; but at last the grant of Catholic emancipation laid the basis of a real improvement. Since then the Irish representation has been reformed; the corporate strongholds of Protestant ascendancy have been replaced by new corporations; the disqualifications of all dissenters from the establishment have been either removed or reduced; the greatest possible anxiety has been shown by government to redress the wrongs of the past; and measures of the most liberal kind have aimed at Ireland's economic emancipation. And if the historian must still admit that several traces of the past survive; that the mischief caused by the long domination of race and sect has not disappeared; and if, moreover, no thinker can doubt that the question of the Church Establishment in

Ireland must sooner or later call for legislation—we may proudly point to the last sixty years as a period during which the advance of Ireland in every element of prosperity has been most remarkable and gratifying. We quote Mr. May's correct summary:

"In the midst of all discouragements, in spite of clamors and misrepresentation, in defiance of hostile factions, the executive and the Legislature have nobly striven to effect the political and social regeneration of Ireland. The great English parties have vied with each other in carrying out this policy. Remedial legislation for Ireland, and the administration of her affairs, have, at some periods, engrossed more attention than the whole British empire. Ancient feuds have yet to be extinguished, and religious divisions healed; but nothing has been wanting that the wisdom and beneficence of the State could devise for insuring freedom, equal justice, and the privileges of the constitution, to every class of the Irish people. Good laws have been well administered; franchises have been recognized as rights, not admitted as pretences. Equality has been not a legal thing but an unquestioned fact."

From Scotland and Ireland we pass naturally to glance at the constitutional history of the colonies and dependencies of the empire. This history since the accession of George III. has been checkered with many vicissitudes, and it has been marked by a complete revolution in the relations of the colonies with the mother-country. Mr. May's sketch is brief but able, and on the whole we agree with his conclusions. He observes correctly that by the colonies we mean three distinct organizations: those of colonies in the strict sense, of military garrisons such as Gibraltar, and of real conquests such as India. All these classes in former times were ruled very much on the same model; that is, by governors from the mother-country, with the image of a constitutional government, where the elements of such a system existed; and, in the case of colonies for trade, with a strict commercial dependence on England. For instance, Jamaica and North-America were ruled from England by a viceroy and a provisional assembly of the same type; and the commerce of both was bound in the fetters of the old selfish mercantile system. Even the trade of India was subject to a monopoly; and though here in the military colonies the government more resembled a despotism, there was here and there some shade of constitutionalism. The lapse of

time, the growth of free trade, and above all the great progress made in the real colonies of the empire, have altogether altered this uniformity; and now those countries that are colonies proper, such as Australia, Canada, and New-Zealand, are nations dependent in name only, emancipated in fact from the mother-country, with broad diversities of institutions, and bound to England by the ties alone of a common race and a common allegiance. As for the military garrisons, from the nature of the case they have been little changed in government, though their relative value may have altered greatly; and India, after many vicissitudes, has lapsed into a subject empire, directly governed by the Crown and Parliament, but with her trade completely emancipated.

This being the state of our colonial empire, Mr. May glances at the important question—now deeply stirring the public mind—how far it is our interest that it should continue. As regards colonies in the proper sense, he evidently thinks that the time must come when their nominal allegiance will be abjured, and when they will become independent, but bound to us by the endearing recollection of their common nationality with England. We can hardly doubt that this will be the case, and can only hope that when the severance takes place it will be with mutual assent and good-will, and without such elements of bitterness and strife as have long vexed our relations with America. As regards the purely military dependencies, their value may become reduced, and in some instances may sink to nothing; and in these cases they should be given up; but we do not gather from Mr. May that in his opinion that time has arrived, and this certainly is our judgment. As regards India we quote the remarks of Mr. May upon a subject of perhaps unequalled interest to those who love to dwell on the moral destiny of England as a colonizing empire. That India can ever become self-governing appears to us an absolute impossibility; that our rule over it should be abandoned we think would be a dereliction of our duty as a Christian and a civilizing nation, as well as a serious loss to our influence; and that it may be well governed by the system now upon its trial must be the hope of all thoughtful Englishmen.

Mr. May is obviously sanguine on the subject.

"The transfer of India to the Crown was followed by a vigorous administration of its vast dominions. Its army was amalgamated with that of England; the constitution of the council of India was placed upon a wider basis; the courts of judicature were remodeled, the civil service enlarged, and the exhausted revenues of the country regenerated. To an empire of subjugated states and Asiatic races self-government was plainly impossible. But it has already profited by European civilization and statesmanship; and while necessarily denied freedom, its rulers are guided by the principles upon which free states are governed, and its interests are protected by a free English Parliament, a vigilant press, and an enlightened and humane people."

Such have been the changes in our great institutions and in the several parts of our empire for the period since 1760. What have been the broad and general results in the progress of moral and social improvement, and in the march of human civilization? It is here that the industry of Mr. May is not sustained by philosophic power; and he fails to give us a vivid review of the action of the empire as a whole since George III. became its governor. Looking at these changes from a general point of view, we may say that they tend to substitute the influence of public opinion and moral force for that of mere law in the conduct of the State, to break down a variety of distinctions which separated different classes in the people, and to give freedom to individual action among the component parts of the empire. The monarchy, the Houses of Parliament, the Church, and the numerous depositaries of power and authority, are less fenced round by positive right than they were a hundred years ago, and their influence more directly rests upon the general will of the nation. So, too, the exclusive privileges of station, which, feeble as they were in England in 1760, compared with what they were in other countries, were nevertheless of great force, have yielded to a considerable extent; the lines which divided the ranks of the people have become gradually weaker and weaker, and the whole commonwealth has been fused together in a much grander and closer unity. And, at the same time, each division of the empire possesses greater freedom of devel-

opment and of united action than before; the colonies enjoy a complete emancipation from the fetters of the mercantile system; and free trade—the great triumph of the age—inevitably tends to assure all the countries dependent upon the British Crown the largest liberty of self-expansion. Nor would it be difficult to show that this freedom has extended from the mass to the individual; in every department of social life, in every profession and sphere of action, its presence can not for an instant be doubted.

And while these have been the tendencies of the age, have they weakened the force of our great institutions? have they interfered with their proper uses? have they changed essentially the character of the constitution? or have they impaired the national qualities which justly are the boast of Englishmen, or marred the progress of their happiness and civilization? To these questions no honest observer can hesitate as to what should be his answer. The power of the Legislature was never greater, and the authority of government never more respected than each has proved in the present age; and “the divinity which hedges round a king” was never more a popular faith than it is in the reign of good Queen Victoria. So, too, the Church has gained strength since she lost her old sectarian domination; and while her Nonconformist rivals have advanced in at least an equal degree, the influence of all, we believe, has increased in extending and popularizing our common Christianity. As to the constitution, it remains what it was—the government of the three estates, sustained by innumerable minor institutions; it shows no symptom of organic change; it is strong enough to defy despotism, or democracy on the other side; and, compared with what it was before 1832, it has acquired an enormous accession of power in the resettlement of the national representation. With respect to our national character we may say, to use the words of Lord Macaulay, that, in the course of a hundred years, “it has softened in proportion to its ripeness;” it has lost nothing of its energy and stability, but it has gained a great deal of refinement and gentleness; and in all classes of society, without exception, it exhibits the marks of this improvement. And as regards the progress of civilization, we have but to compare the literature of the age of

George III. with that of Victoria to judge at once of its happy advance; an advance, moreover, evidenced by tests of economic and social science as to which there can be no doubt or question.

While these have been the general results which our history discloses within the century, we may next glance at some special consequences which have been witnessed within this period. In the first place the improvement of society has been unmistakably promoted by wise, zealous, and active legislation. The liberty of the subject has been extended by the abolition of arrest for debt in many cases in which it existed, and by the facilities for finding bail; and the reform of our prisons in every department has relieved civil confinement from cruelty. The liberty of opinion has been enlarged by the many relaxations of the law of libel, and by the gigantic power of the press, which is now one of our greatest institutions. The criminal law has been shorn of its barbarities; the spectacle is no longer seen of hundreds of culprits hanged at each assizes; and though it may perhaps be contended that our criminal law is now too mild, there is no evidence that crime has increased compared with what it was in the last generation. At the same time our municipal law, which in the days of George III. was practically inaccessible to the poor in consequence of its enormous expense, has been amply and admirably reformed, and now at last aspires to the ideal of cheap and expeditious justice. Legislation, moreover, has been most active in ministering directly to the welfare of the people; the fall of protection and the development of free trade have perhaps doubled the value of wages; our fiscal laws have all tended to relieve industry and the poorer classes; our method of taxation is a specimen of unselfishness on the part of the opulent classes which, perhaps, is unexampled in history; and sanitary measures of a searching kind have attracted the generous anxiety of the State to improve the material condition of the masses. Thus not only in our great institutions, but down through every class of the nation, a great social and material improvement has been wrought by direct legislation.

With respect to the religious progress of the empire we shall quote the following from Mr. May, in testimony of Nonconformist activity:

"The later history of Dissent, of its rapid growth and development, its marvelous activity and resources, is to be read in its statistics. The Church, in extending her ministrations, had been aided by the State, and by the liberality of her wealthy flocks. Dissent received no succor or encouragement from the State, and its disciples were generally drawn from the less opulent classes of society. Yet what has it done for the religious instruction of the people? In 1801 the Wesleyans had 825 chapels or places of worship; in 1851 they had the extraordinary number of 11,007, with sittings for 2,194,298 persons! The original connection alone numbered 1034 ministers, and upward of 13,000 lay or local preachers.

In 1801 the Independents had 914 chapels; in 1851 they had 8244, with sittings for 1,067,760 members. In 1801 the Baptists had 652 places of worship; in 1851 they had 2789, with sittings for 752,346. And numerous other religious denominations swelled the ranks of Protestant Dissent."

In our view, therefore, we agree with Mr. May that the history of the last century is the history of advancement and progress. Our national life is freer and happier; and the organic structures which sustain its being are more vigorous and stronger than ever.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

A DANISH TALE, BY H. STEFFENS.

THE north-western part of the isle of Zealand has a very bleak and lonely appearance. No plant can grow in the quicksand. Movable sand-hills, the play of the winds constantly shifting their places, arise and disappear, to arise again at some distance. When traveling through the island, I spent an hour here, which impressed me with the idea of loneliness and desolation. While I slowly rode along on horseback, a storm arose in the north from the sea-shore. The river rose up, the clouds were driven along in the firmament, the sky grew darker and darker, the sand began to move in larger and larger masses under the hoofs of my horse, it was whirled about by the wind and filled the air. The horse sank deep into the loose sand. Sky and earth and sea were mixed up with each other, and every thing was wrapped in clouds of dust and sand, so that I found it utterly impossible to see my way or to know in which direction to go. There was no trace of life or vegetation—the storm howled through the air—thunder rolling at a distance—and the flashes of lightning could scarcely penetrate the thick clouds of dust around me. The danger was apparent, when a sudden violent rain brought the sand to rest, and rendered

it possible for me, wet to the skin, to find my way to the next little town.

In this dreary neighborhood there was, a hundred years ago, a village at a distance of about a mile from the sea-shore. The quicksands have buried the village; the inhabitants, most of whom were sailors or fishermen, have erected their cottages closer to the shore. Only the church, built on the top of a hill, is still in the same place, surrounded by the dreary movable wilderness. It is in this church that the event took place which I am going to relate.

The venerable old country parson sat in his lonely room, being absorbed in pious contemplation. It was about midnight. The house was at the end of the village; its door was not locked, the patriarchal simplicity of the inhabitants being so great that lock and key were almost unknown to them. The parson's lamp shone dimly, while the sullen silence of the house was only disturbed by the rushing of the waves. He heard that the door was opened, and heard manly steps approaching on the staircase; he expected that he should be summoned to give spiritual comfort to a dying man in his agonies. Two unknown men, wrapped in white

cloaks, stepped into the room. One of them said, while approaching in a civil manner: "Sir, you will be kind enough to follow us; you must officiate at a marriage. Bride and bridegroom are waiting in the distant church. This sum," said he, pointing to a filled purse, "will sufficiently make up for your trouble and for your being startled by the unexpected summons." The old man stared at the foreigners, whose appearance seemed to him strange and fearful—nay, even ghost-like. The man repeated his demand in a pressing and commanding manner. After having recovered from his astonishment, the clergyman began mildly to remonstrate that his office did not allow him to dispense with the due formalities, or to perform the sacred duty without knowing the bridal couple. Then the second of the strangers stepped forth in a threatening attitude. "Sir," said he, "you can choose. You follow us, and take the offered sum of money, or you remain: but then you are a dead man." He raised a pistol to his forehead, and waited for the answer. The old parson grew pale, rose up in fear and silence, dressed himself, and said: "I am ready." The strangers had spoken Danish, but in such a way that there could be no mistake as to their being foreigners.

So they crossed the village in the silence of a dark autumnal night. When leaving it, the clergyman perceived with horror that his church was brilliantly lit up. And forth in silence marched his companions over the lonely, sandy plain, while he, absorbed in his reflections, with difficulty followed them. When arrived at the church door they bound up his eyes; he heard a well-known side-door opening with a creaking noise, and was pushed forward into a dense crowd. All around through the whole church he heard a whispering murmur; in his neighborhood, discourses in an unknown language, which he took for Russian. While thus standing in utter perplexity, with closed eyes, and pressed from all sides, his hand was taken hold of, and he was forcibly pulled through the crowd. At last the people gave way, the tie was taken off, and he found himself standing before the altar. It was adorned by a long row of wax candles, in magnificent silver candle-sticks; the whole church was so well lit up by a great many candles that the most distant matters could be distinctly recognized.

The sullen silence of the great multitude filled now his soul with horror, as shortly before had done their murmurs. Side-ways and pews were occupied by the crowd, but the middle passage was clear, and the minister saw deep below himself a fresh dug grave. The stone, that before had served to cover it, stood leaning against a pew. The minister saw nothing but men, except one woman, whom he could dimly recognize in a distant view. The stillness lasted some minutes. No one stirred.

At last a man arose, whose magnificent garments distinguished him from the rest, and manifested his high rank. He stepped resolutely through the empty passage, his steps resounding through the church, while stared at by the multitude. The man was of middle-size, broad-shouldered, his gait proud, his countenance of a brownish-yellow color, his hair black, his features hard and severe, the lips spitefully closed, a bold aquiline nose increasing his commanding appearance; his little black eyes burning with a wild fire, overshadowed by a long dark bushy eyebrow. He wore a green coat, trimmed with broad gold-lace, and a star shone on his breast. The bride, who kneeled at his side, was dressed carefully and magnificently. An azure robe richly trimmed with silver surrounded her slender figure. A diadem glittering with jewels adorned her fair hair. Her features were graceful and handsome, although distorted by anxiety. Her pale lips had a deathlike appearance, her eyes were dim with tears.

The clergyman, paralyzed with terror, remained for some time dumb in his position, when a savage glance of the bridegroom reminded him of the ceremony. A new perplexity for him was his doubt whether the bridal couple would understand his language. He composed himself, and asked the bridegroom what were their names.

"Neander, Feodora," answered he, in a coarse voice.

The clergyman began now to read the formula of marriage. His voice trembled. He was often obliged to repeat his words, but no one seemed to perceive his perplexity, whereby he was confirmed in his supposition that no one in his congregation perfectly understood his language, when he now proceeded to ask:

"Neander, will you recognize Feodora,

who kneels beside you, for your lawful wife?"

He thought that, from ignorance of the language, the bridegroom might not answer the question; but the answer, "yes," was given in a loud, shrill, yelling sound, which resounded through the whole church. Deep sighs coming forth every where from the surrounding congregation accompanied this terrible "yes," and a convulsion, like the flash of distant lightning, agitated for a moment the pale features of the bride. Directing his words to the bride, he said then:

"Feodora, will you recognize Neander, who kneels beside you, for your lawful husband?"

She answered by a perceptible "yes." The half-eyeless bride awoke, as it were, from a deep dream, her pale lips shivered, her eyes flashed with a momentary fire, her breast waved up and down, a violent shower of tears extinguished again the light of her eyes, and her "yes" was heard like the anxious moan of a dying person, and found a willing echo in the multitude, expressed in involuntary sounds of sympathy, that came forth from all parts of the church. Some minutes passed in dreadful silence. Then, seeing the pale bride kneeling in her place again, the minister finished the service. His companions came forth again, tied his eyes up, pulled him with some difficulty through the crowd, pushed him out of the church door, which was bolted inside, and left him in the open air.

Standing there in the dark lonely night, he was for a moment uncertain whether the horrible event, with all its dreadful particulars, had not been only an anxious dream. As soon, however, as he had torn the tie from his eyes, saw the church brightly lit up, and heard the murmur of the multitude, he could not help being convinced of the dreadful reality. In order to learn the issue, he concealed himself on the opposite side of the church. The murmur increased; a violent altercation followed; he thought he heard the rough voice of the bridegroom imposing silence in a commanding manner; then a long pause; a shot was fired, the cry of a woman's voice was heard; another long pause followed; a noise like shuffling and digging ensued, that lasted almost a quarter of an hour. The lights were extinguished, the murmur rose anew, and the whole crowd rushed out of the

church and hastened with a humming noise to the sea-shore.

The parson returned to his village, and, full of horror, told his friends and neighbors the wonderful and incredible things he had witnessed; but the simple fishermen could not be prevailed upon to believe in it. They thought that an unhappy accident had disturbed the imagination of their beloved teacher, and a few only, who were either curious or good-natured enough, could be induced to take a crowbar, a spade, and a shovel, and to follow him to the church.

Morning had dawned meanwhile; the sun rose, and while the parson with his companions went up the hill, they saw a man-of-war under all sail leaving the shore and steering in a northern direction. Such an uncommon sight in this lonely neighborhood startled them; but soon they got still more disposed to waive their objections against the old man's credibility. They entered the church, full of curiosity. The parson showed the fresh grave to them; the tombstone was removed, and a new, richly-adorned coffin was discovered. The lid was taken off, and the parson saw his dreadful foreboding confirmed. The murdered bride was in the coffin; a bullet had pierced her breast. The features of deep sorrow had disappeared from her countenance, heavenly peace glorified her face, and she looked like an angel. The old man threw himself upon the coffin, and wept over the fate of the murdered girl, while his companions were startled with astonishment and horror.

The clergyman sent a circumstantial written account of the event to his superior, the Bishop of Zealand, and prevailed upon his friends, until further notice, not to divulge what they had learned. A man of high authority in Copenhagen arrived soon afterwards in the village; he inquired for all particulars, caused the grave to be shown to himself, expressed satisfaction with the preserved secrecy, and ordered, under a severe penalty, that no one should speak of the matter.

After the decease of the parson, a detailed written account of the event was found inclosed in the parish register. Some think that the event had some mysterious connection with the sudden and violent alterations in the Russian succession, after the death of Peter I. and the Empress Catherine. To explain the deep

mystery of this horrible deed will, however, under all circumstances, be difficult, if not altogether impossible.

How far there may have been a historical foundation for the foregoing strange tale, we do not know. Many wild legends abound in the northern lands of Scandi-

navia, though few of them have been reproduced with the artistic effect of the Danish author Steffens. This tale has been immensely popular, not only in Denmark, but throughout Germany, and Schiller has given it to his countrymen in stanzas of *terzine* verse.

From the London Quarterly.

LYELL ON THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

[Concluded from page 13.]

THERE are many facts of past and present times that speak of more vigorous action than that admitted by Lyell's averages. Though geologists have the advantage of their opponents in their study and selection of facts, we must point out a few on the other side of the question. With regard to the greater violence of water action in past times, Humboldt tells us of the traces of such action on the banks of the Orinoco one hundred and sixty and one hundred and ninety feet above the present level of the river; and he adds: "Their existence proves, what indeed we learn from all the river beds of Europe, that those streams which still excite our admiration by their magnitude, are but inconsiderable remains of the immense masses of water belonging to a former age." And Atkinson in his work on Siberia points out how far above the European average is the flood action of the Asiatic rivers. He says that all the rivers round the Irtisch have cut out wide and deep channels in the great plains, ten, twelve, and even fifteen *versts* wide, and that *in* this great channel the actual river course lies. It is the same in the valley of the Ob; but when the Ob is in flood in June, from the melting of the snows, the whole valley, twelve *versts* broad, is covered with water. A

paper in the Proceedings of the British Association bears the same testimony to the Indian rivers. And, as we are now taught that the excess of rain in Western Europe has an intimate connection with the course of cyclones which have their origin in the tropical parts of the Atlantic, we must refer the water action of ancient Europe to atmospheric influences, of which we can not determine the force. For aught we know, the Somme might have had its annual tremendous floods, eroding here, depositing there, on a scale far beyond that of the present.

So of the growth of peat. M. Boucher de Perthes demands tens of thousands of years for the formation of a bed thirty feet thick; but Lyell himself tells us that

"the overthrow of a forest by a storm, about the middle of the seventeenth century, gave rise to a peat moss near Lochbroom in Ross-shire, where, in less than half a century after the fall of the trees, the inhabitants dug peat."—*Principles of Geology*, book iii., chap. 13.

Again, as to the rate of delta deposition, let us notice the known age of the delta of the Kander. This little stream first emptied itself into the lake of Thun in 1713, and in one hundred and twenty years it had formed a delta a mile along the shore, and a quarter of a mile into the lake. Of the lake of Geneva, also, Lyell states his opinion that the delta of the Rhone has deposited during the last eight centuries "a great series of strata, proba-

* *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL. Illustrated by wood-cuts. London: Murray. 1863.

bly from six hundred to nine hundred feet thick, and nearly two miles in length." These are much more rapid rates than those calculated by MM. Morlot, Troyon, etc., from the delta of the Tinière, and the deposits in the lake of Neufchatel. But geologists will reply that it is absurd to make one river or lake a rule for another, when the rate of deposition may be very different. Just so: but it is this which makes averages so imperfect and untrustworthy when struck between distant places or, let us add, distant times. The modern lake of Neufchatel is not the lake of Geneva; but neither is it the ancient lake of Neufchatel. Every thing that influences lake deposition might have been different: the area of drainage, the filling up or emptying of higher basins, the greater extremes of summer and winter temperature in wasting the mountains and flooding the valleys—all these might have aided to make the ancient rate of delta deposition very different from that of modern times.

Again, as to erosion, Lyell himself gives us an instance of the prodigious rate at which this has proceeded in the yellow loam of the valley of the Mississippi; in which a ravine, seven miles long and in some parts sixty feet deep, has been excavated since 1812, partly owing to the clearing of forests, and partly to the effects of an earthquake. But perhaps the most remarkable instance is that of the river Simeto, which, in the course of about two centuries, has cut through a current of hard blue lava at the foot of Etna, and worn itself "a passage from fifty to several hundred feet wide, and in some parts from forty to fifty feet deep." We mentally compare the hard blue lava of Etna with the soft chalk of Picardy, and ask ourselves why it should have required tens of thousands of years to cut down the valley of the Somme. Two other observers, Scrope in his *Extinct Volcanoes of Central France*, and Piazzi Smith in his *Teneriffe*, supply us with evidence of the extreme rapidity with which, under certain circumstances, water will cut into soft rocks, or break up hard ones.

Lastly, as to local elevations or convulsions of any kind: We must remember that elevation is a fact exceedingly difficult to test except on the coast, or in marked instances inland. Sweden is known to be slowly rising, and Green-

land to be sinking; two facts which are largely quoted by the advocates of gradual changes. For ample illustration of more sudden movements, we can not do better than refer our readers to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of the second book of Lyell's own *Principles of Geology*. He gives some additional facts in the present volume, as that, for instance, of a sudden rise of land in New-Zealand in 1855, varying from one to nine feet on a line of twenty-three miles. Also, the extraordinary convulsions that have taken place in the Danish island of Møen, where some of the cretaceous and drift strata have been thrown into the wildest confusion, whilst neighboring beds have remained horizontal and undisturbed.

Such facts as these do not militate against the conclusion that large tracts of the earth's surface have been exposed to gentle and uniform movements acting through long intervals of time. It was unphilosophical to suppose that, because we had proofs of occasional convulsions, every thing must be explained by catastrophes and cataclysms: but it is equally unphilosophical to maintain that, because we have evidence of gentle and gradual movements, nothing but gentle and gradual movements must be taken into account. It is also most unphilosophical to assume that the effects of slow acting causes must themselves always be slow. For tens of thousands of years subterranean forces may be gently straining the submarine crust of the earth; but, when once the strain produces a fissure, sudden and violent convulsions may be the result. For tens of thousands of years the equinoctial current may have been eating through that belt of land, which (as some men of science suppose) the Antilles once formed across the Gulf of Mexico; but when once it was broken through, a change in the direction of the Gulf Stream, with all its modifying effect on the climate of Europe, may have very rapidly ensued.

Not only do we know that the rate of change may have been greater, but we know that in some respects it must have been greater, in former times. All life is conservative; but human and civilized life stands in preëminent opposition to the destroying agencies of nature. Man terraces and cultivates the mountain side, cuts water-courses, embanks rivers: and apart from

him all erosion and deposition become more irregular and extensive. The mountain streams supply more materials, the river courses are more often choked and overflowed; this alone would forbid us to make the present rate of erosion and deposition a measure for the past.

Even on the geologists' own showing, past ages supply us with inferential evidence of quickened action in some elements of change—in that of elevation for instance. If, as they say, the largest part of England and the north of Europe was submerged during the glacial period, and covered with loose gravels and clay, what must have been the inevitable effect as it gradually rose from the sea? The surf of the Atlantic and German oceans even now eats into every earthy cliff that comes within range of the tide. It is impossible that any part of that soft surface could have escaped denudation if the rate of elevation had only been two feet and a half in a century; and whatever had been the rate, the erosion must have been enormous; far beyond any thing we witness at present.

Suppose that all these considerations were supported by historical evidence; suppose that some ancient record told us of various strange elements in action, of an atmosphere under different conditions, of a general quickening of physical forces, in short, of a state of things in which the present balance of stability and change had not been fully established; should we not say that there were many facts which agreed well with the ancient record? Here we pass from geological to theological ground. What are we to understand by the first chapter of Genesis? Hugh Miller did a great wrong both to science and theology when he propounded his notion that it was a vague vision of six great geological eras. It was a pity to propose a compromise between the two, which was only a compromise so far as it was neither sound geology nor sound divinity. For there are no six great geological periods; it is nonsense to say that there are. Had the first chapter of Genesis spoken of ten days, it would have been quite as easy to find them. Also, there is no sort of resemblance between the Azoic period and the work of the first day; none between the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone periods, and the work of the second day; none whatever between the Permian and Triassic periods, and the

work of the fourth day. On the other hand, this theory has served to withdraw our attention from the fact of a direct interference of the Almighty One six or seven thousand years ago, and to thrust him back into the dimness and vastness of ages where the person of the Creator is hidden by the action of the laws of creation. It would have been better for theologians, and not more difficult for geologists, to abide by the simple meaning of the first chapter of Genesis, and to believe that, a few thousand years ago, the Creator looked on a world struggling with darkness and chaos, and spoke the words which quickened all the powers of nature to work out ultimate order and beauty. On the first day some occult powerful principle (which in our translation we call "light") was separated from that which had kept it in abeyance, and was called into active agency. On the second day atmospheric influences were regulated; on the third, elevation and subsidence did their work, and the newly-raised land was saved from impending waste and destruction by being clothed at once with vegetation. On the fourth day cosmical influences were brought to bear on the new order of things; and on the fifth and sixth, life was spread over the earth by the introduction of a vast number of new species. Are we then to conclude that all the more modern changes of the earth's surface were accomplished in six days? Most certainly not. We simply suppose that physical agencies were called into more vigorous action to prepare the world for its new forms of life. But when once called into action, we have no reason to think they would suddenly collapse and subside. On the contrary it seems more in accordance with all our experience to conclude that the awakened forces would go on for some time at a quickened rate, and only gradually expend themselves. This seems more probable in connection with the great catastrophe which took place two thousand years after the commencement of the present order of things. "Never again shall a flood destroy the earth," said the Lord and Master of it, as if from that time he set aside the machinery which had wrought out his purpose. But it is by no means impossible that the atmospheric and subterranean forces which were called into more vigorous action in the six days, were kept at their work, so to speak, and held in preparation for that

great diluvial catastrophe which Omniscience beheld impending over the sins of mankind. It is curious to see how very unwilling geologists are to allude to the deluge. Formerly, all water-action was ascribed to it; now, no water-action is ascribed to it; it has been robbed of its universal renown, and pushed in disgrace into a corner of Asia Minor as a mere local flood. Without entering into the question of its extent, we must observe that the subsidence of land and the torrents of rain which could overwhelm so large a tract in Asia would imply a complete upset of atmospheric equilibrium, and would subject other parts of the globe to great droughts and floods, and to increased erosion and deposition as the results of such a disturbance.

Until, therefore, Sir Charles Lyell can prove that the rate of change has been the same in past as in present times—a point that never can be proved—we shall claim the right to say it might have been otherwise. As geologists we find many facts to support such a possibility; and as theologians we have the record of the six days' work and of the deluge, connected by an unknown interval of two thousand years, to sanction our belief.

These remarks are still more applicable to the changes which have passed over organic life. Lyell looks on all the extinct animals, and, from the time it now takes to destroy a species, argues that an immense time must have elapsed in the process of extinction. But this is not fair. Animate and inanimate nature have long established an equilibrium between conservative and destructive forces; but it was not always so. Geology itself reveals past periods of vast destruction, the causes of which we can not even conjecture. There is nothing going on at present in the domains of the elephant and the reindeer which could accumulate the masses of elephants' bones and tusks that are found in the frozen cliffs of Siberia; or the hundreds of antlers of reindeer that were taken out of only *one* of the Gower caves. These relics attest the power of past destroying agencies, and the vast aggregate of life destroyed. We have noticed before that a change in the Gulf Stream might produce a rapid alteration in the climate of Europe; and it is to such alterations, rather than to mere lapse of time, that we should refer the extinction of the larger herbivora. We can scarcely estimate the

rapid destruction which would ensue if perennial vegetation gave place to the leafless trees and barren soil of a northern winter.

We have spoken of life as having been largely developed six or seven thousand years ago by the introduction of a vast number of new species. This introduces the third part of Sir Charles Lyell's argument. He says no more about proofs of the antiquity of the human race, but proceeds to show that many plants and animals, and multitudes of shells, which are cotemporaries of man, have been in existence for ages. Nevertheless, he confesses that no trace of mankind has ever been found in the deposits of that era of cold, and wreck, and waste, of submerged lands and icy seas which we call the glacial period—an era to which he ventures to give an age of one hundred and eighty thousand years! Yet, after having admitted this, he endeavors to suggest inferentially that the human race may be connected with the glacial period. Taken by themselves, those seven chapters in which he opens to us nature's record of that dreary winter of ages are extremely interesting; but as affording any evidence of the antiquity of the human race they are delusive, not to say dishonest. Chapter after chapter is headed "chronological relation" of the human period and the glacial period, as if to suggest an ascertained connection between the two; yet when we read the chapters, and sift the facts, we find that the suggestion is all that Lyell can produce. He sums up his account of the preglacial fauna and flora of the "forest bed" in the Norfolk cliffs by telling us that we

"need not despair of one day meeting with the signs of man's existence in the forest bed," . . . though "for the present we must be content to wait and consider that we have made no investigations which entitle us to wonder that the bones or stone weapons of that era have failed to come to light."—Page 228.

Then he tells us in the next chapter that we must

"now inquire whether the peopling of Europe by the human race, and by the mammoth and other mammalia now extinct, was brought about during the concluding phase of the glacial epoch."—Page 229.

Here is a very insidious suggestion: man and the mammoth are assumed to have been always coëval, because they were so in later times, that we may slide into the conclusion, that when in far older deposits (such as the forest bed) we meet with the mammoth, we may infer the existence of man. Then we have a sketch of the glacial period in Sweden, which is connected with the human period by a singular course of logic. Sir Charles Lyell "can not doubt" that certain ice-erratics lying on marl, with recent shells, one hundred feet above the Gulf of Bothnia, were brought into their present position during the recent period, because they are at only a moderate height above the sea in a country which is now in process of elevation, and because oscillations of level are proved to have taken place forty-five miles off, by a human hut having been found buried in strata sixty feet deep. Think of that! We can not quite understand how the elevation of these erratics is any gauge of the time when they were originally dropped on the sea-bed; and the oscillations of the buried hut forty-five miles off is, to say the least, slightly inconclusive. It is, however, all that Lyell has to offer in proof of the connection between the glacial and human periods in Scandinavia.

Then we have a sketch of

"the state of Scotland after its emergence from the glacial sea, when we can not fail to be approaching the time when man coëxisted with the mammoth and other mammalia now extinct."—Page 248.

What proof is brought forward to support the idea that we are now approaching the human period? Simply the remark, that

"the occurrence of the mammoth and reindeer in the Scotch bowlder-clay, as both these quadrupeds are known to have been cotemporary with man, favors the idea which I have already expressed, that the close of the glacial period in the Grampians may have coincided in time with the existence of man in those parts of Europe where the climate was less severe, as, for example, in the basins of the Thames, Somme, and Seine, in which the bones of many extinct mammalia are associated with flint implements of the antique type."—Page 252.

Then follows a very interesting description and theory of the parallel roads

of Glen Roy, which is concluded by the observation:

"They may perhaps have been nearly as late as that portion of the post-pliocene period in which man coëxisted in Europe with the mammoth."—Page 264.

Then follows a long account of the changes which have passed over the British isles, and of their probable union with each other, and with the continent—changes that must have influenced the migrations of animals, and which therefore point to this ancient epoch as the time when the mammoth and his co-temporary man must have immigrated to England. Finally, there is a long description of the various stages of the Swiss glacial period, at the end of which there is a brief mention of some terraces of stratified alluvium which lie above the lake of Geneva, and,

"by their position, can be shown to be posterior in date to the upper bowlder-clay, and therefore belong to the period of the last retreat of the great glaciers. In the deposits of this period the remains of the mammoth have been discovered, as at Morges, for example, on the lake of Geneva."—Page 321.

The delta of the Tinière, mentioned before as containing monuments of the iron, bronze, and stone ages, was in process of formation when one of these terraces of stratified alluvium was forming. Let us note the slippery nature of this kind of evidence. These terraces are admitted to be more modern than the bowlder-clay, therefore they are said to belong to the period of the last retreat of the great glaciers; that is to say, they were formed *after* the glaciers began to retreat, though how long after there is nothing to tell us. In fact, there is no connection in time between one event and the other, though such a connection is suggested, when these deposits are referred to "the period of retreat." Observe, it was *after* the glaciers retreated that remains of the mammoth were deposited in one place, and those of man in another; yet, in the very next page, Lyell slides into the suggestion, that "the final retreat of the Swiss and Italian glaciers may have taken place when (*when?*) man and the extinct mammalia were colonizing the north-west of Europe." And then he concludes by saying:

"It must be confessed, that in the present state of our knowledge these attempts to compare the chronological relations of the periods of upheaval and subsidence of areas so widely separated as are the mountains of Scandinavia, the British Isles, and the Alps, or the times of the advance and retreat of glaciers in those several regions, and the greater or less intensity of cold, must be looked upon as very conjectural."—Page 828.

His argument is worse than conjectural, it is unfair. Throughout these seven chapters the entire connection of the era of the mammoth and the era of man is most improperly taken for granted; and though, perhaps, the end of one did but touch the beginning of the other, they are assumed to be identical throughout. Even were they identical, it would be equally unfair in a man of science to give his unscientific readers the impression of a real connection in time between their era and the glacial era, by speaking of one period as *approaching* another, simply because the one is known to precede, and the other to follow. Lyell, too, of all men, who does not scruple to talk of millions of years in the lapse that may have taken place between successive deposits! However ingeniously we may conjecture, however plausibly we may suggest, we know that, according to present facts, there is between man and the glacial era an unbridged gulf of separation.

Yet one thing is most certain: many existing species of plants and animals are exceedingly old, many existing species of shells are old beyond all computation. We can trace recent shells past the glacial period, up through Pliocene and Miocene to Eocene deposits, and find four per cent. of them even there. Let no honest blunderer suggest that all these formations might be included in a period of seven thousand years; he might as well try to concentrate noon-tide sunbeams into the wick of a tallow candle. They are incalculably older than this, yet they contain certain species of recent shells mixed with many others which have long passed away. We must therefore acknowledge that there is no exact line of demarkation between existing and extinct species: but is it necessary to the orthodox interpretation of Scripture to suppose that there must be such a line? Say that the earth was growing depopulated in its period of disturbance and cold, while lower types of life still flourished in the

seas—was the Creator to wait until every species had died out, or was he to turn destroyer and wantonly annihilate them? Yet what other course remained but to introduce the new forms amidst the lingering old ones? But we are reminded that the Bible expressly says that all things were created in six days. Let us not try to evade this difficulty by saying, as some people do, "the Bible was given to teach us spiritual not scientific truth;" for, if the Bible was meant to teach us the highest sort of truth, we can not suppose it was meant to teach us error of any kind. Yet it must happen sometimes that a brief notice, which gives a true general impression, makes no allusion to exceptional details. We conclude that the Almighty meant to reveal to us that not very, very long ago he rearranged and settled the world, and covered it with new life, preparatory to the introduction of man. If there were in existence lingering forms of older life—a few on the land, many more in the sea—we can scarcely suppose that such a fact would have been revealed to Moses. He received a history of the new order of things, whilst the remnants of a past order of things had no place in the record. In such a case the apparent incorrectness is not that of a false assertion, but that of a general statement which takes no cognizance of exceptions. We must remember that the number of still existing land animals and plants which have come down to us from earlier times is comparatively small, while the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bear, lion, hyena, stag, etc.—the lingering remnant of an ancient fauna which actually came in contact with man—seem to have died out rapidly, as though their existence were not in harmony with the new order of things.

There may be a real and broad difference where there is no precise line of demarkation. We ought to be told what proportion of our one thousand six hundred and fifty species of living mammalia has ever been found fossil; but this information is not supplied by Lyell, nor by Jukes, nor Ansted, nor Phillips, nor Hugh Miller. Lyell admits that "the Miocene and older Pliocene deposits often contain the remains of mammalia, reptiles, and fish, exclusively of extinct species;" and Agassiz tells us that (with one exception) he has never found any recent forms among fossil fish. These are broad differ

ences. If we admit that among the mollusca a large percentage of existing forms have come down from earlier times, there is strong evidence to be found in other departments of organic nature in support of the opinion that a large introduction of new species has been a very recent event in the world's history.

Nor is there in the province of inorganic nature a line of demarkation between a time of disorder and restored order; and for this simple reason, that disorder is nothing but the elements of order thrown out of balance. When we study lake, estuary, or deep-sea deposits, that is to say, still-water deposits, it must be impossible to decide whether they have been swept down from high lands in one thousand years of great havoc and waste, or in ten thousand years of ordinary erosion. But there is one line of calculation which we have never seen investigated, namely, the relative rate of action between the conservative powers of life and the destroying agencies of nature. For example, if nine tenths of northern Europe rose slowly out of a glacial sea, is the rate of vegetable migration rapid enough to secure the muddy surface from the waste of atmospheric influences? If such a tract rose in the tropics, is vegetation rapid enough to cover and claim it before it is baked into an arid and hopeless desert? If the coral islands of the Pacific were submerged to a depth that destroyed their living barriers, and then raised again, is the migration of coral insects so far possible and so speedy that they would reinvest the ancient reefs before the thundering surf swept the defenseless islands into the depths of the ocean? At this present hour we see animal and vegetable life—still more, intelligent life—holding possession of the world against attacking and destroying agencies; and by rightly estimating the struggle with which even now they keep their supremacy, we might possibly learn how far they were capable of originally seizing it. Even if the two powers were accurately balanced, destroying agencies would always have this advantage, that inorganic nature only changes, while organic life dies. Vegetation may clothe a wasted world with beauty, yet in the lapse of ages waste may recover its domain again; but let the havoc once go so far as wholly to destroy life, and no hundreds of thousands of years can bring it back. It seems, then, as if in the nature of things life struggling against

extinction must have an appeal to the Lord of life; and the very struggle that goes on even now, of storm, and flood, and frost, and sea, with the powers of life that are holding the mastery, is a strong suggestion that that mastery was not gained without some external aid.

If we reject the scriptural account of the origin of the present order of things, we have to face new difficulties in the search for some other origin. The physical changes that have evidently taken place in the history of the world tend to destroy life; and the question will arise—how is the waste to be supplied? In other words, how do new species begin? Either the Creator must interfere to fill up the vacancies, or we must suppose that there is in organic life some occult power to adapt itself to changes, and so to multiply its forms as to escape all danger of ultimate extinction. This is the theory of the transmutation of species which in its latest development has been advocated by Mr. Darwin. There is no question that it explains many facts which can not otherwise be explained if we set aside the direct interference of the Creator. We come to this, (not necessarily, for as yet most scientific men reject it,) but we come to it easily and naturally when once we admit that we have no record of any other origin of existing forms. The latter part of Lyell's book completely indorses Darwin's theory, both in its strong and weak points; so much so, that it may be considered a mere repetition of his arguments less clearly and fully stated; with the exception of some further facts illustrative of the difficulty of distinguishing species, and an ingenious analogy (like most other analogies more plausible than logical) between the origin and variety of language and the origin and variety of species. Into this wide subject we shall not enter, except to notice the concluding chapter, in which Lyell hardly presses on to the conclusion of Darwin's premises, and allows and insinuates, if he does not actually say, that man is the last product of the process of transmutation—the descendant by natural selection of the anthropoid Primates, now represented by the orang-outang, gorilla, and chimpanzee.

"The opponents of the theory of transmutation sometimes argue, that if there had been a passage by variation from the lower Primates to man, the geologist ought ere this to

have detected same fossil remains of the intermediate links of the chain. . . . At some future day, when many hundred species of extinct quadrumana may have been brought to light, the naturalist may speculate with advantage on this subject; at present we must be content to wait patiently, and not allow our judgment respecting transmutation to be influenced by the want of evidence, which it would be contrary to analogy to look for in post-pliocene deposits in any districts which as yet we have carefully examined."—Pp. 498, 499.

Here let us pause. Lyell says truly that the Almighty is as much the designer and maker of man, if he framed the atom and put within it powers to work out this wonderful result, as if he framed man directly out of the dust. But if the first chapter of Genesis and all confirmatory allusions to it were blotted out, the religious mind would still shrink from a system which, while it makes God an original designer, makes him nothing more. It is hard to believe, it is almost beyond belief, that the being who had reigned supremely passive through millions of ages, whilst the created atom of inorganic matter was transmuted into cellular tissues, and so onward and onward till finally the monkey was transmuted into man—that he who had stood thus aloof, should suddenly and unaccountably descend to be to his highest animal a protector and friend. Nay, nay, the Bible story of the origin of things rests its validity on its harmony with the whole of Scripture. From the last chapter of Revelation back to the first chapter of Genesis, the lesson of that sacred book is man's continual dependence, earth's continual subjection, on him and to him who is equally Creator, Sustainer, and Lord of all.

And if we turn from the Bible, and

look around the domain of observation and experience, we see enough to make us guess (though we can never know) that amidst the balanced powers of the universe, it is a fundamental law that the higher shall achieve success over the lower only by dependence on something higher than itself. In the struggle of life against the destroying agencies of nature, we conjecture it to be so; in the struggle of man with his animal propensities, we feel it to be so; in the struggle of all good and evil powers, we believe it to be so. Why should we shrink from the idea of the Almighty's sustaining power? Applied to him, interference is perhaps a wrong word. It gives the idea of a man's putting up his finger and forcibly altering the hands of a clock, when the right idea would rather be that of a spontaneous action of the great pendulum. We are very far from the solution of nature's problems; but, as we go deeper and deeper, we find distant facts pointing backward to common principles, and separate principles giving hints of a common origin, until many, once supposed to be widely distinct, are recognized as varieties or correlatives of each other. All this suggests further simplification, in accordance with that philosophy which regards the sustaining will of the Almighty as the one motive power of the universe. When, therefore, we speak of the intervention of the Creator in the work of the six days, we dare not say, because we can not understand, in what harmonious union of the great mainspring and the material machinery that vast work might have been accomplished. But we can conceive, at least, that it may have involved no violence to the preëxisting laws of nature. An omnipotent being only needs omniscience to insure the orderly fulfilment of his own will.

BRING UP YOUR CHILDREN WELL.—It is the duty of all parents to instruct and educate their children—example is better than precept. It is a poor thing to bid a child act thus, or thus, while our own daily lives are in direct contradiction to the lessons we seek to enforce. The mind of childhood, which is peculiarly inquisitive, naturally asks: "If virtue, if godliness, be the best and happiest course, as my parents tell me it is, why do they not them-

selves practice what they teach?" It is impossible for the conduct of parents to be too correct, too guarded, on all occasions, and particularly before their children; but it should not end here; it must be good and holy throughout, for young minds are quick to detect deceit, and young hands ever apt to rend the veil from off the face of hypocrisy. Good example is the greatest and the best means for the primary education of the infant mind.

From the Leisure Hour.

SPANISH PROTESTANTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE history of the translator of the Bible into Castilian is worth redeeming from the archives of forgotten persecutions. He was Francisco Enzinas, born in the ancient city of Burgos, in the year 1515. Two brothers had been born before him, and reared to manhood in the colleges of their native town. A strange old place was Burgos; even then renowned for antiquity; defended by a strong castle looming over the river Arlanzon, which swept past the crescent-shaped city of dark and winding streets. Its cathedral was of vast extent, and contained the tomb of that national hero, the Cid. Churches met one at every corner and in every *plaza*. The young Enzinas were brought up in the densest ecclesiastical atmosphere.

Thence they were removed by their worldly-wise father, who thought to complete their education, and render them more eligible for high posts in the Spanish church, by sending them to a foreign university. Twenty-four universities adorned Spain, and one of these, that of Salamanca, boasted twenty-seven colleges; but the old citizen wished his sons to see other lands besides their own, and sent them to take their degrees at Louvain, in Flanders. True it is, that all the Low Countries owned the same lord paramount as the Peninsula, in the person of the Emperor Charles V.; but nothing could be more diverse than the habits, manners, and political constitution of both nations. Though fellow-subjects, the Fleming and the Spaniard had about as much in common as the Englishman and the Ionian Islander.

Louvain was a flourishing university in that age. John IV., Duke of Brabant, had founded it in 1426, endowing it with large privileges. A bull from Pope Sixtus IV. had conferred on it the right of presentation to all livings in the Netherlands, which right it enjoyed down to the earthquake of the French Revolution. The town in which the university stood was

the capital of Austrian Brabant, and was enriched also with much trade and many manufactures. All is dead now; the old fortifications lie smothered in pretty gardens.

The brothers Enzinas—Jayme, Juan, and Francisco—found at Louvain a freedom of thought among their fellow-students which surprised them at first. They heard the faith in which they had been educated, and which it had never occurred to them to doubt, canvassed and sifted on every side. They met a celebrated scholar, named Cassander, a time-server like Erasmus, whose endeavor was to bridge over the vast gulf separating the Reformation and the Church of Rome. His influence helped them to a certain point of enlightenment, and then would have retarded their progress; but it was too late. Soon there were no more zealous Lutherans in the university than the three young Spaniards.

Jayme Enzinas was intended for the sacerdotal profession by his father. He went to Paris, and entered the renowned university of that capital. But even his thirst for secular knowledge fared poorly here. The absurd verbal controversies and subtleties of the school-men could not satisfy him. And he saw the sect with which he was linked in heart suffering untold cruelties at the order of a dissipated court. The ferocity underlying the light nature of the Frenchman, which two centuries later found such fearful expression in the atrocities of the Revolution, was evinced during the gay reign of Francis I. by some of the most savage martyrdoms on record. Jayme's hour for the like endurance was not yet come; but he set about earning the distinction as quickly as might be. He returned to Louvain, and devoted himself to the composition of a catechism of the reformed faith in his native tongue.

He went to Antwerp, celebrated for printing-presses, to superintend its publication. We hear of the catechism that it was very simple, to suit the humblest

capacity; and small in size, that it might be easily hidden; a thing to be desired at a period when most books were of ungainly dimensions. But no museum or library, so far as we know, contains a copy of this silent messenger from the heart of the Spanish martyr to his fellow-countrymen; earthly fame the little treatise had none: nevertheless it has not lost its reward.

Jayne's father, thinking perhaps to rivet his adhesion to the Church, which he had heard was wavering, ordered him to visit Rome. The young man went, with many misgivings and much unwillingness; his sojourn was extended to several years, for the old citizen of Burgos would not give him leave to depart; and he was one who could not hide his light under a bushel: he must speak the truth that was in him. His dearest friend, Juan Diaz, was converted by his conversation and example; many a day and night did they jointly spend over the forbidden Scriptures, in the original Hebrew and Greek. Jayne's brothers frequently wrote, begging him to move to safer quarters in Germany; he was preparing to do so at last, despairing of the parental permission, when he was arrested and thrown into prison. A Spaniard had denounced him to the Roman Inquisition as a heretic. And so, a day was appointed for his examination, and most of the cardinals and bishops in Rome attended, to hear what a man so learned had to say. He boldly confessed his principles, "and defended them with such spirit," writes Dr. McCrie, "that his judges, irritated at his boldness, condemned him instantly to the flames. The sentence was loudly called for by such of his countrymen as were present." Afterwards they tried to get him to recant, and promised him life and liberty if he would appear publicly as a penitent, robed with the *sanbenito*; but he refused. Holding firm faith and a good conscience, he was burned at the stake, on a certain day in the year of our Lord 1546.

A word as to the fate of his dear companion, Juan Diaz,* who also suffered martyrdom, but in a manner strange to even the annals of intolerance. His own brother, Alfonso, learning his Lutheranism, was infuriated so as to devise his murder.

He came to the unsuspecting Juan, at Neuburg, concealing his wrath under protestations of warm affection, while a hired assassin waited without; and one night, when Juan retired to rest, Alfonso guarded the door until the foul deed was accomplished by his hireling murderer, whom he had brought from Rome for the purpose. One blow of an axe had wiped from the family the dire disgrace of an apostate member; and for this manifestation of zeal Alfonso Diaz was abundantly commended at his ecclesiastical headquarters.

Meanwhile Francisco Enzinas was at Louvain, still studying. His father's cherished design for him was the life of a soldier; but the young man's leanings to literature were too strong. He writes to his friend the Polish nobleman, Alasco, who had sent him a gift of a richly-mounted sword: "All the world will, I know, be in arms against me on account of the resolution which I have formed to devote myself to the pursuits of learning. But I can not suffer myself, from respect to the favor of men, to hold the truth in unrighteousness, or to treat unbecomingly those gifts which God, in his free mercy, has been pleased to confer upon me, unworthy as I am."

Alasco was not likely to censure his choice: he had himself left country and friends for the gospel's sake. Immediately after this period of intimacy with Enzinas, he came to London, and was pastor of a Dutch Reformed Church there, during the brief reign of Edward VI. It was something for an uncle of the king of Poland to become a simple, exiled pastor because of the truth; he has been styled the Polish Reformer; but in the province of East-Friesland his efforts were crowned with more abundant success.

He was intimate with the principal leaders of the Reformation; therefore to him Enzinas applied for introductions to Melancthon and Luther. The young Spaniard's thought was to locate himself at Wittenberg for a while, in the university, which was the heart of the new religious movement. But action, not speculative ease, is the Christian's calling. He soon went away from Wittenberg and the cordial friends he had found there, to Mayence, where he could best complete his great design of translating the New Testament into the Castilian language.

When finished, he sent a copy of his

* For a more detailed account of Juan Diaz, and the tragedy of which he was the victim, see *The Leisure Hour*, No. 456.

performance to his old friends at Louvain ; many of whom, being Spaniards, could judge of the accuracy of the work. Their opinion was, that it would be an honor and a benefit to their native country. It was accordingly printed at Antwerp, in 1543, with this title : "The New Testament : that is, the New Covenant of our only Redeemer and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated from Greek into Castilian." An unexceptionable title-page, might one think ; but not so thought the monks, to whom the volume must be submitted before publication. A certain learned divine detected heresy in "the New Covenant," and the obnoxious phrase was expunged. Still worse heresy lurked in the adjective "our *only* Redeemer ;" and the word—a truly weighty one—was struck out. But this was not the end of sacerdotal censure. Charles V. being presented with a copy, and permission being craved for its circulation, handed it over his shoulder to his confessor, Pedro de Soto, that he might examine whether it contained any thing contrary to the faith. Francisco Enzinas waited many days, and at last went to the imperial confessor to hear the fate of his book, by whom he was arrested and cast into prison as a renegade. The charges against him, beside that heaviest one of translating the Scriptures, were, that he visited Melancthon, and had translated a treatise by Luther. Fifteen months he lingered in prison, while a fierce persecution raged outside ; the dungeon was his ark of safety, though he knew it not. And one morning he found the doors unlocked ; through some astonishing interposition of Providence, the instrumentality of which he never discovered, he was able to walk out of his prison, and escape unnoticed through the town of Brussels. Well might Melancthon write to a friend soon afterwards : "Our Spanish friend Francisco has returned to Wittenberg, being set free by a divine interposition, without the help of any man, so far as he knows, at least."

But now was Enzinas a thorough exile, without home or family on earth : for when he was in prison his father and uncles had paid him a visit, and brought him reproaches instead of sympathy. He was a disgrace to his relatives, a dishonor to his country. How must he have felt that Heaven was indeed his fatherland, and all Christian people his closest kin, through the Elder Brother, Christ !

He was deterred from proceeding to Italy by the tidings of his brother's martyrdom. But there was a certain island in the west to which the weary reformer looked as a haven of repose, then governed by the marvelous boy-king, Edward VI. Melancthon gave Enzinas recommendatory letters to the learned young monarch, and to his primate Cranmer, the result of which was the appointment of Francisco to a chair at Oxford. Forewarning of the Marian persecution drove him back to the continent, where he resided at various universities, and occupied himself with Spanish translations. Though a perpetual exile from his dear native land, his exertions to spread the truth thither ceased only with his life. At Bâle his death illness came on, 1570.

His translation of the Testament had created quite a sensation in Spain. The people read it with an avidity which terrified the inquisitors, and put them upon the severest measures of repression. It was one of the sparks of heavenly light which was zealously trampled out by the iron hoof of a persecution more perfect than the world has elsewhere known, but not until it had shone upon the path of eternal life for many and many a soul long since in the heavens.

The third Enzinas brother, Juan, was less active in the Reformation cause than the two we have mentioned, though he also was a thorough Protestant, and an exile for conscience sake. His name has survived, more in connection with science than theology ; he wrote learned books on medicine and astronomy, which doubtless would now provoke a smile from the veriest tyro in our colleges ; he displayed much mechanical skill about such scientific instruments as the age knew of. Melancthon mentions an orrery of his construction, made before that special name had been invented. He filled a professor's chair at the University of Marburg worthily, and was known in the learned world chiefly by the Greek rendering of his name—Dryander, according to the fashion of cotemporary men of letters.

Thus Spain drove forth her worthiest sons. These Enzinas brothers are but samples of the men who might have ennobled and regenerated their native land, under God, had they but gotten the chance. Spain preferred the miserable triumph of intolerance, and she enjoyed it to the full. A unity of darkness settled thick upon

the land, for the sun of empire went down while it was yet noon. But the nations who received the Bible which she rejected, and still nationally rejects, have risen into grander place and mightier opulence cen-

tury by century; have reaped the richest fruits of all her discoveries and conquests; have seized the scepter of the world, which she laid aside for the breviary and the scourge.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

A GERMAN SOLDIER.*

"RECOLLECTIONS of an old Hussar officer from 1802 to 1815." Such is the subtitle of the work we have now under consideration, and it requires no further comment. The hero, descended from a noble Pomeranian family, was born in a small country town, in the year 1796, when his father was captain in Blucher's hussars. So soon as he came into the world his father wrapped him in his cloak, and proudly displayed him to his squadron on the exercising ground. His christening was equally remarkable: the whole regiment attended church, and the oldest sergeant carried the infant on his father's best shabraque; and his youthful education was more than Spartan. Up to the age of six he never wore shoes or cap, and he was constantly riding about with an Hungarian sergeant, who had an enormous long white moustache, by which the child held on. In 1792 his father took the field against the French, and little Fritz never saw him again, as he was killed in a skirmish in the following year. Little Fritz and his sister were intrusted to the care of their grandfather, who had retired to the ancestral chateau in Pomerania. He was a curiosity in his way; once on a time he must have been eminently handsome, but was now disfigured by wounds. His left eye was covered by a black patch, a broad bluish-red scar ran across his forehead, nose, and mouth, down to the chin, and formed so deep a furrow that a finger might almost be laid in it. A shot-wound in the hip made him limp, but for all that he was powerful and active, though he was seventy-five years

of age. Among his peculiarities he carried a small silver bugle, on which he gave all his orders through cavalry signals; and when he went to bed, it was his rule to play the first verse of a hymn in lieu of praying. He was charitable to an excess, and his chateau was a house of call for all vagabonds and beggars, who were never turned empty away. His great panacea for rogues was a dose of stick, as the following example will prove:

"A notorious band of thieves once collected in the yard, under various disguises, in order to break into the house during the night. I do not know what lucky accident revealed this scheme. Grandpapa was delighted that his rustic quietude was about to be broken in upon by a little military adventure, and lay in ambush with his most trustworthy men to catch the robbers in the act, instead of shutting them up in the bakehouse, as he could have done. At my earnest request, I, a lad of ten years of age at the time, was allowed to join the party. The well-armed robbers offered an obstinate resistance, in which shots were fired, but were overcome and bound. The next morning grandpapa had all the fellows brought out into the yard, had them laid on a bench, one after the other, and fifty lashes dealt to each in the presence of all the villagers. When the chastisement was ended, the fellows were stripped of their weapons, and then each received a good breakfast and a florin, as *viaticum*, grandpapa remarking: 'I thrashed you for trying to rob me; so now be off, and do not let me see your faces again, or you will have a double dose.' The fellows bolted at once."

Fritz remained on this estate, becoming a good shot and rider, and picking up a small stock of learning at the village school, until his sixteenth year, when grandpapa applied to his old friend, Lieutenant-General Blucher, to take the lad

* *Ein Deutsches Rittersleben*. Von Julius von Wicked. Three vols. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

into his regiment as Junker. He consented, and in the year 1802 Fritz prepared to set out. Before leaving the chateau, grandpapa gave a grand banquet in his honor, at which the following striking ceremony took place. In the presence of all the guests grandpapa gave young Fritz a tremendous box on the ear, saying: "That is the last blow, lad, you must allow to pass unpunished in life. Henceforth, if any one insults you, or even makes an ugly face at you, challenge him with sabers, and fight him so long as a drop of blood is left in your veins." Grandpapa's valedictory remarks were also eminently practical. As the youth rode away from the door, he said: "Boy, behave yourself properly, live jollily, remembering that you are of good family, but do not run into debt more than you can pay. Do not get drunk too often; and, before all, observe strictly the regimental regulations and subordination. And with that I commend you to God, boy."

On the road Fritz picked a squabble with a student, and fleshed his saber, and at length reached the garrison town. This is the description of what awaited him:

"Service in those days was harsh and strict, and nothing was known of that luxury and effeminacy which unfortunately are so widespread in our army at present. We Junkers were very sharply looked after, had to work hard, and nothing was overlooked. In summer at half-past four, in winter at half-past five, the bugler blew the reveille, and we had to leap in a hurry from our hard beds; a draught of water and a crust of ammunition-bread formed our breakfast, and off we ran to the stables, for any one who arrived but a minute too late was confined for twenty-four hours to the guard-room. The stable go lasted two good hours, and we were not allowed to leave the building for a moment. For the first four months, in spite of my rank as Junker, I was compelled to do all the duties of a private hussar. I cleaned stirrups and leathers with a zeal which often brought the perspiration out of me, and rubbed down my little Ukraine stallion so carefully, that even my fault-finding captain could not detect a grain of dust upon it. The most unpleasant work was cleaning my saddle, and I remember getting three days' guard-room because one of my buckles was not properly furnished."

After eight months of this work, Fritz was promoted corporal, and had a man to clean his horse and traps. And in the autumn of 1804 Blucher arrived at Münster, where the regiment was quartered.

The following is the description the author gives of old Father Forwards in those days:

"His great good-temper, modest simplicity and naturalness, as well as the hearty mother-wit he always displayed, rendered General von Blucher ere long the favorite of the middle and lower classes, in spite of the great dislike they entertained for the Prussians. I saw him helping a peasant for more than half an hour in reloading his wood-cart which had been upset. He also managed the cold, reserved nobility admirably. He pretended not to notice this coldness, was jolly, unsuspicious, and polite to the gentlemen, whom he frequently invited to dinner, and managed to gain them over by brimming beakers of Rhenish. On such occasions the old hussar general was most open-hearted, but at the same time cunning to such an extent as is rarely found combined with better qualities. When he liked he could, under the mask of the greatest coolness, carry on the finest diplomatic intrigues, which a Talleyrand might have envied him. He had, too—especially over a glass of wine—the gift of speech, and often proposed witty, quickly improvised toasts, hardly to be expected from an hussar general. When he pleased he could be most amiable to high born ladies, and display a winning, chivalrous gallantry. Still he did not feel altogether comfortable in respectable society: actresses, and females of the same stamp, who could stand tobacco smoke, punch bowls, and equivocal jokes, were the most agreeable company for the general."

Soon after Fritz received his cornet's commission he had a duel on horseback, in a frontier village, with a French dragoon, and Blucher, to save his life, which the Frenchman's comrades swore to take, sent him off to Warsaw, to undertake the transport of a string of Polish horses. The next year he obtained his lieutenancy, and almost simultaneously the hussars received orders to march against the French. Prior to marching, Blucher, who seemed ten years younger, inspected the regiment, and said, in his deep bass voice: "Well, hussars, it is a pleasure to see you so, and when it really comes to cutting into those accursed *parlez vous*, you will do your confounded duty properly, I am sure." In conclusion, he said to a favorite old sergeant that, so soon as they entered Paris, they would crack a bottle of champagne together. Curiously enough, this promise was fulfilled in 1814. The Prussian army, however, was in a bad state to take the field; the baggage-train was enormous, but the commissariat and train were most

defective. Old Blucher tried in vain to stop this; he thought nothing of taking the horses out of a field-officer's fourgon and attaching them to the heavy guns; but his example was not generally followed. The battle of Auerstädt soon proved how superior the French were to the Prussians. Space will not permit us to give any detailed account of it; we will, however, find room for one passage, descriptive of the scene after the battle:

"The early gathering gloom of an October day rendered it difficult for me to find my battalion again, amid the general confusion and dispersion of corps. An unbounded disorder reigned in our army, and scenes occurred such as I should not have considered possible four and twenty hours before. The confusion was worst among the infantry, which contained many lately-enlisted foreigners, and the officers did not know their men thoroughly. Most of the Poles, who served in South Prussian regiments, ran off to join the French, by whom they were received with shouts. Even some Prussian officers of Polish origin dishonored themselves by deserting. Crowds of soldiers threw away their arms and cartouche-boxes, tore the military insignia from their hats, plundered the baggage-train and military chest with coarse laughter and yells, and went off shouting 'It was all over with Prussia now, and they were released from their oath of allegiance.' The entreaties, warnings, and orders of the officers remained utterly ineffectual with these fellows, many of whom were intoxicated, and on this night many officers were most brutally ill-treated, even killed by their own men."

On rejoining the hussars our lieutenant found himself under the command in chief of General Count Kalkreuth, personally a brave and honorable man, but who was now so discouraged that he had no thought but of capitulation to the French. This Prince Augustus of Prussia and Blucher most strenuously opposed. The former was so furious that he shouted, so as to be heard by all the troops: "Cowards, even if they are generals, may surrender, but brave soldiers will cut their way through with me." Fortunately the negotiations were carried on in the person of Blucher, and the following was the result:

"Count Kalkreuth rode with Blucher, who appointed me his orderly, to meet Marshal Soult, and it was agreed that hostilities should not begin on either side until the conference was ended. Marshal Soult behaved most coarsely and arrogantly, displayed very brutal manners, which indicated a neglected educa-

tion, and soon so intimidated poor old Kalkreuth, that he once again saw the only chance of escape in a cowardly capitulation. During the whole interview our Blucher stood, purposely returning with equal insolence the insolence of the French generals. He took but little part in the conversation, which was carried on in French, a language he did not understand, but every now and then he vented a heavy German oath. At length Count Kalkreuth dared to make a proposition of surrender to him, and had the weakness to allege as his principal reason, the safety of Prince Augustus, and of the Guards attached to our corps. With a glance of the most furious contempt, Blucher looked at the count, and then said aloud: 'His royal highness the Prince Augustus has far too great a soldier's heart to consent to such a cowardly capitulation. The Guards of his majesty are fine fellows, but are worth no more here than any other soldier, and the deuce take me if I accept such a capitulation for my person.' Count Kalkreuth turned away abashed, and continued his negotiations with Marshal Soult. As Blucher frequently heard the word capitulation used, he at last lost patience, walked up to Soult, and said in German, which was understood by some of the French officers: 'I trust that these gentlemen will not ask any thing wrong of me, an old soldier who has reached the age of sixty with honor. As an honest soldier, I will let myself be cut to pieces at any moment, if it can not be otherwise, but I will never capitulate in a cowardly way.' And saying this he struck his saber-hilt till it rattled again."

But Kalkreuth was not the only general who desponded at this fearful period of Prussian history; fort upon fort was surrendered, and Prince von Hohenlohe's entire corps laid down its arms. Blucher alone kept the field with a division which was daily reduced by desertion. He resolved to march into Mecklenburg, in order to draw large bodies of French troops in pursuit, and thus foil Napoleon's operations behind the Oder. In this way, too, the disbanded Prussian army would have time to reassemble. In fact, three powerful French divisions, commanded by Murat, Soult, and Bernadotte, pursued Blucher, who, after a brave defense, was run to earth at Lübeck, where he was compelled to capitulate. At the foot of the treaty Blucher wrote, "I only capitulate because I have no bread or ammunition left;" and when the French were not inclined to suffer this, he threatened to withdraw the capitulation and fight till his last man fell. During the attack on the city our lieutenant was severely wounded, but a tanner took compassion

on him, and concealed him in his house from the French. When he was sufficiently recovered to move, he obtained a passport as a cattle-dealer, and started for East Prussia, where he intended to join the army again. On the journey he stopped for a week at Berlin, and was disgusted at the cringing way in which the French were treated, and the arrogance they displayed. He found it very hard work to get through the French lines, and on one freezing January night was obliged to hide with his guide under a bridge for six hours, which cost him the lobe of his ear. He was attached to the staff of General l'Estocq, and had an opportunity of witnessing the battle of Eylau, in which the Russians fought with unexampled bravery. On riding back to quarters after the battle, he was witness of a very painful scene. He came across a wounded Prussian officer, in whom he recognized a friend of his childhood. The latter, who felt he was about to die, implored that an end should be put to his sufferings, and after a long hesitation, our hussar ordered one of his escort—a Pole—to blow the poor sufferer's brains out, which the trooper did with the utmost coolness. About this time our author saw a good deal of the Russians, and the following anecdote relating to them will prove amusing:

"The execrable commissariat was the reason why the Russian troops behaved very badly in their quarters, and the presence of the enemy was often thought preferable to theirs. The poor soldiers would not starve, and hence stole provisions, and, as is usually the case, many other things stuck to their fingers on such occasions. The Cossacks especially displayed a real artistic feeling in stealing, and even the severest punishments, which they regularly received on the detection of their crime, were of no avail. In corporal punishment these Cossacks often showed an indifference to pain which was really astounding. I can remember the case of an old Cossack, whose white beard hung down to his waist: he had stolen a table-spoon at a house, but was detected and denounced. The colonel of the detachment ordered him to receive seventy-five blows with the Cossack *khantju*. The punishment appeared to me severe, and I was about to beg the delinquent off, when I saw him take a pull at his spirit-flask, quickly dismount, lay himself across the trunk of a tree, and call up the executioners. The two fellows struck till all cracked again, and I thought that the poor devil would be thoroughly tanned, but he did not move a feature or make the slight-

est complaint. When the quota had been administered he jumped up, rubbed his back a little, then walked humbly up to the colonel, tried to kiss his hand, and asked, in a flattering tone: 'But, little father, I suppose I may now keep the shining thing, as I have received my right number of lashes?' It was only when the colonel replied in the negative that the Cossack really looked sad; but he soon recovered his spirits and trotted away, laughing and talking with his comrades as if nothing had occurred."

After the battle of Friedland the Russians effected an armistice with the French, an example the Prussians were compelled to follow. The treaty of Tilsit was the final blow, and the once haughty Prussian army was reduced by it to a normal strength of forty thousand men. Our hussar asked for and obtained his discharge, although Blucher wished to retain him, and he proceeded to visit some relatives in the Ukraine, in the hope of obtaining a commission in the Russian army. Foiled in this, he returned to Königsberg at the close of 1808, and early in the following year joined the brave and unhappy Von Schill in his uprising against the French usurper. He gives us very interesting anecdotes about his leader, and darkly hints that he was induced to undertake his rash expedition under the impression that his king sanctioned it. Luckily for our author, he was thrown from his horse, and a farmer gave him a hiding-place. While lying here he read in an Austrian paper that the brave Duke William of Brunswick-Oels was collecting a corps in Bohemia to fight the French, and he resolved to make the best of his way to head-quarters. On his road the hussar had to swim the Elbe to escape the Westphalian gendarmes, but he managed to join the duke after enduring great privations. The corps was to consist of two battalions of light infantry, a regiment of hussars, and a horse battery. With these troops the duke intended to enter North Germany, and draw the nation to his side, while the Austrians held Napoleon in check on the Danube. But the plan failed through the jealousy which even in those days of danger existed between Austria and Prussia, and after the battle of Wagram the Duke of Brunswick found himself in a very awkward position; still he resolved to enter Saxony, and fight his way through to Westphalia. It was a mad exploit to try, at the head of some six

thousand men, to defy Napoleon and all his German allies, and the duke's position was rendered worse when the Austrians signed an armistice with Napoleon, and he was left with only eighteen hundred men. The duke was urged to share in the armistice, but declined, and he actually fought his way through North Germany till he reached Oldenburg, and put his troops aboard vessels which conveyed them to Heligoland, under the fire of Danish batteries. Some of the vessels were stranded, and the soldiers aboard were, by Napoleon's special order, sent to the Brest galleys. From Heligoland the troops were conveyed to the Isle of Wight and attached to the Anglo-German Legion. Here our author was placed on half-pay, for it was found on reorganizing the Black Hussars that there were many supernumerary officers, and he was one of the latest who had joined. To support himself he was compelled to draw money from home, which reached him in a very roundabout way. Bills were bought at Wismar on Gothenburg, which were again exchanged for others on London, as a considerable trade went on at that time between England and Sweden. After knocking about for some time at Guernsey, our hussar, tired of doing nothing, proceeded to London, and made application to the Duke of Brunswick to get him placed on active service.

"The duke himself would have willingly commanded a corps in the Peninsula, and thus have taken an active part in the war. He set all his influences in London at work to obtain this, but did not succeed. His most decided opponent was Wellington himself. The latter had always declined to have a German general under his orders, and the Duke of Brunswick above all, and through his omnipotent influence he always contrived to carry his point. I must honestly confess that Wellington was quite right. The duke, in spite of all his excellent military qualities, was ever a very difficult subordinate to manage: he could not get on with old Blücher, and he would, in all probability, have had a deadly quarrel with Wellington within a week. These two temperaments differed greatly, and it would have been as easy to unite fire and water as them. Nor would the duke have agreed with the other English generals, and had he been intrusted with a division in Wellington's army, it would have led to every sort of annoyance, and soon have placed him in an untenable position. Still the English ministry committed a great mistake in not employing the duke on active service. He

ought to have been appointed to the command of his own Black Band and the German Legion, and ordered to operate with some ten thousand men on a distinct field."

Our hussar, however, obtained a passage to Spain to try what he could do, and he had numerous letters of introduction. He went aboard ship at Portsmouth, and dilates upon the horrible scenes he witnessed at that port, and the fights which constantly took place between the soldiers and the Jack Tars. He landed in the Peninsula on June 1, 1810, and joined the mess of the artillery of the Anglo-German Legion during the fortnight he spent in Lisbon. This legion was first organized in 1804 from the fragments of the Hanoverian army, when it was dissolved in consequence of the Convention of Lunenburg. The officers were all Hanoverians, and the troops in course of time represented nearly every German state, as they were recruited from prisoners taken from the French. The composition of the legion has been very variously described. At the time of its greatest strength it consisted of two dragoon and three hussar regiments, eight battalions line infantry, two battalions light infantry, four batteries of field and two of horse artillery, with a small engineer corps.

These troops, however, were never combined, but served in the most different scenes. A portion of the legion was employed in 1805 for a landing in Germany, another in 1807 took part in the expedition to Copenhagen, and some corps operated in Sweden for a while. In 1808 four infantry battalions, three batteries, the Third Hussars, and the light brigade were sent to the Peninsula. A portion of these were under Moore, and, after the retreat from Corunna, several of the transports were wrecked, and hundreds of German soldiers found their death in the sea. The Second Hussars and the light brigade were also employed in the senseless expedition to Walcheren, where they distinguished themselves, but suffered a terrible loss through sickness. Four infantry battalions and a battery were sent in 1809 to Sicily, where they remained for several years, and greatly distinguished themselves. The legion was also engaged in the campaign in the south of France, and fought most bravely at Waterloo. When our author landed in the Peninsula, the legion was represented by an hussar regiment, four battalions

line infantry, and three field batteries, all which troops were attached to Wellington's army.

The hussar joined head-quarters at Celerico, and his first care was to present a letter of introduction which he had to Wellington, from H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, who took every opportunity of aiding Germans in England by word and deed:

"To present this letter I required an audience, and this was no easy matter for a young subaltern like myself, for the noble lord shut himself up, observed a more than princely etiquette, and was not accessible unless some pressing matter connected with the service occurred. He associated chiefly with his staff, composed of a great number of young men belonging to the most aristocratic English families. His personal appearance produced a peculiar effect upon me; had I not known that the man whose presence I now entered was commander-in-chief of the British land forces, who had served with distinction in the East-Indies, and had already gained a name in the Peninsula, the idea would never have occurred to me that he was a soldier, so little military was there in his appearance. The nobleman, accustomed to command, could be at once recognized in him, and I might have taken him for a minister, a diplomatist, or a rich landed gentleman; but never for a soldier. His dress, too, was rather that of a civilian, and consisted of white trousers, waistcoat, and neckcloth, stiffly starched shirt, and a light-blue frock coat. On the beardless, finely-chiseled face, there was an unmistakable expression of unbending strength of will, great calmness and certainty, but at the same time of powerful self-esteem, and, indeed, Lord Wellington always seemed to me the true representative of the English aristocracy."

The hussar was courteously greeted by Wellington, who expressed his regret that he could only offer him a commission in the Portuguese army. This being respectfully declined, he attached him as volunteer to Crawford's staff, allowing him to draw rations but no pay. After a short interview came an invitation to dinner for the same day, and our lieutenant found himself dismissed:

"His lordship's table, at which his numerous adjutants and several field officers represented the guests, counted about twenty persons. The service and plate displayed noble wealth. The servants waited in full livery, and most of the fare seemed to have come from England; in short, it was difficult to credit that I was at the table of a general who was opposed to a powerful army in the heart

of a most desolated country. The etiquette at table was so strict, that it could not well be stricter at a prince's table. Most of the officers conversed together in a low voice, and all kept their eyes fixed on his lordship, who was very chary of words, to be in readiness to answer his questions. Business obliged Wellington to leave the table at a very early hour, but at his request the guests remained; and when the cloth was removed, and the decanters began circulating, all displayed that noisy merriment, which Englishmen, in spite of their formality and stiffness, are wont to indulge in when wine has warmed their blood."

The story of the Peninsular War has been so often told that we need not dwell on it here; it is sufficient to say that our author was severely wounded, and was carried from the field in an ambulance cart. As it jolted along Wellington rode past, and stopped to express a few words of thanks for his past gallant conduct, and our author was highly delighted at such sympathy from the generally cold and reserved commander-in-chief. After the bullet had been extracted he was sent by easy stages to Lisbon, and, on final recovery, joined his regiment of Black Brunswickers, who were garrisoned in Ireland. As he found, however, that there was no prospect of the regiment being employed on active service, he resolved to make the best of his way to Russia. He went first to Gothenburg, and thence to St. Petersburg; but as the head-quarters and the emperor were at Wilna, he proceeded without further delay to that city, where he was soon attached to the staff of General Barclay de Tolly. He found a very unpleasant feeling existing in the army between the German and Russian generals, and as a specimen of the latter, we will quote his pen-and-ink photograph of General Araktjeyeff, commander-in-chief of the artillery:

"I have known very few men for whom I felt such internal disgust at the first glance, as for this count. All those bad qualities which are only to be found in the Slavonic character, were combined in him, but he did not possess a single good quality of the race. He was cringingly flattering to all high-standing persons of influence, and, to make up for it, harsh, brutal, and cruel to his inferiors. I was once eye-witness how he treated a Russian veteran, covered with orders, who did not notice his approach, and neglected to salute him. He struck him over the head with a large stick so violently that the poor man sank to the ground senseless, and lay in a pool

of blood. Without deigning a further glance at the victim of his brutality, he quietly continued his walk. At the same time this man was so wretchedly timid that his cowardice became proverbial with the army. He could not endure firing, and when an action began he would ride away at full speed; and yet he was commandant of the artillery! It was always a riddle to me, that so gentle a monarch as the Emperor Alexander should tolerate such a ruffian in his vicinity, and even allow him considerable influence. But there was no lack of such contradictions in the Russian army of that day, and any foreigner who wished to serve in it was compelled to put up with much that was unpleasant and even hurtful to his feelings."

Our author states that at the period when hostilities began with France, Barclay had not more than one hundred and ten thousand men under his orders, while the second western army, under Bagration, did not amount to beyond thirty-five thousand, and the army of reserve was about the same strength. Thus, then, the Russians had not more than two hundred thousand men, of whom twenty thousand were Cossacks, to oppose to Napoleon's army of at least four hundred thousand.

On the approach of the French the Russians evacuated Wilna, and orders were given that the stores of provisions should be burnt, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. But the Jews bought most of the stores from the commissariat, and bags of sawdust were burnt for flour. The Polish Jews, who cheated both sides equally, made enormous fortunes during the campaign. On the march to Drissa the army suffered severely by the desertion of the Poles, who had been forced under arms, and the loss, during the first month, our author estimates at no less than six thousand men. Ere long the Emperor Alexander became so sick of the squabbling among the generals, that he ran away from the army, leaving the command to Barclay. At first it was proposed to make a stand in the lines of Drissa, but the commander-in-chief thought it wiser to effect a junction with the second army, and this was carried out just before Smolenzk. The united armies had a strength of one hundred and fifteen thousand line troops, and about six thousand Cossacks and irregulars. Against these Napoleon had at least one hundred and eighty thousand, and Barclay had no resource but to continue his retreat. This aroused such dis-

satisfaction among the Russians, that Alexander was forced to yield to the public voice, and deposed Barclay from the command in chief, which was given to Prince Kutusoff, a man of sixty-nine years of age. The battle of the Borodino soon ensued, in which our author had for the first time the unhappiness of fighting against his own countrymen. The Russians, he states, displayed extraordinary tenacity in the combat, and he saw wounded men rush empty-handed on the foe, to tear their weapons from them and kill them. Even those who lay on the ground wrestled in the last death-pangs, and sought to murder each other with their fists. The terrible battle lasted twelve hours, and the Russian loss, in killed and wounded, was forty thousand, while that of the French was from twenty to thirty thousand. This will serve to show the bitterness displayed on both sides. In spite of Prince Kutusoff's unfounded bulletin of victory, the battle of Borodino will ever remain an honor to the Russian army. Barclay de Tolly displayed the most extraordinary bravery, and had four horses shot under him; but this much maligned man was forced to resign his command, and was maltreated by the populace at Kaluga, while Kutusoff, who had done nothing, had honors heaped upon him, and received a present of one hundred thousand silver roubles from his blinded monarch. Our author, who was again severely wounded, was conveyed in a cart to Moscow:

"Here I found the population in the greatest excitement, and the long streets and wide squares of the enormous city were filled with a restlessly heaving mass. The most varying reports were spread, but no one could distinguish truth from falsehood. It was officially announced that our army had gained a brilliant victory at the Borodino, but the thousands of wounded and stragglers, who gradually arrived, as well as the news that the army was retreating, contradicted the victory. . . . The sight offered me outside the gates of Moscow I shall never forget. As if a national migration were taking place, hundreds of thousands of persons were leaving the doomed city, heavily laden with their traps. Horses and conveyances were not to be procured for money, and even well-dressed men pushed trucks before them, and walked along with heavy bundles like Jew peddlers. Scenes of despair, of misery, of the deepest horror, occurred every where, and yells, groans, and execrations of the foe, whose thirst for conquest entailed the ruin of Moscow, filled the

air. At the same time there was any quantity of quarrelling, for nearly every minute the road was blocked, and the enormous procession could only move at a snail's pace. Orderlies and adjutants, who had important dispatches to deliver, dashed through, and with the recklessness of noble Russians lavished blows of their whips, which entailed fresh cursing and objurcations; in short, it was such a scene as I could not have supposed possible."

Our author is of opinion that the burning of Moscow did not have such influence on the progress of the war as has generally been supposed. Even had the city been spared, Napoleon could not have remained there for the winter with his army, as provisions would have run short. The Cossacks, of whom twelve thousand arrived from the banks of the Don at this time, would have cut off his transports. The real destruction of the French army, according to our author, was the purposeless delay of four weeks at Moscow, instead of at once retreating or advancing into Little Russia. After the retreat of the French, Moscow offered a terrible appearance, and the returning citizens were furious at the attempt Napoleon made to blow up their sacred Kremlin, in which he, fortunately, only partially succeeded. With the wanton desecration of the churches by the French, the war assumed a fearfully barbarous character on the side of the outraged nation, and their savageness surpassed even any thing the hussar had witnessed in Spain:

"The most furious were the women, although, as a rule, the fair sex in Russia are generally gentle, good-tempered, and submissive. I saw a well-dressed and rather good-looking female tear the heart out of the body of a still quivering grenadier, and display it to the mob with a yell of triumph. I could mention a number of similar instances. Thus, we frequently found the bodies of Frenchmen hung up by the feet from trees, so that the poor wretches must have died in agony; others were laid between boards and sawn in two, or fastened to horses and dragged to death across country. And yet, I repeat, the old Russian race is generally good-tempered and kind, and the utmost frenzy alone could induce such barbarity."

While the French lay down and died by the roadside on the retreat, the Russians were also very badly off; owing to the cheating of the commissariat the troops were shamefully rationed, and the army on the march to Wilna melted away in the most extraordinary manner. The

French were utterly demoralized, and our author states that one day he, with but six Cossacks, took fifty voltigeurs prisoners. Although these men were armed, they did not dare offer any resistance. Of the many horrible scenes connected with the retreat the most horrible is, perhaps, the following:

"On December 5, under such intense cold that I could not sit my horse, but was forced to run by its side, I noticed a deserted peasant sledge in a wide plain of snow. The Cossacks I had with me curiously raised the canvas covering, and I went up to it." The sight I witnessed was fearful. A dead officer, both of whose feet had been shot off, was lying by the side of the corpse of two little girls, who must have been frozen or starved to death, for they held some strips of raw horse-flesh in their rigid hands, which the frost had rendered hard as stone. Crouching in one corner was a lady, wrapped up in costly velvets and dirty horse-cloths, almost a skeleton through hunger and cold, but yet displaying regular features, and large black eyes, from which all animation, however, had disappeared. In a faint voice she implored food for a babe, which she held tightly pressed to her bosom with both hands, in order to warm it. When she showed it to us, in order the more to excite our compassion, this babe was also a corpse. The despair of excessive sorrow at this moment seized on the unhappy mother, she uttered a heart-rending cry, and then, with a strength and rapidity hardly to be expected from so utterly exhausted a woman, she tore a pistol from the belt of a Cossack and blew her brains out. As I learned afterwards from papers found in the sledge, it was the family of a French colonel of artillery, which had thus miserably perished. Only too many such cases occurred."

At Wilna our hussar had the pleasure of giving a hearty thrashing to a rich Jew, who kicked an old French officer, who was unable to retaliate, because he had lost both hands. The fellow had the impudence to complain to General Miloradovitch, but when the latter heard the facts he told his Cossacks to give the Jew another thrashing. At Wilna the losses of the Russian army during the winter of 1812 were reckoned. Kutusoff had left the camp of Yarulino with exactly one hundred and ten thousand men, and after a seven weeks' march he had scarce fifty thousand left. And it must be borne in mind that he did not fight a single engagement during the period. Cold and the peculation of the commissariat had done the work. On hearing of York's capitulation at Tauroggen, our author re-

solved to leave the Russian service, and as a reward for past exertions the government gave him the order of St. George, fourth class, which was greatly esteemed, as it could only be obtained through bravery in the field. On reaching Königsberg, however, the hussar discovered that York's step was regarded as premature, and it was not known whether he might not be tried by court-martial for it, and in all probability shot. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the "Old Bear," as he was popularly termed, should give our author a very unceremonious reception, until he reminded him how they had fought together side by side in Mecklenburg. The result of the interview was that York requested the hussar to undertake the training of the Landwehr cavalry of East Prussia. It was a sad disappointment to remain in country quarters and see his comrades go off to the wars, but the Fatherland required his services at home, and he could do nothing but obey. Indeed, sacrifices were the rule at this season in Eastern Prussia :

"The landlords and farmers gave us all the horses for nothing, or, if they were very poor, at small prices, and yoked oxen to their plows. I remember a far from wealthy farmer who gave us a young horse, but would not at any price part with a mare he had, because she annually dropped a valuable foal. I had gone away about an hour from him when he came after me, and said in his honest East-Prussian dialect : 'I have thought it over, captain ; a man must now give all he has for our king, and so you can take the gray mare, and pay me enough to buy me an old horse to drag my cart, for I have not a crown piece in the house.'"

A few months later the writer heard from his old commandant, Blucher, that he had a vacancy to offer him in his corps, and he could not resist this temptation. On reaching head-quarters, Marshal Forwarda, as he was now universally called, did not appear to him to have altered in the least ; he was jolly as ever, though he had serious causes of vexation. The Russian generals Sacken and Langeron felt their pride insulted at being under a Prussian commander, and refused to obey. Here Blucher's mother-wit came into play, and he rendered himself such a favorite with the Cossacks that they declared he was born on the banks of the Don, and was removed to Prussia by some accident. The appointment Blucher had to offer our

author was that of orderly officer to General Sacken, and he trusted to his discretion to remove some of the existing differences. It is amusing to read his account of the abuse Blucher lavished on the Russian generals, especially on Langeron, whom he detested the more because he was of French extraction. The battle of the Katzbach, however, reconciled Blucher and Sacken, and they learned to estimate each other's sterling qualities. During the battle of Wartenburg—York's most brilliant victory, our author was sent with dispatches to Blucher :

"He was evidently in a good temper, and had a jest for each company as it marched past. Thus I heard him shout to some poor Landwehr troops, who had taken off their worn-out boots and were wading through the mud barefooted : 'Well, boys, you are clever fellows ; you would sooner go barefoot than have your boots full of mud.' A Landwehrman replied ill-temperedly : 'Yes, excellency, it is wretched work with the boots, they will not hold together.' 'Ah, you stupid devil, why are the Frenchmen standing over there, except for you to take their boots off them ? It's famous walking on Paris soles, and the fellows will soon have to hurry back to France at such a rate that it will be a pity for good shoes. So, children, look sharp and get new boots from the Frenchmen,' old Blucher replied, with a loud laugh, to which the Landwehr responded with a shout of delight."

Our author describes in glowing language the battle of the nations which sealed the fate of Napoleon. Both Russians and Prussians fought with distinguished bravery, and without the slightest jealousy. One episode, the Russian attack on the village of Pfaffendorf, is worthy quotation :

"As the village of Gohlis was now sufficiently protected by two Prussian battalions, at three P.M. Sacken ordered his troops to advance once again on Pfaffendorf. After a long struggle, a few battalions at last succeeded in reaching the center of the straggling village, but the French worked their batteries in the Rosenthal so well that our men were compelled to fall back again. During the bombardment a large house was fired, in which lay several hundred French, Prussian, and Russian wounded. It was terrible to see these poor wretches attempt to save themselves, but mostly unable to do so owing to their weakness or their wounds, and suffer the martyrdom of burning alive. Many Russian soldiers, it is true, defied the flames and enemy's bullets, and dashed into the burning building to save their comrades, but did not always succeed, and many of the rescu-

ers found death in their generous effort. Some of the wounded tottered up to us, only dressed in a shirt, all black with smoke, and with the bandages burnt off their wounds. One young Polish officer, whose nose, chin, and one eye had been carried away by a cannon-shot, but who yet clung to life with extraordinary tenacity, I carried for a time on the front of my saddle-bow, for the purpose of conveying him to our ambulance. As I received fresh orders while proceeding there, I handed over my *protégé* to a slightly wounded Russian. The pair had got but a few yards from me, when a cannon-ball so destroyed them that their bodies actually flew in the air in patches. This burning French lazaretto at Pfaffendorf was the most fearful sight I witnessed during the whole of my military career."

The scenes inside Leipzig were equally exciting: thus, a large house was occupied by Poles, who incessantly fired on the advancing Russians. In vain did our hussar call to them to surrender; the major swore that they would never yield to a Russian, and, in fact, they were shot down to the last man. After the Elster bridge was blown up, the French officers were taken prisoners *en masse*, and so many delivered up their swords to our author, that he was compelled to break their blades on a gun-wheel. The enthusiasm of the Prussians was intense. An old captain of Landwehr said, in the author's hearing: "Two of my sons fell before, and I have just received news that my third lad was shot at Möckern, but it is not too high a price to pay for such a victory as this. Why did God grant me sons, unless they could die for our king and our Prussian fatherland?" The allies slowly followed the French up, and at the beginning of the next January crossed the Rhine. At Brienne a desperate night engagement took place, in which Von Sacken was obliged to draw his sword, and his adjutant was killed by his side. It is plain that the army of Silesia suffered terribly during the campaign of 1814, and on more than one occasion was within an ace of being destroyed. Things got to the worst when old Blücher was taken ill:

"The field-marshal, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, was ordered to protect them with a green shade, and as such a thing could not be procured at once, he put on an old lady's bonnet with a deep poke. Any one who had seen this man of seventy-three years of age, lying in his carriage, wrapped in a fur cloak, and with this bonnet pulled over his eyes, would never have supposed that this decrepit and laughable apparition was

Blücher, the general of hussars, the celebrated Marshal Forward of the army of Silesia."

The troops suffered terribly through want of food; they had plenty of champagne to drink but no meat to eat, and they were growing despondent through the manner in which Napoleon seemed to multiply himself and deal them blow after blow. At length, however, light dawned; Colonel von Grolmann talked seriously with Alexander, and induced him to decree that Generals von Winzengerode and Von Bülow should join the army of Silesia, and advance on Paris. The spirits of the troops were also aroused by a smart night attack York made on Marmont's corps:

"About seven in the evening of a starlit night, the Prussian attacking columns started in perfect silence. Not a word was spoken, not a pipe lighted, for fear of attracting the attention of the enemy, and we marched on like an army of ghosts. Watchfulness on outpost duty has never been one of the praiseworthy military qualities of the French, and thus our van was enabled to get within five hundred yards of the enemy's bivouac-fires without being noticed. Suddenly, at a signal from General York, the troops burst into a loud hurrah, the drummers beat their instruments as if about to break them, the bugles brayed, the fugal-horns piped: in short, there was a tremendous row. And then all dashed at full speed upon the startled French, who had not at all expected this nocturnal attack. All who did not manage to escape were cut down, stabbed, or trampled by our horses, and we incessantly pursued the foe, who at last got into such a state of disorder that regiments attacked one another. Our loss was but slight, but we captured about fifty of the enemy's guns."

The capture of Paris, our author declares, was not such an easy task as it has been described. Detached fights took place all round the city, and considerable bravery was displayed by the French. Langeron, after an obstinate attack, carried the Montmartre, and was about to shell Paris, had not Alexander threatened to cashier him if he did so. If Blücher had had his way, the city would have been bombarded for four and twenty hours, and then taken by storm. As for the Russian troops, they were furious, for their argument was, "Moscow the Holy was burnt, and Paris must be burnt in return." The army of Silesia was insulted by not being allowed to join the triumphal procession, because the troops

were too ragged. Blucher refused to go, alleging his illness, while York declared bluntly that he had no full-dress uniform, and, besides, could not leave his troops. It was certainly an ungracious return for all the exertions the army of Silesia had made. General dissatisfaction was felt that the troops were not quartered on the Parisians in the same way as Napoleon had treated Vienna, Berlin, and other German capitals, and the indulgence shown France was so great that, on March 31, York's troops were obliged to satisfy their hunger with ammunition bread. The Prussian commanders, however, speedily rectified this by writing their own requisitions for provisions, and having them executed by the adjoining villages.

Von Sacken being appointed military governor of Paris, our author naturally accompanied him as adjutant. He left him in May on furlough, and revisited his Penates, until the return of Napoleon to France called him back to the army. General satisfaction was felt at Blucher being appointed commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, which consisted of one hundred thousand well-trained troops. Our hussar fought at Ligny, one of the most gallant actions the Prussians ever contended, and though they were defeated, they were not at all dishonored.

On the 17th of June the Prussian troops crossed the Dyle in very good spirits, to which Blucher in no slight measure contributed. Although he had been shaken by his fall on the previous day, he had rubbed his limbs with brandy, done the same for his inner man, and now rode, though in great pain, by the side of the troops, scattering jokes in all directions, which ran along the ranks like wild-fire. At night the Prussians bivouacked in the pouring rain, not far from Wavre, and made themselves tolerably comfortable with abundant provisions and spirits. They were well aware that they

would have to fight again ere long, for Blucher had promised to support Wellington, and the old marshal was not the man to break his word. This idea greatly cheered the troops, who were burning to repay the yesterday's defeat.

About Waterloo our hussar has not much to tell us, for at the moment he got within the enemy's line of fire, a bullet struck him in the right shoulder-blade, and completely smashed it. His military career was thus stopped forever. According to his editor, Captain Fritz (we regret that we do not learn his family name) died only two years back, universally respected, and true to the last to the motto, "With God, for King and Fatherland." In his time he probably saw more service than any of his cotemporaries, and it is to be regretted that he did not get beyond a captaincy. This may be, perhaps, accounted for by the fact that his actual service with the Prussian army was not long. Great thanks are certainly due to Julius von Wickede for publishing this biography, which must be of good effect in Prussia, and aid in removing that slightly ignoble panic which was felt in Germany during the past year. Equally pleased are we to notice the healthy tone the old soldier employs when speaking of the first Napoleon; although animated by a hatred of the French, which we of to-day can not understand, but which was perfectly justified by the humiliation the Germans suffered at the hands of their foes, our hussar never condescends to vulgar calumny of a great man. Throughout his biography we notice, on the contrary, a respectful admiration for the greatest captain of his age. Even in the overthrow of the empire, the French must have found a melancholy consolation in the thought that a European coalition was required in order to check the progress of the conqueror.

From the North British Review.

PRETENSIONS OF SPIRITUALISM—LIFE OF D. D. HOME.*

THE world has lasted about six thousand years, and its annals abound with stories of the supernatural, varying in their character with the people among whom they originated, and the individuals who believed them. False religions have been propagated, falling dynasties sustained, and sordid interests promoted by their agency. Miracles and lying wonders have, therefore, prevailed in every age and under every clime—the food of the credulous, the tools of imposture, and the moral ruin of their victims. The light of religious truth, however, has given birth to a purer faith, and the stern decisions of science have inaugurated a sounder philosophy. Education and knowledge have given vigor and health to the public mind, and the spirit-mongers have been driven into the purlieus of “shattered nerves and depraved sensations.”

The historians of the occult sciences, and the expounders of natural magic, have collected the materials furnished by the wizards, the magicians, the necromancers, the astrologers, and the alchemists of past ages; and though the budget is large in size, and motley in character, yet the “Incidents in the Life of Daniel Dunglas Home” present to us every species of offense against those acknowledged and impregnable laws by which the Almighty governs the moral and the physical world.

To attempt the analysis of such incidents—to refute them or to ridicule them—would be to acknowledge the weakness of human reason, and the insecurity of our common faith. The interests of truth, however, and the purity and sanctity of those cherished ties which connect the living with the dead, will be best promoted by displaying the characters and the deeds of the necromancers in their

own black and bloated pages. In our desire to learn something about the founders of an upstart dynasty, or the apostles of a startling faith, we can hardly err if we follow their history of themselves, and judge of them by the principles and motives which they avow.

With this object in view, we have waded ankle-deep through the quagmire of Mr. Home's autobiography, threatening at every step to return to a cleaner path and a purer air, yet urged on by a sense of duty to expose to public reprobation the profane and fanatical narratives which we are called upon to believe and admire. If we have succeeded in extracting from the rubbish of the book an intelligible notice of the manifestations, prophecies, and miracles which it records, we shall have done more to establish their godless and anti-Christian character than if we had dragged them to the bar of reason and the judgment-seat of truth. In one feeling we trust our readers will share with us. Pitying the forlorn being who pretends to be the God-sent instructor and benefactor of his species, we have a still deeper sympathy with those simple individuals who have staked their character as his disciples, and testified to the truth of his revelations.

Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, the arch-spiritualist of the age, claims, we grieve to say, that he is a Scotsman, born in Scotland, and descended from Scottish parents. We are therefore doubly anxious to know something of the lineage and upbringing of such a compatriot; and in a Scottish journal we are specially charged with the obligation to test the character of his miracles, and to expose the calumnies which he has published against every inquirer who has challenged the propriety or the truth of his spiritual manifestations.

Mr. Home tells us that he was born near Edinburgh in March, 1833, but he does not mention the name of the parish. Having required on his marriage to have “a certificate of birth,” he received one

* *Incidents in my Life.* By D. D. HOME. 8vo., pp. 287. London, 1863.

Les Habitans de l'Autre Monde, Révélations d'Outre-Tombe. Publiées par CAMILLE FLAMMARION. 12mo. Première Série, pp. 108; Deuxième Série, pp. 108. Paris, 1862, 1863.

with his name written *Hume* instead of *Home*; and "knowing this to be incorrect, he was obliged to make a journey to Scotland to have it rectified"—a rectification which could have been obtained by a quicker and less expensive process.

When an infant, his cradle was frequently rocked as if he had been attended by a guardian spirit. At the age of four, when at Portobello, near Edinburgh, he saw in a vision the death of a little cousin at Linlithgow, and he named the persons attending the child, and mentioned the absence of her father at sea—facts unknown at Portobello!

In 1842, when nine years of age, he was taken to America by his aunt and her husband. We do not learn who his father was,* and why his mother parted with her delicate and spirit-guarded child; but we are told that his mother's great-uncle was Colin Urquhart, and her uncle Mr. Mackenzie, and that she herself and both these relatives were seers, and gifted with the second sight. Where and how he was educated during the nine years he spent in Scotland does not appear. We find, however, that he was a member of "the Kirk of Scotland;" and we learn from himself, that, to the horror of his aunt, he became a Wesleyan. He subsequently became a Congregationalist, and finally, as we shall see, a Roman Catholic.

The earliest vision which he distinctly remembers was at Troy, in the State of New-York. A boy, Edwin, and himself had agreed that the first of them that died should "appear to the other the *third* day afterwards." About a month later, when sitting up in bed, his room was filled with a brilliant light; and Edwin, then three hundred miles distant, stood at the foot of the bed in a robe of light, and with wavy ringlets, and after lifting his right arm to the heavens, and making three circles in the air, gradually melted away. Upon recovering his speech and muscular power, and ringing his bell, he exclaimed:

* We have heard it stated, as on the authority of Mr. Home himself, that his father was a brother of the Earl of Home. His connection, real or assumed, with that noble family may be presumed from his name, *Daniel Douglas Home*, Douglas being the title of the eldest son of the Earl of Home. In Scotland we are always anxious to know the parentage and education of our distinguished countrymen; and if Mr. Home's character as a prophet and a worker of miracles shall be established, the parish registers of Mid-Lothian will be searched with a peculiar interest.

"I have seen Edwin; he died three days ago, at this very hour"—a fact confirmed by a letter a few days afterwards.

In the year 1850 Mr. Home's mother predicted that she would die in "four months from this time," and "without a relative near to close her eyes." On the forenoon of the last day of her allotted term a telegram intimated to her son that she was seriously ill.

"That same evening about twilight, being alone in my room, I heard a voice near the head of my bed, which I did not recognize, saying to me solemnly, '*Dan, twelve o'clock.*' I turned my head, and between the window and my bed I saw what appeared to be the bust of my mother. I saw her lips move, and again I heard the same words, '*Dan, twelve o'clock.*' A third time she repeated this, and disappeared. I was extremely agitated, and rung the bell hastily to summon my aunt; and when she came I said: 'Aunt, mother died to-day at twelve o'clock, because I have seen her, and she told me.' . . . My father found, on going to see her, that she had died at twelve o'clock, and without the presence of a relative to close her eyes."

A few months after this event Mr. Home's commerce with the invisible world took a new form. On going to bed *three loud raps struck the head of the bed*, as if made by a hammer, and next morning, when at breakfast with his aunt, "*their ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table.*" "So you've brought the devil to my house," cried the aunt; and, seizing a chair, she threw it at the supposed offender. Dreading the recurrence of these satanic sounds, the pious woman summoned to her help the three parsons in the village, Congregationalist, Baptist, and Wesleyan, to exorcise the noisy spirits. While the Baptist minister was praying for "the cessation of these visitations," "at every mention of the holy names of God and Jesus there came gentle taps on his chair; while at every expression of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shown us and our fellow-creatures, there were loud rappings, as if joining in our heartfelt prayers." "This," Mr. Home says, "was the turning point of his life," and he "resolved to place himself at God's disposal." In "carrying out this resolution," he says, "he has suffered deeply." "His honor has been called in question; his pride wounded; his worldly prospects blighted; and he was turned out of his house and home at

the age of eighteen, though still a child in body from the delicacy of his health, without a friend, and with three younger children depending on him for their support."

In spite of the prayers of the ministers, the rappings continued as before, and a new phenomenon increased "the horrors of his aunt." The chairs and tables, and other pieces of furniture, moved about the room without any visible agency, and without even the contact of hands.

"Upon one occasion, as the table was being thus moved about of itself, *my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said: 'There, that will soon drive the devils away;'* but, to her astonishment, *the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden. Seeing this, she was greatly incensed, and determining to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor!*" Bible and all!

In the house of another aunt the manifestations took a new and a higher form. Here "Mr. H. first began to ask questions" of the spirits, and "receive intelligent replies." Appealing thus to the spirit of his mother, she replies:

"Daniel, fear not, my child. God is with you, and who shall be against you? Seek to do good; be truthful and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping."

The religious convictions of the aunt who adopted our medium were so opposed to these unearthly conversations that he was commanded to leave her house; and being thrown upon the world whose infidels he was to convert, whose sick he was to heal, and whose mourners he was to comfort, his spiritual manifestations assumed different forms, and required new processes for their display. Hitherto the spirits spoke, and tables and chairs moved, spontaneously; but they became vocally dumb and mechanically feeble. They spoke only by raps following the contact of the letters of the alphabet; they required a clock to register their responses; and they moved only by the imposition of hands, and at the bidding of their guests.

"Thus thrown before the world by the mysterious working of Providence," the manifestations which Mr. Home evoked "became public all over the New-England

States;" and "he shrank from the prominent position thus given to him," and "embarked on the tempestuous sea of a public life."

Thus placed "*Before the World*," which is the title of his second chapter, he begins by making himself useful to it. A spirit calling himself Uncle Tilden comes to Mr. Home when *in a trance*, and tells him where to find certain title deeds of land long lost and anxiously sought for. The deeds were of course found in the predicted place, and in a box of the predicted form.

On another occasion, his guardian spirit sent him on horseback to tell a gentleman, unknown to him, "that his mother was ill, and that he was sent to say what would relieve her." On entering the house, he went in a trance, spirit-guided, to her bedroom; he dissipated by a few passes her acute pain, prescribed simple herbs for immediate, and other herbs for continued use, and thus produced "the magical effect of giving her such health as she had not enjoyed for eighteen years."

Visiting Mr. Home both in a trance and a waking state, the spirit of the father of a boy called Ezra, told Mr. Home that Ezra was to die in three weeks, and begs that he may visit him. The spirit wish was obeyed. Little Ezra named the person who was to carry him to his grave; and being at this time visited by a deacon of the church, the good man expressed his dislike of such incredible manifestations. In recording this incident, Mr. Home assails the deacon, as he has done all those who question his visions, as "*telling untruths and misrepresentations*." The poor restless boy frequently appeared to Mr. Home, imploring him to write messages to his mother and sister, and sometimes "*took possession*" of the medium's hand, "*and used it in writing his own autograph!*"

In 1852, at Lebanon and Springfield, new phases of magic were displayed. Tables, *poising themselves on two side-legs, danced and kept time correctly to several tunes sung by the company!* A medium called Mr. Henry Gordon held an amicable seance with Mr. Home; but as in optics two lights sometimes produce darkness, so the two mediums neutralized each other, and the spiritual house was divided against itself. At Springfield, three gentlemen *mounted a rocking and restless table, and perambulated the room*

in sounds of thunder and great guns. This feat was outdone by another, in which five men, weighing in the lump 855 pounds, bestrode a table, (without castors,) which moved a distance of from four to eight inches. This sagacious table became light or heavy according to order; and the truth of this was experimentally tested by "weighing the end of the table with a balance."

These mechanical miracles were varied with others of an optical kind. Dark rooms shine with brilliant light; "a tremulous phosphorescence gleams over the walls; odic emanations radiate from human bodies, or shoot meteor-like through the apartment." The lady of the house *mentally* requires the lights to cease—"and every form is lost in the deepest gloom."

In another seance at Springfield we have a revelation of scriptural truth. Mr. Home had previously assured us that the spiritual forces at his command "are calculated to revolutionize the current ignorance *both of philosophy and theology*, as men have made them;" but we have now a special doctrine established by spiritual authority. During a general conversation, Mr. Home fell into a sudden trance, exclaiming: "Hanna Brittan is here." Her brother being in the room, mentally inquired how he could be assured of her presence.

"Mr. Home began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat, he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner. He uttered bitter lamentations, exclaiming: 'Oh, how dark! What dismal clouds! What a frightful chasm! Deep down, far down!—I see the fiery flood! Hold! Stay! Save them from the pit! I'm in a terrible labyrinth! I see no way out! There's no light! How wild! gloomy! The clouds roll in upon me! The darkness deepens! My head is whirling! Where am I?'"

Hanna Brittan "had become *insane* from believing in the doctrine of endless punishments so graphically depicted in the scene above described;" and the spirit of Hanna, so distracted on earth, has since informed Mr. Home, "*that the burning gulf, with all its horrible imagery, existed only in the traditions of men!* and in her own distracted brain."

Before leaving Springfield Mr. Home healed many of the sick, feeling in him-

self their symptoms, and "telling the seat and causes of the disease."

At New-York, in May, 1853, Mr. Home figures in numerous "public and private circles." The spirit of a lady shipwrecked in the steamer Atlantic in 1849 is called up. "A violent storm" ensues. The wind roars and whistles—the waters rush—the waves break—the joints of the ship creak, and the laboring vessel rolls from side to side. Having "identified her presence by these demonstrations, the spirit delivered a homily, occupying nearly three pages, in which she moralizes and expounds the principles of spirit-rapping, "expressing the spirit idea of a hell," which, of course, is not that of holy writ.

The suspension of the law of falling bodies was most curiously exhibited at New-York, in June, 1852. A perfectly smooth mahogany table, covered "with loose papers, a lead pencil, two candles, and a glass of water," was "violently moved," and when elevated to an angle of thirty degrees, and held there, pencil, candles, water, glass, and papers, all refused to fall, "remaining as if glued on the polished surface." At the request of the company, the table suspended itself in the air; and two gentlemen seated upon it back to back, weighing three hundred and fifty pounds, were rocked backward and forward, and finally thrown on the ground, when the table "got tired of rocking them."

In the following August, at the house of Mr. Cheney, at Manchester, U. S., "Mr. Home was first lifted in the air—a manifestation which frequently occurred to him, both in England and France." On this occasion he was lifted a foot from the floor, palpitating from head to foot with emotions of joy and fear.

"*Again and again he was taken from the floor; and in the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hand and head came in gentle contact.*"

After describing this miracle, Mr. Home tells us that when thus elevated he feels an electrical fullness about his feet; that he is generally lifted perpendicularly, his arms becoming rigid, and drawn above his head; that when he reaches the ceiling, he is sometimes brought into the horizontal position; that he has been frequently kept suspended four or five minutes; that he has left pencil-marks on the

ceiling of some houses in London; and that this "elevation or levitation" has happened only once "in the light of day."

In the third chapter of this marvelous work, entitled, "*Farther Manifestations in America*," we have an account of new visions, new feats performed by dead matter, and amusing pranks played by the outlaws of the invisible world. At the Theological Institute of Newburg, where he was boarded, Mr. Home's spirit-body was separated from the body of flesh. "*He saw the whole of his nervous system, as it were composed of thousands of electrical scintillations;*" and he also saw "*the body which he knew to be his lying motionless on the bed.*" Thus emerged from his clay, his guardian angel wafted him upward on a purple-tinted cloud, till he saw the earth far, far below them. Descending to earth, the two spirits hovered over a cottage, through whose walls, made transparent for the nonce, they saw all that the cottagers were doing and meant to do. When the body of nerve and muscle was revived by its better-half, Mr. Home, thus created again, felt his limbs so dead, that it was only after half an hour's friction that he could stand upright. "*I give these facts,*" he says, "*as they occurred. Nothing could ever convince me that this was an illusion or delusion.*"

At Springfield, in February, 1854, a bell weighing one pound and one ounce put itself in the hands of the party; and while a hymn was singing, "the bell was raised from the floor, and rung in perfect time with the measure of the tune sung;" and "it drummed out another time against the under side of the table," like "a skillful performer with drumsticks."

At Boston, Mr. Home's spirit-power "seemed to increase in a manner which surprised himself not less than other witnesses."

"On several occasions spirits were seen distinctly by all present in the room; and more than once they kissed persons present so as to be both felt and heard."

In September, 1854, a Mr. Andrew, who had expressed a wish to witness some extraordinary manifestation, had his wish gratified by Mr. Home. When in bed, "the walls, floor, and bedstead shook with the strokes which came like a shower. *The bed began to move across the floor.* Spirits stepped upon his feet and

ankles over the bed-clothes. Hands somewhat cold, but *as much like flesh and blood* as any he ever felt, came on his head and forehead," answering by the pats the questions put to them.

Passing over the fact that one spirit-child called up by Mr. Home prevented her father from cutting his throat, and that another took her mother's handkerchief, "and knotted and twisted it into the form of a doll-baby," we come to the miraculous works of a guitar of an unusual size and weight. It was *played upon evidently by real substantial fingers, dragged out and carried away to a door*, where it played music surpassingly beautiful, sweeter and more harmonious than was ever heard. From exquisite sweetness it rose to "a full orb of strong, tempestuous melody, filling the house with its sounds." By desire, "it struck on all the chords at once," and it played "at a distance of nearly *eleven* feet from the circle or the medium." When the spirits had carried the guitar all around the circle, "it was poised in the air, top upwards, and nearly over the head of one of the party." It then "*reached forward, and playfully tapped him three times upon the shoulder.*" "*The indistinct outline of a human hand could be seen grasping the instrument just below its center.*" It now played in the air; and the hand that held it was a female one, terminating at the wrist, thin, pale, and attenuated. A pencil and paper being put upon the table, this hand took the pencil, and wrote "*the name, in her own proper handwriting, of a relative and intimate lady friend of one in the circle, who passed away some years since.*" The writing has of course been preserved as an evidence of the reality of the fact.

From America, the birth-place and haunt of spirit-rappers, Mr. Home passes into England, where he arrives in April, 1855. Even in the United States, as he confesses, "a few looked on him with pity as a poor, deluded being, only devil-sent to lure souls to destruction; while others were not chary in treating him as a base impostor." His very aunt, who had adopted him and maintained him as her own child, felt it a duty to turn him out of her house; and a deacon of a church, as he tells us, had boldly denounced his pretensions; but he has not recorded any instances in which either men of science or ministers of the Gospel applauded or condoned his manifestations.

In England, where superstition has never found a quiet home, it was not likely that spiritual manifestations would be favorably received either among the ignorant or the wise. Professor Faraday had established, by direct experiment, the true cause of table-turning, and the enlightened section of the public had acquiesced in the decision of science. It was not likely, therefore, that the kindred art of spirit-raising would escape the scrutiny and baffle the sagacity of an English jury.

When Mr. Home reached London, he took up his residence at Cox's hotel in Jermyn-street. In order to have the sanction of a great name, and one well known to science, Mr. Cox invited Lord Brougham to a seance with Mr. Home, to witness his miraculous powers. Lord Brougham, it appears, invited Sir David Brewster to accompany him; and on this occasion certain experiments and manifestations were exhibited, which we shall presently describe. In returning from this seance, Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster talked over what they had seen, and agreed in opinion that the performance was not that of spirits. They had expressed, it would seem, to Mr. Home their gratification with his experiments, and acknowledged that they could not account for them; and these civil words—the confession of ignorance, and not of faith—from persons who came only to gratify their curiosity, were made the foundation of a rumor that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster had acknowledged their belief in spirit-rapping.

Shortly after this seance, Sir David Brewster was invited to another, held at Ealing, in the house of the late Mr. Rymer. Mrs. Trollope, the accomplished novelist, and her distinguished son, Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope, with several other persons, were present at this seance; and we willingly give Mr. Home the full benefit of Mr. Trollope's certificate, that "after many opportunities of witnessing and investigating the phenomena caused by or happening to Mr. Home, he was wholly convinced that, be what may their origin, and cause, and nature, *they are not produced by any fraud, machinery, juggling, illusion, or trickery on his part.*" That is, Mr. Trollope believes that *they were supernatural phenomena!*

Although Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster viewed the phenomena which they saw with a different eye from that of

Mr. Trollope, and judged of them with a different result, they had no desire to give any public expression of their opinion. Mr. Home and his bottleholders, however, had circulated in London the slander that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster were believers in spirit-rapping, and an American newspaper gave it a wider range. When these facts were made known in the *Morning Advertiser*, Lord Brougham addressed a private letter to the editor, *repudiating the idea of his being a believer, in the sense ascribed to him, in spiritual manifestations.* Sir David Brewster published an ampler repudiation, concluding with the following paragraph:

"Were Mr. Home to assume the character of the Wizard of the West, I would enjoy his exhibition as much as that of other conjurors; but when he pretends to possess the power of introducing among the feet of his audience the spirits of the dead, of bringing them into physical communication with their dearest relatives, and of revealing the secrets of the grave, he insults religion and common-sense, and tampers with the most sacred feelings of his victims."

The sentiments expressed in this letter called forth the ire of Mr. Cox, and a Mr. Coleman, who accused Sir David Brewster of giving an untrue account of what he saw, and put into his mouth expressions which no educated man could use. Thus put upon his defense, he made the following exposure of the spiritual manifestations in a letter addressed to Mr. Coleman:

"Sir: You have been pleased to address a letter to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, the object of which is to report a certain conversation which took place in the lobby of the Athenæum Club, when Mr. Rymer, accompanied by you, invited me to a seance with Mr. Home, at his country house at Ealing. Without noticing farther the incorrectness of the statement that you called upon me, accompanied by Mr. Rymer, and without questioning your right to report a private conversation carried on with another person, I unhesitatingly state that the conversation is most erroneously reported. My conversation was not with you, but with Mr. Rymer; and had he, or even yourself, given the substance of it, I should not have minutely criticised it. I never used the words which you have put into my mouth, and which you have placed under inverted commas to make them pass as the very words I used. They are not the words of an educated man. I do not know even what the

word *delusion* means in its present place; and still less can I understand what is meant by 'upsetting the philosophy of my whole life,' having never occupied myself either with spirits or their philosophy. But, excepting these defects in your report, I am willing to accept of the substance of it, and that too in nearly your own words, 'that to account for the mechanical effects produced by Mr. Home, the last explanation I would adopt would be that of spirits skulking beneath the table.'

"Before proceeding to point out the extreme incorrectness of your other statements, I may once for all admit that both Lord Brougham and myself freely acknowledged that we were puzzled with Mr. Home's performances, and could not account for them. Neither of us pretend to be expounders of conundrums, whether verbal or mechanical; but if we had been permitted to take a peep beneath the drapery of Mr. Cox's table, we should have been spared the mortification of this confession. I come now to the facts of the case.

"1. It is not true, as stated by you, that a large dinner-table was moved about at Mr. Cox's in the most extraordinary manner.

"2. It is not true, as you state, that a large accordion 'was conveyed by an invisible, or any other, agency into my hand.' I took it up myself, and it would not utter a sound.

"3. It is not true that the accordion was conveyed into Lord Brougham's hand. It was placed in it.

"4. It is not true that the accordion *played an air throughout*, in Lord Brougham's hands. It merely squeaked.

"5. It is not true, as stated in an article referred to by Mr. Home, that Lord Brougham's 'watch was taken out of his pocket, and found in the hands of some other person in the room.' No such experiment was tried.

"6. It is not true, as stated by Mr. Cox, that I said that Mr. Home's experiments 'upset the philosophy of fifty years.' These are the words of Mr. Coleman, used, as he alleges, by himself, and very untruly put into my mouth by Mr. Cox.

"Although I have not appealed to Lord Brougham's memory in reference to these statements, I have no doubt that his lordship would confirm, were it necessary, all that I have said.

"In reply to Mr. Cox, I may take this opportunity to answer his request, by telling him what I have seen, and what I think of it. At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself sat down to a small table, Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person—an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard—rapings in abundance; and, finally, when we rose up, the table actually rose, as appeared to me, from the ground. This result I do not pretend to explain; but, rather than believe that spirits made the noise, I will conjecture that the raps

were produced either by Mr. Home's toes, which, as will be seen, were active on another occasion; or, as Dr. Schiff has shown, 'by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the *peroneus longus* muscle in the sheath in which it slides behind the external *malleolus*;' and, rather than believe that spirits raised the table, I will conjecture that it was done by the agency of Mr. Home's feet, which were always below it.

"Some time after this experiment Mr. Home left the room and returned; probably to equip himself for the feats which were to be performed by the spirits beneath a large round table covered with copious drapery, *beneath which nobody was allowed to look*.

"The spirits are powerless above board. Beside the experiments with the accordion, already mentioned, a small hand-bell, to be rung by the spirits, was placed on the ground, near my feet. I placed my feet round it in the form of an angle, to catch any intrusive apparatus. The bell did not ring; but, when taken to a place near Mr. Home's feet, it speedily came across, and placed its handle in my hand. This was amusing.

"It did the same thing, bunglingly, to Lord Brougham, by knocking itself against his lordship's knuckles, and, after a jingle, it fell. How these effects were produced neither Lord Brougham nor I could say, but I conjecture that they may be produced by machinery attached to the lower extremities of Mr. Home.

"The seance was more curious at Ealing, where I was a more watchful and a more successful observer. I will not repeat the revelations made to Mrs. Trollope, who was there, lest I should wound the feelings of one so accomplished and sensitive. I remember them with unmingled pain. The spirits were here very active, prolific in raps of various intonations, making long tables heavy or light at command; tickling knees, male and female, but always on the side next the medium; tying knots in handkerchiefs drawn down from the table, and afterwards tossed upon it; and prompting Mr. Home, when he had thrown himself into a trance, to a miserable paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer. During these experiments I made some observations worthy of notice. On one occasion the spirit gave a strong affirmative answer to a question by *three raps*, unusually loud. They proceeded from a part of the table exactly within the reach of Mr. Home's foot; and I distinctly saw three movements in his loins, perfectly simultaneous with the three raps. In these experiments all hands are supposed to be upon the table. One of the earliest experiments was with an accordion, held below the table, in Mr. Home's right hand. It played, very imperfectly, two tunes asked for by the company. During the succeeding experiment Mr. Home continued to hold the accordion, as we thought; but he might have placed it on the ground, and had his right hand free for any sub-tabular purpose. A handkerchief had been previously

taken down to be knotted, and the fact had been forgotten amid the interest of other experiments; a knot could not be tied by feet, nor, we think, by the one hand of Mr. Home, below the table. The handkerchief however, was, to our great surprise, after half an hour's absence, tossed upon the table with five knots, dexterously executed. How were those knots tied, unless by spirits? During the half-hour's absence of the handkerchief Mr. Home three or four times gave a start, and looked wildly at the company, saying, 'Dear me, how the spirits are troubling me!' and at the same time putting down his left hand as if to push away his tormentors, or soothe the limb round which they had been clustering. He had, therefore, both his hands beneath the table for a sufficient time to tie the five marvelous knots.

"I offer these facts for the spiritual instruction of yourself and Mr. Cox, and for the information of the public. Mr. Faraday had the merit of driving the spirits from *above the table* to a more suitable place *below it*. I hope I have done something to extricate them from a locality which has hitherto been the lair of a more jovial race.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

"D. BREWSTER.

"St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, Oct. 9, 1855."

As this was the first and the most damaging exposure of Mr. Home's pretensions made by a scientific individual, it excited his wrath to such a degree that, after he had submitted to it for eight years, he comes forth with his reply in 1863; and, in an Appendix of *twenty-six pages*, charges Sir David Brewster with truthless and calumnious statements, and assails him with a series of the most reckless and unblushing falsehoods. The exposure which called forth these spiritual anathemas has left such a sore upon the temper of our God-sent medium, as he claims to be, that he never ceases to place the name of his critic, and sometimes that of Professor Faraday, among the unfortunates who have challenged the authenticity of his miracles.

Though with less acrimony of reproof, Lord Brougham has been subjected to the same calumnious charges.

"In order," says Mr. Home, "that Lord Brougham might not be compelled to deny Sir David's statements, he found it necessary that he should be silent; and I have some reason to complain that his lordship preferred sacrificing me to his desire not to immolate his friend, since his silence was by many misconstrued to my disadvantage."

It will hardly be credited by those who regard Mr. Home simply as a fanatic,

that, while he was writing this paragraph, he knew of a letter, quoted by himself in his Appendix, and privately addressed to the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, in which, as we have already stated, "Lord Brougham repudiates the idea of his being a believer in spiritual manifestations;" and his lordship has distinctly stated to his friends that he altogether agrees with Sir David Brewster in his statements of what passed at the seance in Jermyn-street.

The manifestations witnessed at Cox's hotel and at Ealing were those of an apprentice conjuror; and we are curious to consider what Lord Brougham and his companion would have thought of the higher manifestations of Mr. Home's riper genius. How severely would their skepticism have been rebuked had they seen, in a dark apartment, the God-sent medium floating in the air, and leaving his handwriting on the ceiling; or a lady suspended with her piano in ether, and still discoursing with it sweet music; or several gentlemen galloping round the room upon a quadruped table; or Mr. Home "carrying round the room, as if it were a straw, a log of wood which two stronger men could hardly move;" or phosphorescent human hands out off by the wrist from their putrid carcasses in the grave!

It is difficult to understand how the possessor of "God-given powers" should feel so sensitively the exposure of his manifestations, unless upon the supposition that he knows himself to be an impostor. The man who recognizes in the depths of his soul a divine *afflatus*, and listens to the palpitations of an honest heart, would pity the skepticism which questions his heavenly commission, and scorn the attempt to discredit his beneficent revelations. "Have mercy upon unbelievers," he should have prayed, "for they know not what they do." Like his great friend Cagliostro, whom he summoned from the grave, he "*should not have cared for the untruths of earth.*"

Nor is it less difficult to comprehend the distress which our medium has suffered from the supposition that his performances at Ealing and Jermyn-street might have been the result of muscular or mechanical agency, unless upon the supposition that the investigation of his claims was there more successful, and the exposure of them more irritating than any

that had previously occurred. It was nothing new to assert that he rapped with his toes, as he tells us Professor Huxley asserted—it was nothing new to suppose that he was equipped with lazy tongue—that he carried about with him the machinery of his art, even balloons filled with gas in the shape of a man, and “wax hands and arms to show at the proper moment.” He has been accused, in short, *as he himself tells us*, of such a mass of trickery and imposture, and that, too, by so many persons in different countries, that the simple theories of his manifestations in London, in 1855, should not have ruffled a temper which had been so often and so severely tried.

We shall now follow our magician to Florence, Naples, Rome, and Paris. In October, 1855, after reaching Florence, he had singular manifestations in an old-fashioned villa, occupied by an English lady. An aged monk, of the name of Giunnana, had died in one of the rooms, and having been an assassin in his early life, he had wandered about the house for many years, anxious that masses should be said for the peace of his soul. At the bidding of this spirit, strange lights issued from the chapel windows, unearthly sounds rung through the house, a current of cold air rushed into the rooms; and when Mr. Home arrived, a muffled bell tolled in the chapel—the table moved, “*assuming an angry appearance*”—the spirit declared that he was not a good spirit—a hand appeared in a menacing attitude under the table-cover—“a clammy and horrible hand grasped the fingers of the parties;” and after the spirit had “declared its purpose,” and discontinued its torments, it promised, upon being adjured by the Holy Trinity, never again to return. The rascal, however, broke his promise, and though he had been exorcised, he resumed his usual performances.

After receiving a wound from the poniard of an assassin, the spiritual intimation of which he had neglected, Mr. Home went to Naples, and from Naples to Rome. On the 10th of February the spirits told him that he would lose his power for a year; and thus an outlaw from the spiritual world, “he studied the doctrines of the Romish Church, and finding them *expressive of so many facts in his own experience!*” he became a Roman Catholic. The Pope received him with kindness, and after hearing “much regarding his

past life,” his holiness, pointing to a crucifix on a table, wisely said: “My child, *it is on that that we place our faith.*” Though denied by Mr. Home, it is stated on unquestionable authority, that at this interview he promised to the Pope to discontinue his manifestations. The reproof of his holiness was, no doubt, the prelude to the exaction of the promise; and we have yet to hear, what he has not chosen to tell us, of his proceedings before the Inquisition, about which something has transpired.*

His doings at Paris, where he arrived in June, 1856, throw a useful light upon the character of our magician. The Pope, or the Inquisition, or both, brought him under an obligation to *repudiate his magic*. On the Pope’s recommendation he sought the counsel of the Père de Ravignan, one of the most learned and excellent men of the day, who became his confessor. This good man, abhorring the pretensions of his proselyte, assured him that his power of spirit-raising, now suspended, “would not return to him, as he was now a member of the Catholic Church.” His prediction, however, was not verified. “On the night of the 10th of February, as the clock struck twelve, the year of his suspended functions came to a close, and their return was announced to him by local rappings when an invalid in his bed. “Be of good cheer, Daniel, you will soon be well.” Daniel was of good cheer.

“The following day I was sufficiently recovered to take a drive, and on Friday, the 13th, I was presented to their Majesties, at the Tuilleries, where manifestations of an extraordinary nature occurred. The following morning I called on the Père de Ravignan to inform him of this. He expressed great dissatisfaction at my being the subject of such visitations, and said that he would not give me absolution, unless I should at once return to my room, shut myself up there and not listen to any rappings, or pay the slightest attention to whatever phenomena might occur in my presence.”

The magician wished to reason with his confessor, but the good father refused to listen to him. “You have no right to reason,” said he; “do as I bid you, otherwise bear the consequences.” Thus de-

* The Inquisition demanded from the medium an account of the way in which he acquired his spiritual powers. An English lady, a Roman Catholic, translated the narrative into Italian.

prived of his spiritual adviser, he found a new confessor, as he tells us, "one of the most eloquent preachers of the day." This gifted individual accepted of the office, *under the pledge of secrecy*; but the secret having transpired through the cleverness of the Countess L—, our medium was deprived of his new confessor.

Some time after these occurrences, the Père de Ravignan died, and his life was written by an eminent father, the Jesuit Father A. de Pontlevoy. At the close of the twenty-fourth chapter of this work, Father de Pontlevoy thus describes the relations which existed between Mr. Home and his confessor, and to this truthful history we beg the special attention of our readers:

"We could not close this chapter," says M. de Pontlevoy, "without making mention of that famous American medium who had the *sad talent of turning other things than the tables*, and invoking the dead to amuse the living. A great deal has been said, even in the papers, of his acquaintance, religiously and intimately, with Father de Ravignan, and they have seemed to wish, under the passport of a creditable name, to introduce and establish in France these fine discoveries of the New World. *Here is the fact in all its simplicity.* It is very true that the young foreigner, after his conversion in Italy, was recommended from Rome to the Father de Ravignan; but at that period, in abjuring Protestantism, he also repudiated (his) magic, and he was received with that interest that a priest owes to every soul ransomed by the blood of Jesus Christ, and more, perhaps, to a soul that has been converted and brought to the bosom of the Church. On his arrival in Paris, all his old practices were again absolutely forbidden. The Father de Ravignan, according to all the principles of the faith, which forbids superstitions, forbade, under the most severe penalties he could inflict, that he should be an actor in, or even a witness of, these dangerous scenes, *which are sometimes criminal.*

"One day the unhappy medium, tempted by I know not what man or demon, *violated his promise.* He was retaken (*repria*) with a rigor which overwhelmed him. Coming in then by chance, I (Father de Pontlevoy) saw him *rolling on the ground, and drawing himself like a worm to the feet of the priest, who was in saintly anger.* The father, however, touched by his convulsive repentance, lifted him up, forgave him, and sent him away, *after having exacted, in writing this time, a promise under oath.* But soon there was backsliding which made much noise, and the servant of God, breaking off with this slave of the spirits, had him told never again to appear in his presence."

Mr. Home, who has himself translated

and published the preceding extract, denounces it "as an entire falsehood, without even any foundation of truth." He denies "that he ever abjured any *magical* or other processes, for he never knew any thing of such, and therefore could not abjure them;" but he does not deny that he abjured spiritual manifestations, which his accusers referred to under the name of magic.* A thief who had appropriated your chronometer would hardly venture to deny that he had stolen your watch.

Although the testimony of Mr. Home is worthless in opposition to that of two distinguished Roman Catholic clergymen, one of whom was recommended by the Pope himself as confessor to the medium, we were desirous of knowing something of the character of Father de Pontlevoy, whose published account of the scene in Father de Ravignan's presence has been branded as an *entire falsehood*. On the authority of a distinguished abbé, well known in England and throughout Europe, we are able to state that Father de Pontlevoy, the biographer of Father de Ravignan, is an able, excellent, and pious man, incapable of uttering any, and still less *entire falsehoods*; and without any motive to misrepresent the craven conduct of Mr. Home, or to charge him falsely with the breach of oral and written oaths. Father Pontlevoy, personally well known to our informant, occupied the high position of confessor to the late illustrious M. Biot, who mentions him in the second volume of his *Melanges*.†

This testimony to the character of Father de Pontlevoy has been confirmed by a distinguished member of the Imperial Institute, who assures us "that the accuracy of the statements made in page 298 and the following pages of the Life of Father de Ravignan can not admit of the smallest doubt," and that this "great confessor," as the medium himself calls him, was "keenly opposed to the future conduct of the notorious *Thaumaturge*."

That "his services in France were in

* Since this was written, we have seen the original of the extract from M. de Pontlevoy's *Vie du R. P. de Ravignan*, and we find in it a confirmation of what we have above stated. In order to enable him to contradict the statement that he had repudiated spirit manifestations, Home translates *sa magie* by the word *magic*, in place of *his magic*.

† Une personne très éclairée, dont le regrettable Père de Ravignan m'a légué la bienveillance, M. L'Abbé de Pontlevoy, etc.—*Melanges Scientifiques et Littéraires*, vol. II. p. 439.

great request among the savans," is another of those falsehoods to which our medium has given circulation. We are assured that none of the eminent savans in Paris patronized Mr. Home, or believed in his manifestations. On the contrary, he always carefully avoided the scrutiny of the Parisian philosophers, and specially that of M. Babinet, the illustrious member of the Institute, who would have looked about himself as sharply in the presence of the spirits, as his colleague Sir David Brewster did in London. When Prince Napoleon proposed to invite Mr. Home to his palace, and hold a seance with M. Serres, M. Babinet, and M. de Quatrefages—an eminent physiologist, an eminent natural philosopher, and an eminent naturalist, all members of the Academy of Sciences—Mr. Home declined the invitation!*

It is impossible to read the preceding details respecting Mr. Home's reception at Rome and Paris, without the mortifying reflection that the Protestant's faith enters into a warmer and a closer alliance with spiritualism than that of the Catholic; and that the clergy of the Church of Rome have a deeper horror than our Episcopalian friends at the mischievous art "of raising the dead to amuse the living." Without defending the latitudinarian theology now spreading in the Church of England, we scruple not to assert that the bishops have as high a duty to perform in calling to account their spirit-rapping clergy, and their aristocratic helpmates, as in prosecuting Bishop Colenso and the essayists.

With the exception of the unpublished manifestations exhibited at the Tuileries, Mr. Home has referred to a small number of his performances in Paris. A French Countess S—— had imagined twelve years ago that her brother, having temporarily the peculiar expression of a fallen angel, was possessed with a demon. This infernal expression frequently occurred when he was calm and happy. When Mr. Home was looking at a beautiful marble bust, his "visage changed," and he was "violently agitated." "Madame," said he, "the man whose bust this is, is possessed with a demon," adding that this

brother would "have a great misfortune," and be "delivered from his enemies." Four months after this, the Count de P——, the brother, lost a considerable part of his fortune by the bankruptcy of M. Thurneyssen.

Our medium performed the miracle of healing before he left Paris. The lady mother of a boy who had been deaf for four years *was warned in a dream to seek Mr. Home*. At the seance, when the boy's head was resting on his shoulder, the medium "passed his hands caressingly over the boy's head, upon which he suddenly exclaimed: 'Mamma, I hear you.' The cure was complete and permanent!"

Mr. Home's sixth chapter, entitled "*In America—The Press-Gang*," is filled with reprints of what he calls the false and idle fabrications, respecting his doings, which issued from the French and English press. His object in publishing them is "to show the reckless invention of those who assume to enlighten the public through the press."

From America he returns to Paris in May, 1857. His power was here very great, and "hundreds of all classes" frequently saw spirit-hands "writing the autograph of the person whose spirit was present."

One day, when dining with the Baroness de M——, a *murdered youth* standing at the entrance to the drawing-room proposed to go with him to see his father. Mr. Home having declined to go, the same voice asked of him the same favor when he was seated at table. After dinner the same youth, with blood on his face, induced Mr. Home to go to the father, who, from the description given him, recognized the figure to be that of his murdered son. The father sought Mr. Home, in order to "have his *own* mediumship increased;" and having obtained this boon, he was greatly comforted and relieved.

At this time "his guardian spirits" advised our author to go to Turkey; but after he had packed his trunk, they changed their mind and sent him to Baden-Baden, where he exhibited before the King of Wurtemberg and the present King of Prussia. From Baden-Baden he went to Biarritz, where the spirits told him that "trouble was in store for him," but that in the end "this would prove to be a gain."

At Biarritz new forms of necromancy

* Since the preceding paragraphs were written the principal facts which they contain have been published by M. L' Abbé Moigno in his able journal, *Les Mondes*, 18 June, 1863, Tom. i. pp. 507. He distinctly states, that *absolute faith* may be placed in the statement of Father de Pontlevoy.

were seen. At the chateau of Count de B—— the spirits wrote "on paper placed before them on the table full in view." Hands appearing distinctly above a table were seen successively to take up a pencil and write. A large hand, in its peculiar autograph, "wrote several communications in their presence, some for his wife, who was at the table, and some to other persons who were not present. In an instant the Countess de B—— exclaimed: "Why are you sitting in the air?" and the medium "was seen raised two or three inches above the chair with his feet not touching the floor."

"I was now impressed," says the wizard, "to leave the table, and was soon carried to the lofty ceiling. The Count de B—— left his place at the table, and coming under where I was, said: 'Now, Young Home, come and let me touch your feet.' I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly, and pulling at my feet till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained his hands."

An aristocratic boot-jack!

In Holland and Italy, which our author visited in succession, nothing very new characterized his manifestations. An event, however, now occurred of great significance in the life of a magician. Accidentally introduced to the Countess de Koucheleff, he was asked to an evening party at her house. When entering the supper-room he was introduced to the countess's sister, a young lady whom he saw for the first time.

"A strange impression came over me at once, and I knew she was to be my wife. When we were seated at table, the young lady turned to me, and laughingly said: 'Mr. Home, you will be married before the year is ended.' I asked her why she said so; and she replied that there was such a superstition in Russia, when a person was at table between two sisters. I made no reply. It was true. In twelve days we were partially engaged, and waiting only the consent of her mother."

The family of his *fiancée* went in June to Petersburg, where Mr. Home was introduced to the emperor, who does not appear to have made the acquaintance of the spirits. Mr. Home was married on the first of August, 1858; and a short time after this event, when his wife

was asleep, he saw the spirit of his mother come into the room, followed by his wife's father. His wife exclaimed: "Daniel, there is some one in the room with us. It is your mother, and near her stands my father. She is very beautiful, and I am not afraid."

In furtherance of "the great and holy mission intrusted to him," he "did a great deal of good" when in the Crimea with his brother-in-law; and as a proof of this, "he convinced a young officer of the truths of immortality by what he saw in his presence," and this officer gave a supper to his friends to inaugurate his entrance upon a new life.

In January, 1859, when suffering from severe internal inflammation, "beyond the power of his physician," and when sitting with his wife and a friend, the following miracle was performed:

"My hands," says he, "were suddenly seized by spirit influence, and I was made to beat them with extreme violence upon the part which was so extremely sensitive and tender. My wife was frightened, and would have endeavored to hold my hands; but my friend, who had sufficient knowledge of spirit manifestations, prevented her. I felt no pain, though the violence of the blows which I continued giving to myself made the bed and the whole room shake. In five minutes' time the swelling had visibly decreased, and the movements of the hand began to be more gentle. In an hour I was in a quiet sleep, and on awaking the next morning I found the disease had left me, and only a weakness remained."

Next in importance to Mr. Home's marriage, is the birth of a son at Petersburg on the 8th May, 1859. This event was preceded by strange phenomena, and heralded by almost celestial displays. A few hours after his birth "birds warbled for several hours, as if singing over him. A bright star appeared several times directly over his head, where it remained for some moments, and then moved slowly in the direction of the door, where it disappeared." The light was clearer and more distinctly globular than any other that Home had seen; and he believes that the star came "through the mediumship of the child, who had manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift."

The mediumship of father, wife, and child gave birth to new and high spiritual manifestations a week after the christening, and when the parties were living in the vicinity of Petersburg.

"One evening," says our author, "I remember one of my friends was converted from his previous unbelief by seeing a female hand, which was visible to all of us in the room, slowly forming in the air, a few inches above the table, until it assumed all the apparent materiality of a real hand. The hand took up a pencil, which was upon the table, and wrote with it a communication which deeply affected my friend, who recognized it as being from his mother. The general belief is that the spirit hands always appear from beneath the table, and already formed; but this is incorrect, for on many occasions, in the presence of several persons at a time, they are seen to be formed in the full sight of all, in the manner I have just described, and to melt away as it were in the same way. Often, too, they have been seen to form themselves high above our heads, and from thence to descend upon the table, and then disappear."

On the anniversary of his marriage-day, while Mr. Home was embracing his mother-in-law, "he had another of those singular impressions which so often come to him at the moment of external contact." Such impressions, he thinks, are produced by some "physical substance which causes some secret chord of the soul to vibrate, and awaken a memory of the future, or that a flower of the spring-time has been shadowed forth among the chill blasts of autumn as a token of the never-ceasing care of God, our loving Father, for his children, whether in the past, present, or the future, all being alike known to him." During this embrace,

"I distinctly saw, at the first moment of touching my mother-in-law, that after I should leave Ostend we should meet no more on earth. This impression did, as has ever been the case with those which have come to me in this way, prove correct."

She died at St. Petersburg in the middle of May, 1860, when he was in England.

In November, 1859, when in Paris, and when Mr. Home was absent from his house, rappings were heard upon the ceiling of the room in which was his wife with the child and his nurse. The spirits having been asked who the medium was, replied "that it was the sleeping child;" . . . "but that they would not manifest through him, as the atmosphere which they made use of was necessary for his physical development in the natural world." For this kind reason "they had never from this time

but once had any external evidence of any spirit presence through the child, though he has given up many indications of his being a seer."

When in England, between the end of November, 1859, and the 24th of July, 1860, manifestations in Mr. Home's presence "were seen and investigated by persons of all ranks and classes, from statesmen down to those in humble life;" but in place of giving his own description of these, he has selected from the *Spiritual Magazine* and other journals, portions of the descriptions published by the parties who saw them. These gentlemen were Mr. Pears, Mr. J. G. Crawford, Mr. Wason, and others, male and female. Many of the usual phenomena were exhibited at the seances thus described. Mr. Pears testifies that a table, after undulating movements "as if its top were flexible," rose from eighteen to twenty-four inches clear of the floor—that the spirits of deceased children of Mrs. Cox and himself deliberately rapped—that his grandfather and he had a tough struggle with a bell under the table—and that the presence of the "old, Quaker-like man, though not a Quaker," was assumed by Mr. Home, who, by handshaking, characteristic words, gestures, and allusions, intelligible only to Mr. Pears, acted the grandfather, whom he never saw, so admirably as to astonish the grandson.

At the seance described by Mr. J. G. Crawford, in a room "so dark that they could not see each other," Mr. Home rose in the air, and Mr. C. "*indubitably felt the soles of both his boots some three feet above the level of the floor.*" "Touch me not, or I shall come down," cried the man-balloon; but though not touched, he came down.

"In less than five minutes after this he remarked, 'I am again ascending;' and from the sound of his voice we could not but infer that he was actually rising toward the ceiling of the ante-room. He then *appeared* to float under the archway, then to rise to the cornice of the room we were sitting in; and we heard him quite distinctly make three cross marks on the ceiling, beside doing some other writing. Then he came softly down, and lay stretched out with his back on the table; in which position we found him when the gas was lighted, and when we distinctly saw the marks on the ceiling which we had heard him make."

In his comment on this grand ascent, Mr. Home tells us that if his feet are

touched, or if he is anxiously gazed at, till he has risen above the heads in the room, he invariably comes down; but when he is fairly above heads, looking or touching has no effect. It is, he conjectures, from some *break in the magnetism* in the former case, and not in the latter.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From the North British Review.

THE EDUCATION AND MANAGEMENT OF THE IMBECILE.*

It is only within the last twenty years that public and systematic attempts have been made in the United Kingdom to educate idiotic and imbecile children, and to provide a home for the incurable. In 1847 that movement was begun in London, which has led to the erection of the "Asylum" at Earlswood, near Redhill, Surrey, and which now contains three hundred and thirty-seven patients, being two hundred and thirty-four males and one hundred and three females. The Asylum at Essex Hall, near Colchester, is an offshoot of this. The name of Andrew Reed will always be associated with this charitable enterprise, as its earliest promoter and firm friend, and who, dying lately, bequeathed one thousand pounds to the funds of the Earlswood school. More recently a society has been working in Scotland to the same end. The small and well-conducted institution at Baldo-

van being manifestly inadequate to the needs of the Scottish imbeciles, after much labor in collecting funds an institution on the model of that at Earlswood has been founded at Larbert, capable of accommodating fifty inmates. The Scottish Lunacy Commissioners have made careful and systematic inquiries of great value into the number of idiots and imbeciles in Scotland; they estimate that there are two thousand two hundred and thirty-six, of whom about two hundred and seventy were ascertained to be under the age of fifteen years, and they are of opinion that one half of these are improvable, and would derive benefit from special training in idiot schools. They think it certain, however, that the number of young idiots must be greater than is here stated; we might therefore conjecturally put the number fit for school training at about two hundred. The plans of the school at Larbert provide for two hundred cases, at an estimated total outlay of ten thousand pounds—a large sum to raise by voluntary subscriptions. But this would be only the first item in the cost; a similar sum would be needed annually to maintain the institution efficiently, and this because of the great expenses incurred in the education of this class of children.

It is not easy to define in words what mental condition is included under the terms idiotic, fatuous, and imbecile. Professor Laycock states that the phrase, "a fatuous person," seems to indicate an individual who is incapable of thought and understanding, either from congenital defect, or from some disease of the brain, as acute mania, inflammation, epilepsy, tubercular disease; or, in short, defective nutri-

* *Annual Reports of the General Board of Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland, 1859-1863.*

Annual Reports of the Asylum for Idiots at Earlswood, instituted October, 1847.

Earlswood and its Inmates. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M., etc. A Lecture. 1863.

Visits to Earlswood in 1859 and 1861. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M.

Traité des Dégénérescences, Physiques Intellectuelles et Morales de l'Espèce Humaine. Par le Docteur B. A. MOREL, etc., etc. Accompagné d'un Atlas de 12 Planches. 1857.

La Folie lucide, étudiée et considérée au Point de Vue de la Famille et de la Société. Par le Docteur TAZLAT, Médecin à l'Hospice de la Salpêtrière, etc., etc. 1861.

On the Naming and Classification of Mental Diseases and Defects. By T. LAYCOCK, M. D., Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Lecturer on Mental Diseases in the University of Edinburgh. *The Journal of Mental Science*, July, 1863.

tion from any permanent cause. The phrase is synonymous with "dement," or even "idiot." Properly, however, an "idiot" is a person who, from birth, or at least very early infancy, has been without understanding, and more or less defective in the sentiments, emotions, and instincts. A true idiot is incapable of instruction and self-control; otherwise he is rather an imbecile. Between complete idiocy and slight imbecility there is, however, every conceivable degree of defect. Idiots have often repulsive defects in the bodily organization generally, as well as in the brain. They slaver, are unable to vocalize or utter human speech intelligibly, or even to speak at all. This arises in some from a defective formation of the tongue and organs of speech, but in others it is a cerebral defect. They have a very imperfect power of volition, so that the muscles of the limbs act irregularly; sometimes, indeed, to such an extent as is seen in the disease termed St. Vitus's dance, while paralytic deformities are not uncommon. Curious automatic actions, or habitual movements, are almost universal. The senses and sensibilities are often defective; the eyes oscillate, are myopic, bleared; the ears malformed, but hearing rarely defective; the skin little sensible to impressions, or morbidly tender; taste and smell frequently deficient or perverted, so that there is gross voracity and filthiness of feeding. The general faculties of the mind, such as attention, memory, ideation, and imagination, are almost wholly wanting in the completely idiotic. When, however, some one faculty is active, the idiot usually manifests considerable capacity in regard to that one, and the systematic exercise of it can thus be made available to educating the faculties generally.

It is obvious from all these considerations, that a school for idiotic and imbecile children must require a series of departments for training which no other school need have; for even the muscles of the limbs in many cases require to be educated, so as to act together in volition, before any other step in education can be taken. And as the sooner the education begins, the more successful will be the training, such a school must include all the appliances of a nursery. At Earlswood, out of three hundred and fourteen inmates in 1861, there were forty-four children in the "nursery;" of these, ten,

from palsy or other causes, were unable to walk, eighteen could not feed themselves, thirty-eight could not dress themselves, and the remaining six, though able to put on their clothes, could not fasten them or wash themselves. An "infirmary," for the special care of the sick, is also an essential part of the domestic arrangements. At Earlswood there is a "sanatorium" for the decrepit of each sex. Out of ninety-seven females, seventy-seven were in the sanatorium; and of these, thirty-five required to have their food minced, but fed themselves with spoons; sixteen could dress themselves and help others; thirty-five could partly dress themselves, and twenty-six were wholly unable to do this. Of one hundred and eighty-eight boys in the "sanatorium" out of a total of two hundred and seventeen male inmates, seventy-four required their food to be minced and used spoons, two required to be fed, and two could not walk; while forty-four could only partially dress themselves, and forty-four could not put on their clothes at all. Then, when in the "schools," each child requires individual attention in order to bring his dormant faculties into activity or repress vicious propensities; and in the "workshops" there must not only be employments suited to each peculiar case, but skilled instructors, with peculiar qualifications for their duties. Other sources of increased cost of management are found in the tendency to destroy and wear out clothing rapidly, in the need for a larger supply of nutritive food than is required by children in health, and even in the comparatively greater expenditure on toys or instruments of education. From all these considerations, it is very doubtful whether private charity will ever overtake the education of the poor educable idiots and imbeciles in Scotland, even although it be supplemented, as at Earlswood, by the profits of educating the children of the higher classes.

If, however, we examine the question as one of political economy, and not of mere philanthropy, it seems very certain that, however costly the proper care and education of our idiots and imbeciles may be, the cost of neglecting them is, and will be, greater. We can not, with Spartan-like severity, put them to death in infancy; the Commissioners in Lunacy will take care that year by year the causes of disease and death which affect them shall be obviated, and thus there will be a grad-

ually increasing number of idiots living to be maintained, and maintained in idleness, if not trained to the kind of labor they are fitted for. Nor would public opinion sanction the neglect and cruel treatment for the future of the idiots of Scotland, which the laborious and valuable researches of the medical commissioners have revealed; for it is only simple truth to say, that the condition of the Scottish idiots is alike disgraceful, whether considered as a question of political economy, philanthropy, or Christian duty.

The reports of the commissioners are not bulky blue-books, but they are not popular reading in this age of sensation literature. A few excerpts may therefore be useful. It is clear that, with few exceptions, there is no training to labor of the idiotic, no restraint on their passions, no reverence or regard for the blighted forms of humanity which they present. It seems, indeed, that even parents fail in their duties, and seek to make a profit out of their idiotic offspring. "I found two helpless idiot brothers, living with their parents," Dr. Mitchell states, "by whom they were most shamefully neglected, and whose sole desire seemed to be to make a profit out of their children's misfortune, expressing a wish to have them removed, and using them as a screw to extort a larger parochial allowance. They spoke in a heartless and unfeeling manner of their boys." Before these wretched children could be removed to better care, one of them was burnt to death in consequence of neglect, although the risk of this calamity had been repeatedly pointed out to their parents. Here is another example of like cruelty and neglect toward an idiotic woman in Lewis: "By no description can I convey an idea of the misery, filth, and degradation in which I found her. Like the dog, she sleeps in the ashes at the fireside, without even the pretence of a bed. I found her half naked, and on her shoulders nothing but a bit of old sacking, shawl-ways. The hair *never* was combed." Now this idiot lived with her relatives, and was not a pauper, for she inherited a share of her father's property, stock, and interest in the farm, to an amount which, if sunk in an annuity, would probably have gone far to provide her comforts. Yet she was allowed by her relatives to live in a condition which no brute animal would endure. Parochial authorities are

not less careless, as is shown by the following example, (which is by no means an exceptional case,) from the Fourth Report of the Commissioners (1862): "E. G., æt. 41. A large-featured, gibbous-jawed dwarf, whose hair is so thick, matted, and solid, that the dimension of the head could not be estimated. . . . Sees and hears, but it is not known whether she distinguishes pain, cold, or heat. She does not walk, but creeps. From the deformity and contraction of her legs, falls in attempting to stand or walk, but may crawl to the door. Of dirty habits. Can not wash or dress herself. Found groveling among ashes close to the fire, in which the nates have formed a nest or shallow pit, in which she crouches during the day. Has often fallen into the fire and been burned. Her body bears many cicatrices. She scratches her skin furiously, and has denuded it in various places, and to a great extent. Sometimes sits up during the whole night, roaring, howling, and biting. . . . Bed of breckan in a box near to fire in kitchen, all shockingly filthy. Clothing black and disgusting. The house was ruinous, furnitureless, bare, wet, cold, dark, filthy. Her brother and she live together. He sleeps on loose straw, old and dirty, under a ragged blanket." Perhaps the grossest result of the neglect of the idiotic is their begetting and bearing idiotic children. Male idiots—young robust imbecile lads—are allowed to lead lives of absolute idleness, and learn nothing but vicious habits; erotic women are unwatched and uncared for.

It is only just to say that these dark pictures of the results of the grossest ignorance and neglect are not wholly unredeemed by brighter examples. In Dumbartonshire there are numerous illustrations of idiotic, imbecile, and demented persons proving useful; and several of the parishes have made great efforts, at the recommendation of the Board, to place their fatuous paupers with employers, under conditions to favor and develop their usefulness, with encouraging success. And doubtless it would be as auxiliary to these efforts that the education of idiots and imbeciles in some handicraft would be most advantageous, and thus preclude the expensive alternative of shutting them up in an asylum or poor-house. In Dumfriesshire a pauper idiot has been taught at home to knit and sew, do household

work under direction, and earns regularly one shilling weekly by going messages; yet she can not tell how many fingers she has, nor know the day of the week. In another case of home teaching, the description reads like a little "Earlswood." There were five idiotic children of one family, all taught to be useful by their mother and a brother. "One brother is wholly unproductive, but even he takes an interest in the garden and pigs. The other three break stones and do harvest work under direction, and earn a little steadily. The sister is very useful within doors, assisting her mother in all kinds of household work. The house and garden have been brought to their present state of unexceptionable cleanliness, order, and propriety, by work during after hours; and all the brothers assist, each in his own way, and to the extent of his ability. To all of them it is an object of pride. Even the most idiotic of them insisted on pointing out to me 'THE muckle cabbage,' and seemed delighted with my praise."

Experience is beginning to convince educators that with children of ordinary intellect it is far better to intermingle work with book-teaching; but it has long been shown that it is an entire fallacy to teach or to try to teach the idiotic and imbecile in the dull scholastic way. At Earlswood, in 1863, there were employed two hundred and thirty-six inmates out of a total of three hundred and thirty-seven. Of the males, sixteen are carpenters, thirteen shoemakers, seventy-one mat-weavers and helpers in the mat-shops, eleven basket-makers, sixteen tailors, twenty-five workers on the farm and gardens, one plumber, thirteen employed in the house, four in the laundry—total, one hundred and seventy males employed out of two hundred and thirty-four. Of the females, sixty-six are employed out of one hundred and three, namely: twenty in household work and forty-six in needlework. But varied work is given: thus, although twenty-five males are employed constantly on the farm and gardens, a much larger number take part in periodical out-door occupations, such as hay-making and harvesting. That this labor is not merely useful as a training for the children is proved by one of the items of the receipts from Dec. 31, 1861, to Dec. 31, 1862, namely: "Farm and kitchen-garden produce sold, £1087 12s.," besides supplying the establishment; while the

"expenses" of these are put down at £835 1s. 11d., leaving a balance in favor of the workers of £252 2s. 1d. Under the head "Workshops, Materials, and Wages," the expenses were £191 15s. 9d., and the work sold £134 2s., showing an apparent loss of £57 13s., which, if real, may be held to represent the cost of the handicraft training, but which was probably no loss at all. The Rev. Mr. Sidney states that all the clothes for the elected cases of boys are made by the tailors, and also the uniforms of the attendants. He found eleven at work as tailors, and all in high glee with a figure of "Punch," which had been brought into the shop to have his nose and jacket mended preparatory to a grand performance. One of the assistant cooks in the kitchen (an imbecile boy) had changed his white dress and cap, and was diligently plying his needle at Punch. Another of the cooks was also a shoemaker, and was very proud of his work. Another, who is a tailor, makes a good bricklayer; so that not a few were made generally useful.

But some of them display remarkable aptitude for particular pursuits. For example, in one of the apartments there is what the Rev. Mr. Sidney calls "a splendid model of a man-of-war," thirteen and a half feet long, made by one of the carpenters, adding: "It seems impossible to believe that the constructor of such a beautiful piece of naval architecture in miniature could be an idiot." This idiotic workman's drawings excite like admiration as his carpenter's work; he painted very effectively the proscenium of the miniature theater of the establishment, and made an excellent copy of a Land-seer. Nevertheless, he was a true idiot; with special powers above the average, yet defective mentally below the least gifted of ordinary men. Mr. Sidney mentions several instances of a similar kind. One boy, for example, with very feeble general powers, has so good a memory for dates that he is called the "house almanac." He can also draw well, and work in the garden. Another, who assists in the kitchen, is called the "historical cook," from his singular power of recollecting many of the leading facts in both ancient and modern history. Another, musically inclined, can imitate, on a large horn made of brown paper, the tones of a trumpet, and played "*Partant*

pour la Syrie" for Mr. Sidney in an animated manner and in good time. Others are good mimics, and have a spice of wit and humor. One, a speechless girl, has a most humorous expression of countenance, and has a pantomimic sign for nearly every member of the household. Another girl, with thick utterance, has an astonishing memory and power of imitation, so that she can repeat brief addresses that she has heard word for word, with an exact imitation of the gestures and even emphasis of the speaker; yet so imbecile intellectually, that she would try to fit a spherical hollow ball with a pyramid or a cube. Another, a boy, a complete imbecile, will take up a newspaper and pretend to read a portion of it, all the while inventing what he pretends to read; as, for example: "Shocking accident in the city.—A fat lady, with a very large muslin dress, was run over in Bishopgate-street by an omnibus, and her dress was torn all to tatters, and scattered to the wind. An inquest was held at the public-house to which she was carried: verdict, *a shower of pigs' feathers.*" All this was pretended to be read, with a serio-comic voice and countenance.

The different departments of handicraft training at Earlswood have their special devotees. Some of the cooks, in cap and white apron, seem to be enthusiastic artists. The carpenter's shop is a special subject of delight. The chests of tools are kept in admirable order, and the work is most satisfactory. The veneering, Mr. Sidney states, is particularly good. All the woodwork for the theater was done by the boys, and as neatly planed and fitted as the work of regular mechanics. But, from that vanity and love of praise which is so overmastering and yet useful a sentiment in the imbecile, a visit to the shop is not altogether safe to the visitor, unless he takes care of himself; for the inmates crowd around him, all very proud of their work—one carrying a heavy door, another a window-frame, another a great heavy box, crying: "Look here, look here! I made this;" and all with no small chance of one of their weighty specimens coming down on his feet. The farm, too, is a never-ceasing delight. One boy, whom Mr. Sidney had formerly known at Essex Hall as a tailor, was recognized by him at Earlswood, and asked if he was still a tailor. He replied, like one who fancies he has made a step upward, very em-

phatically: "No, sir, I am a farmer." He was as proud of working at the land as any villager could be who had left the board and thimble to cultivate some acres of his own. One of these "farmers," in his country coat and broad-brimmed hat, looked the very image of a working agriculturist, and took excellent care of a most beautiful sow and her eleven sucklings; but he could not count to eleven audibly—could only indeed get as far as four. His principle of animal management was, however, not the less sound. "Feed 'em well, feed 'em well; keep 'em clean," was his remark, as he showed Mr. Sidney the cows. Nor are these children without a sense of religion, as Mr. Sidney found on observation and special examination. Indeed, as to all the moral sentiments, many of them seem to be much superior to another class of imbeciles we shall shortly notice, and capable of all the higher emotions. It is through this class of feelings, in truth, that they are most effectually guided and excited to effort and industry.

It is hardly necessary to say, that idiotic or imbecile children are seldom sufficiently trained to be able to take care of themselves in after life, although exceptional instances do occur. Three pupils left Earlswood last year, who are now entirely self-supporting. One of these, who, when admitted, appeared sullen and good for nothing, and could not learn the simplest things, now resides in lodgings at Notting Hill, and earns four shillings a day. But a considerable proportion may be so trained and educated as to be able to earn their own living when placed under proper superintendence, and in circumstances and employments suited to their peculiar powers. How important even this degree of training is, can easily be shown. There were until lately seven aged imbeciles of one family in an asylum near Edinburgh, who have cost a small Scotch parish one hundred and forty pounds per annum for a long series of years. These were all of the educable class, and under appropriate management could have been taught to earn their own living, with a large addition to their happiness. And for those not capable of so much education as this implies, training will eradicate many bad and vicious habits, which render their maintenance costly, their existence a social nuisance, and their lives unhappy. It is clear, however, both

from the laborious researches of the Medical Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland and the experience gained at Earlswood, that a certain proportion of the idiotic and imbecile will always be found wholly incapable of self-help, either because of complete deprivation of reason or else from helpless paralysis of the limbs and deprivation of the senses. For such an *asylum* only is needed, where they may have shelter and protection, and so much restraint of their animal appetites as will prevent them hurting each other or the public, and propagating their kind; and in which the costly staff necessary to conduct the *school* may be dispensed with. But in all cases the capacity for training and self-help should be first tested, and the incapacity proved experimentally; for, in numerous instances, idiots who have appeared to be wholly uneducable, when thus tested have manifested very singular powers. And even as to those capable of some degree of education there should be a classification, so that the paralytic, the deformed in person, the epileptic, and all with corporeal defects requiring special service, may be separated from those of a healthy bodily organization. Among the merely imbecile there are very numerous degrees of defective intellect. Many youths, indeed, who are utterly incapable of acquiring book knowledge at school, and pronounced to be incorrigible dunces by the classical or mathematical masters, are capable of being trained into first-class operatives, artists, engineers, or mechanics: so that all that is needed for them is an industrial school. Certainly, for many children of a higher social rank such schools would be a great boon; and youths who are now, because of their incapacity for professional or "genteel" pursuits, a burden upon their families, and too often a disgrace, because living in both idleness and vice, might be rendered fit for industrial occupations either at home or in the colonies. We may therefore fairly urge the great public utility and profit of this new class of what may be termed schools for industrial education, even when viewed exclusively in their economical aspects.

It is further to be urged, however, that these schools may ultimately have an important influence in checking the spread of vice and crime. We have written only of the imbecile in body and intellect; but these schools, by the experience they

will supply, and the practical knowledge of human nature which they ought to add to the common stock, must be expected to throw a light on the condition of those imbeciles who are chiefly deficient in the moral sense. This class is not, perhaps, very capable mentally, but they have often much beauty and grace of person; and have seldom any corporeal deformity or defect whatever, or any thing which indicates to the ordinary observer an imbecile nature. Yet they are, in truth, moral imbeciles. They have no power of self-government, little power of acquiring knowledge, less love for it, and a large capacity for the utmost self-indulgence, regardless of all those motives of fear or affection which influence even the idiotic. The leading characteristics of this class of imbeciles vary according to their sex, their rank in life, and the education and training they have received. Thousands of them from the lower classes fill the prisons of every part of Europe, and constitute the irreclaimably vicious class of criminals. Thousands more in the middle and higher ranks are pests to their families, a disgrace to their friends, a never-ceasing calamity to their parents, and often end their days either in an asylum, a prison, a workhouse, or an hospital, according as they are the victims of their crimes or their vices. Pleasure is their sole aim; and they sacrifice every thing to the attainment of a temporary gratification. Being devoid of prescience or forethought, they are utterly regardless of consequences to themselves or others; and being usually incapable of true social or domestic affections, they have little regard for the happiness of father or mother, brother or sister, except in so far as they minister to their love of pleasure. If by chance they do possess these social feelings, it is in so little intensity as to exercise no permanent influence over their conduct. With much personal vanity, they have little or no sense of shame, no conscience, no reverence for law or order, or God, or things divine; and which is the most lamentable fact in the experience of these imbeciles, they seem to be naturally incapable of even understanding any of those higher feelings and motives. As met with among the higher classes, they are by no means repulsive in manner, as the poor idiot often is; on the contrary, when young, they charm by their apparent good-nature, vivacity, and plausible

conversation and conduct. Like the cub-wolf or lion, they at first give little indication to the superficial observer of their true nature. But as age develops the coarser elements of the man, and his passions become the fiercer by indulgence, this kind of imbecile is found to be a cunning, selfish, lying, thieving, reckless reprobate, capable of any vice, and self-exiled from all decent society. In Leigh Hunt's *Correspondence*, lately published, and edited by his eldest son, an interesting revelation is given to the public of two "skeletons in the house" of this kind, which embittered his life. At a very early age one of his sons became a great favorite among all his relations and friends, for his sparkling vivacity, his good-nature, and his ready wit; yet at the same "very early age" he was an habitual liar. At "a very tender age," too, we are told, "he contracted a habit of intemperance." Indeed, his brother remarks, "he seemed to be devoid of every faculty of self-restraint; and this want of control exhibited itself in the most alarming forms. On several occasions he attacked his brothers with knives, on one actually stabbing his third brother, who was only saved from a deadly blow by one of his other brothers, who saw the danger, and thrust him down from the knife. It was after this, that in order to extort some indulgence from his mother, whose state of health has already been mentioned, he held the carving-knife over the soft part of the head of an infant brother." The editor apologetically remarks: "These facts would not have been mentioned but for two reasons—to let Leigh Hunt's very slight allusion to this skeleton in the house to have its full force, and also to explain the conclusion to which the family ultimately came—that there was some natural deficiency in the man which rendered him morally irresponsible." A very striking remark was made not long since to a visitor at the Golden Bridge near Dublin—a nunnery, whose inmates have a reformatory for discharged female convicts—that those "who are incorrigible to the admirable treatment of the Irish system seem always to be afflicted with some natural deficiency, and particularly a deficiency in natural affection." Leigh Hunt's second son was also an illustration of this remark. He is described as being "clever, amusing, agreeable, and from first to last

very decidedly good-natured; but he appeared to be wholly without that serious instinctive affection which binds families together. In absence he seems to lose all recollection of his relatives and familiar friends, with the exception of his father." He was a prodigal—"in a great number of cases used his father's means, and sometimes his father's name"—and at the close of his life was maintained by his family. It may be said that the education of these boys was bad; but in the case of the eldest son, we have abundant evidence that Leigh Hunt spared no expense or trouble to eradicate his early tendencies to vicious courses. And if it be supposed that an education more decidedly religious than that which Leigh Hunt was likely to mark out would have saved his son, we have to say that there are before us at this moment the touching letters of a father, who, himself remarkable for his simple, solid piety, and having had the advantages of a religious education, died broken-hearted, because of the incorrigible unkindness, irreligion, and vice of his only son. "My son," he says in a letter to his own aged mother shortly before his death, "gives me great grief and anxiety, which affects my health. He has wasted his time for learning a business, and wasted all his money in vice and folly. He is now wasting my health and substance; what to do with him or for him I know not. May God have mercy upon us and upon him! I am sorry to cast a shadow upon your declining years, but you are near the rest that remains for the people of God. I long to fly away and be at rest, but suffering is before me." Within six months after writing this anguished utterance he died overwhelmed with grief. How many anxious religious parents have had sons who have thus brought their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, can never be stated in dry statistical figures. Few men, however, past middle age, can look around them and not be able to tell such off their fingers by the dozen. Dr. Trélat's treatise is full of touching domestic histories of the misery and ruin of families caused by these moral imbeciles.

Much attention has been directed of late years to the extent to which this kind of degeneration prevails, and to the causes and cure. M. Morel, the physician to the asylum at St. Yon, near Rouen,

states numerous facts upon both these points. "The increasing number," he observes, "of suicides, of outrages, of crimes against property as well as person, the monstrous precocity of young criminals, the degeneration of the people which, in many districts, renders it impossible for them to supply their quota of conscripts for military service, are unquestioned facts. They prove with significant numerals that the apprehensions of European governments have been justly alarmed." In the first rank of causes he places drunkenness and opium-eating, manufacturing and mining labor of a degrading kind, misery, and such causes as belong to the soil, as marsh emanations, in connection with defective food, clothing, and shelter. These causes do not, however, affect the middle and higher classes. Hence Dr. Laycock distinguishes between "poverty-cretins" and "luxury-cretins," and has also a class of "theroid" or brute-like idiots. These latter are the products of a retrograde development of humanity in the direction of the lower animals, in accordance with great laws of life which as yet are but imperfectly comprehended, and too much involved in hypotheses. Such a brute-like idiot was found by Dr. Mitchell in Lewis. He remarks: "I have never seen a better illustration of the ape-faced idiot than in this case. It is not, however, the face alone which is ape-like. He grins, chatters, and screams like a monkey, never attempting a sound in any way resembling a word. He puts himself into the most ape-like attitudes in his hunts for lice, and often brings his mouth to help his hands. His arms are long, and he has a constant tendency to drop on all fours. He grasps what he brings to his mouth with an affenish hold. He tears his clothes with his teeth, and spits when angry. His thumbs are but additional fingers. He has a leaping walk. He has heavy eyebrows, and short hair on his cheek and face. His teeth are good, and his under-jaw large and round, and greatly projecting. He is muscular, active, and not dwarfish. He sits on the floor in ape-fashion, with his genitals exposed. He has filthy habits of all kinds." (App. to Third Report, p. 249.) This kind of idiot is not very rare, but Pinel has described an idiot which had wool on its body, and the habitual movements of a sheep.

The two opposite extremes of luxury and poverty seem to conduce to the production of a race of beings which follow their own selfish instincts. Extreme misery unquestionably tends, by its constant pressure, to induce habitual selfishness, and this is transmitted hereditarily. But wealth places the means of self-gratification at the disposal of its possessors; so that, although the stimulus to selfishness which misery affords may be wanting, there is every inducement for the pursuit of pleasure as the business of life. That refinement which accompanies wealth and the pleasures it affords, is purchased too dear when it degenerates into a luxurious indolence and a habitual neglect of duty. Such a mental condition, unbalanced by the pursuit of knowledge or the healthy gymnastics of conflict with the world, becomes the hereditary defect of the moral imbecile. And by a singular yet certain law of mental life and transmission, the higher and nobler qualities for which the refined parent is remarkable are not manifested in his children, but rather the contrary. That cerebral condition which is excessive, acting in the father, becomes too often a kind of atrophy or palsy in the offspring. In this way we can account for the descendants of very proud men manifesting low tastes, of which the grandson of the late Lord Byron was an example. A peer of the realm, it is said he chose to be a mechanic, married the daughter of a publican, and died lately in humble circumstances. In like manner, the sons of strictly religious people are apt to be born scapegraces, and of those with keen domestic affections to be models of unloving selfishness. Such a transmutation of character occurs even in this class of refined individuals during life, when they become the subjects of insanity—so that the pure-minded and religious become obscene and blasphemous; the careful and economical, recklessly extravagant; the kind father, or brother, or sister, utterly negligent of domestic duties.

How far provision can be made in schools for these moral imbeciles, whether the condition be acquired as disease or hereditary, so that the defects in their character may be amended, and how far asylums or houses of detention can be established for the incurably vicious, must, sooner or later, become social questions of considerable importance. The asylum

at St. Yon, presided over by Dr. Morel, was formerly a house of detention for vicious youths, members of French aristocratic families; it is well worth consideration whether some such institution could not be established in this country, in which youths like the two sons of Leigh Hunt might be placed—not as criminals, but as incurable imbeciles. When experience has shown that such are as incapable of self-government as the vegetative idiot, or the intellectual but not immoral imbecile, there can be no solid ground, either of expediency or justice, why they should not be placed in the same category. Such supervision

and restraint of them would be much cheaper and better for society, and conduce more to their own true happiness, than the freedom which they abuse, regardless of all law or order, or domestic and family duties. But, as in the case of the idiotic, the character of incurability or incorrigibility should not attach until every available means had been tried; and these means should be directed by scientific as well as enthusiastic educators, and not by men like Thomas Hopley, who, in his zeal to teach an imbecile, beat him to death, or like others of the class who torture their pupils into insanity and dementia.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCEVAL, IN 1812.

THE murder of Mr. Perceval, when prime minister of England, in broad day, and in the crowded lobby of the House of Commons, is one of the most remarkable instances of cool, deliberate crime recorded in the annals of history. In some features it bears a close resemblance to that of the Duke of Buckingham, by Felton. In both cases the outrage was committed publicly, the alleged motive was somewhat similar, and the assassin could have escaped had he been so disposed. Light and a crowd have sometimes favored the evasion of a criminal as effectually as solitude and darkness. About fifty years since, Begbie, a bank-runner, was murdered and rifled in the day time, in one of the streets of Edinburgh, and the murderer has never yet been discovered.

Felton and Bellingham, as matters of course, were hung. If their startling atrocities were to be repeated now, the perpetrators would, in all probability, escape experimental acquaintance with the manipulating process of Mr. Calcraft, the finisher of the law, on the ground of *insanity*. We should regret sincerely to see the result tested on Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, Mr. Gladstone, or any other high official of the state, down to Mr.

Milner Gibson, inclusive; but we have a strong impression that the result would be as we here surmise. Such is the maudlin, mistaken philanthropy of modern times. It suffices for a murder to have more than the ordinary elements of crime—to be compound rather than simple; to include a series rather than an isolated case—a whole family, or an entire ship's crew, and for the felon to exhibit marked calmness and self-possession, and it is immediately concluded that *he must be mad*, or at least a *monomaniac*, which qualification suffices to insure a commutation of the extreme penalty. In several cases within the last quarter of a century, especially in the memorable ones of the murder of Mr. Drummond, Sir Robert Peel's secretary, in London, by M'Naughten, and by Mr. Sneyd, in Dublin, by Mason, this legal decision has saved atrocious criminals who were not a jot more insane than Bellingham; who had quite as much claim to the privileges of rationality which they were suffered to exercise, and ought to have been held equally liable to the responsibilities thereunto attached.

It has been said that when Oxford, in his confinement in Bethlehem Hospital, heard of the subsequent attempts on her

majesty's life by Francis and Bean, he observed with great composure: "If they had hung me, there would have been no more madmen firing at the queen." We are much inclined to agree with this ingenuous convict. Hang a so-called madman, and murders by lunatics will speedily disappear from the criminal records. The class are cowardly, with a special dislike of corporal punishment—whipping at the cart's tail, and suspension by the rope.

M. Guizot, commenting on this incident of Oxford, his trial and sentence, which happened while he was King Louis Philippe's ambassador at the English court, in 1840, considers that such startling episodes are more frequently instigated by a morbid thirst after celebrity on the part of the individual offenders, than the result of organized conspiracy or constitutional wickedness. "Here," he says, "is precisely what these perverted fanatics yearn for: a theater, a public; themselves insignificant and obscure, an opportunity to exhibit and shine in the mid-day sun. Under what system, and in what country, will there ever be enough moral and political judgment to leave them to their level, and not to give them the notoriety they seek?" And then, on the verdict of insanity and confinement during the sovereign's pleasure, he adds: "Such was the legal issue of the trial; and Edward Oxford, punished and placed beyond the power of doing further mischief, without being made of too much consequence, was speedily forgotten."

With all due respect to the judgment of this experienced statesman and philosopher, we demur to this dictum, and can not think it makes a criminal of "too much consequence" to give him the full award of the law he has provoked. The leading object of all punishment is less directed against the insulated offender than intended as an example to deter others, and to purify society by the diminution of crime—an end the more likely to be reached, in capital cases, by the application of capital penalties, than by the exercise of fantastical theories based on very doubtful foundations.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean by this to advocate a revival or perpetuation of the Draconic features which so long disfigured, and in some points still continue to deform and disgrace our penal code; but we enter a

protest against the too easy admission of "an unsound mind" as an extenuating plea for a deliberate murder. Lord Ferrers was as much and more entitled to this saving clause as M'Naughten or Oxford. But had it been applied in his case, there would have been a general howl from all the democrats and demagogues in the nation, that this was a glaring illustration of "a law for the rich and a law for the poor." Besides which, the gaping multitude would have lost the edifying and rare spectacle of a nobleman escorted from Newgate, *via* Holborn, to Tyburn, by the ordinary, the sheriff, and the hangman. In those "good old days," as they are generally and regretfully designated, there was little thought of nice distinctions, metaphysical subtleties, or casuistical reasonings. Men were hung alike for murder, forgery, or burglary—for stealing a sheep or a two-penny loaf; and transported for robbing a hen-roost. The extremes ran all in an opposite course from the popular modern channel, and what ought to have been the parallel lines of justice were so unmathematically warped that Euclid or La Place would have been puzzled to recognize them.

The case of Lord Ferrers is nearly forgotten, except by students of the Annual Register and the Newgate Calendar. His violence of temper and habitual eccentricities occasioned him to be set down as a madman by his cotemporaries, and he is so held in the few historical records which name him. He hated his wife, (we do not cite this as a corroborative evidence of lunacy,) and one of his modes of annoying her was to put squibs and crackers into her bed, which were contrived to explode just as she was dropping asleep. But she extricated herself through a separation by act of Parliament, and obtained further atonement in a more congenial second union, many years after, with Lord Frederic Campbell, brother to the Duke of Argyll. One day, Lord Ferrers summoned his steward, Mr. Johnson, to his presence, and on his coming, locked the door, and told him to sit down in an arm-chair as he had something particular to communicate. He then drew a pistol from the drawer of his writing-table, took out his watch, and said to his unsuspecting victim: "Say your prayers, for in five minutes you are a dead man." He kept his word, and shot him when the time had expired. For this horrible crime

he was tried by his peers at Westminster Hall, on the 16th of April, 1760, found guilty of willful murder, and hanged at Tyburn, on the 5th of May following. On the day of execution he dressed himself in his wedding suit of white, embroidered with silver. When he reached the gallows the immense waving sea of heads excited his admiration. "How many persons do you suppose may be in that crowd?" he inquired of the ordinary. "At least thirty thousand," was the answer. "What a compliment!" rejoined the earl; "but then they never saw a lord hanged before." In 1822 a Frenchman was executed on the sands at Portobello, near Edinburgh, for piracy on the high seas. As he passed from the Calton Hill jail, down the wide thoroughfare of Leith Walk, the windows, balconies, and street pavements were thronged with gazers. He either imagined or was told that this was in token of public sympathy for a foreigner in misfortune, and, standing up in the cart, bowed his acknowledgments gracefully to the right and left, saying: "*Mesdames et Messieurs, je reconnois vos politesses, et je m'en trouve vivement pénétré.*"

We have read somewhere that Lord Ferrers was hung with a silken rope, such being an exclusive "privilege of the peerage." We are not aware of any statute to this effect, and we believe, on the contrary, that those respectable commoners, Mr. Jonathan Wild, Mr. Jerry Abershaw, and Mr. Jack Shepard, might have indulged in the same luxury, if they had been inclined to pay for it, and if the executioner had pronounced the more costly substitute sufficient for the ends of justice.

The particulars of the death of Mr. Perceval are interesting, and little remembered by the present generation. About a quarter past five, on the 11th of May, 1812, he entered the lobby of the House of Commons alone, where a number of persons were standing, when a man, who had a short time before placed himself in the recess of the doorway, on the inner side, drew out a pistol and shot the minister as he passed, in the lower part of the left breast. The ball is supposed to have entered the heart. He moved onward for a few faltering steps, nearly half way up the lobby, and was in the act of sinking on the ground, when some of the by-standers caught him in their arms. He was im-

mediately carried to the nearest room, that of the Speaker's secretary, by Mr. W. Smith, Mr. Bradshaw, and another gentleman. Mr. Lynn, a surgeon in Parliament-street, was sent for without delay, and on examining the wound at once pronounced it a mortal case, and that death would ensue forthwith. When falling, Mr. Perceval uttered the word "murder," or "murdered," after which he spoke no more, and expired in about ten or twelve minutes. Several members of both Houses of Parliament entered the apartment, while he was dying, and among others, his brother, Lord Arden; all, as might be supposed, in the greatest possible state of agitation. There was little effusion of blood from the wound externally. The body was subsequently removed into the Speaker's house.

Lord Francis Osborne, Lord Ossulston, and others, were crossing the lobby at the moment of the assassination, and were very near Mr. Perceval. The deed was perpetrated so suddenly that the man who fired the pistol was not immediately recognized. It was thought he might have escaped notice, had he concealed his weapon. A person who had passed behind Mr. Perceval seized the pistol, which was a very small one, from the murderer's hand, who surrendered it without resistance, and retired coolly toward a bench on the left. Mr. Gooddiff, an officer of the house, secured him, and asked if he was the villain who had shot the minister. He replied: "I am the unhappy man," but appeared quite undisturbed. It was said that he added something about redress of grievances from the government, but if he did it was heard by very few. On searching him, a few pounds in money were found in his pockets, and some printed papers, copies of which he had previously distributed among the members. He was taken to the bar of the House of Commons, and identified as the assassin. Another pistol, similar to that he had fired, was taken from his pocket in the House. All the doors were then closed and locked, and he was conveyed up stairs to one of the apartments called "the prisons," in the upper story, over the committee rooms. Here he underwent a lengthened examination, in presence of Aldermen Coombe and Curtis, Mr. Reade, Mr. Colquhoun, Mr. Fielding, and other magistrates, with several members

of the House of Commons, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Wynne, Mr. Stephens, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Secretary Ryder, etc.

A bundle of papers, brought from the prisoner's lodgings, was consigned to the care of Lord Castlereagh, to be submitted to the Privy Council. The witnesses were then bound over to give their evidence before the grand jury, and subsequently at the Old Bailey, in the event of a true bill being found against the prisoner "for the willful murder of the Right Honorable Spencer Perceval."

The prisoner was asked whether he had any thing to urge against the act with which he was charged, and cautioned by Sir John Hipplesey not to say any thing that might criminate himself. This procedure is an anomaly in English law, the propriety of which is still an open question, and is disputed by many profound jurists. According to the "Code Napoleon," which is founded on the pandects of Justinian, every effort is made to entrap the accused party into a confession of his guilt. Bellingham replied: "I have admitted the fact; I again admit it. When General Gascoigne seized me, he held me with so much violence that I thought my arm was broken; I said, 'You need not press me so, I submit myself to my fate.' But, with permission, I have something to state in my justification. I have been denied the redress of my grievances by government. I have been ill-treated. They well know who I am, and what I am, through the Secretary of State, and Mr. Becket, with whom I have had frequent communications. They knew of this fact six weeks ago, through the magistrates of Bow-street. I was accused most wrongfully by a governor-general in Russia, in a letter from Archangel to Riga, and have sought redress in vain. I am a most unfortunate man, and feel here"—placing his hand on his breast—"sufficient justification for what I have done."

Lord Castlereagh informed him that he was not then called upon for his defense, but merely to say what he had to offer in contradiction of the charge. Any thing he might feel desirous of stating in extenuation of his crime, he had better reserve for his trial. The prisoner said: "Since it seems best to you that I should not now explain the causes of my conduct, I will leave it until the day of my trial, when my country will have an opportunity of judging whether I am right or wrong."

Upon being again questioned, he repeated, for a third time, "I admit the fact;" which admission was accordingly entered upon the record. The Bow-street officers were called in, and the prisoner having been permitted to dress, was handcuffed by Vickery and Adkins. He applied for his money, which having been left in the possession of Mr. Burgess, who had withdrawn, Mr. Whitbread assured him it should be returned in the morning. He then asked whether he should be allowed an attorney and counsel. Mr. Whitbread signified that Mr. Coombe would take care that every necessary indulgence should be allowed him, consistent with his situation. In no part of the proceedings did he betray extreme agitation, but at the moment when one of the witnesses said: "I supported Mr. Perceval into the Secretary's room, and in a few minutes he died in my arms," the prisoner shed tears and seemed considerably moved. The pistol he had fired was a small pocket one, about six inches long; the barrel rather more than two inches in length, with the cock on the top, and a stop to the trigger; the caliber nearly half an inch in diameter, and the barrel very strong. The pistol taken from his breeches pocket was primed, and loaded with one ball.

It was intended to send him at once to Newgate; but when a hackney coach was brought for that purpose, to the iron gates in Lower Palace Yard, the crowd, at first composed of decent people, had been gradually swollen by a concourse of pickpockets and the lower orders, who mounted the vehicle, and were so troublesome, and even dangerous, that it was not deemed advisable to follow the usual course. Repeated shouts of applause were heard from the ignorant or depraved portion of the mob, as if they were preparing to hail an oppressed but innocent victim. Some of these sympathizers even attempted to open the opposite door of the coach, as if to give the murderer an opportunity of escape. A party of Life Guards, who had been sent for, arrived about this time, and formed a semicircle in the yard, by which the mob were kept more at a distance.

Before the arrival of the dragoons Bellingham was reconducted to the prison-room, where he sharply reprimanded Vickery, the officer, for having inquired of some female, particulars as to his private affairs. He calmly said, he knew

the consequences of the act he had committed, which he did not consider as of a private nature. On Vickery's answering that he had only spoken in general terms to the female, and that she told him she had in her possession a memorandum of twenty pounds due by a Mr. Wilson to him, the prisoner, in the most unconcerned manner, replied that he knew what it was; it was a bill that he expected would be paid the next day at half-past nine o'clock. His conversation was perfectly coherent, except on the crime he had committed. For that, he said, he expected to be brought before a tribunal where justice would be done him; that he felt assured of being liberated, and that his claims would ultimately be allowed.

From the House of Commons he was conveyed, through the Speaker's entrance, to the Secretary of State's office for the Home Department, where he was placed in a room in which he walked almost without intermission while he was there. On the breaking up of the council he was sent to Newgate, his committal being signed by Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., who accompanied him in the coach to the prison, where he was doubly ironed. During his confinement he remained perfectly calm and collected. On the day before his trial he wrote a letter to a friend in Liverpool, consisting of three sheets in quarto, correctly composed, without the slightest indication of unsettled intellect, and with a space purposely left for the wafer, so that the letter might be opened without the writing being defaced. He made particular inquiry of the keeper as to the direction the ball from his pistol had taken. Being asked if there was any person close to him when he fired, or between him and Mr. Perceval at the moment, he replied there was none, or he should have hesitated to fire.

John Bellingham, the murderer, was a native of St. Neots, in Huntingdonshire, and forty-two years of age. He was about five feet nine or ten inches in height, with rather a thin visage, an aquiline nose, and altogether a genteel appearance. His usual demeanor was quiet and unobtrusive; his temper and disposition outwardly mild and kind. He lodged in New Millman-street, near the Foundling Hospital. His landlady, a young widow with a family, states that he had zealously

assisted her in the recovery of a child which had been missing; and that he had taken her only two days before he committed the murder to see the British Museum. On the day preceding the fatal crime, Sunday, the 10th of May, with the purpose matured, as it must have been, in his breast, he was present twice at the public service in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital; and on the very morning of the deed, scarcely two hours before he carried it into effect, he contributed to the amusement of the children of the house where he dwelt by conducting them to a public spectacle! He used to complain, his landlady said, that money was due to him he had been wronged of, and without which he must become a ruined man. His father was a land surveyor and miniature painter; his mother the daughter of a respectable country gentleman at St. Neot's; they were married in 1769, in London. John was their second child, born about 1771. His father, after his birth, purchased a house at St. Neot's, and resided in it till about 1775, when he returned to London, and lived in Tichfield-street, Oxford-street. In 1779 he discovered marks of mental derangement, and was placed in St. Luke's Hospital. At the end of a twelvemonth he returned home as incurable, and died soon after. Those who hold to the theory of hereditary madness may consider this an argument in extenuation of the son's crime. Such deductions, probably sound enough in pathological science, are sometimes admissible as corroborative, though not conclusive evidence in criminal law. Bellingham's mother died at Liverpool, weighed down with trouble, in the year 1802. When alluding to her, after his condemnation, he was affected to tears, observed that she was a truly good woman, and that her dying words were that she hoped to meet him in heaven. In answer to an inquiry as to whether he had ever thought seriously of his own spiritual welfare, he replied that in his youth, many years back, he was acquainted, in London, with a pious young man, and for a short time was under good impressions; but when he left London, and mixed with other company, they wore off.

At the age of fourteen he was placed as an apprentice with a Mr. Love, a jeweler, who bore an excellent character, in Whitechapel. Here he showed himself at first extremely perverse and trouble-

some, and finally ran away from his master, and went to sea in the *Hartwell*, Indiaman, thus betraying, in his boyish years, that natural obstinacy of mind which led to his ruin. In his voyage out from England he was shipwrecked off Bonavista, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, and escaped, with only one more, in an open boat. Unaffected by this providential deliverance, on his return to England he lived an unsettled, and in some respects an unprincipled life, till about the year 1793, when he persuaded his mother, from the remnant of her fortune, which he had chiefly exhausted, to establish him in a shop, as a tradesman, in Oxford-street. Here he not only failed in a very short time, but was believed, though it never was legally proved, to have set fire to his own house. These particulars throw light on the manner in which his character became gradually formed and hardened.

From London he went to Archangel, where he lived with a Russian merchant, as clerk, for three years. Having formed a connection with a Mr. Bor Becker, in the timber line, he returned to England to seek a contract for the supply of that article of commerce, and entered into considerable engagements with the merchants of Hull. Ships were, in consequence, sent out to Archangel to bring home cargoes, but Bor Becker having, in the meantime, become a bankrupt, the vessels returned home in ballast. Bellingham, who still remained at Hull, was arrested and thrown into prison, by the disappointed traders, for the non-fulfillment of his contract; and during his confinement, or soon afterwards, wrote a pamphlet with the intent of turning them into ridicule. When he regained his liberty, he proceeded again to Archangel, where he entered into various speculations, the failure of which involved him in much more serious difficulties. He then became extremely troublesome to the local government, pestering them with memorial after memorial on matters exclusively connected with his private mercantile affairs; and moreover, conducted himself generally with so much violence, that, at length, he was committed to prison, where he remained a considerable time, claiming in vain, and with reiterated obstinacy, the protection of the British ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, Lord Leveson Gower,

who indeed could render him no assistance. It appears to be quite certain that neither against the Russian nor English government had this miserable visionary the slightest grounds for the claims he so pertinaciously and fatally pursued. His mercantile transactions abroad were, at least, as suspicious as they had been at home.

The term of his imprisonment having expired, Bellingham repaired to England, overflowing with complaints against the Russian authorities. He married, in London, a respectable woman, whom he treated with kindness and personal affection, and settled for a time in Liverpool, when he commenced the business of an insurance broker, while his wife adopted that of a milliner. He continued, at intervals, to present memorials, on the subject of his alleged claims, to the British government, but they were so exclusively confined to private transactions that no interference could take place. Abortive and embarrassing speculations continued to dog his steps, and frustrate his efforts. Brooding over his difficulties, he at length began to conceive the idea of becoming the avenger of his imaginary wrongs. By his own subsequent confession he was a long time in making up his mind, but having finally resolved, he proceeded to his work systematically, and without wavering scruples. For several weeks before the murder he was constantly in attendance about the House of Commons, and addressed a printed statement to various members, enumerating his grievances, and soliciting their intercession in his behalf. It was said and believed that his last application to government was made only two days before his crime, and that on the morning of its commitment he received a repulsive answer, which is supposed to have confirmed him in his sanguinary purpose. It was also generally credited that he intended Lord Leveson Gower for his victim, but not seeing him arrive, as he looked for, he selected Mr. Perceval instead.

Bellingham was brought to trial on the 15th of May, four days after the atrocious deed had been committed, the courts being in session at the time. The fact was fully proved, and sentence of *Guilty* pronounced without hesitation. There was a feeble attempt to show that he was insane, but except his hallucination that what he had done was perfectly justifica-

ble, and an apparent expectation that the act would be so considered on his trial, he evinced not the slightest approach to any token of aberration of mind. He was executed on Monday, the 18th of May, in front of Newgate. He prepared for his fate with perfect composure, went through the usual religious exercises, and during the whole scene manifested an extraordinary degree of firmness and self-possession. He denied that he had any accomplices, as indeed no such suspicion could exist, and persisted to the last in refusing to express any compunction for his crime. His behavior, on the whole, was such as apparently to render him, in his last moments, an object of interest rather than detestation. Many who did not affect to extenuate murder, or to condemn capital punishment in the abstract, looked upon him as an exceptional case: that of a man, not naturally violent or vicious, but goaded to despair by unredressed, and perhaps undeserved injuries. All passed silently, without tumult or accident. There were no groans of execration, and expressions of pity were murmured by a considerable section of the attendant crowd. Calm courage, even in a criminal, without ostentatious bravado or reckless audacity, will never fail to have hosts of admirers. Let this excite no surprise in the reflecting mind. Such is the marvellous inconsistency of human feelings, that even the most practiced and unmitigated depravity has been graced by evidences of human sympathy. Suetonius tells us that Nero had his mourners, and Lord Byron has embellished the startling fact with the charm of his melodious verse:

"When Nero perished by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroyed,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
Of nations freed, and the world o'erjoyed,
Some hands unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb."

On the eve of Bellingham's execution, Sunday, the 17th of May, he was visited in the condemned hold by the Reverend Daniel Wilson, A.M., an eminent preacher of the day, at that time minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row, afterwards rector of Islington, D.D., and a distinguished dignitary of the church, as Bishop of Calcutta, in which diocese he died so recently as January 2, 1858. The visit was made at the instance and through the agency of an influential member of

Parliament, a friend of the late Mr. Perceval. The divine was accompanied by another gentleman, and conversed with the criminal for several hours. The substance of this interview, accompanied by his own remarks and deductions, Dr. Wilson embodied in a pamphlet, at the request of many friends,* who concurred that in addition to the interest with which any circumstances tending to throw light on the mysterious elements of such an extraordinary character would be received, some practical benefit to society might result from the publication. This pamphlet attracted much attention, and had an extensive sale. The biographer, and son-in-law of the bishop, the Rev. Josiah Bateman, in allusion to it says, "the narrative wants both simplicity and individuality, and can scarcely be considered a happy means of conveying to the public important scriptural truths." With this critical opinion we meddle not. It does not impugn the value of the facts or information conveyed, which are curious and undoubtedly authentic.

Bellingham received his visitors with readiness and extreme complacency, entered freely into discussion on scriptural points, and though much exhausted himself by the length of the conversation, still wished to continue it when they were quite worn out. They were as much surprised at his familiar acquaintance with the Bible as at his doggedness in contesting all passages respecting which a doubtful or incomplete conclusion could by any subtilty be edged in. Instead of yielding to conviction, he met them with the sophistical arguments so common with the usual class of skeptics and unbelievers. All that they could extract from him, as approaching penitence and trust, amounted to his saying: "I have confessed my sins before God, and I hope in his mercy; but I can not say I feel the intense sorrow you describe nor that earnest hungering of mind after salvation;" and added subsequently, "we none of us know what will take place after death." Dr. Wilson,†

* This pamphlet occasioned a demur, when Dr. Wilson was under consideration for the see of Calcutta, among the bishop-makers of that period—1832; why, it is more than difficult to imagine. Perhaps they thought he was interfering with the Newgate ordinary.

† These kind acts are strongly characteristic of Dr. Wilson, whom we well knew personally, and sat under his ministry during our residence in London, in 1831-32.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

infinitely shocked at this hardened indifference, read to him a letter, stating that the widow of his victim, with her orphan children, had knelt round the corpse of her murdered husband, and had put up earnest prayers for the penitence and pardon of his murderer. As the clergyman stood up to read the letter by the light of a dimly burning candle against the wall of the cell, the friend who accompanied him took particular notice of Bellingham's countenance, and distinctly observed, that, on hearing this touching account, he hung down his head for an instant, (for he had before been steadfastly looking at them,) as though he was much affected. He soon, however, resumed his former attitude, and said, with the air of an abstracted man suddenly recollecting himself: "This was a Christian spirit! She must be a good woman. Her conduct was more like a Christian's than my own, certainly." For a moment he felt the inward voice of truth, but the impression passed away almost as soon as it was conveyed. Neither scriptural nor moral arguments could bring him to a direct admission of the guilt of the great crime for which he was about to suffer public execution. At one time he went so far in his attempts to justify himself, always on the ground of his supposed wrongs, as to convey to his shuddering hearers his idea that he was an instrument in executing divine justice. But when asked in the most solemn manner, whether he could believe that he was in any measure under the holy influence of the Spirit of God, in an act so horrible as murder, and the murder of one who had no part in his imaginary injuries, he hesitated in his reply, and at last said, contrary to his usual temper of self-vindication: "No, he did not think he was. The Spirit of God was good, and influenced to good actions. The act he had committed in itself was a bad act, and contrary to the command, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' Therefore, he could not be under the influence of a good spirit. He must, at that time, have been under some supernatural evil influence."

This admission was made in the same unexcited, indifferent tone he had hitherto used, and was accompanied by an assertion that he was not under any vindictive or malicious disposition. Dr. Wilson, moved by this to exceeding warmth, exclaimed: "The whole kingdom is filled

with abhorrence at the deed you have committed. They do not inquire about your wrongs—there may or may not be grounds for them—but they shudder at this murder as at one of the foulest crimes which has ever disgraced our national character: and yet you are the only man who is insensible of its enormity!" "I trust in the mercy of God," replied Bellingham, "for a general amnesty of my sins; confession to man can do nothing for me." Beyond this vague admission no efforts could lead him, and his visitors departed with the sad reflection, that the criminal's conscience seemed to be "seared as with a hot iron."

"Such," says Bishop Wilson, "was our conversation with this wretched creature. A more dreadful instance of obduracy has surely never occurred. We here see a man of some education, of good natural parts, cool and argumentative in his turn of mind, mild and pleasing in his manners, and, as it should appear, of considerable expertness in commercial affairs; a man who enjoyed the advantage of early religious instruction, who was not unacquainted with the Scriptures, and who preserved, till the day preceding his crime, an attention to some external duties of religion. We behold this man commit an act of blood—horrid almost beyond example—and this, not under the sudden irritation of passion, but with the most cool, determinate, and cautious malice. We see him confide his dark purpose to no one associate, but, after a long preparation, wreak his vengeance on the first minister of the crown, within the very walls of Parliament. We then perceive that he makes no attempt to escape the justice of his country, but avows and defends his deed, reserving to himself a new and terrific code of right and wrong, and by the weakest evasion attempting to distinguish his motives from the designs of an assassin. In fine, we afterwards view this impenitent criminal stifle all the dictates of conscience and of truth, and maintain to the last an unnatural apathy both as it respected the outrage he had committed against his country, and the iniquity he had done against his God."

Many who read this *résumé* of an idiosyncrasy so singular and so apparently compounded of contradictions, may find no solution of the problem but in a verdict of madness. The writer of the passage quoted above protests most emphatically

against this supposition. On every topic he declares that Bellingham's intellect was perfectly clear, sane, and coherent. "His relations, I find," he says, "still indulge the opinion that his mind was unsound on his Russian affairs. I can only observe, that the long conversation I had with him, which partly turned on that subject, as well as the information I have since received of his whole previous character, totally forbid my admitting a supposition for which there appeared to me to be no just foundation, and which would obviously open a door to the most dreadful consequences."

The great qualities of Charles the Twelfth were matured into failings, and even vices, by the prevailing *inflexibility* of his temper. So, in a most inferior and unworthy comparison, yet from a similarity which instinctively suggests itself, the same elements, prevailing in a remarkable degree, led to the extravagances of the royal conqueror and the crimes of the plebeian assassin. Bellingham, under this influence, having perpetrated the deed, long and maturely considered, was determined that nothing should prevent him from defending it. He was acute enough to see the consequences of an ingenuous, unqualified confession, and how utterly it would destroy his schemes of self-vindication. He had taken his ground, and that ground he pertinaciously maintained. The weakness of his allegations, as soon as he found them combated and refuted, only increased the obstinacy with which he determined to cling to them. The gratification which he received from the revenge he had exacted evidently had its weight. He appeared to Dr. Wilson to conceal but very imperfectly the delight he felt at the success of his attempt, and to cherish with satisfaction the warning he conceived he had given to public men. The bishop winds up with his own view of this anomalous criminal, which has a strong resemblance to the opinion of M. Guizot, quoted in the early part of this notice, with reference to the attempt of Oxford, and the many attacks on the life of his own sovereign, King Louis Philippe. "Added to the other motives named, Bellingham, I feel convinced, was actuated by a love of applause—an affectation of distinction and notice. Horrid as the idea is, the letter he sent, after his being committed to Newgate, to the person with whom he lodged, evidently be-

trayed the pleasure he derived from having attracted public attention. It may be even doubted, so hardened was he to all moral sensibility, whether the desire of exhibiting what he termed the justice of his case to his country had not contributed to the forming of his mind to the dreadful deed; it certainly had its share in repressing any risings of remorse after its perpetration." If the bishop and the statesman are right in this estimate of human feeling under certain excitements, here is an additional argument against the conclusion that madness has any thing to do with what can not at once be measured by ordinary rules. The same rabid love of celebrity operates differently upon opposite temperaments. One man traverses the world by sea and land, while another grovels and sleeps through life in a tub. Eratosthratus burns the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, to perpetuate his name; and Empedocles jumps into the crater of Etna that his contemporaries may look upon his disappearance as an evidence of divinity. But, after all, the line between reason and insanity is not easily drawn. Seneca, borrowing the thought from Aristotle, says: "Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura demencie;" which Dryden paraphrases thus, with a qualification:

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Mantuanus (not Virgil, though sometimes confounded with him) goes further; he asserts positively: "Id commune malum, semel insanavimus omnes"—it is a common ill that we have all been mad at some time or other.

On the death of Mr. Perceval, a motion was made in the House of Commons for an address to the king, and for pensions to his family, accompanied by an expression of the warmest sympathy under the unprecedented circumstances of his death. The motion was carried without dissentient voice. Party feelings and prejudices were never running higher than at that period, yet men who ranged under banners inveterately opposed to each other, forgot, for the moment, their "war cry," and agreed to exchange the calumet of peace. Mr. Ponsonby said: "No man thought Mr. Perceval's political opinions more erroneous than he had always done, but he entertained the highest opinion of his honor,

and the greatest affection to his person. He had known him in early life, and he never knew a man of more sterling worth. As a husband, as a father, and as a friend, no man was to be more admired. As they could not restore a life so dear to all, they ought to do that which was in their power to alleviate the distresses of his family, to render the remnant of their lives as far comfortable as they could, and if possible happy."

Mr. Canning, not then in office, (he had retired for the moment, in consequence of his duel with Lord Castlereagh, in which he was wounded,) said: "He could not but feel how inadequately he should convey his own impressions, and those of the House, on an occasion so afflicting; but it was some consolation to bear testimony with others to the regret which was felt by all for the loss in such a manner of a man whose virtues and talents were so conspicuous, and who, though like other men in a similar situation he had many political adversaries, had never encountered, for he never could have deserved, a mere indignant hostility—of a man with whom no one could agree without feeling his convictions strengthened by an opinion of his talents and virtues, and from whom no one could differ without doing him the justice to acknowledge that even his errors were the errors of a virtuous mind. There was some consolation in reflecting that the crime which had robbed the country of such an ornament was confined to an individual; and he thought the noble lord who had moved the address did well, thus early, to give the intimation, as the act was of a nature most liable to be misrepresented by the best and worst feelings of the mind. The disaffected might put upon it the most abominable interpretations favorable to their views; and the friends of the constitution might be induced to admit greater apprehension than the case warranted. He agreed fully in that part of the address which expressed their abhorrence of the transaction. The loss of Mr. Perceval to the country was irreparable; to his family it was irreparable also. But they might do something to alleviate the consequences to the latter; and when they recollected how often he, (Mr. Perceval,) in the course of the last two years, had called upon them to mark their generosity to those who had bled and conquered in the cause of freedom, and to share the glory of those actions by

contributing to the relief and the reward of the actors, they would, he was confident, be equally solicitous to perform the more painful, but not less gracious, task of marking their respect for his character by a liberal grant to his surviving relatives."

Mr. Whitbread, one of the constant mouth-pieces of the opposition, said: "It was impossible to add any thing to the impression already made by what had fallen from both sides of the House; but having been a marked and determined political antagonist of Mr. Perceval, he was anxious to express his entire concurrence in the vote. Of the private virtues of the deceased minister it was unnecessary to say any thing. No one could deny them. But among his public virtues there was one which he could not help holding up to the imitation of the House, and of posterity. That was the great control of temper which he possessed, and united with the firmest perseverance in his views and objects. Beyond the door of that House he (Mr. Whitbread) had never carried any feelings of political animosity toward him. It was impossible that he could——." Here Mr. Whitbread's voice was quite overpowered by his feelings, and he sat down amid the melancholy applauses of all present.

It would be an error to estimate Mr. Perceval's public character or merits as a minister from the excited feelings of the House under the circumstances of his death. Neither would it be fair to give full credit to the savage radicalism of Cobbett or the stinging censure of Sir W. Napier. Both these bitter penmen were slaves to party bias as much as any of the political leaders they so liberally denounce. Posterity looks not to extreme factionaries for historic truth. Demosthenes and Cicero present distorted portraits of Philip and Antony, and Macaulay exaggerates the weak points of Marlborough. We read and are charmed with the fiery eloquence, the graceful periods, and the glowing imagery; but conviction tells us that this seductive compound conveys no just reflection of truth. Napier describes Mr. Perceval, the minister, thus: "Narrow, harsh, factious, and illiberal in every thing relating to public matters, this man's career was one of un-mixed evil. His bigotry taught him to oppress Ireland, but his religion did not deter him from passing a law to prevent the introduction of medicines into France

during a pestilence. He lived by faction; he had neither the wisdom to support nor the manliness to put an end to the war in the Peninsula; and his crooked, contemptible policy was shown by withholding what was necessary to sustain the contest, and throwing on the general the responsibility of failure."

This paragraph drew from Mr. Dudley Montagu Perceval a pamphlet in defense of his father, to which the historian replied by a challenge to mortal combat; which being declined, a profusion of ink, well seasoned with gall, was shed on both sides. The Napiers were ever ready to handle pen or pistol, as occasion required; thus resembling the first followers of Mohammed, who brandished in one hand the Koran, in the other a scimitar, shouting aloud: "Receive or die!" Mr. Perceval, Jr., said to Sir W. Napier: "The good name of my father is the only inheritance he left to his children." Whereupon Sir W. Napier retorted: "I find that during his life, the minister, Perceval, had salaries to the amount of about £8000 a year, and the reversion of a sinecure, worth about £12,000 more, then enjoyed by his brother, Lord Arden. And also I find that after his death, his family received a grant of £50,000, and £3000 a year from the public money."

Cobbett, in his *History of George IV.*, sketches Mr. Perceval as follows: "But there now came among them a man who soon surpassed all the rest in power as well as in impudence and insolence toward the people. This was that Spencer Perceval, of whose signal death we shall have to speak by-and-by. This man, a sharp lawyer, had been inured from his first days at the bar to the carrying on of State prosecutions—a sort of understrapper to the attorneys-general in London, and frequently their deputy in the counties. He was a short, spare, pale-faced, hard, keen, sour-looking man, with a voice well suited to the rest, with words in abundance at his command, with the industry of a laborious, drudging attorney, with no knowledge of the great interests of the nation, foreign or domestic, but with a thorough knowledge of those means by which power is obtained and preserved in England, and with no troublesome scruples as to the employment of those means."

Again, writing of Mr. Perceval's unpopularity, he says: "Upon the news of

the death of Perceval arriving at Nottingham, at Leicester, at Truro, and, indeed, all over the country, demonstrations of joy were shown by the ringing of bells, the making of bonfires, and the like; and at Nottingham particularly, soldiers were called out to disperse the people upon the occasion." Cobbett happened to be a prisoner in Newgate at the time of Bellingham's execution. This is his version of what took place; "With regard to the fact of the offender going out of the world amid the blessings of the people, I, the author of this history, can vouch for its truth, having been an eye and ear witness of the awful and most memorable scene, standing, as I did, at the window of that prison into which I had been put in consequence of a prosecution ordered by this very Perceval. The crowd was assembled in the open space before me. I saw the anxious looks, I saw the half horrified countenances, I saw the mournful tears run down, and I heard the anxious blessings. The nation was growing heartily tired of the war; it despaired of seeing an end put to it without utter ruin to the country. The expenditure had reached an amount that frightened even loan-mongers and stock-jobbers, and a blow had been given to people's confidence by Perceval's recent acts, which had proclaimed to the whole world the fact of the depreciation of the paper money. These things made even the pretended exclusively loyal, secretly rejoice at his death."

There is much in all this which is very shocking, if true; and more so if false or colored up to fiction by personal enmity. But the sources from which the above quotations are taken are not the most likely to give a true rendering of the acts or principles of the minister they impugn. We might as reasonably look for an impartial biography of Pitt, Lord Derby, or Disraeli, at the hands of the Brights, Cobdens, and Roebucks of the present day.

Judged fairly, Mr. Perceval may be pronounced a thoroughly honest minister according to his convictions, possessing wonderful industry, but with no grand scope of genius or conception; well-meaning and conscientious, but yielding to long-cherished prejudices. Who does not, in some degree, labor under the last-named influence? And prejudice is more closely connected with enthusiasm than many may at first suppose. Dr. Johnson said he loved a good hater. Such ear-

ness was likely to bear fruit. Mr. Perceval was a first-rate man of business, and also a scholar of profound erudition; in one branch of learning, too, which appears extraordinary, when we consider how completely his time was occupied during a life which only extended over fifty years, nearly the last half of which was occupied in the public service. The late Duke of Sussex, it is well known, accumulated a splendid library,* unrivaled in Bibles and theological treatises. What is still more singular, he read his books. His shelves at Kensington Palace contained a complete collection of the early Fathers, which he took great pleasure in perusing. "I imbibed this taste," he said to a friend who related the anecdote to the writer of this notice, "from Mr. Perceval, who had them all at his fingers' ends, and I lit my little farthing candle at the blaze of his resplendent chandelier."

The lucubrations of the Fathers are quite as heavy and extensive as the series of Byzantine historians. They comprise

* A catalogue, in four volumes, was drawn up by his librarian, Mr. Pettigrew.

more ponderous tomes, despite the conflagration of the Alexandrian library under the Caliph Omar, than a student of intense perseverance could labor through in many years, with nothing else to disturb his time or attention. Strange as it may sound to the uninitiated, they abound in fragments and passages from the Greek dramatists, not to be found elsewhere. But they are also of superior value as corroborative evidences of gospel truth, dealing with none but canonical books, and proving their genuineness from the dawn of Christian revelation. In the same category, and on the same ground, though quite opposed to their intentions, we may class the earliest enemies of our faith, Celsus, Porphyry, and the Emperor Julian. It was certainly neither polite nor fraternal of Dr. Watson, following out the opinion of Eusebius, to set down the venerable Papias, the first propagator of the doctrine of the millennium, as "little better than a credulous old woman." A bishop of Hierapolis, in the second century, might have been treated with more civility by a mitred brother of Llandaff, in the eighteenth.

From the London Society Magazine.

A PHASE OF WOMAN'S WORK.

THERE is one work which women do for all but exceptional men, which is apt to be undervalued in after life. Of the mother's work, and the wife's work, either from natural affection or conventional acquiescence, we speak seriously and gratefully, but the link which joined the two, and without which the mother's work would have been in a certain degree sterile, and the wife's could hardly have been wrought, we pass over with a notice which is half contemptuous, though seldom unkind.

Now, without exacting too serious a cast of countenance, rather inviting a smile, and not forbidding even a dash of banter, we would bid you just think what you owe to your first love. A good many

very pleasurable hours, you will say, and perhaps as many which at the time seemed very wretched; the inspiration of a few rhymes which you would now think very silly, if you had not long since forgotten all about them; the expenditure of a vast amount of precious time upon a personal appearance which you have now got to think somewhat less important, and very little else. Yes, dear sir, if you be human, very much else. Of course we are assuming that you did not marry your first love; if you did that, you are an exceptional, and, not improbably, a disappointed man, with whom we have nothing more to do. To another we say: "To her you owe a very essential part of your education and development. Who was it

that tided you over the horrible period of hobbydehoyhood, and landed you *homme fait*? Who expanded and trained all your school-boy notions of gentlemanly bearing and honorable feeling? Who developed those delicate perceptions of fitness, those little niceties of appreciation, which, as a gentleman, you would not for the world be without? Assuredly your mother laid the foundation of them, and let us hope that your wife reaps the fruits of them; but your first love was the sun that expanded and gave them an impulse.

Those rhymes you used to write were very absurd, unless for the purpose which they fulfilled; they had no pretensions to be poetry, except as between you and her; but had you ever before, have you ever since, done so much with equal singleness of motive—have you ever felt devotion as real and as disinterested before or since? Perhaps you have—but has it been quite as fresh and unspotted? It may have been more vigorous and mature, it may have been quite as worthy, but has it been on the whole quite as beautiful?

This, however, has all passed away—not so its mark upon the character. You must be the better for having once tasted what was truly good; the more refined, for having once been pervaded by an influence so refining; more delicate in your perceptions of what causes pain and pleasure to others, for having once had your own susceptibilities so healthily exercised, all unseared, as they then were, by contact with the world. Verily those hours were not wasted. Look back now, and try whether you can not recollect having been conscious, with a sort of wonder, of the change that was being wrought in you. Can you not remember your own surprise and delight at the new and wondrously-expanded conception you suddenly gained of so much that was fresh, and beautiful, and noble?

Looking philosophically at all this, we shall almost be inclined to theorize upon "calf-love," as being a provision of nature for perfecting the development of one, and perhaps (but that we leave to feminine experience) both of the sexes.

We know that marriages which spring out of these first loves are rarely happy; we know, too, that in those cases where the man seems to have lived through his youth without a love, the married life is often as sorry a venture. Would it then be far wrong to say, that in the former case

the mischief has arisen from the perversion of what should have been a preparatory training, and in the latter from that training never having been gone through? The fact is, that the youth needs to undergo a variety of moulding and polishing processes; sundry sharp angles have to be rounded off—here a conceit and there an absurdity has to be pared away—this or that latent point of character has to be brought out or strengthened. And all this must be done while the creature's ways and tendencies are in a plastic state, before crabbed knots have formed themselves in his character, while he is still diffident, and still sensitive about feminine criticism. If he have been left to himself at this critical period, in vain thereafter may the poor wife toil to straighten out, and smooth, and polish, all that is gnarled, and rough, and uneven in his ways. Even worse off is the luckless girl who hastily marries an untutored lad in his first love. A woman will bear to be ruled, even with a rigid scepter, but from a sway that is at once wayward and feeble, petulant and overweening, imperious and childish, she infallibly revolts. She will begin by playing with it, go on to ridicule it, then to despise it, and finally she will either break away from it, or by a *coup d'état* subvert it, and install her own dominion in its place. And of the two *dénouements* we know not which will render her the more wretched.

Thus, although possibly we shall be incurring the contempt and ire of some very worthy young men and women by saying so, we are not indisposed to look upon first love as a sort of preparatory school for the matrimonial college. But we would not stop there, nor limit to this its scope and influence. Rather we almost reverence it, as that which gives tone and warmth to the outset of life; lighting up the heart with charity, and so fitting it to go forth into the cold, hard world before it. It is well that the lad's nature should first feel the influence of the principle of love; distrust and craft, coldness and ill, will press about it soon enough. Let it first have a glimpse of at least the dream of what is noble, and beautiful, and pure, before it has to face the reality of baseness, and degradation, and deformity. Surely it will then the less easily become infidel as to the existence of good.

It would be a curious task to trace the first loves of great men. Who will write

a book about them? Let him bring to the work a pure heart and a gentle nature—one apt to discern little half-concealed lovelinesses of soul. A woman could not do it. She would, indeed, be quick to appreciate niceties of feeling and emotion, but she would not grasp the subject: first love is not to a woman what it is to a man. How of the first loves of the giants—of the men of iron will and unflinching nerve—of the cold critical men of intellect—of those whose only after love was science, or state-craft, or poetry, or war; or of the gentle, shy, yet noble natures whose inner life was the only one which they truly lived? Then the poor erring ones, the bad plotting ones, the dark-dealing ones, did they once come pure to worship purity, or did they soil and taint even those bright paths with their ill?

But we promised that you should not have to put on too grave a face if you would listen; let us laugh then, only let it not be cynically. You shall not ridicule the youth, for he is in earnest, and nothing that is honest and earnest is truly ridiculous. It must be confessed that he is *gauche*; but then, a while ago, he had not even awoke to the self-consciousness which is as yet his stumbling-block, but which will before long give place to modest self-respect. To you he may appear insufferably stupid, because he is wholly absorbed in himself and her; but then he was before incapable of being absorbed in any thing, he had hardly known a feeling so deep that half an hour among his comrades would not have sufficed to efface it. Nor are the time and energy all wasted. He is insensibly gaining tact and manner which no amount of study or exertion could procure him: and, if she be what true English maidens are wont to be, he will not dare to come before her a *fainéant*; he will dream, but he will work too, and perhaps, as they say it is with the somnambulists, he will work harder in his dreams than when the awakening comes; the love throws a halo round the toil, and turns drudgery into a triumph.

In other ways she will be his good angel. With her he will not fear the bugbear of ridicule for an honest sense of religion. She will help him not to be ashamed to be reverent, and that requires no little courage in a youth. There are very few lads who, with the eyes of their

companions upon them, will dare simply and humbly to kneel down and take a real part in an act of religious worship. Yet by her side it is done frankly and naturally enough; and somehow the higher blends with the human love—an ineffable link seems to join this on earth to that in heaven—the poetry of the one worship strangely mingles with that of the other, and testifies that both are pure, and—dare we say it?—in essence one.

It is not every girl that is fitted to be and to do all this. There are hundreds of well-looking young women who have never been first loves. Well, let them console themselves, they will perhaps the sooner be wives, for the qualifications of the wife and the lady-love are by no means identical. There are girls who have served to train the aspirations, and to form the characters, of half a dozen young men in succession, who will yet probably die old maids. But, if it be so, they will not have been useless members of the social system. Some girls seem never to have a lover but of this class; they will begin at thirteen and go on to thirty-five, always with some youth under their training. We think no worse of them for it; there is very little guile about them. They are distinct from the race of mere flirts or coquettes; they are a much more estimable, though less brilliant set of lasses. Your trained belles will have nothing to say to overgrown boys, nor do the lads much affect them; they seldom choose a girl of deeply-marked character, almost never one of the strong-minded type. They rather cling to one of a gentle and somewhat lymphatic temperament, sufficiently romantic, but romantic, so to speak, in a vague and unpractical way; not absolutely bold, boldness jars with the refinement of first love; not too coy, that does not suit its timidity. Her own spring dreams must not have been laid aside; she must have a touch of enthusiasm in her nature, and a still unshaken belief in the power and poetry of true love. She may have seen the last of her teens, and yet not have lost all this; it is strange how long certain minds retain this tone of feeling. It comes to them in their spring-tide, and they preserve its dried semblance when its season is long past; they seem in a manner to conventionalize it, and so it lives on in them. Not because it has much depth; perhaps, on the contrary, it is because their impressions are so vague and shad-

owy, that they are so slowly dispelled, and so long in changing their cast: there is nothing tangible for sober experience and hard facts to sweep away or to transform. Again we repeat that we think no ill of this type of women; if they were not in the main guileless, they could not fulfill the part they do. We even go beyond this—yes, seriously, we honor them: if their sphere has not all the dignity of the matron's, it is one of very disinterested usefulness; if they are not in will, and consciously, self-sacrificed to the work, they are so in deed. Very little reward does it bring them beyond the happiness which is inseparable from the experience of some very guileless emotions, and the barren, though real satisfaction of having been the object of some very pure, and, for the time, very deep affection; the lads, for whom they have done so much, will rarely appreciate, or even recognize

it. They will look back upon this as a last and pleasant episode of boyhood; perhaps, at times, they will be conscious of a little uneasy feeling of wishing—they hardly know why—that Mary, or Jane, or Katie, were married, but that is all. Nor do we surmise that the girl philosophizes about it much more deeply: if, after all, she marries, she will only sometimes think over the old days pleasantly, and smile sagely to remember what silly children they two were; and if chronic spinsterhood come upon her, we can not expect more than that she should not grow querulous and ill-natured when she looks back from winter-tide upon those days of spring, whose summer and autumn were not.

Yet our impression remains the same—that hers has not been the most unworthy phase of woman's work. J. H.

From the *Edinburgh Review*.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.*

THE two captains sent by the British government, at the solicitation of the Royal Geographical Society, to discover the sources of the Nile, have been more fortunate than the two centurions dispatched by Nero on a similar errand. There may exist doubts as to the exhaustiveness of their search; there may prove to be other tributaries of the Nile flowing from the east or from the west, from more distant fountain heads than Speke and Grant have seen; but this much appears certain, that these explorers have traced the trunk stream of the river of Egypt to its exit from the Lake Nyanza, and that a southern limit of latitude has also been determined within which the tributaries of the lake must necessarily lie.

* *Memoirs communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, June 22d, 1863. By Captain SPEKE. Anniversary Address, May 25th, 1863. By Sir ROBERT IMPEY MUNRO, K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society.*

Papers communicated to the Ethnological Society, June 30th, 1863. By Captain AUGUSTUS GRANT.

The most striking popular fact to be deduced from the present exploration is, that the Nile is far the longest river in the world, at least in one of the two senses of that epithet. When we measure its deposed predecessor, the Mississippi, in a direct line between its mouth and the head of its remotest tributary, we find the distance to be about 1749 miles; the corresponding measurement of the Nile is no less than 2380. If, on the other hand, we care to measure the course of either stream in its main features, by following their principal bends with a pair of compasses, we obtain 2450 for the Mississippi, against 3050 for the Nile. We have not patience to inquire into the minute measurements of either stream; indeed, the exceedingly tortuous course of the upper part of the latter river is still unmapped with accuracy. There is no other on the globe that links such different climates as the Nile, none that is so remarkable for its physical peculiarities, none that is clothed with equal historical interest, and

none that has so attracted or so baffled the theorist and the explorer. Let us state, in a few words, the slow steps by which its investigation had hitherto advanced, before we narrate the adventures of the party by whom it has, at length, been accomplished.

All the world knows that tourists may sail readily up the Nile from its mouth, if they wish it, to the second cataract, a distance of 750 miles, neglecting the meanderings of the river; and they also know that a further course of 700 miles, partly navigable with ease and partly with great difficulty, takes the traveler to Khartûm, where the Blue and White branches combine. Their united volume forms the identical stream that intersects the whole breadth of the Sahara with a thread of habitable land; for not a single tributary, except the Atbara—and that is almost dry in summer, while its mouth is barely 180 miles below Khartûm—adds any thing to its volume. Bruce reached Abyssinia at the end of the last century. He acted upon the erroneous conclusion that the Blue river was the more important of the two arms. He accordingly devoted himself to exploring the Lake Dembea, whence it derives its source, and therefore he claimed the honor of having discovered the fountain head of the Nile. The Blue river was certainly the more important stream of the two, speaking socially, for it led to Abyssinia, and its banks were populous; while the White Nile led due south into morasses, and to the haunts of barbarians. There is life in the waters of the former, as they swirl past Khartûm, clear, blue, and sparkling, like a vast salmon-stream; but the huge White Nile has a forlorn and mere-like character. The size of its mouth is masked by an island; and when its undivided waters have been entered, they seem so stagnant as to suggest the idea of a backwater to the Blue Nile, rather than a sister affluent. But its breadth and depth more than compensate for the sluggishness of its current; and we now know, by better measurements than the coteremporaries of Bruce were enabled to take, that its greater volume of water, as well as its far superior length, justly mark it to be the parent stream of the river of Egypt.

The White Nile was wholly neglected until M. Linant made a short expedition up it for one or two hundred miles, in 1827. His report of its size, and of the

ivory, gums, and other savage products that were procurable on its banks, inflamed the curiosity and the greed of the Egyptian government, who were then bent on extending their dominions. They sent out expeditions during three successive years, in which Arnaud and Werne took part, and explored the river for far more than 1000 miles of water-way, terminating at or about Gondakoro, which we have at length ascertained, through Speke's observations, to be in lat. $4^{\circ} 54'$ N. and long. $31^{\circ} 46'$ E. Fifty or sixty miles above Gondakoro, the navigation of the river is absolutely interrupted by rapids and rocks.

Henceforward, and by slow degrees, the White Nile became a highway for competing traders, who formed stations near its banks, and trafficked in ivory and slaves. They had little power to convey geographical knowledge, and, for the most part, they had strong pecuniary interest in withholding what they knew; so that our acquaintance with the river, in a scientific point of view, was out of all proportion inferior to its value and accessibility.

Praiseworthy attempts have been made by individuals, who were mainly incited by the earnest appeals of the French Geographical Society, and especially of its late venerable president, M. Jomard, to explore beyond Gondakoro, and to map the neighborhood of the river; but they met with scanty success. Our maps of the high Nilotic countries are compromises of exceedingly different representations, mostly devoid of any astronomical basis; and the farthest exploration of the most successful traveler, Miani, reached only to a point which Speke has now ascertained to be in lat. $8^{\circ} 34'$ N. As for the extraordinary sketch of Petherick's route, which that traveler laid down upon paper with a free hand, and without the slightest astronomical check, we dismiss it from our consideration. It is wholly unproved, and is, in many respects, improbable.

The failure of travelers from Gondakoro was mainly due to the distance of that place from Khartûm, whence all supplies had to be drawn, to the wretched quality of Khartûm servants, and to the disorganized and poverty-stricken character of the country immediately beyond Gondakoro. A traveler could obtain no porters at that place, beasts of burthen did not exist, yet

a strong party was essential to security and progress. Success was only possible to an able leader, who could command means to take out with him an imposing expedition, so completely organized as to be independent of the natives.

While progress languished on the White Nile, and geographers were periodically tantalized and disappointed by scraps of intelligence published in the bulletin of the French Geographical Society, an entirely new base of operations was suggested to future travelers. Two missionaries, Krapf and Rebmann, directed by religious caprice, selected a small town on the east coast of Africa as their station. It is called Mombas; it lies a little to the north of Zanzibar, and in lat. $4^{\circ} 4' S$. They established themselves there, learnt native languages, made journeys to the interior, and published an account of what they had seen and heard. They astonished European geographers by the assertion that they had found two snow-capped mountains, whose position they fixed at an extravagant distance from the coast. Unfortunately for their credit, their narratives were too loosely recorded to endure a searching criticism; their itineraries were discussed, and their journeys were shown to have extended only a half or a third of the distance they had claimed to have accomplished. Fanciful conclusions were also interwoven with their statements of fact. In consequence of these serious inaccuracies, a misgiving unjustly attached itself to the whole of their story. They were bitterly assailed on many sides; some persons asserted the mountains to be myths, and others believed them to exist as peaks of moderate altitude, whitened by quartz or dolomite. There were but a few who, while they acknowledged the missionaries to be unscientific, recoiled from accusing them of intentional misstatement, and refused to believe that a native of German Switzerland, like Rebmann, should mistake the character of so familiar an object as a snow mountain, when he had spent many days in its neighborhood, and walked partly round it. We now know that the latter view was the correct one; but, at the time of which we are speaking, discussions grew exceedingly warm, and further exploration was urgently called for in Eastern Africa.

The next incident that bears upon our subject was the appearance of a map,

wholly compiled from native information by Mr. Rebmann, with the assistance of another missionary, Mr. Erhardt. It included a vast territory, reaching from the eastern coast to the medial line of Africa, and was founded on the statements of travelers by several caravan routes, which were said to run parallel to one another, from the coast to the interior, at 150 miles apart, and to end, in every case, on the shores of a lake. Other information connected the routes by cross sections, and made it probable that the three lakes were one continuous sheet of water, prolonged into the Lake Maravi of the older maps. The memoir that accompanied the missionaries' sketch was composed with great ability, and could not fail to convince readers that, notwithstanding the improbability of the existence of a sheet of water of the egregious dimensions and unnatural outline ascribed to it in the sketch, there was undoubtedly a lake country of great extent at some sixty days' journey from the eastern coast, and that more than one road to it lay perfectly open to any traveler who chose to make the effort.

The labors of Mr. Cooley are too well known and too numerous to need recapitulation here. He had advocated a long narrow lake, stretching down Eastern Africa; but his arguments were based on travels that were little known to the English public, and were raised on an almost too ingenious critical basis. The same may be said, with more or less truth, of the arguments of the Abyssinian traveler, Dr. Beke, and of a crowd of others who entertained various hypotheses on the geography of various parts of Eastern Africa. They had not the influence they deserved. It was perhaps natural that the simple statements of men writing from Africa itself, who were able to converse with numbers of travelers, including the native captains of caravan parties, who were, of all negroes, the best qualified informants, should impress the majority of geographers with a greater air of reality than learned discussions, elaborated within the sound of Bow Bells.

The discoveries, speculations, and maps of Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt obtained a wide circulation, and induced theorists to suppose that the snow mountains of the missionaries were identical with the Mountains of the Moon, spoken of by Ptolemy, whence the Nile was said to

rise; and they argued, on that hypothesis, that an expedition should be sent from Zanzibar to seek the sources of that river. On the other hand, there were many who urged an investigation of the Lake question, as one of great geographical interest and apparently easy solution. In fine, the Geographical Society successfully exerted itself to procure the dispatch of an exploring party to Eastern Africa, to find out what they could: hence, Burton and Speke's expedition to Lake Tanganyika in 1857-9. It will be recollected that Burton, the leader of the party, suffered severely from an illness during the whole of the journey, against which he gallantly but unsuccessfully struggled. Consequently, on his arrival at Kazeh, the half-way station between Lake Tanganyika and the coast, and an entrepôt of some importance, whence a trading route diverges to the north, he dispatched Speke on a solitary expedition. He was to follow that route, and to visit a great lake called Nyanza, which was clearly one of the separate lakes which the missionaries had believed to be united in one continuous sheet of water. Speke went, and reached the southern shores of an enormous inland sea in lat. $2^{\circ} 45' S.$ and long. $33^{\circ} 30' E.$, and therefore at a distance of 480 geographical miles from Gondakoro, and about 400 from the highest point to which the White Nile had been ascended by Miani. Recollecting this fact, and being informed that the lake extended some 400 miles in that direction, (it actually does extend more than 200,) and that it had a northern outlet in a river frequented by white men, Speke came to the conclusion that that river must be the Nile, and therefore that the Nyanza (or as he was pleased to call it, with questionable taste, the Victoria Nyanza) was, in a proximate sense, its long-sought source.

The present expedition of Captains Speke and Grant was planned to investigate that hypothesis. It was undertaken with the help of government aid, granted at the earnest solicitation of the Geographical Society, and has proved the truth of Speke's theory. We will now proceed to relate the chief incidents and the geographical results of their protracted journey.

Captains Speke and Grant left Zanzibar in October, 1860, after having dispatched a caravan of natives in advance, to form a depot of goods and traveling necessities

at Kazeh. The expedition was arranged on a liberal scale, though it was prepared under serious disadvantages, owing to the delays that always intervene between the time when hope is held out of government support, and the day when it is finally given. Speke's preparatory arrangements were thrown sadly out of gear by the procrastination of officials at home, and his start was unduly hurried at the last moment. It was, in fact, retarded until the most favorable season of the year had passed. They started with a motley caravan, consisting, first, of sixty armed men from Zanzibar, who were engaged to serve them throughout the journey, and who carried the travelers' personal luggage; next came an army of local porters, laden with goods of exchange, such as beads and calico; and to these was added a curious detachment which had been pressed upon them, with the kindest intentions, by Sir George Gray, then governor of the Cape. It consisted of a number of Hottentot soldiers. They were an utter and a costly failure; for the difference of climate between their native droughts and the steaming vegetation of the coast opposite Zanzibar was too great for their constitutions to withstand. Many died, and the others were useless from ill-health, as well as from their ignorance of the language, habits, and methods of locomotion of Eastern Africa, and they had to be sent back. Some mules and donkeys were taken, but they also proved a failure. The great journey had to be performed on foot.

No African caravan-track could have been less obstructed than the road to Kazeh, when Speke traveled along it in the company of Burton: on the present occasion, the face of fortune seemed steadily set against him. A drought and famine of remarkable severity afflicted the whole extent of Eastern Africa, and produced the well-known fruits of disorganization and political troubles among the native tribes. It also happened that a chief of importance had died, and the question of his succession was disputed by arms. In short, the two travelers pushed through far more severe impediments than they had reckoned upon, before even Kazeh was reached; and, on attempting to proceed further, they were attacked and plundered. Speke became seriously ill, and Grant, who at that time was detached from him, with a portion of

the remaining stores, could barely hold his own. Communication with Zanzibar was expected to be cut off, and matters wore for a time a very alarming aspect. However, the two friends effected a junction, and contrived to fall back on Kazeh, and to reorganize their party by obtaining a new set of porters and fresh interpreters. They then recommenced their journey in October, 1861, just one year after leaving Zanzibar, with restored health, better prospects, and lighter hearts. Thus far we had heard from them *via* Zanzibar, but not a scrap of intelligence of their subsequent fate reached even the confines of the civilized world, until the two travelers emerged at Gondakoro, on the White Nile, on February 15, 1863.

Of the two routes from Kazeh by which the northern end of Lake Nyanza may be reached, a person who was merely guided by his map might conclude it was a matter of indifference whether a traveler should follow the eastern or the western shore of the lake. But when political causes are taken into consideration, it is found that the eastern route is wholly impracticable. It passes through the territory of a warlike and disunited people, the Masai, with whom no traveler has yet succeeded in making friends. They possess no paramount chief whose good-will can shield the explorer throughout an extensive country, but every tribe is independent in its own domain, and probably on ill-terms with its neighbors. Thus, the Baron Von der Decken, who measured and ascended the missionaries' snow mountain, Kilimandjaro, to a height of thirteen thousand feet, has recently been driven back by the Masai, on attempting to enter their territory from the eastern side. The western and north-western shores of the lake are subject to very different political conditions. They are included in the territory of Uganda, and one despotic sovereign holds them under his strict control. He also maintains a fleet of war-canoes on its waters. He is, therefore, all-powerful to aid or to thwart a traveler, and it was to his court that Speke and Grant intended to proceed, in order to gain his assistance.

Thus far, say one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Kazeh, the travelers had journeyed among the Wanyamesi and other uninteresting negroes, who are said to have been formerly included in a kingdom of some importance. They are

now scattered in tribes and families, where each man does what is right in his own eyes, subject to no restriction beyond the self-imposed restraint of superstitious customs and the personal interference of his neighbors. The single principle they possess, that attains to the dignity of a national policy, is a tacit understanding that traveling parties should be taxed and robbed by individuals only so far as will fall short of putting a stop to the caravan trade altogether. It is cold comfort to acknowledge that this is an advance upon the doctrines of the Masai. Now, however, on the western shores of Lake Nyanza, Speke and Grant came upon a series of strong governments, including that of Uganda, and found their history to be of considerable interest.

Scattered among the Wanyamesi and neighboring races are found families of a superior type to the negro. They exist as a pastoral people, but in other respects they adopt the customs of the races of Africa. They bear different names in different places, but we will describe them by that which has the widest currency, namely, Wāhūmā. Speke considers them offshoots of the Gallas of Abyssinia, and of Asiatic origin. He believes they migrated in somewhat ancient times in bands from Abyssinia, and met with various fortunes. In some countries, as in Uniamesi, they were simply mingled with the natives; but in those he was about to visit they had achieved the position of a ruling caste, though quite insignificant in numbers, when compared to the negroes whom they ruled. Such was first found to be the case in Uzinli, a small country governed by a robber, the terror of Arab traders, which lies eighty miles to the west of the south end of Lake Nyanza. Speke and Grant traversed Uzinli with the greatest difficulty, and thence made their way to the capital of the hospitable Wahuma, king of Karagwé, which lay two hundred and fifty miles from Kazeh and seventy miles west of the lake. Uganda lies north of Karagwé, and is rarely visited by traders from Zanzibar. It was Speke's aim to make a favorable impression on the more accessible king of Karagwé; and to avail himself of his good-will in obtaining a satisfactory introduction to his powerful neighbor. Rumanika, the King of Karagwé, keeps up his state with some magnificence, and has the bearing and the liberal ideas of a gentleman. His country is

a fair undulating land, partly six thousand feet above the sea, and elsewhere sloping to the lake. His cattle cover the hills in tens of thousands. His rule is strict, and his people are thriving; but as the peculiarities of Wahuma governments were more noteworthy in Uganda, we will reserve the description of them just at present.

Speke quitted Karagwé on the first of June, 1862, escorted by a guard sent by Rumanika, and carrying a friendly letter of introduction to M'tése, the King of Uganda.

Many are the difficulties of African travel, due to physical and other causes, that readily suggest themselves to any one, such as heat, rains, privations, and unruly attendants; but these may be overcome by any man who is gifted with a strong constitution, determination, and patience. The greatest difficulty of all depends on other causes, over which no traveler, however well qualified, has more than a limited control. There is the accident of the tribes among whom he travels being at peace or at war with each other, and that of a despot's caprice being favorable or unfavorable to his progress. Wherever active war is carried on, the road is almost hopelessly closed between the contending parties; wherever there is peace, the suspicion of a ruler is aroused by the arrival of a stranger, on a doubtful errand, to traverse his territory. He suspects his mission to be espionage, he trembles lest enchantments should ensue, and is quite sure that covert danger of some kind or other is to be apprehended if the traveler is allowed to move about as he pleases. Land journeys of great extent, in Africa, can only be made, either when the road is freely open to caravans, as was the case in Burton and Speke's expedition to Tanganyika, or when the goodwill of a chief has been obtained who enjoys such power and prestige that his escort, or even his name, is a sufficient passport. The latter was the good-fortune of Livingstone, and such was the happy luck of Speke, whose power of managing natives seems to be unsurpassed by any recent traveler, and unequalled save by Livingstone. It also happened that the Wahuma kings, especially the King of Uganda, had a motive in letting him pass: they desired the establishment of trading routes with the stations visited by white men. They live in considerable

semi-barbaric state, and have, as we shall presently see, a more refined taste than is usually heard of in negro Africa. Their wants are in advance of the productive skill of their people, though these are raised many degrees above barbarism: for instance, to show their advance in mechanical arts, the native blacksmiths have sufficient skill to inlay iron with copper. The King of Karagwé has not unfrequently received European manufactures by way of Zanzibar, though his rascally brother of Uzinli lays an almost prohibitive black mail on whatever passes his territory. The king of a yet more northern Wahuma State than Uganda, by name Unyoro, of which we have not hitherto spoken, but which abuts on the negro tribes in the neighborhood of Gondakoro, occasionally obtained goods that had been conveyed by whites on the Nile; but none of these ever reached M'tése, the King of Uganda, except as noteworthy presents from his neighboring brother-sovereigns. It naturally followed that he felt an eager desire to open a commercial route in both directions, and was thrown into a ferment of joy at the news of Speke's arrival. Little did M'tése know of the evil of uncontrolled traffic with a powerful and unscrupulous race. When Speke saw the doings of the Turkish traders at Gondakoro, and witnessed their plunder, their insolence, and their cruelty, he regretted bitterly that the word "trade" had ever passed his lips to tempt his kind-hearted host in Uganda.

Speke's route lay through vast reedy plains parallel to the west shores of the Nyanza. He crossed deep stagnant channels every mile, and one great river, which seemed to him as full of water as the White Nile itself, flowing swift and deep between banks of dense stiff reeds, impenetrable except through certain tortuous paths. This river may therefore be reckoned as the parent stream of the Nyanza lake; or, in other words, the river of Karagwé is the true head-water of the Nile.

Uganda occupies the whole of the north-western shoulder of the lake, whose shores are of the shape of a schoolboy's peg-top. The peg-end is directed due south, and looks on the map very like an ancient outlet, in a southern direction, into an adjacent tributary of the Tanganyika Lake. Its geographical position is $2^{\circ} 30'$ S. lat. and $33^{\circ} 30'$ E. long. The flat upper bound-

ary of the lake closely coincides with the equator, and from its very center, and also at the frontier of Uganda, the Nile issues in a stream one hundred and fifty yards wide, with a leap of twelve feet. Numerous other outlets of the lake (if in truth they be not independent rivers) converge upon the Nile at various distances, one of which does not join it till after an independent course of ninety miles from the lake. One hardly knows where else to find an example of such hydrographical conditions. When a river runs into a lake or the sea, it has always a tendency to divide itself in many channels, because it deposits mud and forms a delta; but Speke's map presents that same appearance of many channels in connection with an outflow of the river, which is certainly a very unusual, as it is an unintelligible condition. The lake is heavily bordered by reeds, and continues exceedingly shallow far from shore; no boats venture to cross it. Uganda is bounded by the main stream of the Nile, which Speke followed, more or less closely, the whole way from the Nyanza to Gondakoro, a distance of near 5°, say 350 miles, with the exception of one part where it makes a great and remarkable bend. At the middle of the bend the river is said to dip into the northern shoulder of the Luta Nzigé, a narrow lake of some two hundred miles in length, and to reissue immediately. There is some confusion about this name, though none about the water it refers to. Luta Nzigé, which is said to mean neither more nor less than "dead locust," was applied by the natives to many sheets of water, including the Nyanza itself. Speke identifies the lake of which we are now speaking by the phrase "little Luta Nzigé." The travelers were compelled by circumstances to cut across the chord of the above-mentioned bend, a distance of eighty miles, and to leave the Luta Nzigé unvisited; but we are exceedingly glad to hear that this single deficiency in their exploration is in a fair way of being supplied by the zeal of an excellent traveler, Mr. Samuel Baker, to whose proceedings we shall shortly recur, and who has started from Gondakoro for that purpose. It is the more necessary that this interval should be examined, as there is an unaccountable difference of latitude of the river before and after the bend, amounting to one thousand feet. If there be no error of

observations, a vast system of rapids and waterfalls must intervene.

It aids our conception of numerical data to measure them by simple standards; those that refer to the Nile are thus to be easily disposed of. That river spans, from south to north, very nearly one fifth of the entire meridional arc, from pole to pole; and its general course is so strictly to the north, that its source in the river of Karagwé is due south of Alexandria. Khartûm is the exact half way between the sea and the exit of the Nile from the Nyanza, which lies almost exactly under the equator.

Having thus far anticipated the narrative of Speke's personal adventures by alluding to some of the main features of the country, we will proceed to fill in the picture by further details. Karagwé occupies the eastern slope of a plateau six thousand feet above the sea. Conical hills, of which M'fumbiro is the highest and most central, are scattered about the plain, but there are no mountain giants and no continuous range. Westward of the plateau the watershed is into a small lake called the Rusizi, lying between the parallels of 1° and 2° and in about the 30° E. long. An affluent of Lake Tanganyika proceeds due southward from this lake, consequently the amphitheater of mountains that has been pictured in some maps round the northern end of the Tanganyika must be removed, or be so far cut away as to admit of the river's entry. An east and west distance of one hundred and fifty miles separates the Rusizi from the Nyanza. The next tribute to geographical science, collected by Speke from native information, is that the Tanganyika has a large outlet at its southern extremity, which feeds the Niassa of Livingstone, and therefore reaches the sea by way of the Shiré and the Zambesi. This new fact, if fact it be, ranks as a signal triumph to common sense, in the face of the former observations of Burton and Speke, who navigated some distance down the Tanganyika, but never were within one hundred and fifty miles of its supposed end. They insisted, upon native evidence, that a river ran into it at that place, not out of it. Consequently, the Tanganyika, though a fresh-water lake, was described as resembling the Dead Sea, a sheet of water without any outlet whatever, that gets rid of the water poured into it by means of evaporation only.

It was objected, on their arrival in England, that two facts were also stated, irreconcilable with such an hypothesis; namely, that while, on the one hand, the periodical rains fell heavily and continuously during half the year, when no evaporation took place, so, on the other hand, there was no variation in the level of the lake, as ascertained at the wharves of the fishermen. It was wholly impossible that a half-yearly supply and loss of water should be accompanied by an unvarying level. The statement now brought back by Speke is in accordance with physical science, as well as with the maps of Cooley and of the missionaries.

We have thus far arrived at the fact, that the high table-land, one hundred and twenty miles across, of which M'fumbiro is the center, is drained on the east by the tributaries of the Nyanza, and therefore of the Nile, and the south south-west by those of the Tankanyika, and therefore of the Zambesi. There is also strong reason to believe, from the information brought by Speke, as well as from the appearance of the map and the conclusions of previous African geographers, that the sources of the Congo are to be found there also. Hence we may conclude that from this circumscribed district the waters drain into the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantic, and that the M'fumbiro plateau is the key-stone, the *omphalos*, of African geography. We consider this fact, if fact it be, the greatest discovery made by Speke and Grant.*

The theory of Sir Roderick Murchison, that the interior of Africa is an elevated watery plateau, whence rivers escape by bursting through a circumscribing mountainous boundary, must now be received with *some* limitation. It was literally true in the case of the Zambesi, but facts

are still wanting to test its strict applicability to the Congo; and, as to the Nile, the following remarks were made by Sir Roderick in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society:*

"Modern discovery has indeed proved the truth of the hypothesis, which I ventured to suggest to you eleven years ago, that the true center of Africa is a great elevated watery basin, often abounding in rich lands, its large lakes being fed by numerous streams from adjacent ridges, and its waters escaping to the sea by fissures and depressions in the higher surrounding lands. It was at our anniversary of 1852, when many data that have since been accumulated were unknown to us, that, in my comparative view of Africa in primeval and modern times, I ventured to suggest that the interior of Africa would be found to be such an unequally elevated basin, occupied now, as it was in ancient geological periods, by fresh-water lakes, the outflow of which would be to the east and to the west, through fissures in subtending ranges of higher mountains near the coast. While this theory was clearly verified in Southern Africa by Livingstone in the escape of the Zambesi, as narrated by himself, and is well known to be true in the case of the Niger, so does it apply to the Nile, in as far as the great central lake, Victoria Nyanza, occupies a lofty plateau of three thousand five hundred feet above the sea. In this example, as the waters flow from a southern watershed, and can not escape to the east or the west, there being no great transversal valleys in the flanking higher grounds, they necessarily issue from the northern end of the late Victoria Nyanza, and, forming the White Nile, take advantage of a succession of depressions, through which they flow and cascade."

We therefore see that the watery plateau which was described as extending to the Niger, in western longitudes, is terminated by the equator in the eastern portion of Africa.

We learn in addition, that the exceptional character of the Nile is shared in a very much more remarkable degree by the Tanganyika, Niassa, and Shiré valleys. The Tanganyika occupies a crevasse of some three hundred miles in length, comparable in its narrowness and abruptness to the Valley of the Dead Sea. In exactly a similar way, the Niassa and the Shiré occupy a continuous north and south chasm, that has already been traced by Livingstone to a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Now that we hear of a connection existing between the Tanganyika and Niassa, we may reasonably sup-

* It deserves observation that De Barros, one of the best informed of the Portuguese geographers, whose work was published in 1591, and is quoted by Dr. Beke in this *Essay on the Sources of the Nile*, (p. 40,) speaks of a great lake in the interior as sending forth three rivers, namely, the Taouy or Nile, the Zaïre or Congo, and the Zambesi or Ouzama. He says: "The Nile truly has its origin in this first lake, which is in 12° S. latitude, and it runs four hundred miles due north, and enters another very large lake, which is called by the natives a sea, because it is two hundred miles in extent, and it lies under the equator." The people on this lake are described as more civilized than the people of Congo. Though not strictly accurate, this ancient statement is an approach to what has now been ascertained to be the truth.

* See July Number, last Volume, page 248.

pose that its channel runs through a similar fissure. The length of the entire series, from the Rusizi to the Zambesi, is nearly fourteen hundred miles in a direct line.

Bearing these extraordinary facts in mind, the great feature of Eastern Africa consists in a more or less marked groove, occupied by water-channels. It runs right through the continent from north to south, beginning at Alexandria and ending where the land narrows into the promontory that terminates with the Cape Colonies. It cleaves the eastern shoulder of Africa from the rest of the continent, much as Arabia is cleft from Africa by the long and narrow Red Sea. So, again, to adduce another example from a neighboring country, the deep and continuous Valley of the Jordan, Dead Sea, Wady Araba, and the Gulf of Akaba, is formed by an abrupt fissure possessing no less than three watersheds—that of the sources of the Jordan in the north, and those of the Wady Araba, whence the drainage is to the Dead Sea on the one hand, and to the Gulf of Akaba on the other. It is remarkable that our globe presents so close a repetition of the same peculiar fissures in several neighboring places, and it strongly tempts us to refer their production to the same class of physical agencies.

Another important acquisition in geography, for which we are indebted to this and the previous expedition, consists in a greatly improved knowledge of the water-supply of Central Africa. It is undeniable that, owing to the great majority of travels, in recent years, having been confined to the Sahara, the Karoos, and the Kaliharri, an impression has forced itself on the popular mind that the whole interior of Africa is arid. But it is an error to suppose that this opinion was current among educated geographers; their fault lay in the opposite direction. The only approach, in recent times, to a belief in the aridity of any part of Africa, which subsequent facts disproved, lay in the question of the northern boundary of the Kaliharri Desert. It was a surprise to geographers when Livingstone showed them that it was *abruptly* bounded by a swampy land, full of large rivers; but in reference to the general question of the moisture or drought of equatorial Africa, the exceeding humidity of its coasts has unduly influenced opinion as to the character of its more distant interior.

To take a single example, we will quote a few lines from a masterly sketch of African geography in the first volume of Bruce's *Travels*, which appeared at the beginning of this century. It was written by his editor, Dr. Murray, and will be found in the appendix on the Galla races—those people from whom Speke theoretically derives the Wahumas:]

"The scanty knowledge we possess of the eastern and western shores of Africa, in the region of the Line, would lead us to suppose that the central country is mountainous, intersected with deep and extensive valleys and large streams, whose banks have all the wild luxuriance of warm, rainy climates. All the kingdoms that lie around the Gulf of Guinea are well watered, and consequently fertile in a high degree. South of these, the countries of Loando, Congo, Ngolo, and Benguela, where the Portuguese have settled, merit a similar character, which undoubtedly may be extended across the interior to the countries of Mozambique, Querimba, and Zanzibar, on the opposite eastern shore. . . . All the interior of Africa between the tropics must be full of rivers, woods, and ravines, on account of the rains which inundate it during the winter season. Accordingly we observe abundance of streams in these latitudes, which enter the ocean on either side."

The error of more recent geographers has lain in the same direction. Thus, in Keith Johnston's "Physical Atlas," the chart of the distribution of rain ascribes an amount of precipitation in equatorial Africa, little inferior to that observed in similar latitudes elsewhere in the world. The humidity of the coasts of Africa corroborated this view, and the outpour of water from its interior did not disprove it. The river drainage of Africa was known to be large, while our imperfect knowledge of the river mouths along its coasts, made it probable that the outpour was still greater than had actually been ascertained. Africa used to be described as a land in which we knew of the existence of vast rivers, but were ignorant of their embouchures. The Niger of a generation back, the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and the great river of Du Chaillu, are all instances where the streams were known by exaggerated reports, but their mouths, where nautical surveyors might gauge the water they poured into the sea, were undiscovered. The hydrology of Eastern Africa is now pretty well understood; it depends upon well-marked geographical features. A narrow coast-line is bounded by the

rampart-like edge of a high plateau; the rain-bearing monsoons blow parallel to this ridge, and not across it; consequently there are heavy rains on the coast-line, and a comparative drought to a considerable space beyond. On passing about a quarter of the distance across Africa, and on arriving at the meridian of the lakes, rain again begins to fall freely, but its amount, as measured by Grant's rain-gauge, bears no comparison to the deluge that descends in similar parallels, either on the great oceans, or on the islands that lie within them, elsewhere in the world.

Whatever water the rivers of a country may pour year by year into the sea must have been derived from it, on the average, within the same periods. Now it is clear, from geographical considerations, that Africa is unfavorably disposed to receiving rain-bearing currents from the ocean. The existence of the Sahara to the north, and the Kaliharri Desert to the south, makes it impossible that vapor supplies should reach the interior in a straight line from the sea in either of those directions. Again, we have already said that the monsoons blow parallel to the east coast, and we should add, that the trade winds blow parallel to the west coast; consequently, the vapor that reaches the interior must be derived from limited directions, and can only be conveyed by the comparatively insignificant channel of upper atmospheric currents. We consequently find that the vegetation of Central Equatorial Africa is, on the whole, not so moist and steaming as that of its coasts, but that it is largely characterized by open plains and scraggy mimosa trees; and though the flatness of large portions of its surface admits of the ready formation of great lakes and reedy plains, there is an absence of that vast amount of suspended vapor which would ensue from African temperatures if the air were saturated with moisture. The chief cause of the rise of the White Nile must not be looked for in the swelling of the Nyanza Lake. The rain-fall was found to be too continuous throughout the year to make any very marked alteration of its level; but south of the level of Gondakoro, the division of the rainy and dry season begins to be sharply defined. We should therefore mainly ascribe the rise of the White Nile to the rain-fall north of about three degrees north latitude.

We will now turn from considerations

of physical geography to the history and character of the races among whom Speke and Grant have been so long familiar. It seems clear to us that in no part of Africa do the negroes present so few points of interest as in the country which stretches between the lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza and the eastern coast. But on arriving at the three Wahuma kingdoms, which inclose the western and north-western shores of the latter lake, a remarkable state of social and political life arrests the attention. Two at least of these Wahuma kingdoms have the advantage of being ruled with a firm hand, and, as we have already stated, the three are governed by a stranger dynasty, of a higher race than the people who compose the bulk of their respective nations. This is no exceptional occurrence in Africa: the great kingdoms of North African negroland which now, or formerly, stretch in a succession of blocks below the Sahara, from the Niger to the Nile, have been for the most part founded by alien races. It is hard to overrate the value of such a political condition to a negro population, who are servile, susceptible, and little able to rule themselves. The negro is plastic under the influence of a strong, if it be a sympathetic, government, to an extent of which our northern experiences can afford no instance. The recent growth of national dignity among the Italians is a feeble parallel to what may be effected, in the same time, by the conversion of a barbarian chief to the Mohammedan creed. The impressionable character of the negroes is such as may be seen in a school of European boys, which is immediately infected by bad example and negligent discipline, and almost as rapidly raised in moral tone by the influence of a capable master. We Anglo-Saxons stand too far from the negroes, socially, morally, and intellectually, to be able to influence them like the Arabs, the Tawareks, or these Wahumas.

The eagerness of the African to be led, and his incapacity to lead, is such that any able and energetic man, who can hold his own for a few years, appears to have a good chance of founding a kingdom and originating new customs and names. The political state of the African negroland seethes with continual agitation. The Niger countries have been known to us little more than forty years, yet that short space of time has witnessed the introduction of an entirely new race,

the Fellatahs, and the construction of an enormous aggregate of Fellatah kingdoms, not only on the foundation of previously existing governments, but also by the annexation of barbarian races. So in South Africa, the Kaffir tribes of the earlier travelers have changed their names; they and their Hottentot, Negro, and Negroid neighbors dwell within largely modified frontiers; half-caste breeds of the Hottentots have flourished and become absorbed, while another somewhat adulterated Hottentot race, the Namaquas, are become the most powerful of any native race. The remainder of Africa is known to us so lately, that we have nothing but recent tradition and circumstantial evidence to guide us; these, however, suffice to confirm our assertion. The negroes are continually grouping themselves in fresh combinations, to an extent that may remind us of a pack of cards variously dealt over and over again into different hands. The story of the Wahuma nations is quaint and characteristic; we will describe that of Uganda.

Many generations ago, a great kingdom of negroes, ruled by Wahuma chiefs, was established, in the country now divided among Karagwé, Uganda, and Unyoro. That portion which bordered the lake, and is now called Uganda, was considered as the garden of the whole, and the agriculturists who tilled it were treated as slaves. Then a man named Kiméra, himself a Wahuma, who was also a great hunter, happened to frequent for his sport the Nile near its outflow from the Nyanza. The negro natives flocked to him in crowds, to share the game he killed, and he became so popular that they ended by making him their king. They said their own sovereign lived far off and was of no use to them. If any one sent him a cow as a tributary present, the way to his palace was so long that the cow had time to have a calf on the road, and the calf had time to grow into a cow and to have a calf of its own. They were therefore determined to establish a separate kingdom. Kiméra became a powerful and magnificent king, and formed the kingdom of Uganda. He built himself a vast inclosure of large huts, as a palace; he collected an enormous harem to fill them. He made highways across the country, built boats for war purposes on the lake, organized an army, legislated on ceremonies, behavior, and dress, and superin-

tended *hygiène* so closely, that no house could be built in his country without its necessary appendages for cleanliness. In short, he was a model king, and established an order of things which has continued to the present day, through seven generations of successors, with little change. He was embalmed when he died, his memory is venerated, and his hunting outfit, the dog and the spear, continue to be the armorial insignia of Uganda.

Kiméra left at his death an enormous progeny, to whom his people behaved as ruthlessly as if they had been disciples of Mr. Carlyle, or as a hive of some imaginary species of bees might be supposed to treat their too numerous royal grubs. We do not learn what became of the girls, but the boys were sumptuously housed and fed, and when they grew up were royally wived; but they were strictly watched and kept asunder, lest they should intrigue. The most promising youth of the lot was elected king; the two *proxime accesserunt* were set aside as a reserve in case of accident, and then the people burnt to death, without compunction, every one of the remaining princes. The people have certainly been well ruled under this strict system of artificial selection, and the three Wahuma kings are every one of them more than six feet high.

Uganda is described as a most surprising country, in the order, neatness, civility, and politeness of its inhabitants. It would be a pattern even for Zanzibar; but M'tése's reign is a reign of terror. It is an established custom that there should be one execution daily. The ceremonies and rules of precedence of the court of Uganda, as in that of the other Wahuma courts, are minutely defined, and are exacted under penalty of death. The first among the dignitaries of state is the lady who had the good fortune to have acted as monthly nurse to the sovereign's mother. After this Mrs. Gamp follow the queen's sister and the king's barber. Then come governors of provinces and naval and military commanders; then the executioners (who are busy men in Uganda) and the superintendents of tombs; lastly, the cook. In a lower grade are juvenile pages to look after the women, and to run upon errands; they are killed if they dare to walk. In addition to these is an effective band of musicians, who drum, rattle gourds with dry peas inside

them, play flutes, clarionettes, wooden harmoniums, and harps, besides others who sing and whistle on their fingers. Every person of distinction must constantly attend on his sovereign, or his estates are liable to be utterly confiscated. He must be decorously dressed in a sort of toga, made from the pounded bark of the fig-tree, for he is fined heavily or killed outright if he exhibits even a patch of bare leg. What a blessing trousers would be to them! These bark cloaks are beautifully made, and look like the best corduroy; they are worn over robes of small antelope skins sewn together with the utmost furrier's art. Every courtier's language must be elegant, and his deportment modeled upon established custom. Even the king is not free; Wahumataste exacts that whenever he walks he should imitate the gait of a vigilant lion, by ramping with his legs and turning from side to side. When he accepts a present from a man, or orders a man a whipping, the favored individual must return thanks for the condescending attention by floundering flat on the ground and whining like a happy dog. Levees are held on most days in the palace, which is a vast inclosure full of life. It occupies the brow of a hill, and consists of gigantic grass huts, beautifully thatched. The ground is strewn with mats and with rushes in patterns, and is kept with scrupulous care. Half-gorged vultures wheel over it, looking out for victims hurried aside to execution.

The three or four thousand wives living in the huts and quizzed by their husbands. There is plenty to do at the palace, both real work and in the way of ceremony. Gifts are received, and given, punishments are meted out, and the cattle are tended. Artisans are employed, and the king's orders are obeyed. Kimbundu has published a book about the lake, and of the people, and with some other facts to the same effect. The southern end of the Lake Luta Nzigó was one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles due west of the northern end of the Nyanza, and therefore on the

He also indulges in the interpretation of dreams. At other times he makes pilgrimages, dragging his wives after him; on which occasions no common man dare look at the royal procession. If any peeping Tom be seen, the inevitable pages hunt him down and rob him of every thing. Occasionally the king spends a fortnight yachting on the lake, and Speke was his companion on one of these occasions. M'tése, the king, is a young man of twenty-five, who dresses scrupulously well, and uses a pocket-handkerchief. He is a keen sportsman, and became a capital shot at flying game, under Speke's tuition. He told Speke that Uganda was his garden, and that no one might say nay to him. Grant, we may mention, had been ill, and remained five months at Karagwé, while his colleague had gone forward to feel the way.

Speke established his position at the court of Uganda by judicious self-assertion and happy audacity. He would not flounder on his belly, nor whine like a happy dog. He would not even consent to stand in the sun awaiting the king's leisure at the first interview, but insisted on sitting in his own chair with an umbrella over his head. The courtiers must have expected the heavens to fall upon such a man, but they did not; and, in the end, M'tése treated him like a brother, and the two were always together. Savage despots have to be managed like wild beasts. If the traveler is too compliant, he is oppressed, thwarted, and ruined; if he is too audacious, the autocrat becomes furious, and the traveler is murdered, like Vogel in Wadai.

Though Speke was treated with the utmost friendliness at Uganda, living entirely at the king's expense, his movements were narrowly constrained, and he never seems to have left the immediate neighborhood of the palace, except on the one occasion when he was yachting with M'tése, who would not allow him to explore the lake more thoroughly. He was detained month after month, according to the usual fate of African travelers, and finally effected his departure with difficulty. Other reported facts on the geography of the land had now transpired. The southern end of the Lake Luta Nzigó was one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles due west of the northern end of the Nyanza, and therefore on the and another small lake, the

described due east of the Nyanza, and so far connected with it that the canoes of the Uganda people sailed there for salt. Its outlet was said to be by the Asua, a small river which joins the Nile above Gondakoro, near the farthest point reached by Miani. It would appear from the map, that if Kenia and Kilimandjaro send any of their drainage waters to the White Nile, it must be by way of the Baringo. Hence, whatever snow-water may be contributed to the White Nile must be poured into it through the Asua river.

After Speke and Grant had left the capital of Uganda, they traveled with an escort; Speke diverged directly to the Nile, which he struck fifty miles from the lake. Speke then ascended the river, and traced it to its exit from the Nyanza, and afterwards returned down its stream in canoes. We pass over the particulars of his journey, though it was, personally, eventful to him. His boats were unexpectedly attacked, while he was still in Uganda, and he forced his way through considerable dangers. Finally, he reached the capital of Unyoro, the third and last of the great Wahuma kingdoms.

His reception by the king was unfriendly. The Unyoro people are sullen, cowardly, and disobliging, and their habits afford a disagreeable contrast to the sprightly ways and natty dress of their neighbors in Uganda, whom Speke compares to the French. He and Grant spent many dreary months at Unyoro, in lat. $1^{\circ} 40' N.$, before they were allowed to proceed. The king would never permit them even to enter his palace; he was always at his witchcrafts. They were first threatened by the Unyoro people and then by their Uganda escort, who endeavored to take them back. Half of their porters deserted them. It would weary the reader to follow the travelers' narrative of their truly African miseries in this inhospitable land. They were felt the more acutely because the bourne of their journey was close at hand, and many things denoted the neighborhood of the races and localities known to travelers from the north. Negroes were seen in Unyoro, speaking an entirely new class of languages, which Speke's own interpreters could make nothing of. One single language in modified dialects had carried the travelers the whole way from Zanzibar to Unyoro; now they were on the frontier of the northern tongues.

These new races were barbarians, absolutely naked in their own land, and wearing a mere scrap of clothing in Unyoro, out of deference to Wahuma habits. Rumors reached the travelers of white traders at no great distance from them, on the river, and they chafed at their detention. They sent forward the chief of their Zanzibar men, Bombay by name, who has already figured in Burton's and Speke's writings. He returned firing his gun, frantic with delight, and dressed in new clothes. He said he had been to the Turks, who were encamped eight marches south of Gondakoro. At length, after daily anxieties and heart-sickness, a partial permission came for their departure, and the explorers made a joyful escape. It was impossible for them to follow the river, for a brother of the King of Unyoro occupied its banks, and was at war with him; they took a direct line across country, to Gondakoro, which led them along the chord of that bend of the Nile, to which we have already alluded. When they again struck the river, they found themselves in a Turkish camp, at $3^{\circ} 10' N.$ lat. It was an ivory station, made by men in the employment of Debono, and established a short distance south of the farthest point reached by Miani. They were rapturously received, and Speke's men abandoned care and got drunk for a week. The Turks were preparing to start for Gondakoro with the ivory they had bartered, and Speke waited till they were ready, for he was absolutely unable to get on without assistance. The Bari people, among whom they were residing, are so disunited that no village possesses a body of porters sufficient in number to travel securely by themselves; nor could they be spared to go, for if they attempted to do so, the comparative weakness of the villagers who stayed at home would invite the attack of their neighbors. The Turks moved in a great caravan; they wanted some two thousand porters, so they exacted a certain quota from every village, by which means they got their men, and the balance of power among the natives was not disturbed. In this despotic, effective way, Speke was enabled to reach Gondakoro. He was, however, thoroughly shocked by the recklessness with which stolen cattle and plundered ivory were bought, and with the exactions and terrorism that are made to administer to the demands of the Turkish

ivory trade. The Arab traders of Uniamesi were perfect gentlemen compared to these Turks, whose conduct was inhuman to the last degree. He thoroughly confirms what has been so often repeated of late by various travelers to Gondakoro.

The discovery of this great river springing from two lakes does certainly confirm the belief that the ancient knowledge of the Nile was more advanced than that of recent times; but the want of circumstantial precision with which the ancient accounts are conveyed left an impression adverse to their truth. They stride in one great leap from Khartum to the sources, without any description of the intervening land, unless we except Strabo's, which is as follows, if we understand it aright. After clearly describing all the Nile, down to the Atbara and Blue river, he says: "But the Astapus is said to be another river which issues out of some lakes in the south, and this river forms nearly the whole of the Nile; it flows in a straight line, and is filled by the summer rains." When we speak of geographical discovery, we rarely, if ever, mean the first sight of what no human eye had previously seen, but the visit of men who could observe geographically, and describe what they saw so as to leave no obscurity as to their meaning. These conditions had never previously been satisfied as regards the Nile; for geographers working with the fairest intentions upon the same data, came to diverse conclusions, and no map made by any one of them bore other than a rude and childish resemblance to what is now ascertained to be the truth.

The first person Speke saw when he reached Gondakoro was his old friend

Baker, who had just arrived there, bound on a self-planned journey of exploration and of relief to Speke. The interview, to use Speke's own words, intoxicated them both with joy. Baker gave him his return boats, stored with corn, and supplied him with every delicacy he could think of, and thus the journey ended. Mr. Consul Petherick, who had been furnished with £1000, the proceeds of a private subscription to bear relief to Speke, and who had undertaken to arrive at Gondakoro a year previously, had wholly failed in his mission. Strangely enough, he too arrived at Gondakoro previous to Speke's departure from that place, but not in a condition to render that succor which Baker had so happily and gratuitously afforded.

Gondakoro does not seem to be quite such a desert as Petherick had represented, where Speke must necessarily have starved had no expedition been directed to meet him. On the contrary, a polished Circassian Turk, Koorschid Pasha, had been governor of the place for fourteen months: he instantly gave the travelers a dinner of a fat turkey, concluded with claret and cigars.

Thus closes the tale of a journey that involved a *walk* of thirteen hundred miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, and has solved almost the only remaining geographical problem of importance. It has been the Matterhorn of the Geographical Society, the grandest feat and the longest delayed. If Speke himself, or Baker, would cross from the Luta Nzigé to the Atlantic, and if some Gregory or Stuart would traverse Western Australia, the great secret chambers of the habitable earth would all be unlocked.

THE DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH TO THE SUN.—It runs glibly over the tongue to talk of a distance of 95,000,000 of miles, and a globe of 880,000 miles in diameter, but such numbers hardly convey any distinct notion to the mind. By railway, at an average rate of 40 miles an hour, one might travel round the world in 26 days and nights. At the same rate it would take 270 years and more to get to the sun. The ball of an Armstrong 100-pounder leaves the gun with a speed of about 400 yards per second. At the same rate of transit it would be more than 18 years and a quarter in its journey to reach the sun; and the sound of the explosion, supposing it

conveyed through the interval with the same speed that sound travels in our air, would not arrive till half a year later. The velocity of sound, or of any other impulse conveyed along a steel bar, is about sixteen times greater than in air. Now, suppose the sun and the earth connected by a steel bar, a blow struck at one end of the bar, or a pull applied to it, would not be delivered, would not begin to be felt at the sun till after the lapse of 313 days. Even light, the speed of which is such that it would travel round the globe in less time than any bird takes to make a single stroke of his wing, requires seven minutes and a half to reach us from the sun.

From Bently's Miscellany.

A TRAGEDY IN WAXWORK.

THERE was an intense excitement in the imperial city of Vienna. For weeks past heavy trains of Hungarian prisoners, some of high birth, some of low, had been brought through the streets, and kept under arrest in various houses. The conspiracy, known in history by the name of the Zriny-Nadasdy, which had been long smouldering, had been betrayed, and was finally drowned in the blood of the noble men who had staked life for a cause which was lost at the outset. As the prisons would not hold the number of persons compromised, it was found necessary to quarter them in private houses, whose windows were hurriedly grated, and when filled with guards they resembled little citadels.

The most uncomfortable rumors were afloat. The emperor, Leopold I., was seriously ill, and it seemed as if Providence would no longer use his hand in signing the multitude of death-warrants. At the same time the formidable foe across the Rhine, Louis XIV., was stirring, for he was engaged more than ever with his plan of securing for the House of Bourbon the succession to the throne of the Spanish Hapsburgs. Never had the moment been more favorable for the success of Louis's intrigues.

Leopold had no male descendants. His younger brother, Charles Joseph, had died in 1664. If the emperor were to die, a war of succession would be inevitable, and who could resist the mighty Louis, who, allied with England through the weakness of Charles II., with Sweden, and the chief powers of the empire, saw no foe of importance opposed to him save the States-General? Were not his armies led by such generals as Turenne and Condé, and there was as yet no Eugène or Marlborough to oppose to them?

The House of Austria was tottering—there were two hundred and fifty combatants at that time in Vienna. They were combatants *ad majorem Dei gratiam*! The fathers of the company of Jesus.

They had the emperor entirely in their power, called him their "Leopoldus Magnus," received a thousand marks of favor from him, and, by their fanatical greed for conversions, paved the way for the insurrection in Hungary, which was supported by Louis XIV. The Magyars must be the scapegoats for all the treachery and faithlessness that were going on in the dark at the court of Vienna. These fathers were supported by the priests of the company, who had been in the service of Louis XIV. since 1668, as the company preferred the growing power of the French to that of the imperiled Hapsburgs.

Leopold I. was compelled to pray—pray a very great deal—and he liked to pray. At that period, which certainly urged the oppressed ruler more than any other to ask the aid of Deity, his conscience-keepers, the Jesuits, made religion a political lever. The emperor heard mass thrice a day on his knees, and Pater Müller lent him his ear in the confessional. Religious conversation formed the staple of the day's amusement, and every article the emperor employed must previously be blessed by the priests.

On March 22d, 1670, just about twilight, a man, pushing a truck before him, appeared in front of the storehouses in the imperial castle of Vienna. The kitchen officers at once took charge of his load, which was intended for household purposes. It consisted of two rather large chests. The companions of the porter were strange enough: they were two men dressed in the garb of Jesuits. The steward, who was summoned, made a deep bow. One of the black gentry was the pater-procurator, the other a less exalted instrument of the order. The kitchen-servants had just caught hold of the chests, which had been removed from the truck, when the pater restrained them in a gentle voice.

"My friends," he said, "are you aware that these chests must be treated tenderly? Carry them carefully into the ante-

room, so that their contents may not be injured."

"Your reverence will greatly oblige by telling me what the chests contain, so that I may take due care of them until I hand them over to the chamberlain on duty," the steward said, gazing reverently at the two chests.

"Learn, my friend," the procurator replied, "that the cases contain a number of consecrated wax candles, whose flames will henceforth illumine the imperial apartments. His majesty, you know, receives every thing he requires from the hands of us, who have blessed it for his service. Inform the servants who have charge of the apartments that his majesty gave his reverend confessor, Father Müller, to understand that he wished, in addition to other consecrated objects, to have such candles burnt in his room. They must, therefore, be henceforth taken from this store."

After the procurator had convinced himself that the cases had been properly delivered, he went away with his companion. On the same evening consecrated candles were lit in the apartment of the Emperor Leopold, and remained from that time in constant use.

A week later the emperor was taken dangerously ill. In spite of the consecrated candles, he began to pine away, and no physician, no prayers, could check it.

"The Hungarian malcontents have poisoned the emperor," 'twas said in Vienna. "The Nadasdy has done it, for he tried his hand first in killing Nicholas Zriny."*

A light traveling calèche was following the road from Swechat to Vienna. The driver wore a broad-brimmed hat, and had a brace of pistols in his belt. Imperial dragoons rode on either side of the carriage, with their carbines laid across their saddle bow. This escort indicated to passers-by that there was a prisoner of importance in the interior of the vehicle.

The two-seated calèche was conveying two gentlemen to Vienna, the younger of whom wore the uniform of the Austrian Life Guards. His face revealed the Southerner at the first glance, and the cheerful expression which was visible on it formed a striking contrast with the melancholy

stamped on the features of the elder gentleman sitting by his side. The latter, for whom the escort was intended, was dressed in black velvet. A long cloak, edged with expensive fur, entirely covered his person. On his head he wore a close-fitting cap, under whose brim gray locks peered out. His talented noble face had assumed that yellowish hue peculiar to ivory when it is hundreds of years old, and which is the color of thinkers or martyrs. His large black eyes sparkled above his aquiline nose, and a long beard fell on his chest. The officer was Captain Luigi Scotti of the Guards, his prisoner the learned, much abused adept, physician, and philosopher, Giuseppe Francisco Borri.

This Borri was a remarkable man. Scion of a noble family, he had devoted himself with ardent zeal to the sciences. He left his home in Milan in order to visit the Eternal City. At this place, which was so dangerous for such occupation, he labored diligently in perfecting himself in the secret arts of chemistry. Borri, like most of the learned hot-heads of his day, sought the philosopher's stone. When he stood till day-break in front of his laboratory forge, when his retorts grew red-hot, when the strangest mixtures, reduced to a flux, heaved and bubbled tumultuously in the wondrously-shaped vessels, joy shone on his pale features, and when, after lengthened toil, he had completed a chemical analysis, he would throw himself delighted on his bed, in order to continue working in his dreams. But the excited fancy of the alchemist wandered out of the narrow walls of his laboratory: it became fixed on things and questions which could not be solved by mere experiments. His active mind also flew into the region of theology and the church, and said to him: "The Pope is not the high priest if he does not bear on his brow the symbol of Deity."

These doubts pursued him asleep and awake, and left him no rest, until his martyrdom was converted into apparitions and visions. At length he believed himself bound to impart these doubts to a priest, and to speak fearlessly. He delivered orations against the supremacy of the Pope, in which he partly based his arguments on supernatural illusions, while he at the same time declared that the mysteries of our faith were derived from the principles of chemistry.

* See Michiel's *Secret History of the House of Austria*, on which work, indeed, my anecdote is founded.

The Jesuits, with whom he had studied when a youth, violently persecuted him, and obtained an order for his arrest through the tribunal of the Inquisition. Borri fled from Rome to Milan, and thence to Strasburg. During this time his picture was burnt at Rome, on January 3d, 1661, by the hangman, and his name exposed on the gallows. His scholars were imprisoned. Not being suffered to remain at Strasburg, Borri proceeded to Amsterdam. Here he was in safety. He had certainly found the philosopher's stone, for his extensive studies had made a great physician of him. Borri could scarcely satisfy the crowds that desired to be cured by him. Money poured in in large sums, and enabled him to keep up a brilliant establishment. His chemical experiments had opened for him one of the dark sides of nature: Borri had a perfect knowledge of poisons, their effect and their cure. After performing many cures, almost bordering on the marvelous, especially of eye diseases, he went to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of Queen Christina. A few months after he was summoned to Copenhagen, where he astonished all the world by his talent. A mean court intrigue overthrew him. After the death of King Frederick III. he left the north of Europe in order to proceed to Turkey. On April 10th, 1670, he arrived at Goldingen, on the Silesian border, and lodged at the house of a gentleman, with the resolution of continuing his journey to Turkey through Moravia and Poland.

It was here that Borri fell into the hands of the imperialists.

One day the papal nuncio was in the imperial cabinet, engaged in conversation with Leopold. They were discussing the insurrection which had broken out in Hungary. Just at the moment when the priest was in the full swing of his harangue, and thundering against the rebels, a fresh important dispatch was delivered to the emperor. It contained reports about what had occurred, and a long list of the persons compromised. The secretary read the dispatch, and then the names, which did not affect the nuncio. At length he arrived at a name which caused the priest to give an involuntary start. Francis Borri stood on the lists of the suspected: there was evidence that the physician was in immediate connection with the malcontents.

"Borri," the nuncio cried, gnashing his

teeth, "Borri to be captured? Your majesty, have him arrested at once. He is one of the most dangerous emissaries. He contrived to escape from the avenging arm of the Holy Office. His capture will be a double profit for the church and the throne."

Leopold could never resist the entreaties of a priest, least of all at such a moment as this, and hence Captain Scotti was sent on a special mission to Goldingen to arrest Borri.

On April 22d, Borri's host came into the dining-room with an embarrassed air, and told the physician of the arrival of an imperial commissary, who had orders to arrest him. This man had evidently played the part of denouncer, even though he pretended that Borri's name and residence had been carried to Vienna by travelers. The captain, a countryman of Borri's and native of Florence, treated the prisoner with the greatest politeness, and told him that he was suspected of having an understanding with Stephen Tekely, one of the chiefs of the conspiracy. Borri took leave of his false friend, got into the carriage waiting for him with the captain, the dragoons broke into a trot, and they at once started for Vienna.

The conversation between the travelers was materially promoted by the fact that they were countrymen, and could converse in Italian. In the course of conversation Scotti remarked:

"My dear friend, I fancy that you must have powerful enemies among the higher clergy, probably on account of your acquirements; the papal nuncio himself is among your opponents."

"In that case I can recognize the real cause of my arrest."

Scotti furthermore told the physician that the emperor was suffering from a wasting disease, which seemed to be incurable.

"It is said," the captain continued, "that his majesty has been poisoned."

"Have not his physicians noticed this?" Borri said; "and could they not at once expel the poison from his body? Such a task would not cause me any embarrassment, so soon as I had convinced myself of the presence of the poison. The emperor would not be the first I have saved. Perhaps I am summoned to cure the man who pursues and imprisons me. My dear countryman, inform the emperor that, if he has really been poisoned, I will free

him from it, in order to prove that I am incapable of taking any revenge for the insult done me by my arrest."

Scotti promised to inform the emperor of the promised help.

At mid-day, on April 28th, the travelers arrived in Vienna. Borri's prison was in the Swan Inn. Two days previously, two principal leaders of the conspiracy, Peter Zriny and Frangipani, had been confined in this very house: now they were under close arrest at Neustadt. A few collected when Borri got out at the door of the inn, but generally his arrival attracted but slight attention, as the bringing in of Hungarian prisoners had now become an every-day scene for the inhabitants of Vienna.

Borri was treated with great civility by the soldiers on guard, and shown to the best room. When left alone and locked up, the wearied man threw himself on to the simple couch, and sank into a deep sleep. He might have been sleeping some hours, when the rattling of the bolts aroused him. He sat up, and found himself in darkness. The door opened, and Borri saw his countryman Scotti walk in, wrapped up in a cloak, and bearing a dark lantern.

"Make haste and get ready," the captain began.

"Am I to be examined already?"

"No. The emperor wishes to speak with you, for your reputation as a physician is known to him. While making my report, I took advantage of the opportunity to mention your proposal to the illustrious patient. His majesty trusts in you, but was obliged to wait till night, as he does not wish the affair to become public, for you have been represented to him as one of the most obdurate heretics."

"Had my conscience accused me of heresy," Borri said, with a smile, "the emperor would not have caught me. My inner peace, and my desire to alleviate the misery of my fellow-men, give me the strength to endure my arrest with tranquillity. Let us go. I thank you, Scotti, for your recommendation, with which, however, you have certainly done the emperor a service."

Arm in arm, the couple walked through the dark streets till they arrived in front of the palace. Here Scotti handed his prisoner over to a chamberlain, who led the physician through a long series of apartments to the imperial ante-chamber,

where he requested him to sit down: the emperor would send for him.

Borri was not alone; several persons were carrying on an animated conversation. The physician had thrown back the hood that covered his face, and openly displayed his intelligent and noble face. He noticed that he became the subject of an eager conversation between two clergymen, who were unable to account for the reason of his presence.

At the expiration of a quarter of an hour a gentleman of the bed-chamber came in, politely requested the persons present to retire, and made Borri a sign to follow him. They again passed through several rooms, till they came to a velvet-covered door. The gentleman opened it, drew back the heavy portière, and nodded to the physician to come in. Borri found himself in the emperor's cabinet.

The room, gloomy in itself, was lighted by twelve candles, burning in silver three-branched candelabra. Several large pictures, chiefly representing scenes from the lives of the saints, ornamented the walls. There were also all sorts of curiosities on consoles. By the side of a small work-table stood a very lofty prie-Dieu, over which a splendidly-carved crucifix hung. The window-curtains were close drawn. The half-light that prevailed in the room, in spite of the candles, did not allow the physician on first entering to distinguish objects accurately. By degrees they stood out more distinctly, and Borri noticed a little man seated in an arm-chair near the table, and making impatient movements. It was the Emperor Leopold. The patient wore a green silk dressing-gown, and a cap with a species of sunshade. His feet were wrapped up, and his face was leaden-colored, and frightfully fallen in.

"There sits his majesty," the chamberlain said to Borri, in Italian.

The physician advanced a step, and bowed.

"Are you the Milanese cavalier?" the emperor began, in a voice which seemed trembling from cold, although the stove threw out a cheerful heat.

"At your majesty's service."

"I am sorry to see you here as a prisoner, but you are not one at present."

"Had I not been arrested, I should not have had the happiness of seeing your majesty."

"I hear much that is satisfactory about

your learning, although, in another respect, you are said to be a dangerous man."

"I can fully believe both your majesty's statements, for in the world persecution ever follows praise."

"Why do you trouble yourself with religious affairs? Leave them to the clergy."

"I regard religion as a great treasure. Why should I not occupy myself with it?"

"You are a Catholic?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Stay, though. I am told that you have changed your religion several times, and are the founder of a new one."

"So my enemies say, who are at the same time your majesty's enemies."

"What do you mean?"

"Only those who are ignorant of religion and philanthropy have brought me hither. As the people who wish to lay fetters on free thought are always the foes of God, they can not be the friends of your majesty, from whom I do not expect such a thing."

Here the chamberlain made the remark: "Inspiration is rising to the cavalier's brain."

"Who is this man," Borri asked, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, "who has the boldness to speak about inspiration?"

"He is my chamberlain," the emperor said, soothingly. "He has humorous notions at times."

"He may swallow them in my presence," the physician said, sternly. "It annoys me quite enough to see such people in your majesty's entourage."

"Do not be so excitable, my good cavalier," Leopold exclaimed. "If I were to be annoyed by all such remarks, I should have been in my grave long ago."

"I am never silent, your majesty, when I have to express my views. Hence, before I have the happiness of conversing with your majesty again, I make the stipulation that this man must hold his tongue."*

The emperor made a sign with his hand to the chamberlain, and the latter fell back.

This conversation gives us a very distinct idea of Leopold's bigoted tendencies. Instead of consulting the physician about

his own state, which was evidently dangerous, the emperor first began a religious skirmish with the philosopher or heretic. The conversation next turned to Borri's expressed opinions about the Trinity. Leopold examined into the physician's theological knowledge, his views about the Virgin, and many other matters, in which Borri's logic always had the best of it. At last the emperor said:

"You have something to answer for at Rome, and I trust you will be able to do so without any unpleasant consequences. But now I hear that you devote yourself to chemical cures. I would sooner talk to you on that point than about theological things. What have you heard about my condition?"

"Nothing beyond the supposition that your majesty has been poisoned. But that I may be able to express my views on the subject, your majesty's physician-in-ordinary must bring the symptoms before me, and then I shall be able to speak with greater certainty."

By the emperor's orders the physician was sent for. When left alone with the emperor, Borri bent searching glances upon the emperor's wasted form, then felt the sufferer's skin, and finally carefully surveyed the walls. After this, he examined every object with the greatest attention, and at length fixed his eyes resolutely on the ceiling, as if he wished to pierce through the flowers and ornaments that decorated it in rich stucco work. The emperor's eyes timidly followed Borri's glances and movements. The poor patient groaned deeply; he was awaiting the physician's opinion—a supposition or a consolation.

"Well, Borri," he panted, "what do you think?"

"My supposition," the physician firmly remarked, "has almost become a certainty. Your majesty has been poisoned."

"Holy mother have mercy on me!" the emperor shrieked.

"I must, as I said, speak with the physician-in-ordinary; but I believe he will share my views. I can also promise your majesty's recovery with equal certainty. There is still time for it."

"And how do you come to the conclusion of poison? My most intimate friends nearly always dine with me out of the same dish. Do you notice any thing on my body?"

* This conversation is borrowed, word for word, from the report of Cardinal Passionei.

"Your majesty," said Borri, "it is not your body but the atmosphere of your sitting-room and bed-room that is poisoned. So soon as the physician-in-ordinary arrives, we will make arrangements to remove you to other apartments."

"How can you know this when I feel nothing of it?"

"Your majesty is too accustomed to the poisonous exhalation for you to notice it."

"And where does this exhalation come from?"

The physician walked slowly and solemnly to the gilt guéridons on which the triple-branched candlesticks stood. He took the latter down, went up to the emperor's table, and placed them by the side of the other candlesticks. Twelve burning candles were now close together.

"Where the exhalation comes from?" Borri said, stretching out his hand; "from your wax candles, your majesty. Do you not see the red fire in the flame?"

At this moment the chamberlain came in.

"The fire is vivid," the emperor objected, "but does not seem to me extraordinary."

"Do you not perceive the fine white mist, which is not found with natural candles?"

"My eyes are so weak. Do you see it, chamberlain?"

The gentleman thus appealed to was compelled to answer in the affirmative.

"Your eyes," said Borri, contemptuously, "are better than your brain, M. Chamberlain."

The emperor's physician-in-ordinary made his appearance.

"You have come at the right moment," the emperor exclaimed; "this cavalier asserts that the atmosphere of my room is poisoned. Have you the diagnosis with you?"

"Here, your majesty; it has been kept since the first day of your illness," said the physician.

Borri ran through the papers, and found them perfectly correct and careful. The physician, pleased at this acknowledgment of his services, listened to Borri's suspicions.

"Look here, doctor," Borri exclaimed; "do you see this fine, quickly-ascending vapor? Now look at the ceiling; do you notice the crust which the vapor has deposited there?"

"I see it all, and bow to your sharpness,

cavalier," said the doctor. "I confess, your majesty, that I have felt suspicious for some days past."

"Does your majesty burn such candles everywhere?" Borri asked. "It would be important to know whether they are used in the empress's room."

The chamberlain was ordered to fetch two burning candles from the apartment of the empress, and the flames were compared. The emperor's lights burned with a dark red restless flame; a fine vapor, which inclosed the upper part of the candle like a veil, was rent by repeated sparks, which flashed from the wick, and crepitated like electrical discharges. The candles of the empress burned quietly, like an ordinary wax-candle.

"Here is the poison," Borri exclaimed, triumphantly, as he laid his white bony hand on a candlestick belonging to the imperial cabinet. "Shall I now prove to your majesty that these candles contain a subtle poison?"

"At once."

Borri closed the door of the imperial cabinet. He and the physician immediately extinguished the suspected wax-candles. Then both went into a corner, took a silver dish, and began removing the wax from the wick over it. So soon as the latter was laid bare, Borri explained his views to the emperor. Leopold ordered the chamberlain to be called, and commanded that the entire stock of wax candles should be brought into his room. They were taken out of a cupboard in the ante-room, and about thirty pounds still remained. Borri at once pointed out a peculiar fact to the emperor. Each candle was marked at top and bottom with a gilt garland, evidently that there might be no mistake. A careful investigation was made, the result of which was that the wicks of the candles used by the emperor were powerfully impregnated with arsenic. A turnspit dog was fetched, shut up in a closet, and a dish of meat was put before it, with which were mixed finely-shredded pieces of the wick.

In the mean while the emperor was removed to other apartments. By the monarch's orders, every body was to observe the deepest silence about the whole affair. Borri and the physician-in-ordinary proceeded to the palace surgery, sent away all the assistants, and prepared an antidote for the emperor with their own hands. Borri then analyzed the compo-

nents of the dipped wick, and obtained from it a copious deposit of arsenic. He had left orders that he should be called so soon as the dog began to grow restless, but the effect of the poison was so rapid that Borri found the animal already dead when he returned to the emperor. Both physicians began the cure of the emperor on the same evening. Borri's medicine consisted chiefly of sudorifics, which he always employed in poisoning cases.

Leopold had scarce changed his room ere he gave orders to have the supplier of the wax-candles arrested. The procurator of the Jesuits was found to be the man, but he was no longer in Vienna. By express orders of the emperor, Borri remained near him, and attended the monarch, who daily grew better. The physician supported the savant to the best of his ability, and by May 19th the emperor was able to drive out again.

He constantly had conversations with Borri, who was obliged to make him an accurate report of his medical treatment. The physician had most strictly followed the effect of the poison and its amount, and even examined the deposit on the ceiling. He kept back two candles as evidence, and the rest were employed in analysis. The weight of the candles was twenty-four pounds, that of the impregnated wicks three pounds and a half, whence Borri concluded that the amount of poison was nearly two pounds and three quarters. When the emperor heard these results, he exclaimed: "They would have sent me *ad patres* in a few months." Borri dined at the imperial table, and was greatly distinguished, to the no slight annoyance of his clerical foes, who, however, were sufficiently well acquainted with the emperor's vacillation to feel sure that their victim would not escape them. The same opinion prevailed among the inhabitants at court. Scotti only looked at his celebrated countryman with glances of compassion, and the physician-in-ordinary declared without hesitation:

"My dear Borri, the behavior of the emperor has only increased the number of your foes. Any one who has attracted the hatred of the priests here may be regarded as lost. You will see your destiny fulfilled in Rome."

"No persecution," Borri replied, "will keep down my mind."

It can scarcely be believed that Leopold really surrendered the savior of his life

to the power of the Holy Office in Rome, were there not, unhappily, too many similar instances in history.

On June 14th, 1670, the perfectly-cured Leopold discharged his physician Borri. He thanked him fervently, and with tears in his eyes, and regretted that he could not display the gratitude which he owed the physician from the feelings of his heart. In the matter of religion, however, Borri had so "gone astray that it was necessary to cure him of his errors." The Pope would appoint a commission. "Still," the emperor continued, "I have obtained a guarantee from the papal nuncio that in no case shall any thing be done against your body and your life. My envoy in Rome will tell you this in the presence of the papal commission. So long as you live, two hundred ducats a year shall be paid you by myself or my heirs as a memorial of what you have done for me. If you come to a better conviction in religious matters, I will see what is to be done. God take you under his protection—that is my wish. Farewell."

He offered the physician his hand to kiss, which Borri bedewed with his tears—tears of emotion and of compassion. On the following day the savant was taken to Rome under an escort. The procurator was never heard of again; the black deed, however, was concealed, and the priests and their influence still prevailed as of yore.

As for Borri, he was imprisoned for life in the castle of St. Angelo. At first he was never to leave the castle, but eventually obtained so much liberty that he was allowed to go in and out unimpeded, and practice. This he owed to the energetic interference of the French *maréchal*, D'Estrées, whom he cured of a dangerous disease at Rome. After this he performed several other remarkable cures, and died in 1681. The Jesuit general, Pater Gonzalez, frequently visited him in St. Angelo in order to obtain from him the arcanum by which he expelled poisons from the human body. Gonzalez even went so far as to give him a certificate of his entire innocence, and promised him his liberty. But Borri ever laughingly declined to reveal the secret, with the words: "This knowledge is not in accordance with the rules of St. Ignatius of Loyola." At Vienna the affair was soon forgotten: the execution of the Hungarian rebels destroyed the horror which the dark deed at first aroused.

It is certainly most probable that the attempt was made on Leopold at the instigation of the French party, from the motives we have already stated. The pater-procurator was at once got out of the way, and probably received compensation elsewhere; and, according to the principles of the order, it was not responsible for the wicked action of an individual. On September 20th, 1713, however, Prince Eugène wrote to Sinzendorf from Philippsburg: "I am satisfied with the selection of Beutenreider as political adju-

tant, and will take such care of the health of this excellent man that no apprehension about Aqua Tofana shall affect him. A veil must be thrown over many things, as the Emperor Leopold believed when he was convinced by the unfortunate Borri that the poison he had inhaled was derived from the wax-candles burning on his table."*

* *Political Writings of Prince Eugene*, vol. vii. p. 45.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADAME LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

THE genius which most sensibly affects the hearts of men, which commands, directs, and plays with their emotions at will, is the vocal genius. The waves of sound, those vibrating molecules that make their procession to strike upon the yielding membrane of the ear and travel thence to the brain, the center of thought and passion, have a vast might, a power to call out and compel deep hidden sympathies which in its intensity is beyond any other granted to man. There is no eloquence equal in its immediate effect to that of speech or of song. The written word and the painted image are comparatively dead things; it is the voice that has life—life to move, to charm, to exalt, to wither, or to annihilate. William Pitt, at the age of twenty-one, ruled a great nation by his voice. Not by his mind; no, it was by the sonorous depths of his voice that he obtained the lead which his majestic genius knew how to keep. Burke, with a genius not less exalted, with thoughts which in writing shaped themselves into the finest forms of poetry and passion, or pressed themselves into the most cogent arguments of clear reason, was incapable of such a sway because he wanted a voice. Mirabeau was prodigious by his voice. He ruled tumultuous assemblies of his ferocious fellow-men, not by the lightning of his thought, but by the thunder of his throat. In short, for

I have not space here for a multiplication of instances, it is through the windpipe that one human heart makes its easiest approach to another. Yet, as human life is a system of balance and compensation, it happens that the effect which is so quick and strong is also transitory; and while a Shakspeare and a Michael Angelo stand victors over time, showing to posterity the full proportions of their greatness, the tones of once-enchanted voices are lost forever, and the trace and record left can no more bring back their music than the writing on the tomb-stone can recover for us the form and beauty of the dust beneath it. Not so much as one pulse of the retired wave of sound can be reclaimed from its retreat for our ears. It has gone on somewhere beyond our circle, to the illimitable and the unfathomable. But for this very reason, some story should be told of what it once could do, some image should be attempted, however faint, of what it once was. If the painter can not give the roll and roar of the ocean, he may yet by a figure show the color and the form, and possibly even convey a dim notion of its life.

So, I would now recall some of the special endowments of that singer who may be called the vocal joy of our generation. She is still one of our sphere, but she dwells upon a hill apart, and only revisiting us by glimpses, and showing her light

for a short hour, makes us more sensible of the darkness left by her withdrawal. She no longer addresses herself nightly to rapturous crowds forming into long lines early in the day through the streets leading to her shrine, pressing, toiling, enduring, ready to do battle for the reward of the first sound of one of her sweet notes; her window is no longer besieged by serenaders; enthusiastic students no longer clasp hands, singing her praises as a midnight hymn; feverish German waiters no longer tremble and drop the plates they carry, to the loss and rage of their master, on the first tidings of her coming to their native town, with an "Ach, Gott! Jenny Lind!"* Her place as the popular idol is vacant; but more sober admirers, critics, and thinkers remain to welcome with high appreciation visits which are like those of an angel, not only because of their rarity, but because they come ever as missions of mercy to the needy and the suffering.

In the first season of her coming to our country, in the year 1848, (now fifteen years ago,) how well I remember her as she looked, and moved, and sang. The tender trusting Amina, the suffering Lucia, the captivating Figlia del Reggimento. Without the gift of classical beauty, she had a music in the movement of her face as delightful as that of her voice, and though not a positively pretty woman, she was the most irresistible of human beings. I recall especially the grace of her Amina, (*Somnambula*), with the fluttering joy of the wedding day, the partings, the honest love for the betrothed, and the change of the whole aspect under the sharp affliction (the sharpest that any true woman can know) of the suspicion cast upon her virtue. What an anguish swelled in her tones! how free it was from the alloy of the baser passions! how like she seemed to an offended angel! And after that first agony was told, when again she walked in her slumber and dreamed—how gently she moved! her sweet song moving, murmuring with her—flowing like quiet waters, and falling so gradually into the stillness of a deeper sleep, that it was difficult to say at what moment the sound ceased to be. She mourned over the fading flowers which had been given by her lover, fond-

ling them as a mother might fondle her dying child. Some of their leaves dropped down, and her tears fell after them, and she strained those that remained closely against her heart. When her waking came, with the restoration to her just fame and to the love she prized, when she could pour out in the triumphal strains of the final air (*Ah non giunge uman pensiero al contento ond io son piena!*) the fullness of her vocal power, with its bird-like trillings, its rich ornamentations, its high sustained notes, she did not wholly cast aside the past passion in the present; she mingled emotions in her song, and through her rapture the tones and looks of her late anguish penetrated, making the joy more precious—as the sunlight never shines with so divine a radiance as when it strikes upon the quivering drops of the spent storm. Whether as actress or singer, she was ever what the Germans well describe as "seelen volle;" she inspired her hearers with a personal feeling which had something of devotion in it; and for my own part, though she took away with her so much of my delight, I was happy to see her retreat early from a career which seemed too full of trials and excitements for a spirit so delicate.

It is four years since I heard her sing the favorite ballad of "Auld lang Syne," and I would that I could now give some reflection of its beauty. With those who have ever listened to the singer some echo of her ringing tones must yet linger, though it may be dimly as the waning light; and with this twilight of a voice must be linked a look, as gracious as spiritual. To me they come, stealing out of shadow into day. The words of the well-known ballad have that poetry which consists in the true expression of a sentiment common to all humanity, and which makes its way straight to the heart. But though it can be rarely heard without emotion, it never before excited the enthusiasm which answered to the appeal of the most poetical of all singers.

A melodious softness dwelt in her question, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?" Her voice lingered caressingly upon every syllable, and rose into greater fullness as it offered the cup of kindness for a pledge; it rested lovingly on the early recollection; it stayed on the thoughts of the sport, the wandering, and the parting, with a thrilling tender music; it swelled into the amplest ut-

* This inimitable songstress resides near Richmond, London. She gives concerts for sacred and benevolent objects. Some time since she gave a few concerts in London and received £28,000.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

terance of cordial affection at the offering of the hand of good fellowship. What a welcome rang in its joyous peal, how it rose up and rejoiced, with what an irresistible eloquence it poured out the invitations of friendship, "And surely you'll be your pint stoup, and surely I'll be mine."

A pretty playfulness animated her words, a smile, a confiding nod of the head, graceful and bewitching, accompanied them; and the final repetition of the burden of the song surpassed all the rest in the plenitude of its life and warmth. How convivial, how jovial, yet how feminine it was! But it is not in the simple ballad or passionate lyric that Madame Goldschmidt has achieved her highest triumph. It is in religious music that the qualities of her voice and soul find their fullest development. It is in singing of heaven that she is most at home. It is then that her round notes swell into their richest harmony; and she seems among her kindred when she speaks a holy mission: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in my flesh I shall see God." The rapture of conviction is in every syllable of her utterance. It is worth a sermon of Irving's. It is an appeal to shake the heart of a Jew.

The immediate occasion suggesting these comments is the late performance for a charitable purpose of Handel's famous cantatas of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. They answer the taunt flung by literature at music in the assertion that it can do nothing for poetry. The great master in his dealing with Milton has proved that music may be happily married to immortal verse; and Madame Goldschmidt is a priestess worthy to consecrate such an union. The allegro portions of the cantata fell for the most part to the sweet warbling of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's flexible throat, while Madame Goldschmidt stirred

the depths of the heart with her pathos. Her sympathy with the nightingale was very evident in the trillings of infinite variety—low, longing, passionate, and piercing—with which she wooed his evening song; and in the last recitation—the invocation to an old age of lofty contemplation, reaching to the spirit of prophecy—higher impulses stirred her countenance, and her tones seemed soaring as the lark, away, far up into the world of light. Such music enriches, not merely the language with which it is immediately linked, but summons into presence from obscure haunts of the memory all the poetry of thought that has ever entered into it. Old fond associations, images of the past, hopes of the future, all that is rare and beautiful and good and true, what we most love and most prize—what, wishing to remember forever, we have yet half forgotten, bursts into quick life upon a touch like this. The great modern Italian poet, Giusti, equal in the best of his inspirations to the best of any land or any age, knew these sensations when he stood and listened on the day of St. Ambrogio to the solemn hymn of the Austrians:

"Sentia nell' Inno la dolcezza amara,
De' canti uditi da fanciullo; il core
Che da voce domestica gl' impara,
Ce li ripete i giorni del dolore.
Un pensier mesto della madre cara,
Un desiderio di pace e d' amore,
Uno sgomento di lontano esilio,
Che mi faceva andare in visibillio."

And it is by such a spiritual passion, by such deep sympathies, by such sacred affections that our imperfect humanity triumphs over its earthly mould; it is in such high moods that the mind casts off all kinds of vanity and baseness and folly, and becomes conscious of its divine essence.

ALMOST A WAR.—The British government is almost at war with Japan. On the sixth of April Colonel Neale forwarded to Miako a British ultimatum demanding the execution of the murderers of Captain Richardson, an indemnity for that offense, and a liberal compensation to the sufferers or their surviving relatives. The time granted is twenty days, after which Colonel Neale will adopt measures "proportioned to the degree of ill-advised obstinacy or resistance which the Japanese government may

assume." A powerful fleet of ten men-of-war and three gunboats is in the harbor of Yokohama, ready to enforce the demand, and a native official suggests that the British should punish the principal murderer, the Prince of Satsuma, by seizing the Loochoo Islands, which are his, and which yield him £30,000 a year. It is improbable that the Japanese will yield, as the blow would destroy the power of the great aristocracy, which is now in the ascendant.

From the London Eclectic.

NILI QUÆRERE CAPUT.*

As with so many other great discoveries, that which we call such is rather the process of proof than the discovery; the discovery was made by Captain Speke in, we believe, 1858, when, being with Captain Burton, he announced to his companion that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. Captain Burton, in his entertaining volumes of *Travel to the Lake Regions of Central Africa*, gives a sneering and ill-tempered account of what he calls Captain Speke's "inspiration," and his, Captain Burton's, incredulity. "We had scarcely breakfasted, however, before he announced to me the startling fact that he had discovered the sources of the White Nile. It was an inspiration perhaps: the moment he sighted the Nyanza, he felt at once no doubt but that the lake at his feet gave birth to that interesting river, which had been the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so many explorers; the fortunate discoverer's conviction was strong; his reasons were weak—were of the category alluded to by the damsel Lucetta, when justifying her penchant in favor of 'the lovely gentleman,' Sir Proteus:

"I have no other but a woman's reason—
I think him so because I think him so;"

and probably his sources of the Nile grew in his mind as his Mountains of the Moon had grown under his hand." There is a great deal more of the same kind; the traveler continues: "How many times since the days of a certain Claudius Ptolemæus, surnamed Pelensiotæ, have not the fountains of the White Nile been discovered and re-discovered after this fashion? But difference of opinion was allowed to alter companionship. After a few days

it became evident to me that not a word could be uttered upon the subject of the lake, the Nile, or his *trouvaille* generally, without offense. By a tacit agreement it was therefore avoided, and I should never have resumed it, had my companion not stultified the results of the expedition by putting forth a claim which no geographer can admit, and which is at the same time so weak and flimsy that no geographer has yet taken the trouble to contradict it."* This paragraph illustrates some of the first difficulties Captain Speke had to encounter; now, it would seem, he has set at rest the greatest question of geographical science, and has solved the riddle of thirty or forty centuries. Following the indications of his first instinct, or "inspiration," as Captain Burton calls it, he has traced the river from its mystery in the great Lake Nyanza—passing the three great affluents, the Bahr-el-Ghagel, the Geraffa, and the Sobat, and identifying the waters of his discovery in the pilgrimage of science, with those receiving the well-known tributary of the Blue Nile.

And so the mystery which has cast its ceaseless spell over all the races and the ages of the old world and continent is cleared up; one feels a sort of grief at parting with a mystery so vast and ancient. From a shallow bed, fed by what Captain Speke calls rush drains—small, half stagnant water-courses—at the middle of the northern boundary, the parent stream issues, in a current four hundred and fifty feet wide, leaping over a wall twelve feet high, rocks of an igneous character, which the natives and some Arabs designate by the simple name of stones, which the discoverer has called the Ripon Falls, in honor of the president of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was set on foot. Over that wall of rock they beheld the Father of Riv-

* *Papers read before the Royal Geographical Society and the Royal Institution.* By Captain SPEKE. *Athenæum*, No. 1861, June 2d, 1863.

The Sources of the Nile: being a General Survey of the Basin of that River, and of its Head-Streams: with the History of Nilotic Discovery. By CHARLES T. BEKE, Ph.D. James Madden.

* *The Lake Regions of Central Africa; a Picture; Exploration by* RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H.M.I. Army, 1860.

ers rushing with mountain-torrent beauty and majesty. The mystery of the river—which Herodotus had mused upon and longed to penetrate—was all but solved; no doubt much remained to be done, much painful and patient traveling; but Captain Speke must have felt the confirmation of his first happy thought, as, after his long detention, he saw it plunging away, to broaden by its volume, into the channel, pursuing its course for nearly two thousand miles; the great waters emphatically called “the River,” beside which Joseph, and Homer, and Plato had walked—in which Moses was cradled—venerable through a hundred generations by the speculations of scholars and by the ambition of warriors and kings.

Our readers have not to be informed how interesting is the history of Nilotic discovery. “Egypt,” said old Herodotus, “is the gift of the Nile.” What efforts Egypt herself in the earliest ages made to explore its course, through unknown desert, or uninhabited regions, we can not tell. Dr. Beke quotes Lucan’s poetic summary of the abortive attempts made to discover the spring:

“Cæsar’s desire to know our Nilus’ spring
Possessed the Egyptian, Persian, Grecian king.
No age but strived to future time to teach
This skill: none yet his hidden nature reach.
Philip’s great son, Memphis’ most honored king,
Sent to earth’s utmost bounds, to find Nile’s spring,
Choice Ethiops: they trod the sun-burnt ground
Of the hot zone, and there was no Nilus found.
The furthest west our great Sesostris saw,
Whilst captive kings did his proud chariot draw;
Yet there your Rhodanus and Padus spied,
Before our Nile’s hid fountain he descried.
The mad Cambyzes to the eastern lands
And long-lived people came: his famished bands
Quite spent, and with each other’s slaughter fed,
Returned; thou, Nile, yet undiscovered!”

Herodotus was the first of whose efforts in Nilotic discovery we have any account; whether the old traveler was himself imposed on by the story told him by the priests, of the origin of the streams between the two sharp peaks of Crophî and Mophî, is doubtful, but whatever may have been the impression of the priests

themselves, there can be little doubt that they used the mysteriousness of the waters for the purpose of imposing on the credulity of the multitude. In later times, efforts have been made to use the mystery and the marvel for purposes of imposition. In 1843, one M. Antoine de Abbadie, a native of Ireland, and a British subject, in fact a simple Mr. Anthony Thompson, procured a recommendation from the Royal Geographical Society, and a passport from Lord Palmerston, in his character as a British subject; by choice, however, he became M. Antoine d’Abbadie, and in 1843 he announced himself as the discoverer of the source of the Nile, which he described as a small spring issuing from the foot of a large tree, “of the sort that serves in Ethiopia for washing cotton cloths,” and as being held sacred by the natives, who yearly offered up to it a solemn sacrifice. To the right and left of it are two high hills, wooded to the summit, bringing to the mind of the reader Crophî and Mophî, but more ominously named Boshî and Doshî in the country of Gimero, or Gamru, adjoining Kaffa. Subsequently M. d’Abbadie altered his latitude of the source of the Nile. Dr. Beke published an exposure of the fallacies in his alleged discoveries, and the illustrious adventurer has vanished apparently from sight and knowledge.

The tributaries of the Nile have so often been taken for the main trunk of the great river, that incredulity may be pardoned in those who, until they have almost, with the discoverer, followed the course of the stream, suspect another mistake. The Abbara, or Lakazyé, was for a long time regarded as the Nile; from the fourth to the end of the eleventh century of the Christian era, if not later, it was known as the Nile or river of Egypt. Further discoveries, when the valleys and plain country between Abbara and the Bahr-el-Azrek passed into the occupation of the Mohammedan people, who still possess it, led to the regarding of the Blue river as the Nile. The Blue river had been called by the natives by a name which signifies “the father of the waters!” The river Abai was supposed to be the head of the Nile, and this idea not only held possession of the minds of many navigators and travelers of the middle ages, but even in our own day some have continued to insist on the identity of the Abai with the Nile. This was the idea

which deluded Bruce. That unscrupulous traveler, in his reckless denunciation of all who said they had visited the source of the Abai, or Blue river, before himself, as "liars" and "impostors," was guilty of great injustice, if not deliberate and willful falsehood; but in any case, the visit was only to the head of a tributary stream; the throne and fountain of the great monarch remained unknown. Efforts have been constantly made during recent years to follow up to satisfaction what may be called the results of previous failures, by tracing the pathway of the true Nile. Among the earnest and hopeful men who have endeavored to keep the eye of the traveler upon the most likely solution, is Dr. Beke. In the very interesting little volume we have placed at the head of this article, he gathers together all the floating hints referring to the Nile discovery, and as we notice the particulars of his narrative, we can not but marvel that the ancients were so near to a discovery reserved for our days.

"For at the point at which, nearly eighteen hundred years previously, the exploration of the Nile had been abandoned by Nero's centurions, it was resumed by those of Mohammed Ali, who penetrated so far to the south as to establish the almost literal accuracy of the description of the *Upper Nile* given by the great geographer of Alexandria; which has now been corroborated by the discovery of the lakes Nyanza and Tanganyika, whence Ptolemy derived his two arms of the Nile.

"Whether these two lakes do actually join the Nile, as asserted by that geographer, is a question requiring investigation. Captain Speke, when addressing the Royal Geographical Society on his return to England, in May last, (1859,) expressed the opinion that '*Lake Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile.*' That it is so toward the south-east may be admitted, as also that it is Ptolemy's eastern lake. But it remains to be ascertained whether there are not other similar reservoirs further westward in the interior of the continent. Indeed, we know already of Lake Tanganyika, in a position sufficiently corresponding to that of Ptolemy's western lake; only its elevation of merely eighteen hundred feet seems to militate against its connection with the Nile, especially as it is said to be encircled and shut in at its northern extremity by a range of mountains. Still, it is not absolutely certain that Tanganyika has no outlet through or round those mountains; and besides, as the elevation of the Nile at Khartum is only twelve hundred feet, whilst from about ten degrees north latitude the main stream and its principal arms are on almost a dead level, we should be wrong in

asserting the physical impossibility of a connection between the lake and the river.

"The fifteenth volume of the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society* contains an interesting account, communicated by Mr. Macqueen, of the 'Visit of Lief ben Saied to the great African Lake.' The traveler's road from the coast near Zanzibar was up the valley of the Kingani as far as the Zohgomero, [Zungomero,] thence crossing into the valley of the Matoney, [Ruaha,] and so by Jangwera [Uniangwira] to the river Magrazie [Malagarazi] and the lake; 'the whole time from the shore of Africa being one hundred and forty days, or four and a half months on the road, during which time (he says) we traveled sixty-two days, at about the rate of nine or ten miles daily; but I have no means of ascertaining the exact distance.' Tanganyika itself is thus described: 'Standing on the banks of the lake, it can be seen across, in the same manner as from Zanzibar to the main (which is twenty-four English miles). Several islands were observable in it. . . . There is a great sea or swell on the lake when the wind blows fresh; and it is well known by all the people there that the river which goes through Egypt takes its source and origin from the lake.'

And now the question naturally suggests itself, what forms these lakes? The Nzigé, the Akenyard, the Luckarow, and the Little Trinandes were all of them mere puddles, Captain Speke says, in comparison with the Great Victoria Nyanza; whence then originate their waters? Let Captain Speke himself reply:

"It is simply this: the Mountains of the Moon, in which they lie encircling the northern end and the Tanganyika Lake, are exposed to the influences of the rainy zone, where I observed, in 1862, no less than two hundred and thirty-eight days out of the year were more or less wet days. Mashondé, in the upper portion of Uganda, is the first place where, in this second expedition, I obtained a view of the Victoria Lake. . . . In a southerly direction the Woganda boatmen go as far as the island of Ukerewé, which I saw on my first journey to Muanza, at the southern extremity of the lake; and to the eastward beyond the escape of the Nile, to the north-eastern corner of Victoria Lake, where by a strait they gain access to another lake in quest of salt, possibly the Baringo of Dr. Krapf, which he, from information gained through the natives, called Salt Lake, most likely because there are salt islands on it, which reasoning I deduce from the fact, that on my former expedition, when the Arabs first spoke to me of the Little Luta Nzigé, they described it as a salt lake belonging to the Great Nyanza; yet not belonging to it, when further pressed upon the subject. The Great Nyanza waters were purely fresh and sweet. They,

(the Arabs,) like Dr. Krapf, merely narrated what they heard. As salt islands were visited by the natives in search of that mineral, the surrounding waters naturally were considered salt by them, deprived as they were of its connecting links, which included the whole area of ground under consideration within the limits of the drainage system of the Nile. The Arabs, who it is now very clear had heard of every thing in connection with the science of philosophical geography, were enabled to connect what they had gleaned in detached fragments from it. Dr. Krapf further tells us of a river trending from the river Newey by Mount Kenia toward the Nile. If such is the case, it must be a feeder to the Baringa, whose waters pass off by the Asua river into the Nile, for the whole country immediately on the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza is said by the Arabs, who have traversed it for ivory, to be covered with low rolling hills, intersected only by simple streaks and nullahs from this point in Muanza to the side streak, which is situated on the equator, on the northern boundary of the Victoria Nyanza. Turning now again to Mashondé, and proceeding north along the boundary coast of Nyanza to the valley of Katongo, which, from its position on the lake, is constantly in view, *the land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sandstone hills, streaked down by small streams—the effect of constant rains—grown all over by gigantic grass*, except where the numerous villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on the deltas where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of the Nyanza has shrunk from its original dimensions, as we saw in the case of the Uzige lake; and the moorlands immediately surrounding are covered with a network of large rush drains, with boggy bottoms, as many as one to every mile, even counting at one period a much fuller stream than at the present day, when the old bed was on the present surface of the water, and its breadth was double that which now exists. The Mountains of the Moon are wearing down, and so is Africa. Crossing over the equator, altogether the conformation of the land appeared much the same, but increased in beauty; the drainage system was found the opposite, clearly showing where in the north slope of Africa one stream, the Mworango, of moderate dimensions, said to arise in the lake, flowed north and joined the Nile in the kingdom of Uniuro, where its name is changed to Kari. Far on, another stream, the Luajere, followed its example, and then still further on, from the center of the coast of the Nyanza, issued the parent of the Nile."

The Mountains of the Moon have been long looked to as the probable feeders of the Nile; but whether they were crowned with snow or bred these feeders within their clefts and gorges, ever has been and

continues a matter of grave debate; an interesting passage in the narration of a journey to Jagga, by the Rev. J. Rebmann, church missionary, in which he states, that on the 9th of May, 1848, he saw in south latitude four degrees, east longitude forty-six degrees, *a snow mountain*, not less than sixteen thousand feet high, has been called in question by European men of science, though subsequently corroborated by Dr. Krapf. Mr. Rebmann says:

"The mountains of Jagga gradually rose more distinctly to our sight. At about ten o'clock (I had no watch with me) I observed something remarkably white on the top of a high mountain, and first supposed that it was a very white cloud, in which supposition my guide also confirmed me; but having gone a few paces more, I could no longer rest satisfied with that explanation; and while I was asking my guide a second time whether that white thing was indeed a cloud, and scarcely listening to his answer that yonder was a cloud, but what that white was he did not know, but supposed it was *coldness*, the most delightful recognition took place in my mind of an old well-known European guest called *snow*. All the strange stories we had so often heard about the gold and silver mountain Kilimanjaro, in Jagga, supposed to be inaccessible on account of evil spirits, which had killed a great many of those who had attempted to ascend it, were now at once rendered intelligible to me, as of course the extreme cold, to which the poor natives are perfect strangers, would soon chill and kill the half-naked visitors."

Referring to this passage, Mr. Cooley, in his *Inner Africa Laid Open*, treats this statement of Mr. Rebmann respecting snow seen by him on the summit of Kilimanjaro, "as a most delightful mental recognition only, not supported by the evidence of his stories," and sneers at the whole story as a fireside tale. Mr. Cooley's judgment does not pass for much worth; he broadly contradicted Dr. Livingstone's statement of the union of the river Zuamly with the Zambesi; on the contrary, there are the express testimonies of travelers like Krapf and Rebmann to the fact that from the heights of Kilimanjaro issue twenty rivers—a strong confirmation of the belief that the heights of the mountain are the regions of perennial snow—a fact, as Dr. Krapf has said, not more difficult to believe of equatorial Africa than of equatorial America. Captain Speke indeed does not mention snow in the Mountains of the Moon. Nor is it implied that

snow is the cause of the inundation of the Nile, but that it is the chief sustaining source of that river, keeping it fresh throughout the year. Captain Speke appears to agree with this view, when he states that the water of the lake Nyanza is fresh and sweet. Africa, the region of all wild and romantic ideas, opens up anew such worlds in these new discoveries. The Mountains of the Moon seem inseparable from the Nyam-nyam, and other monsters with which fancy has peopled them. Shakspeare makes the African traveler, Othello, speak of

"Hills whose heads touch heaven."

"The poet's eye," as Dr. Beke has said, "saw Kihmanjaro, Kenia, and other Mountains of the Moon, towering into the region of perpetual snow.

"And of the cannibals that each other eat;
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

This is a very fair description of the human features usually associated with this region; but upon these human features we can not dwell. The shores of the Nyanza seem to be inhabited by savage races, or wild pastoral people, with whom the Arabs traffic for ivory. Indeed the human characteristics vary through many degrees of greater or lesser savageness. The traveler, if he find the solitude of the lower Nile, will not expect to find here the charm of those old world associations. Here he will recede from Europe; into the desert, to the forest, but he leaves far behind the forms of guardian sphinxes, and columns, and temples, and tombs on the Nile, and the inexpressible charm of the moonlit waters of Egypt; pyramids silvered by the moonlight; the distant lights gleaming faintly among scarcely seen minarets, and the dark palms and broken ridges of Arabian hills; from all associations with the civilization of the old world, the reader may transport his mind to a state of society yet more primitive. We

read of one king who rejoices in three or four thousand wives, and kills a man every morning, and of another who takes pleasure in fattening his wives and children, so that they can not walk; others who dwell together in perfect nudity; and altogether, round the source of the Nile, a race of people whose civilization and religion is, as has been said, nothing to brag of.

Thus another important discovery affects the future destiny of Africa; from many various causes it is now attracting interest and observation; we wonder, as we read, if kingdoms are again to line the banks of the mighty river; if yet again over that great continent are to be spread the treasures of the new civilization; if all these discoveries are to be turned to account. Africa has been through all ages the region of mystery, of priestcraft, and of impassable barriers; these all, one after the other, seem to be breaking down. Every way it has changed; and those who notice how remarkably the coincidences of scriptural prophecy harmonize with the changes of nature, remind us of the important geological change which has in the course of centuries raised the country near the head of the Gulf of Suez, and depressed that on the northern side of the isthmus. Since the Christian era, the head of the gulf has retired southward, as prophesied by Isaiah: "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea," "the waters shall fail from the sea;" thus it was prophesied the people may pass over dryshod. In the same way the difficulties and barriers to communication seem vanishing, and the resolution of the mystery of the Nile must be regarded as one of these. Africa was long, as has often been said, misunderstood and unknown; it is now demonstrated that she possesses fertile and genial regions, large rivers and lakes, and an immense population. We may fervently hope and pray that by these advantages she may be enabled to contribute to her own future civilization, and to the world's common stock of wealth and happiness.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

HUMPHREY GRAINGER'S LOSSES.

I SAT, as desolate as Marius among the ruins of Carthage, in the parlor of a Liverpool hotel, surrounded by a chaotic pile of luggage, which had been landed with myself the evening before from the Australian steamer, after a tempestuous voyage of four months. I was an utter stranger in England, without any known friend; and very miserable had been the anxious, sleepless night, and the dreary loneliness of the day, now the familiar circle of my fellow-voyagers was broken up. Without resting, I was taking counsel with myself, and forming impracticable plans, until at last the weariness and melancholy of my situation overpowered me, and I fell asleep in the uncomfortable easy-chair before the fire. Still dreaming of the splash of the waves, and the ceaseless throb of the engine, as they had rung in my ears during the last few months, I mingled them with the indistinct sound of a door opening, and a man's tread across the floor, or deck as it seemed to me, and then a muffled, subdued voice exclaiming, "Is this the widow?"

My eyes opened widely at once, and met a very grave and pitying gaze, that was fixed upon me with something of the regard of a shepherd looking down upon a stray lamb. A tall, strong, largely-built figure, and a face of massive and marked features, leaned over me, filling the whole scope of my vision with a powerful breadth and height, which gave me just the pleasant sense of strength and protection I needed at the moment. He turned away instantly, and energetically stripped off his rough overcoat, handing it to the landlady who accompanied him with an air of amiable concession.

"Be so good as to take it away," he said. "I had no idea she was such a little, young creature as this."

He appeared considerably smaller and smoother, but still colossal to me as I stood before him, having risen to my feet by this time. With a gentle hesitation, as if fearful of touching me too roughly, he took

my hand in his own, and patted it softly with two fingers, repeating, in the same subdued tone:

"Not Harry's widow?"

"Oh, yes!" I cried, bursting into passionate tears, and leaning my head against his great arm. "Oh, it was so hard! He died before we had been on board three weeks, and they buried him in the sea. I've been all alone ever since; and I have no friends here."

"Poor thing! poor little child!" he said, stroking the hair from my burning forehead. "Don't give way, my dear. I am your cousin—poor Harry's cousin—Humphrey Grainger; and of course I am your friend. There, sit down on the sofa, and tell me all about it when you are calm."

It was a long time before I was calm, for the tears welled to my eyes again and again after I thought I had mastered them; but he sat quietly beside me, speaking now and then in a hearty, genial tone, and in no way betraying any impatience to bring my hysterical weeping to an end.

"Now, then, my dear," he said, when at length I only sobbed at intervals, "first of all let me tell you I received Captain Thompson's letter about you this morning, and I started down to Liverpool at once to fetch you home. I did not wait for my sister Eliza to accompany me, as, under the circumstances, I considered speed to be the essential thing. My dear girl, do you know that we had no idea that poor Harry was married?"

"We were only married a week before we sailed," I answered. "I will tell you how it all happened, Mr. Grainger; it was such an unforeseen event. My brother is a lawyer in Sydney; and when Harry went to his office on business, William invited him to stay a few weeks at our house, he was so ill. I was very, very sorry for him. It made my heart ache to see him so suffering and feeble, and in a strange land among strangers; so I did all I could to nurse and com-

fort him. We went on in that way till his business was ended, and he came to say 'Good by' to me, and tell me he had taken a passage home in this steamer. He cried dreadfully, Mr. Grainger—like a child; and he said he was so afraid of going this long voyage alone among rough seamen; and perhaps he should die, with no one near him that cared about him. I don't remember exactly what I said; but he understood that I was willing to go with him, if I could be a comfort and help to him."

"But he did not marry you for that!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger.

"He was really very fond of me as well," I continued. "But oh, you can not imagine how afraid he was of dying alone; and the voyage was so very long. So when he asked me if I would be his wife, I told him I loved him very much, and I was very sorry for him."

"But what did your brother say to it, my poor child?" he inquired.

"Girls of my age in the colony don't ask their brothers," I replied. "We were married quietly in a chapel in Sydney, and told William afterwards. But somehow I never believed he would surely die after we were married; he was so young, and I had never seen any one die. I thought he was getting better, he was so cheerful and happy. And oh, he died one evening on deck, while we were watching the sun go down; and I sat very quietly by him, only thinking he was asleep, till the captain came up and said he was dead."

There was a very perceptible frown upon the grave face to which I lifted my tearful eyes, quickly followed by an expression of profound pity as he met my appealing glance. I went on to tell him how bitterly I had found out my folly and self-will in marrying without my brother's knowledge; and how afraid I was of being a trouble to him and his sister until I could write home, and hear again from William, unless he decided it would be best to send me back by the next steamer; but I shrank from the thought of a second long voyage, with the ceaseless dirge of the waves where my husband was buried following me month after month. Mr. Grainger listened to me without interruption, and then said, in a few consoling, friendly sentences, that he should consider himself my guardian until he could hear from my brother in Sydney, and that to-morrow I should

return with him to the home which had been Harry's.

When I had left Sydney, the railway to Paramatta was only just begun, and my first journey by rail was from Liverpool to Sherwood; but I could see nothing of the seventy miles of British ground we traversed so swiftly, for the carriage windows were opaque with frost. Though it was scarcely noon, Mr. Grainger and two other gentlemen who were our fellow-passengers, after looking at their newspapers for a few miles, apparently resigned themselves to a profound slumber, and continued in it, with but brief intervals of wakefulness, until we reached the little country station where we left the train. We were immediately surrounded by a band of servile officials, whose obsequiousness was as strange to me as every thing else had been since I had left the steamer; but Mr. Grainger hurried me away impetuously, and lifted me into a dog-cart which was in waiting for us at the gate, where I stayed while he gave his servant directions about my cart-load of luggage.

"I never saw snow like this before," I said, when he came to fasten the apron at my side, and fold round me the rugs which had been sent for our protection from the severe climate. "It snowed in Sydney the year I was born; but of course I don't remember that."

"By George, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Mr. Grainger, regarding me with an air of surprise, while he tore off his rough overcoat impatiently. "Here, stand up, Mrs. Grainger; let me button this right round you, or you will be frozen to death before we get home. It will be a sorry welcome to Sherwood."

We drove through a white wilderness, sparkling and soundless, save for the dull beat of the horse's hoofs upon the snow, and the shrill chirping of little birds in the hedges. It was a magic scene to me. The sky was cloudless, of a pale, bright blue, and there was no color in all the snow-covered landscape, except a very faint and scarcely perceptible tinge of a golden-pinkish hue, just visible in the shadows of the masses of pure white. Under the hedge-rows were huge drifts, twisted and coiled into a thousand fantastic shapes; and every branch of the leafless trees we passed beneath was blanched and wreathed with a delicate fret-work of frost. It was already sunset, though scarcely four o'clock, and the pinkish shadows were

deepening into purple under the level rays of the sun, when Mr. Grainger, who had been very silent all the way, turned his horse from the turnpike-road, and drove through a small park to the entrance of Sherwood Manor. It was an old-fashioned country house, of no architectural pretensions, built of red stone, and pointed with gables and casements painted black. But relieved as I was at its homeliness, I was sorry to have to alight, though I was half-numbed with cold, so nervous and apprehensive had I grown at the thought of meeting Miss Grainger. I was conscious that I could more easily propitiate and please a man than a woman; and to Mr. Grainger I had already grown accustomed, and he did not appear so very unlike the settlers who came down from their stations in the bush to my brother's house in Sydney. But I was greatly afraid of coming into the presence of an English lady, whose traditional grandeur and refinement had been the topic of my mother's nursery tales. I remembered them all, as Mr. Grainger carried me, benumbed and wrapped up as I was, from the dog-cart into the large hall, in the center of which he sat me down, and stood off a pace or two, to scrutinize me as a curiosity.

We were approached by a middle-aged woman, somewhat stately in her deportment, but motherly enough to make me feel a sudden hope that this was my hostess. Mr. Grainger, however, looked round him with an air of dissatisfaction, and speaking in a short, sharp tone, inquired:

"Where is Miss Grainger, Parrot?"

"In the drawing-room, sir," was the reply.

"Pooh! nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Just help Mrs. Grainger off with some of those things; and we will go to her at once, if the mountain won't come to Mohammed!"

"Sir, Miss Yardley is there," said Parrot significantly.

He checked his impatience in a moment, casting a hasty but criticizing glance over his own travel-worn aspect, and my dishevelled, wearied appearance; and coming to Parrot's assistance, he helped to unshell me from the multitude of wrappings in which I was mantled, and presented me in all my diminutiveness and childishness to Parrot's wondering eyes.

"Not Mr. Harry's widow?" she ejacu-

lated involuntarily, as her master had done before her.

Mr. Grainger nodded a silent affirmation, and bade her attend me in my room; which she did in a gentle and tender manner, though I caught her now and then fixing on me a very puzzled and bewildered regard. The arrangement and fashion of the strange room embarrassed me; I did not know the use of half the articles on the dressing-table; and Parrot's prolonged scrutiny of me when I had completed my short toilet made me turn again anxiously to my looking-glass before descending to the drawing-room. The reflection did not reassure me. My only black dress, which I had put on as mourning, was a velvet robe, worn by my mother at a colonial ball some years before she died; and it hung in straight heavy folds round my slight figure, making my brown face and short tangled curls look as quaint and elfish as if I had purposely clad myself in some grotesque disguise. I envied the staid, self-possessed Parrot her acquaintance with English customs and etiquette, while I followed her with a beating heart, consciously ignorant of the manner in which I ought to enter a drawing-room.

The drawing-room door, flung wide open by Parrot, revealed a scene almost as white and frigid as the landscape without. I stood in the doorway, a shy, nervous, shrinking girl from the colony, anxiously gazing round a large and elegant room, which seemed a confused mass of cloudy curtains and coverings. Three windows, with delicate white drapery over pale blue, looked out upon the snowy park; chairs, sofas, and ottomans were veiled under a profusion of white network; the walls, of a pale, creamy tinge, were hung with light paintings; here and there were little tables, with their spindle legs supporting services of old china of the most shell-like fabric; and the marble chimney-piece contained similar fragile ornaments, to the number of forty-seven, as I discovered by counting them one day afterwards. Two ladies, of whom I dimly discerned only a full light amplitude of form and raiment, were seated gracefully in lounging-chairs upon the hearth; while I saw myself in a large pier-glass opposite as the only blot, a little speck of blackness, upon the frosty elegance of the tableau.

I was trembling on the threshold, fearful of treading my way through the labyrinth of tables and ottomans, when a hand, with whose well-shaped and muscular proportions I was already familiar, took mine within its encouraging clasp, as if I were a child. Mr. Grainger led me into the room, clearing every obstacle without apparent effort; and addressing the two ladies, who rose with a ceremonious and formal demeanor at our approach, he said, in an appealing voice:

"Eliza, this is Mrs. Henry Grainger. This is poor Harry's young wife, my dear Lavinia."

Miss Grainger was a large, plump, blonde woman, about forty years of age, with a certain self-conscious stateliness and grandeur, well befitting her importance as the lady of a manor house. There was nothing faint or feeble about her, and her prejudices in particular were very strong. Moreover, her strongest prejudice was in favor of knowing every body, with whom she was brought into any close contact, "from their cradle." She had spent her whole forty years at Sherwood, a small and isolated village, where all the families native to it were reticulated into a perfect network of kindred by intermarriages and distant cousinships; and where every household was patent to her, and patronized by her. A dark, mysterious episode, brooded over by dire suspicion, was any prolonged absence from Sherwood by any of its inhabitants, scarcely to be redeemed by an unbroken course of decorous and virtuous conduct through a protracted season of probation. Foreigners were her dread and aversion, and all who were not purely English she counted such. Until yesterday morning she had not known that I was born at all; and now I came, neither English born nor English bred, to dwell under the same roof in a close domestic intercourse. Since Mr. Grainger's departure, she had alternately bewailed Harry's fatal voyage, to which she had always been opposed, and studied with an appalled interest a work entitled *Botany Bay; or, the Penal Settlements of Australia*, reading herself well up in the convict history of the colony as it had been thirty or forty years before. When her brother placed me face to face with her, she ventured her lips to my cheek with as much caution and rapidity as if she were touching an icicle from the fringed eaves, and fell back instantly after

the freezing salute. The younger lady, who was also a tall, fair-haired woman, resembling Miss Grainger, was more prodigal of her caresses, as women are apt to be in the presence of a lover; she folded me impressively in her arms, with a considerable show of affectionate sympathy, for which she was rewarded by Mr. Grainger kissing her hand with an air of courtly homage, and drawing a chair near to hers, after he had seated me in one opposite the trio.

In the mirror above the marble chimney-piece I could see myself perched uncomfortably upright upon my chair, having a vague recollection of my mother telling me, when I was a child, that the ladies in England never lolled upon their seats. A conversation about my husband's relatives, in the course of which I was informed that Miss Yardley's great-aunt was cousin to Harry's mother, gradually merged into a magisterial examination of myself, conducted by Miss Grainger.

"Mrs. Henry Grainger," she began, "you are aware that we know absolutely nothing of your antecedents and connections. It is a most remarkable circumstance that Harry never mentioned your name in his communications to us, nor indeed the name of any young single person of your sex."

"I am afraid," I interrupted apologetically, "that Harry had no idea of marrying me till he was just starting home, or else he would have spoken of me, I dare say."

"May I inquire what your maiden name was?" asked Miss Grainger.

"Victoria Sydney Burke," I replied; and reminiscences of the great criminal of that name no doubt flashed across her troubled mind. "My brother Will is a lawyer in Sydney, but our house is on the Woolloomooloo road. Tom, my youngest brother, is assistant police-magistrate at Bathurst. I have no other relations."

"Did you bring your marriage-certificate with you?" she asked.

"Oh, dear, no!" I exclaimed; "I never thought of such a thing. But we could get it any day at the Yorke-street Chapel, where we were married."

"Married at chapel!" cried Miss Grainger, who, with all the people of Sherwood, was a staunch churchwoman. "A Grainger married at chapel! Jumped over a broom-stick nine times, I suppose!"

"I never heard of such a custom in the colony," I answered, partly perplexed and partly irritated. "We have not all the sects there that you have here, I dare say. But I told Will directly after that we had been married there, and he said what could not be cured must be endured."

"Eliza," interposed Mr. Grainger, "Captain Thompson's letter was quite satisfactory."

Miss Grainger was silent for a few minutes, glancing over the pages of her volume on *Botany Bay*, while Mr. Grainger and Miss Yardley conversed apart, she with an air of maidenly condescension, and he with looks and tones of the most refined deference. I watched them all with furtive but keen inspection.

"Were you born in Australia?" suddenly inquired my examiner.

"We were all born in the colony," I said, with a mournful pride. "My father emigrated from Ireland when he was quite young, and my mother was a native of Paramatta, but her parents were English. I don't think we have any relations living in England. I am sure none ever wrote to us."

Miss Grainger paused again, as she unobtrusively referred to the index of her *Guide to the Penal Settlements* for the town of Paramatta, until her misgivings conquered every dictate of hospitality and good-breeding.

"You are very young, my dear," she said insinuatingly; "do not be afraid of us. We shall not judge you, or any body else, harshly. But you would relieve my mind very considerably if you could inform me for what reason your parents emigrated to Botany—I mean to the Australian settlements. Don't be afraid of confiding in us."

She uttered the last words in a persuasive and patronizing accent; but it was utterly impossible that my colonial susceptibility on this point should leave me in ignorance as to her meaning. I, the daughter of free settlers, who had never spoken on equal terms with any descendant of a convict, was asked significantly for what reason my parents had emigrated! I sprang from my seat, and confronted my amazed guardian with flaming eyes and hurried, quivering lips.

"Take me back," I gasped, stamping my feet with rage; "I will not stay in this house for one single night. She means that my father was a transport—a

felon. I will go back to Sydney in the next steamer. You have no right to detain me here. I am a married woman."

Mr. Grainger left his seat by Miss Yardley, and drew me to his side soothingly, with his arm round my shoulders, while he lowered his voice into a very quiet and soft tone.

"Come, come, my child; be calm," he said. "Eliza did not mean to hurt you. It is necessary for you to stay with us for a time, and you will grieve me if you do not live here, in Harry's home, contentedly. You shall stay as my own peculiar guest. Here in England we are not accustomed to see married women like you wandering about without any protection. There, go away to your own room for to-night; and to-morrow you shall show me all poor Harry's papers. Lavinia, will you have the goodness to accompany this poor little girl?"

Miss Yardley passed her arm round my shoulders where Mr. Grainger's had rested, and conducted me up-stairs, staying until she had completely pacified my brief passion. When she had soothed me into a sufficient degree of quietness, she commenced her own private investigation.

"Poor Harry!" she sighed. "You are aware, my love, that he went out on business for Mr. Grainger? Do you know whether he succeeded or not?"

"We never talked about business," I answered, sobbing again at the mention of Harry's name, "because we were only married three weeks. But I am afraid he failed, for he said one day he wished he had died at home—he had done more harm than good by coming out."

"We shall know for certain to-morrow," she said, glancing round at the huge pile of trunks in the corner. She sat still for a long time, gazing into the fire with her light, shallow, glassy eyes, and smiling every now and then as she tapped her foot restlessly upon the fender. Just as I was falling asleep that night, she came in again to ask me if I were comfortable, and stayed looking at my luggage until she heard Mr. Grainger's step upon the stairs, leaving me with a sweet-toned "Good-night" as he passed my door. No doubt he thought her an angel.

The next day Harry's boxes were carried down into Mr. Grainger's private room. They were all opened and examined by him and me alone; but several times my ear caught the rustling of silk

and the tread of stealthy footsteps in the hall, and I should have been glad to open the door unexpectedly. When every loose paper had been collected, and poor Harry's desk placed upon the center-table, Mr. Grainger seated me in a large, magisterial-looking chair on the hearth, and taking up a position opposite to me, addressed me solemnly:

"You are very young to hear about our family-affairs," he said; "but, as Harry's widow, you have a right to know why I am about to examine his private papers, and even his letters. I must tell you that I have an elder half-brother, who ran away from home at the age of eighteen; and no authentic intelligence has been received of him since, though various rumors have reached us from different quarters. My father died six years since, bequeathing his estate to Rowland, if he should return within seven years of his decease; failing which, Sherwood Manor became inalienably mine, and Russett Farm, the portion of the younger son, became the inheritance of your husband, whom my father regarded as his own child. In the event of Rowland's return, he was to succeed to the Manor and I to the farm, while Harry was to receive from Rowland the sum of three thousand pounds. Henry and I felt ourselves bound in honor and conscience to make every effort to find my missing brother. A few months ago we heard a rumor of his having been seen in Sydney, and Henry, to whom a long sea-voyage was recommended, proceeded thither at my instigation. His letters, until the last, contained no information; but in that your brother's name occurs, and he speaks of some clew he has discovered. Yet his sudden intention of returning home appears to be against the supposition that he had traced Rowland. In your presence I will examine his desk. We shall also see if he has made any will in your favor."

Mr. Grainger unlocked the desk, and removed the papers with a deliberate and reverential hand, passing each packet to me that I might glance over its contents. Very weary and sad I felt before the task was over, which at last brought us to the conclusion that Harry had failed in his mission, and no trace of Rowland Grainger had been discovered in Sydney. Mr. Grainger went alone to communicate the result of our search to his sister and Miss Yardley, and the intelligence appeared to

give them unmingled satisfaction, for both addressed me pleasantly when I joined them; and Lavinia in particular, when Mr. Grainger was absent, displayed an exuberance of spirits which went far to dissipate my awe and shyness.

Still, through all the winter, while the severity of the climate imprisoned me, I felt myself an alien in this very orderly, somewhat ceremonious, and formal household. In Miss Grainger's estimation I was a questionable and suspicious inmate of it, needing a very strict surveillance, lest I should be connected with some "gang," visions of whom floated before her apprehensive mind day and night. I chafed and fretted under her prying vigilance exceedingly, until the spring came to free me, and my Cousin Humphrey made me his special charge and companion in his unfettered out-door life, which suited me tenfold better than the polished drawing-room seclusion of the ladies. They gave me up then to the savagery of my untamed youth, and the unfettered colonial spirit I had brought with me from Sydney.

Miss Yardley had been the ward of the late Mr. Grainger, and had been engaged to Cousin Humphrey for ten years. Nothing could be more exquisite than the courtly chivalry of his mode of wooing, with all the graceful but somewhat solemn punctilio of a Sir Charles Grandison. Humphrey Grainger, with his gun and dogs, roaming over his fields, and chatting to a garrulous Australian girl, who was incorrigibly wild, and could never be trained into a decorous ladyhood, was a very different personage to the distinguished and stately gentleman who presented himself before Miss Yardley in the drawing-room, and attended upon every glance with the assiduous reverence of a vassal. Miss Yardley received his homage with a coy coldness very well befitting it; and I, with my impatience and restlessness of life, wondered how long such a courtship could be carried on.

It was not to continue long after my arrival, which had been such a crisis in their uneventful lives. Lavinia left Sherwood, to reside for a time with an aunt in Cheltenham; and her departure was the signal for the invasion of a whole host of painters, and decorators, and ornamental gardeners. Miss Grainger began to look out for a suitable residence in the near vicinity, where she could still

be among her own people, whom she had known from their cradles. Every evening, before Humphrey could venture upon smoking a cigar, he had to write a long letter upon scented paper, and with laborious precision. The villagers, too, as they crossed our path in our daily rambles, gave utterance to respectful hints and jests, at which the squire's face would redden like a girl's, though he could not forbear smiling happily. I should have been glad to think I should see a real English wedding before I returned to the colony, if I had not felt an irrational antipathy to the bride-elect.

The alterations and embellishments in house and garden were in their very wildest confusion of progress, when one day in June I found myself with nothing to do, and time hanging heavily upon my hands, as my Cousin Humphrey was gone to a neighboring town on business. With true feminine instinct I turned to the inspection of my girlish colonial finery and treasures, to while away the hours till he returned. There had been no need to open some of my boxes, and they remained as I had packed them at home. One especially, which had been kept in my cabin during the first month of my voyage, as it contained the dresses I had selected for wearing on board, had been untouched by me since the day it had been stowed below in the hold, after I had assumed my only black gown. I remembered so well closing down the lid upon all my bright bridal outfit, bought hastily in the stores in Sydney, while I put on my dead mother's robe to honor the memory of my dead husband. As I raised the lid again, I saw lying at the top a loose warm cloak of poor Harry's, which had always hung at the head of his berth, ready to be thrown on in a moment if any casualty should occur. I had thought no more of it after wrapping it up and putting it into the box to fill up the space of my velvet dress; but now, as I lifted it up tenderly, as if it still belonged to him, I felt that one of the pockets was carefully stitched up, and contained a small packet of papers.

I had them out as quickly as my fingers, trembling with eagerness, could unfasten the close stitching. They were three letters from my brother Tom at Bathurst, in answer to some inquiries made by Will on behalf of my husband. Tom said he knew Rowland Grainger, who was then working

at the diggings, and had led him into a conversation about his early life. He had run away from Sherwood in a passion of jealousy and resentment against his step-mother, resolved not to return home until he was independent of every one. That would not be at present, Tom remarked; for he was a reckless, half-civilized, dare-devil fellow, notorious even among the motley and lawless population of the Macquarrie Plains. It was evident from these letters, that for some reason Harry had not confided to either of my brothers the real object of his inquiries, but rather that he had given them the impression that he expected some aid from his kinsman toward settling in the colony. I read Tom's letter till my head ached, trying to conjecture all the consequences of this discovery. At last I roused myself to the recollection that my Cousin Humphrey must be home by this time, and that I should find him in the library writing to Lavinia. He was, as I anticipated, busy with one of his tinted, scented love-letters, and only nodded good-temperedly as I opened the door, where I stood for a minute or two, watching the gleaming of his honest eyes, and his lips moving half with a smile, and half with the unconscious whispering of the words he was writing to his Lavinia. At the thought of her I gained courage, and stealing to his side I laid my brown hand upon the delicate paper.

"Don't interrupt me, Tory," he exclaimed; "you know I can not write easily. I am not clever at it, and even your presence rather disturbs me."

"Cousin Humphrey," I said, "I have just found these letters in a cloak of Harry's."

I stood beside him while he read them, enduring without shrinking the grasp of his iron hand upon my small fingers. The lines upon his forehead—for there will be marked lines upon the forehead of most men who are nearing forty—deepened into heavy wrinkles, and he set his teeth together as he gazed up into my face for some minutes before he spoke.

"I can not bear it, Tory," he said. "I had made up my mind to it before you came; but now—now, when I am getting my home ready for Lavinia, after all these years of waiting! I am not bound to send for him. If Rowland comes back of himself before October, he must have the place; but after that I am safe."

"But he is found," I whispered; "your

brother is found; but he will not come home of himself. He will never hear of your father's will till he has lost his inheritance. If Harry had told him, he would have been master here now. Cousin Humphrey, you said once you were bound by conscience and honor: can that bond ever be destroyed?"

"But to bring such a man to my father's home—to this peaceful little village! He will be a curse to it," said Humphrey.

"I don't know what is right," I replied sorrowfully; "but if we had found these letters last December, when we looked for them, you would have written to your brother, and he would have been on his way home now. Do perfect honor and honesty depend upon an accident like this? If you could only decide upon what is right, and leave the rest to God!"

"But Lavinia!" he groaned.

"She will love you the better for it," I said, but not in perfect honesty myself, for I did not believe it in my heart. "If I were Lavinia, I would rather go with you into the bush than live upon a brother's birthright."

The remainder of the tinted sheet of paper on the desk before him was filled up with a very different subject, and far less elaborate penmanship than usual. Miss Grainger resented my unfortunate discovery bitterly, and appeared to think there was something felonious in my act of locking up my husband's coat in my own trunk, and that my finding the letters after this interval was part of a conspiracy. Cousin Humphrey, as if to strengthen himself against any return of indecision, made it known throughout Sherwood that Rowland was at length traced out; and at every time of telling the story to some old retainer who remembered his brother, his tone grew steadier and more cordial, as though he would be ready to give the prodigal a hearty welcome. All that was lacking to complete his resignation was Lavinia's reply.

It did not come for several days, during which Humphrey was restless and anxious; but one morning a letter for him, and another for Miss Grainger, arrived. He carried his away from the breakfast-table to the retirement of the library; but I had the double pleasure of seeing Miss Grainger read hers with a most expressive face, and afterwards of reading it myself. It was a long and very pious letter, full of admiration at the mysterious

ways of Providence; extremely affectionate too, for she said that, though Humphrey had so nobly and generously released her from an engagement long distasteful to her feelings, she saw nothing to interfere with the sisterly attachment which had existed between them from her cradle. It was this last sentence that lashed Miss Grainger into fury, and ever afterwards rankled in her mind.

"Base creature!" she exclaimed; "it is too true. I have known her from her very cradle, but I could never have believed this. Away with such women! they are not fit to live. Providence! When any body does a mean, disgraceful, villanous action, they lay the blame on Providence. I have no patience. Oh Mrs. Harry, is it possible that such a woman can be found on English soil?"

I was ashamed to discover in my own heart a latent, hardly-acknowledged sense of satisfaction, not at all sympathetic with Humphrey's unhappiness, but which enabled me to join most cordially in all Miss Grainger's censures; and as nothing has a more reconciling tendency than a thorough unison of antipathy and resentment against another, the false-hearted Lavinia became the bond of union between us. All the morning we mourned over Humphrey, and wept compassionating tears, until, both of us growing anxious about him, Miss Grainger requested me, as a privileged intruder, to venture boldly into his presence.

The library was empty; but the window was open, and I passed through it into the park, where the hay was being made. A glance was enough to convince me that my gigantic cousin was not among the group of haymakers who were loading the wagons with the great cocks which he and I had helped to pile up the day before. I knew Humphrey's haunts well; and a moment's consideration turned my steps to the coppice of fir-trees beyond the park, where a path, slippery with brown needle-like spines from the bough over-head, led to a little meadow inclosed by woods, and sheltered with wild high hedges of rose-brier and thorn. Last night we had been watching the haymakers rake the newly-mown grass into long wavy swaths; and we had lingered after they were gone in the moonlight, sitting under a bowery hawthorn tree in the midst, by whose roots a mountain-brook rushed rapidly and noisily down its narrow channel. The

field-gate was swinging upon its hinges, and as I passed through it I saw in an instant that Humphrey was there, lying under the thorn-tree, and motionless—so motionless; that, as I stood afar off straining my eyes to detect some symptoms of animation, my heart beat with a sudden panic, and darting down swiftly to his side, I bent over him, and laid my hand softly upon his uncovered head. Then he moved to shake it off, but did not look up.

"It is only Tory, Cousin Humphrey," I whispered, sitting down beside him.

Cousin Humphrey hid his face upon my lap, and burst into such a passion of tears and sobs as only a strong man long unused to weeping can suffer; while I could say nothing to him, could do nothing for him, but press my hands lightly upon his bowed head, and reproach myself angrily for the unconquerable satisfaction I felt in the cause of his terrible grief.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed at last, rising and shaking himself wrathfully. "I don't mind you, Tory; but I could not endure any one else seeing my weakness. Oh Tory! I have had no hope these ten years but that of making Lavinia my wife."

"She is a hateful—" I began.

"Hush! not yet!" he interrupted, with a look of pain. "You must not say a word against her, Tory. All to-day every hope and plan I have ever formed have been passing through my mind again; and all the letters she has written, and every word of love, so few and rare, that she has ever spoken. I shall never be the same man again. See, Tory, here is her portrait."

It was a delicate miniature on ivory, with a smile upon the fair false face. He had been keeping it close in his hand; but as he held it toward me, I snatched it from him in a sudden freak of indignation, and dashed it against the stones of the mountain-stream at our feet. He looked amazed, and in some degree ruthless—this rather slow, impassive, phlegmatic British gentleman; but he made no effort to recover the shattered fragments, already whirling down the tiny eddies of the rejoicing current. He lifted me over the brook, which I had crossed unaided in running down to him, and carried me some paces beyond it, held fast and close in his arms; and as we walked home side by side he rested his hand upon my shoulder, leaning

upon me, and being led by me as one blind with rage or sorrow.

Never was I so mortified and humiliated in my life as to perceive how quickly a man can rally after the most cruel blow dealt by the most faithless of our sex. Sadly, with merciless reprobation of Lavinia's perfidy, I allotted many months for the term of Cousin Humphrey's mourning over the blighted hopes of his life, fearing that, as he said, he would never be the same man again. Mr. Grainger was moody, and inclined to an excess in solitary cigars, the next day and the day after; but on the fourth morning I heard him as usual early under my window, whistling his dogs about him, and summoning me imperiously to our customary stroll through the dewy fields. In a week he could laugh as heartily as ever; and before a fortnight had passed he was able to speak of Miss Yardley with Grandisonian magnanimity and courtesy, only smiling at Miss Grainger's very severe strictures, when along the chain of our numerous relatives ran the electric communication that Lavinia was going to marry a clergyman in Cheltenham.

For the first three or four months of my sojourn at Sherwood, the subject of my thoughts and conversation had been the letter that Mr. Grainger had written to my brother, and the reply I anticipated receiving from him. But as the many silent months passed by which could bring no message from my distant home, it seemed as if the limitless sea had flowed over Australia, so forgetful was I grown of its associations, so careless of hearing again of my brother's home. It was almost like the shock of an unexpected event when, at the end of August, a colonial letter arrived addressed to my cousin; and I could hardly conceal or control my agitation as I leaned over the back of his chair to read it with him. It was a very brief and laconic note, written by one of my brother's clerks:

"SIR: I am instructed by Mr. William Burke to reply to yours of Dec. 18th ult. You will oblige him by embarking Mrs. Victoria Sydney Grainger in the next mail-steamer leaving England. Inclosed is a draft for the passage out, and for the incidental expenses incurred by you during Mrs. V. S. G.'s residence under your roof."

Humphrey's sun-burnt face grew more

swarthily red as he perused this short epistle, and Miss Grainger bridled with haughty hospitality, though there was something reassuring in this ready remittance, which had no taint of felony or poverty about it. Little was said, but both of them seemed to consider my immediate departure inevitable; and Miss Grainger commenced energetic preparations for it, insisting upon providing me with a thorough English outfit, as if we could not procure similar articles in the colony. She would not rest without making Humphrey go down to Southampton beforehand, wasting four of my precious days, that he might secure the very best and most comfortable cabin for me; and after his return she studied all the almanacs she could find to ascertain when the equinoctial gales would begin, every evening giving us a different and more appalling statement respecting them.

The equinoctial gales had sent no pioneer breeze before them on the third Sunday in September. It was a warm, soft, brilliant day, with the scented fragrance of early autumn pervading the serene atmosphere; a very quiet, peaceful day, with neither business sounds nor the boisterous merriment of village children at play; only the chiming of the church-bells, which rang like a knell to me. I was very miserable, hearing amid the stillness the monotonous splash of waves, as they had followed me during that long separating voyage of my widowhood; a wilderness of desolate waves, which I was again to cross. In the evening I strolled out with Cousin Humphrey, to wander, without aim or purpose, through the fields, as our custom had been all the summer through, talking together in a subdued tone, partly of reverence for the day, and partly of quiet enjoyment. But to-day I could not talk; and Humphrey, sitting on the stile which divided two of his corn-fields, lit his cigar, and smoked in placid silence, while I placed myself on the cross-bar at his feet. These golden shocks of corn, standing erect with plumed heads, I had watched growing from the first tender blade; and they were ripe and ready for gathering in now—memorials of all the pleasant rambles across these furrows since early spring. I remembered Humphrey pointing out to me the first swallow that ventured to try his dusky wings; and here was a whirling, careering crowd of them, shrieking with delight as they

darted in and out among the upright sheaves. Australia was so far away! This fond, long, lingering twilight, full of vague suggestions and emotions, dearer to me than the broad common light and darkness of my native land; the wild melody of song ringing from tree to tree, which stirred my heart uneasily though rapturously; those deep, mystic shadows of the broad-leaved trees—I felt that it would break my heart to hear and see all this no more. Yet we sat so still in the fading light of the western sky behind us, that an indolent grasshopper at my feet crawled lazily through the bending spears of grass, not caring to leap out of our motionless shadows; and a linnet in a poplar-tree near us sang deliriously, in an ecstasy of song, as it faced the crimson sunset. I watched and listened, thinking listlessly of the barren and silent waters I had to voyage over, until both grasshopper and linnet disappeared; and, as if I were already come to the moment of my departure, I wrung my hands with a gesture of despair, and turned away my face from Humphrey's scrutiny.

"What ails my little woman now?" he asked, in the lowered, modulated tone he reserved for me, and only used to me upon rare occasions. "What does all this trouble mean at this particular moment?"

"Oh, nothing!" I sobbed; "only foolishness. I feel so tossed about from country to country; and I want to be at rest somewhere. It is so peaceful here! I don't want to leave these singing-birds, and this long, pleasant dusk. I like England best now. I found it out this morning in church when we read, 'forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.' I've done it, Cousin Humphrey; and, oh, I am so afraid of that long voyage alone!"

"Is there nothing else you do not want to leave?" asked the same low, tender voice.

"Oh, I don't want to leave you!" I said recklessly; "at least not just yet. I should like to stay till you were settled at Russett Farm, so that I might know the rooms you were living in when I am away in the colony. I could be of some use to you now, Cousin Humphrey; I could help you now that you are going to be a poor man."

"Tory, if you are to stay any longer with me, it can only be as my wife."

I did not move or speak, but sat like a statue, looking straight forward at the

sheaves of corn. There was a breathless pause, for the birds had finished singing, and the swallows, fled to distant fields, were only just visible against the evening sky. The only sound was the tiny rustling of the poplar-leaves overhead, clapping continuously together with a small, cheery murmur of applause.

"Stand up, Tory, and look at me," said Humphrey.

I obeyed him. His face was anxious and overcast, and his eyes met mine with a keen and penetrating gaze. I stretched out my hand to him, and he grasped it in both of his.

"Don't let me be a selfish scoundrel, Tory," he said, in a tone of remonstrance; "don't let me take advantage of your impulsive nature. God knows, till Lavinia jilted me, I never thought of this; never felt what a void there would be in my life when my little Australian was gone back to her colony. But I found it out when I discovered that I was not unhappy at Lavinia's desertion. It is this simple, wild, untaught, unfettered little Linnet, that was nestling down in my heart, and making the music of home for me. I shall miss you every hour of the day; every time I cross my fields; every moment I spend alone in my library."

"I will not go," I murmured.

"My darling, you have made one mistake in your generous, impetuous youth. Remember, I am an old man compared to you; impoverished now; rejected, too, by the woman betrothed to me for years, Tory, be careful how you answer me."

"I don't like young men," I answered; and Mr. Grainger laughed at my earnestness, a laugh full of triumph and satisfaction; "and I hate being grand and formal and rich; and, oh, I shall enjoy Lavinia's knowing that she has not broken your heart. I shall make such a good farmer's wife; and you will love me all my life long."

The twilight, lingering as it was, had quite died away before we moved; and then, as we walked home through the dark, Humphrey's arm carefully round me lest I should stumble, I began to tremble for the effect our communication would

have upon Miss Grainger. In the hall I paused, and looking timidly up to him, I asked, in a whisper: "How ever are we to tell Eliza?"

"Let us do it at once," he said promptly.

She was studying the equinoctial gales when we entered the drawing-room; and Humphrey, leading me to her with something of the grave deference of his old manner to Lavinia, informed her that I had done him the honor to accept him as a suitor. She did not comprehend him at first; but when the truth dawned upon her, she saw in it only a triumph over Lavinia, and she earnestly entreated that we would be married before that treacherous creature. The next day she wrote to Lavinia's aunt, who was of some remote degree of consanguinity, and gave her a highly eulogistic description of Humphrey's bride—"a young lady quite after my own heart, from the colony of Australia, whose brothers are two of the leading men of Sydney; and who will come into possession of a very large property, bequeathed to her by her estimable father, as soon as she is of age. My brother Humphrey justly considers himself the happiest of men."

We were married, and settled at Russett Farm before Rowland Grainger returned. Never did a fastidious, prejudiced gentlewoman suffer a greater agony of dismay than did Miss Grainger, when unexpectedly one day the master of Sherwood Manor presented himself before her—a brawny, stalwart frame, attired in a blue Guernsey frock belted round the waist, and a bearded, weather-beaten face, round which the hair fell in shaggy locks. But Rowland proved better than we expected. He subsided into a self-contained, rather quiet, and respectable country gentleman, not at all difficult to live with, as Eliza proved, for she continued to reign as lady-paramount at Sherwood Manor; and Rowland was never weary of narrating to her the most extraordinary stories of that long episode in his life which he had spent very far away from the safe domestic circle of anxious relatives, who would have rejoiced in scanning every step of his path from his cradle to his grave.

CAPTAIN SPEKE AND CAPTAIN GRANT.

WE present to our readers this month the well-engraved portraits of these renowned explorers of Africa. In the absence of their persons we are quite sure their portraits will receive a cordial welcome. Their arrival in England was hailed with demonstrations of joy. A special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held at Burlington House on the 2d of July. Sir Roderick Murchison presided. The house was densely crowded, and many ladies were present, and it was with difficulty that Captains Speke and Grant could make their way to the platform. On being recognized they were greeted with hearty and reiterated cheers. Their skill, courage, and enterprise have solved a problem of which Homer speaks, concerning which Herodotus offered ingenious speculations, in which will be found strange germs of fact which baffled Alexander and gave Nero occupation. At this great meeting Captain Speke gave the following account of his travels. He said:

IN attempting to describe the extent and character of this great river—the Nile—compared with its tributaries, within the limits of actual inspection by myself, I will first treat of its head, the Victoria Nyanza, from its southern extremity—which I found by astronomical observation in 1858 to be close on three degrees south of the equator—and gradually bring it down to its point of debouchure in the Mediterranean Sea, thirty-one degrees north of the equator, by which it will be seen the Nile represents, considering it lies almost in one direct line from south to north, a total, in round numbers, of two thousand miles (geographical rectilinear) in length, and is therefore nearly one tenth the circumference of the globe. It must be borne in mind, however, that my observations respecting this great river are not the result of one expedition, but of two; that I have not actually followed its banks from head to foot, but have tracked it down, occasionally touching on it, and even navigating it as occasion offered, for the barbarous nature of the African

forbids the traveler doing as he likes; therefore, to give full weight to any inferences I may draw, deduced from what I have only seen in part, I will blend native information with my own experiences, and in doing so, shall hope to teach others what I know, and beyond that, what I believe myself. In the year 1858, when I discovered the Victoria Lake, which is the great reservoir of the Nile, I found it a large sheet of sweet water lying on the main level, or from three thousand to four thousand feet above the sea level of the great interior plateau of equatorial Africa, looking for all the world like the source of some great river; so much so, indeed, that I at once felt certain in my own mind it was the source of the Nile, and noted it accordingly. To add to this impression the natives, who there only know it by the name of Nyanza, which equally means lake, pond, and river, described its extension in this confused manner to the northward as being boundless, while its breadth really—in fact its circumference—was enormous; greater, if any thing, on the east than on its western side, for the negro informants knew the names of all the countries surrounding the lake, and must, had they understood the value of geographical definitions, have been able to separate the River Nile from the Nyanza, and to reduce their explorations to any common understanding. Other informants—Arab merchants and their slaves, residents of Zanzibar, who penetrate Africa in quest of ivory, who had completed the whole circuit of the Nyanza, not individually but separately, some on one side and some on the other—assured me the Nyanza was the source of some great river. They knew not what, though they had heard confused accounts from the natives living on the equator of the European ivory merchants who frequented the Nile in vessels at five degrees north latitude, and had further heard through the same channel that with the rising of the Nile, and consequently the violence of its waters, islands were floated down its surface, which really is the case, not composed of earth and stone, but tangled

roots of trees, rush, and grass, with even sometimes huts upon them, which, otherwise undisturbed, are torn away by the violence of the stream, and carried down perfect floating islands. Then, again, these men described the territory between the Nile and Asua rivers as an island on the one side, and the land comprising the ancient kingdom of Kittara, according to their acceptance of the word, as an island, also being nearly circumscribed by the Kitangulé and Luta Nzigé rivers, in conjunction with the Lake Nyanza and the Nile. No merchants, however, had crossed the first parallel of north latitude; none understood geography. They heard what the natives said, but could not fully comprehend them, and thus it was that a doubt still existed in every body's mind but my own as to the origin of the Nile, which no one would believe until I went again and turned the river down from head to mouth.

Had I been all alone in this first expedition I should have settled the Nile in 1859, by traveling from Unyanyembi to Uganda with an Indian merchant, Musor Mzuri, who was prepared to go there; but my proposal having been negatived by the chief of the expedition, who was sick at the time and tired with the journey, I returned to England, and to my inexpressible delight, the very first day after my arrival here, found in Sir Roderick Impey Murchison a warm advocate and proposer to the Royal Geographical Society to complete what I had before begun, and, as may be imagined, I could not rest satisfied until the world accepted my own views, happily now verified by indisputable means of actual inspection and astronomical observation, that the Victoria Nyanza is the great reservoir of the Nile. Suffice it now to say, after returning to Unyanyembi, (the old point,) three degrees south of the lake, in 1861, I struck upon a new route, which I imagined, from the unsophisticated depositions of the ivory merchants, would lead me to a creek on the westerly flank of the Nyanza, situated on the southern boundary of Karaguvé. Geographical definitions were here again found wanting; for instead of a creek to the great lake appearing, a new lake was found called Luero, (white,) or Lake of Urigi, which formerly appeared to have contained a considerable amount of water, but is now fast drying up. Its head lies in Urundi, and, circling

round the south and east flanks of Karaguvé, in form of a mountain valley, is subsequently drained by the Kitangulé river into the Nyanza, but not in sufficient quantity to make any sensible impression on the perennial contents of the Nyanza basin. It is to the west and north of Karaguvé that the lake receives its greatest terrestrial supply of water, through the medium of the Kitangulé river, which, in draining the aforesaid Luero-lo-Urigi, drains off the superfluous waters of many minor lakes, as the Akeyard, in Urundi; the Luckurow, which is the second of a chain with the Akeyard; the Ingerzi and Karaguvé; and the little Windermere, which, in Karaguvé, lies below the capital on its south-eastern corner. None of these lakes are large—mere puddles in comparison to the great Victoria Nyanza; but still the Kitangulé river, after receiving all their contributions, is a noble river, low sunk like a huge canal, about eighty yards across, with a velocity of about four miles an hour, which appears equal to the Nile itself as soon as it issues from the lake by the Ripon Falls. The question naturally suggests itself, what forms these lakes? whence originate their waters? It is simply this: the Mountains of the Moon, in which they lie, encircling the northern end, and the Tanganyika Lake, are exposed to the influences of the rainy zone, where I observed, in 1862, no less than two hundred and thirty-three days out of the year were more or less wet days. Mashondé, in the upper portion of Uganda, is the first place where, in this second expedition, I obtained a view of the Victoria Lake, called in these more northern countries Luero, white—lo (of)—Luta (dead) Nzigé (locust,) in consequence of the reputed fact that flights of locusts, in endeavoring to cross these waters, have dropped down from fatigue, unable to accomplish such an extended journey on wing, and, perishing in the lake, have been found dead in dense masses by the boatmen. But, like the word Nyanza, it is also applied to the Nile and its tributaries, confounding all inquiry. For instance, the Waganda—who know of the Nile and the Little Luta Nzigé, a semi-lake tributary to it, flanking the northern boundary of Ungoro, that being the extent as to the instances of the dead locusts—say at once Uganda, conjoined with Ungoro, is an island, so that a man may walk for months and never

see the end of it. The whole is likewise called Nyanza there; for, as might be expected in countries where no literature is known, nor knowledge sought beyond the actual requirements of domestic life, the people are satisfied with local names, never troubling their heads with general specific ones. This is the explorer's greatest difficulty in endeavoring to put together the information which he hears, though it may be overcome by close questioning, even better with the natives than with the Arabs; for whilst the former regard all rivers flowing, as we do, from head to mouth, the Arab invariably says it goes from mouth to head. In a southerly direction the Waganda boatmen go as far as the Island Ukerwé, which I saw on my first journey to Muanzaat, the southern extremity of the lake; and to the eastward beyond the escape of the Nile, to the north-eastern corner of Victoria Lake, where by a strait they gain access to another lake in quest of salt, possibly the Baringo of Dr. Kraph, which he, from information gained through the natives, called Salt Lake, most likely because there are salt islands in it; which reasoning I deduce from the fact that on my former expedition, when the Arabs first spoke to me of the Little Luta Nzigé, they described it as a salt lake belonging to the Great Nyanza; yet not belonging to, it when further pressed upon the subject. The Great Nyanza waters were purely fresh and sweet. They, (the Arabs,) like Dr. Kraph, merely narrated what they heard. As salt islands were visited by the natives in search of that mineral, the surrounding waters naturally were considered salt by them, deprived as they were of those connecting links, which included the whole area of ground under consideration within the limits of the drainage system of the Nile.

The Arabs, it is now very clear, had heard of every thing in connection with the Nile; but from not being cognizant with the science of philosophical geography were unable to connect what they had gleaned in detached fragments from it. Dr. Kraph further tells us of a river trending from the river Nowey by Mount Kœnio toward the Nile. If such is the case it must be a feeder to the Baringo, whose waters pass off by the Asua river into the Nile, for the whole country immediately on the eastern side of the Victoria Nyanza is said by the Arabs, who

have traversed it for ivory, to be covered with low, rolling hills, intersected only by small streams and nullahs from this point in Muanza to the side stream, which is situated on the equator, on the northern boundary of the Victoria Nyanza. Turning now again to the Mas-horde, and proceeding north along the bending coast of Nyanza to the valley of Kalonga, which, being situated on the equator, the lake is constantly in view. The land above the lake is beautiful, composed of low sandstone hills, scoured down by small streams, the effect of constant rains, grown all over by gigantic grass, except where the numerous villagers have supplanted it by cultivation, or on the deltas where mighty trees, tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia, usurp the right of vegetation. The bed of the Nyanza has shrunk from its original dimensions, as we saw in the case of the Urigi Lake; and the moorlands immediately surrounding are covered with a network of large rush drains, with boggy bottoms, as many as one to every mile, even counting from the Kitanqula, which of itself was obviously at one period a much fuller stream than at the present day, when the old bed was on the level of the present surface of the water, and its breadth was double that which now exists. The Mountains of the Moon are wearing down, and so is Africa. Crossing the equator, altogether the conformation of the land appeared much the same, but increased in beauty; the drainage system was found the opposite, clearly showing we were on the north slope of Africa. One stream, the Mwérango, of moderate dimensions, said to arise in the lake, flowed north and joined the Nile in the kingdom of Unigoro, where its name is changed to Kafu; or another stream, the Luagevri, followed its example; and then, still further on from the center of the coast of Lake Nyanza, issued the parent stream of the Nile, flowing over rocks of igneous character twelve feet high, which, as the natives, and also some Arabs, simply designate by the simple name of stones, I have done myself the honor to christen the Ripon Falls, after his lordship, who was the president of the Royal Geographical Society when the expedition was set on foot. The escape of the Nyanza waters, twenty miles north of the equator, is the only one accurately inspected, owing to the barbarous restrictions placed

on visitors by the King of Uganda for the supposed maintenance of his dignity; but it mattered not, as by following the Nile we saw the junction of both the Kafu and Asua rivers, and crossed Luagevri immediately before its place of junction. Now proceeding down the Nile from the Ripon Falls, the river first bisects the sandstone continued hills, which extend into Usuoga above the coast-line of the lake, and rushes along north with mountain-torrent beauty, and then, having passed these hills, of no great extent, it turned through long flats more like a lake than a river, where, in Ungyoso, it was increased by the contribution of the Kafu and the Luagevri, and continued in this navigable form to the Karina Falls in Chopi, where again, the land dropping suddenly to the westward, we saw the river rushing along with boisterous violence, but would not follow it owing to the war which lay upon the track. It was indeed a pity, for not sixty miles from where we stood, by common report, the Little Luta Nzige, which I had taken so much trouble in tracing down its course from the Lunæ Montes with its salt islands in it, joined the Nile. The old river was next met with in the Madi country, due north of the Karina Falls, where it still bore the unmistakable character of the Nile—long flats, long rapids. The southern half of the Madi was a flat extending, we believe, to the junction of the Little Luta Nzige; the north, a rapid extending down to the navigable Nile—that is to say, the Nile which is navigable its entire length during the period of its flooding; and here it was the Asua river, of which we had heard, draining from the north-east corner of Victoria Lake, joins—in a rainy season an important feeder, but when low fordable. The rest of the Nile, considering it is navigated, really ought to be well known; but it is not so; as no one has yet taken the trouble to place udometers on its various branches, by which we might know the perennial amount of water drained away by each every year, and from want of which it appears to me—who have seen them all in their dry season, the best time for judging their various degrees of magnitude—great misconceptions have taken place. To these branches, then, more particularly, I wish to draw attention; noticing only that the Nile—the White river, as it is called—in its south bearings,

carries the palm with it in all instances, and its branching throughout has been so often described, especially to the junction of the Blue river. The first great affluent, which, indeed, is the only one worthy of remark on the left of the Nile, is the Bakr el Ghazal. It joins on with the appearance of a diminutive lake at the sharp elbow of the Nile, without any visible stream of its own, whilst the great river winds round with considerable velocity, carrying, as I have said, the palm with it. The second affluent in order of position, which with all the others is on the right of the Nile, is the Geraffee river, swirling with considerable stream and graceful round into the parent Nile. Its magnitude and general appearance is like that of a first-class canal, inferior to the Kitangulé river, although not so much as equal in quantity of fluid to one third of the Nile at its point of junction. It is navigable to a great distance south, but where it comes from nobody knows. It can not be called a mountain river, as we found it full of rosets floating on its surface as in the Nile, evidently showing that both the trunk and the branch are subjected to the same effects of sluggish flats and rapids. Indeed, its character suggests the possibility of its emanating in the Victoria Nyanza, although it most surely is fed to a considerable extent by minor branches from the Great Eastern mountain chain. The third is the Southern Sobat river, which was full and navigable. In breadth it is greater than the Geraffee river, but less in rapidity, so that we may infer their perennial contents are much the same. Unfortunately, the Northern Sobat was passed without our knowledge, which, also being navigable, would make the Upper Sobat, that is to say, the Sobat above the Delta, of far greater magnitude than the Geraffee, unless, indeed, the three streams may be one river still further south, when, in its combination the comparison would have to be drawn with the Nile above, it would be very nearly equal; for the Nile, with these additions, has scarcely doubled its importance, considered as it was seen from above, entering the Bakr el Ghazal. The Blue river was long assumed to be the Nile only because the perennial powers were never tested. It appears it is a mountain stream, emanating in the country without the rainy zone, but subject to the influence of tropical rains and droughts; at one time full, and

empty at another, so shallow as to be fordable. The suspicion, therefore, that it was the Nile must of itself appear absurd, for its waters, during the drougthy seasons, would be absorbed long before they reached the sea. But, apart from this feature of the amount of the Blue river, the Nile runs like a sluice in its wonted course; while the Blue river, conjoining with the Geraffee and Sobat, describes a graceful sweep. The Alhara, which is the last, is in all respects like the Blue, only smaller. With one more remark I will conclude. In the height of the dry season in the White river the Blue is freely navigated, owing to the great accessions of the Geraffee and Sobat rivers; but below the Blue and Alhara rivers to the sea the sand-banks obstruct further passage. There is one thing that I have left unstated, and that is the fact that, on my return, the first Englishman I met was Mr. Baker, with whose name you were already acquainted, come up for the purpose of helping us out of a scrape if we had got into one. Mr. Baker, hearing that there was one branch of the river that I had not explored, went on for the purpose of searching for it; and I trust that before another year is out we shall see him back to tell us all about it. Another remarkable event was that three ladies came up to meet me; but, one having been taken ill, Miss Tinney and her mother went up the river to satisfy their desire for geographical knowledge. I endeavored to persuade them to return, and subsequently wrote them a letter entreating them to give up their journey, with what result remains to be shown. If the remaining branch is not explored by these parties, why, I shall have to do the work myself.

In continuation of the subject, at the request of the meeting, Captain Speke further said:

In compliance with the suggestion of the president he proceeded to give some of the more interesting details connected with his journey. These statements he prefaced by a few general remarks respecting the physical geography, the flora, and fauna, and the natural history of the vast African continent. In a very clear and lucid manner he described a few of the interesting events in his journey from Zanzibar through Uzaramo, Usagara, Ucoco, M'Gunda, Unyamwezi, and Uzinza. Those portions of his narrative in which the greatest interest was displayed were those

which referred to the negro territories bordering close upon the great lake which had been so successfully tracked as the source of the Nile. Describing his adventures in Uganda, he said there was great difficulty in getting persons to accompany him. Of two men who had traveled with them some time, one expressed himself willing to go, and the other was jealous at his companion having any thing like superiority over him. All these men have their feelings of pride; they have their own standing and rank just as we have among ourselves. At last he decided to take Barakko with him, because he had hitherto found him a faithful and reliable servant; but after a short distance only had been got over he found, to his great surprise, that the native would accompany him no further, and he was compelled to return to Sorombo, which is a part of the kingdom of Uzina. There was no resource left but to reorganize the expedition, but this was no easy matter. The Arabs in this part had a dislike to him, and were suspicious of his real intentions; but at last he succeeded in finding one black man who expressed his willingness to aid him in his journey. The natives of these parts are tall and gaunt, and are certainly very superior to the common negro. The travelers were looked upon by the natives in this part as magicians. It happened while he was there that the King of Uganda had received some officers who had come on a mission from a neighboring king to solicit the hand of his daughter for their master. These plenipotentiaries told the king that their master was one of the mightiest of all the kings on earth, and if his prayer were not granted a dire and terrible vengeance would he take. The King of Uganda did more for the exploring party than any other king in the country. His influence was so great that it did not, in fact, leave them until they got to Lake Nyanza itself.

After leaving this kingdom, Captains Speke and Grant came to the delightful Mountains of the Moon, within the territory of the King of Nuanda. One of these hills he estimated to be at least ten thousand feet high, judging from the immense altitude which they appeared to be at the great distance where he saw them towering in the clouds above every thing else. The country was indeed a land of pleasure. He had come through a land of persecution, and now heartily appreci-

ated the change. The country was marvelously fine, and he could not have believed that there was any thing like it in the heart of Africa. Captain Grant and myself received at the hand of the king every possible consideration, who, when he first heard of our intention to go northward, was, however, much opposed, and endeavored to dissuade us from it by every argument in his power. The king was a most intelligent and inquiring man. His majesty asked questions about the geography of the world, and especially about the north, and was astonished to hear of the land surrounded by water. He asked about the stars and sun, and what became of the old suns and moons. His anxious desire was to obtain knowledge upon every topic which came under his notice. The king had heard of the extraordinary power of the white people, and wished to know from us whether it was not so great that, if we chose, we could blow up Africa. Scarcely a day passed while in this kingdom without going to pay a visit to the king; and many strange stories were told which he could not now remember. This amiable king gave him much valuable information, including all that about the system of lakes and rivers draining into the Nile, and others rising in the Mountains of the Moon and in Uganda. Indeed, from this information he was enabled to send home a map very nearly as good as that which he had since been able to prepare after his journey to the Nyanza. We went out shooting together, and sometimes his sons accompanied him, and they always acted in the most courteous and, he would say, gentlemanly manner. If he shot a rhinoceros, they would come up and congratulate him on his success, shaking him heartily by the hand.

When about to resume his journey, the king sent an officer to the King of Uganda, informing him of his wish to visit the country, and praying his brother potentate to afford every facility in his power. But he still did not wish him to pass to the northward. His conduct in this respect seemed very strange, and was the only thing, in fact, that was not agreeable during his stay in this part of the country. The gallant speaker referred to the illness which had overtaken his fellow-traveler, Captain Grant, at this stage of the journey, and proceeded to give some interesting accounts of his visit to and re-

ception by another sable monarch in the territory adjoining. Here he was surprised at the neatness and tidiness of the people, the manner in which they deported themselves, and the style of the native dress, which, he said, would not disgrace a fashionable promenade in London. These people of Uganda were a most superior set. The king had prepared a grand reception for him. On arriving at the place indicated, he found the palace filled with men and women; cattle were being led about the approaches to the palace; there were bands of musicians, and a great display of public rejoicing. When he reached the front of the palace the king had not arrived, and he was requested to sit upon the ground and wait the king's leisure, for his majesty was dressing. This, however, he declined to do, and walked back to his camp. The reason he did not sit down upon the ground was that he was anxious to assert a high position, and to obtain influence among the people, which might be useful to him in his future travels. When the king arrived and found that the Englishman had gone, he sent an officer to summon him back, and when he returned he explained to the king that he did not like to sit upon the ground, and that it was little better than an insult to ask him to do so. In Uganda no one had ever sat upon a chair or stool in the presence of the king, but he was allowed to sit upon a stool, so that he was the first person who had ever enjoyed the honor of thus sitting in the presence of the ruler of that nation. The king was seated on a throne of brass, beautifully dressed, and carried his shield and spear, and his warriors round him were also armed with spears. The officers squatted around the king, and with these a general conversation was kept up. Wearied with so long sitting in the sun, he (Captain Speke) put up his umbrella, to the intense wonder of the court and its sovereign. At last the courtiers and warriors left, and while in full stare at him, the king said: "Have you seen me?" He replied that he had had that pleasure, and, looking at his watch, found that he had enjoyed that gratification for exactly half an hour, and hoped his majesty was quite well. The king then went into the palace, to which he also had the honor of being invited. When he arrived there, he found, to his great surprise, that the king was sitting, not with men, as he had

been just before, but in the midst of his wives—at least two or three hundred in number. Here, again, the same gazing at each other ensued, and at the end of about half an hour the king again inquired if he (Captain Speke) had seen him. In addition to this the king asked him where he had come from, and said he should like very much to see him again. He replied that he should be happy to be favored with the opportunity of visiting his majesty, and added that, as was always the custom with him on approaching men of rank, he had brought with him, and begged his majesty's acceptance of, some small presents. The king said: "Let me see them." The first of the presents shown him was a revolver pistol. This the king took up and played with in the most ridiculous manner, for he had no idea of its use. At the end of our interview he said: "It is now getting dark; would you like some liquor? What will you take?" and said that he would send something to-morrow. He appointed the following day for a second visit, but subsequently said: "Oh no, that day won't do, because I am going to show all these pretty things that you have given me to my mother the queen dowager and all my officers." The following day was accordingly fixed.

He visited the king not only upon that but upon almost every other day during his stay. The king took a great fancy to shooting, and several shooting parties were arranged, the king having practiced beforehand by shooting the cows in his yard. The shooting parties pleased the king amazingly; they were accompanied by bands of musicians—and very good bands, too, they were—by officers, and by many of his wives. The arrangement of the procession was a somewhat difficult affair, and it was arranged that the Englishman should go before the king. To this, however, he (Captain Speke) objected, on the ground that he never went before royalty. The king was in some difficulty, because, by placing him after him, he would be between his majesty and his wives. The point, however, was conceded, and he found that the best place in the procession, for the women were as amiable as amiable could be. Whenever any vulture or other bird flew up, the king shouted out,

"Now, then, shoot that," and he was kept firing as fast as he could, and each time that a bird was knocked over, the king, and his officers, and his ladies clapped their hands, and shouted and danced in the most extraordinary and ridiculous manner.

The speaker next referred to his visit to Murchison Creek—a beautiful piece of water on the north side of the Lake Nyanza, one of the most lovely spots which he had met with in all Africa, and which he had named after the man who had been the first to take him in hand in the matter of the expedition. At this spot he found as many as fifty boats, all well made and well manned. It was his wish to go northward, and make his way thence for the lake, following the whole course of the Nile. Everybody was, however, opposed to this plan; and the queen mother, who was greatly attached to him, and a very good sort of a creature in her way, sought to dissuade him on the ground of some great festivities that were to come off on the coronation of her son—for as yet he was but the prince elect. Some very mysterious things take place at the coronation of a king. As each sovereign has so many wives, there is a large number of children, and on the accession of a new king all his brothers and sisters are killed off with the exception of two, who are kindly reserved against any contingency that may happen. The king was willing to allow him to proceed northward, for he said: "The Englishmen live in the north, and it is from the north that Africa must be opened up." Starting on his journey, Captain Speke told the meeting how he was opposed by the natives of Usoca, how boats filled with armed men threatened to impede their progress, and how a complete victory was gained by the discharge of one or two rifles, the effect of which spread the utmost consternation among the native warriors. The lateness of the hour prevented the gallant captain from detailing any more of the interesting incidents of his journey, and he resumed his seat amid much cheering.

Captain Grant's most interesting statement made at the meeting of the Ethnological Society possesses as much geographical importance as his companion's.

From Chambers's Journal.

FIVE YEARS IN THE GREAT DEEP.

As if by invocation, the Ancient Mariner rose before me! He stood in the doorway of my office, and held me with his glittering eye. He lifted his skinny hand to his long gray beard, and then gravely tipped his oiled hat. "The Reader for Spry, Stromboli, and Smith?"

I had that honor, and handed him a chair. He sat in it after the manner of a flounder, concentrated his eye upon me like a star-fish, and produced a roll of manuscript with the fluttering claws of a lobster. Then he stirred and squirmed, like an elderly eel, looking distrustfully into the vestibule. I closed the door, and begged to be informed of his business.

"I have a great work for you," he said mysteriously, proffering his manuscript. As he leaned over to do this, I saw a shining something on the top of his head, but the thick white hair concealed it when he resumed his place. The manuscript smelled as if it had contained mackerel, and looked as if it had come from the bottom of the sea. I found, curiously enough, some fish-scales adhering to it, and its title very oddly confirmed these testimonies—*Five Years in the Great Deep*.

I glanced at the author with some surprise. He was the quaintest of mariners, and if I had met him leagues under the sea, I should have thought him in his proper element. His locks were like dry seawood; his cheeks were so swollen that they might have contained gills, but this was probably tobacco. When he wiped his nose with a handkerchief like a scoop-net, some shells and pebbles fell from his pocket, and his ears flapped like a pair of ventrals. I remarked as he pursued the lost articles over the floor that he wore a microscope strapped in a leathern case, and a geological hammer belted to his side. He walked as if habituated to swimming, and when he shrugged his shoulders, I expected to see a dorsal fin burst out of the back of his jacket. He

might have been sixty years of age, but looked much older, and behaved like a well-born person, though, superficially judged, he might have lived in Billingsgate.

"A good title for a fiction," I said encouragingly.

"I never penned a line of fiction in my life," exclaimed my visitor sternly.

Referring to the copy again, I saw that it purported to be the work of "Rudentia Jones, Fellow of the Palæontologic Society, Entomologist to the Institute for Harmonizing the Universes, and Ruler of Subaqueous Creation, excepting the Finny Mammalia."

"Ah! I see," said I—"a capital title for a satire!"

"Life is too grave, and science too sacred," replied my visitor, "for the indulgence of idle banterings. The work is mine; I am its hero; and it is all true."

He wore so earnest a face, and looked so directly and intelligently at me, that I forbore to smile.

"I have traveled in strange countries," he said; "nature has been bountiful in her revelations to me; indeed, my experiences have been so individual that I sometimes discredit them myself. I do not complain that others ridicule them."

He spoke in the manner of one devoted to his species, and an easy dignity, which some trace to high birth and the consciousness of dominion, became him very naturally. The eldest of the admirals, or old Neptune himself, could not have seemed more kingly; but once or twice he started, at a noise from the publishing-house, as if longing to get back to his legitimate brine. I told him to leave the manuscript in my hands for a fortnight, that I might form an opinion as to its claims for publication.

"No!" he said quickly. "It is not a girl's romance, or a boy's poem, or the strolling of a man-errant: it is of such rare value that gold can not purchase it; it is so priceless that I can not own it my-

self; it is like the air, or the water, or the light, or the magnet—the property of all the peoples. It must not leave my sight: I must read it to you now!"

He literally held me with his eye. He stood erect, dilating, until he seemed to reach the height of a mainmast, as long, and lank, and brown as the subject of the veritable *rime*, and his ears contracted and flapped like the pectorals of a flying-fish. It was uncertain whether he was going to fly, or swim, or seize and shake me. I believed him to be either a lunatic or an apparition; but when the frenzy of the moment was over, he became a very harmless, kindly, and grave old gentleman, who begged my pardon for transgressing decorum in the enthusiasm for his "great work." He still smelled abominably of fish, but I could not take it into my heart to be harsh with this most pertinacious of authors. I had been but a short time in the service of Spry, Stromboli, and Smith, and my nerves had not yet been exercised by sensitive and eccentric writers. I had led a vagabond career myself, and had frequent reason, in my incipient literary days, to be grieved with publishers' "readers;" and when promoted to the same exalted place, I resolved to be charitable, careful, and obliging—to do as I would be done by—to crush no delicate Keats, to enrage no Johnson, by slight, prejudice, or deprecation. But to suffer the infliction of a crack-brained old naturalist, repeating an interminable manuscript in my own office, went beyond my best resolve! Still, there was little to do. It would be a paltry task to select a poem for illustration, and had not this same Ancient Mariner suggested an admirable one?

"I can grant your request in part, Mr. Jones," I said at length; "you may read one hour; and if, at the end of that period, I do not think favorably of your article, you must promise to read no further."

The old gentleman gave his parole at once, took a pair of great green spectacles from a sea-grass case, and blowing his nose again, rained pebbles and marine-shells over the whole office. When he took the manuscript from my hand, I saw the shining something distinctly on the top of his head, and when he sat back to read, he was a perfect copy of a dry old king-fish, looking through a pair of staring, glaring, green eyes. Without more ado,

and in a rippling kind of voice, as of the rushing of deep water, the old naturalist read the following introduction to a most wonderful manuscript:

"At a very early period of my life I manifested an inclination for the study of the sciences. In my eighteenth year I submitted a theory of inter-stellar telegraphing to the Gymnotian Academy. It was my purpose to have placed the papers simultaneously before the scientific bodies of each of the seven planets in our constellation, but having no capital, the design failed, though I was complimented thereupon by the 'Institute for Harmonizing the Universes,' and elected a contributing member of that society. For several years I petitioned annually for outfit and transportation to Scilly Islands* on the Ecliptic Circle, where I purposed to develop my scheme of transferring a portion of our globe to the system of Orion. In this I was opposed by the Palæontologic Society, on the ground that some valuable fossils were presumed to be there; and Parliament, opining that my protests were subversive of the law of gravity, rejected them. A number of projects, each of which, I firmly believe, would have benefited my kind, and facilitated correspondence between all created beings, terminated unfortunately, and my relatives at length placed it out of my power to continue these philanthropic exertions. For some years I was denied the ear of man, and in the interval my hair grew gray, and my body a trifle faint. But the lofty impulses of youth survived. My mind could not be imprisoned, and I held communication with the stars through the grating of my chamber in the still midnight. At last, the relief came. I had long prayed for it! My deliverer was Sirius, the brightest of the celestial intelligences. He shone upon my window bars with an intense, concentrated light, and they reddened and melted before day-break. I fled to Glasgow in the month of April, 184—, and obtained a captain's clerkship on the whaler *Crimson Dragon*.

"We took in water at the Shetland Islands, and sailing north-westward, skirted the coast of Greenland, whence, cruising in a southerly direction, we lay off Labrador, and waited for our prey. Our crew was fifty men, all told. Our captain

* This group of Scilly Islands is in the South Pacific; not off Land's End.—Ed.

had been a whaler thirty-eight years, and had killed five hundred and six animals, or eight more than the renowned Scoresby. We carried seven light boats for actual service, and twenty-seven thousand feet, or more than five miles, of rope. Three men kept watch, day and night, in the 'crow's-nest' at the maintop; but though we beat along the whole coast, through Davis' Strait, and among the mighty icebergs of Baffin's Bay, we saw no cetaceous creatures, save twice some floundering porpoises, and thrice a solitary grampus. With these beings I endeavored to open communication, but they made no intelligible responses. The stars also of this latitude failed to comprehend my signals, from which I concluded that they were less intelligent than those of more temperate skies. But with the animalcules of the sea I obtained most gratifying relations. A series of experiments with the *infusoria* satisfied me that they were not loath to an exchange of information, and finally they followed the ship by myriads, so that all the waves were full of fire, which the sailors remarked; and fearful of being observed, I ceased my experiments for a time.

"On the evening of the fifth Saturday of our cruise, I waited till the changing of the watch; then I stole noiselessly upon deck, and secreted myself behind a life-boat which hung at the side of the vessel. The helmsman was nodding silently upon his tiller; two seamen sat motionless in the bow, and the look-out party in the crow's-nest talked mutteringly of our ill-luck as they scanned the horizon. The Northern Lights were pulsing like some great radiating heart, and the sea was alternately flame and shadow. The headlands of Labrador lay to the south—bare, boundless, precipitous—and to the east, a glittering iceberg floated slowly toward us, like a palace of gold and emerald. The ship rolled calmly upon the long swells, the ripples plashing in low lulling monotone, and her hull and spars were reflected darkly beneath me. I drew a long gray hair from my temple, and subjected it to a gentle friction between my palm and finger; then I pricked my wrist, and leaning forward, placed it against my heart: five blood-drops—symbols of the five types of organized creation—fell shimmering into the depths, and the scintillant hair, floating after them, described a true spiral. In an instant the Aurora grew

bright to blindness; there was a rush of infinite stars, and a host of beautiful beings fluttered to the surface of the sea, within the shadow of the ship! A gull darted along the water, and in the far distance I heard the bellow of the huge Greenland whale. All animate nature had acknowledged my message: I had touched the nerve of the universes!

"'Blow me, if there warn't a whale, Ben!' said one of the men in the maintop.

"'My eyes! but it wor like it,' replied the other.

"Fearful of being remarked, I slipped below, a second time disappointed, but with such exultant feelings that I tried in vain to sleep. The intimacy of species and their common language, lost in the degeneracy of the first human beings, were about to be restored by me. Confusion had overcome the counsels of the countless things which had talked and dwelt together in the past, but science was about to win back from sin the great secret of communication. I should translate the scream of eagles and the cooing of doves; I should hear the gossip of my household kittens, and speak familiarly with the mighty hippopotami. The serpent should teach me his traditions, and the multitude of molluscs should develop the mysteries of their sluggish vitality; nay, the plurality of worlds should be demonstrated, and with the combined intelligences of all the systems, we should wrest the mysteries of life, matter, and eternity from their divine repository!

"I lay awake all night, reveling in these anticipations, and at dawn was quite weak of body. It was now the Sabbath, and at nine o'clock all hands were summoned to the poop-deck, for the customary worship. I lay upon a coil of rope when the mate commenced to read the service, and a deep drowsiness came over me. The lesson was a part of the first chapter of Genesis—the weird history of creation. He had reached the twenty-eighth verse, when I dropped asleep. It could have been only an instant's forgetfulness, for when I woke he had not finished the reading of the same verse, but in that instant a vision passed before me.

"A female of marvelous beauty rose from the water. I had seen the long green locks, the eyes of azure, and the glossy neck before—it was Tethys, the queen of the sea-nymphs. She was begot-

ten of humidity in the remote beginning, and seemed even now cloudy and incorporeal. Euripius, the divinity of whirlpools, lay in the waves at her feet, projecting a spectrum of spray in an arch above her head.

"'Man,' she said, or rather rippled, for it was like the even voice of waters, 'your love of nature, the boundlessness of your kindness, the daring of your speculation, the profoundness of your introspection, have made you one of us. Awake, and hear our decree!'

"She melted into vapor, and disappeared. I opened my eyes. The crew were grouped about the deck, the mate was reading the lesson, the words which I heard were: 'Have dominion over the fish!'

"'A fall! a fall!' was shouted from the maintop. The men on watch had discovered the long-expected prey.

"'Man the boats!' cried the captain; 'all hands be spry! Where away, look-out?'

"'Sou'-west!' answered the crow's-nest, 'about two leagues. There must be hoceans of 'em! They 'eave like water-spouts, and, lor! how they lobtail.'

"The seven boats were arranged in curved shape, so as to form a semicircle around the animals; and the captain's, of which I took the helm, formed the left tip of the crescent. We pulled steadily for a half hour over a smooth sea, and came at length so close to our victims that we could count them. Truly it was 'a fall!' A few cubs played recklessly around the surface; but there was an enormous bull, whose bulk was much greater than that of the ship's hull, which came once in full view, dived vertically, and beat the water with his terrible tail, making such billows that a storm seemed to be raging. The other animals swam in the froth and foam thus developed, now plunging to the far depths, now shooting their huge bodies into the air, and falling with a splash, as of the emptying of the ocean. The scene was so exciting that even my wonderful discoveries passed out of mind. Our oars dipped noiselessly, the crews were silent, the harpooners stood, each in the bow of his launch, with naked weapons extended, waiting to strike. The first opportunity occurred to the launch on our extreme right. At the distance of twenty yards, the executioner hurled his javelin full into the back of the great bull; a roar ensued, and a frightful leap. The other creatures

repeated the agonized cry, and they swam southward with the velocity of a ship under full sail.

"'Now, lads, bend your oars!' shouted the captain through his trumpet. The entire length of rope unwound directly from the reel or 'bollard' of the first launch, and the line of a second boat was attached forthwith; a third and a fourth were annexed, but the whale exhibited no sign of exhaustion, and dragged his pursuers like the wind. A fifth and a sixth line spun out. The captain's cheeks grew pale, and he opened his clasp-knife with a curse upon his lips. There remained the line of our boat alone; unless the monster stopped within ten minutes, we should lose every foot of the ship's cordage, and this last rope would have to be severed. Tremulously a seaman attached it; it was whirled out as if by a locomotive. The oars moved like light, but no human activity could approach that of our victim. He nearly swamped the launch, and the friction of the bollard threatened to set it ablaze.

"'What devil of the deep is this?' said the captain, bending forward with his blade. The sailors ceased with hot faces and stared aghast. I seemed to hear calling voices; I grew faint and blind. The bollard snapped with a dead dull sound; I was entangled in the stout twine, and tossed into the sea. Some oars were thrown overboard, that I might be buoyed up. Three of the launches were turned toward me, and the seamen called aloud that I should keep up courage. But the line pulled me downward; my heart ceased to beat; I beheld with indescribable terror the pale surface receding, and the dark shapes of the vessels above me were finally lost to view. I knew that at the first inhalation the brine would fill my mouth and lungs; I held my breath hard, and tried to pray. Down, down, down into the blue depths—a cycle of protracted years it seemed! My ears were stunned with strange noises; my lips parted, and at length the sea rushed into my throat; for an instant I seemed to strangle, but I did not perish.

"The fluid was mysteriously expelled from me. I breathed as freely of the water, as a moment before I had breathed of the air! A weight was lifted from my brain, which had before been crushing it, and my temples grew suddenly cool. A spiracle had developed at the apex of my

cranium, and I exuded water through a cavity or 'blow-hole' in the top of my head, like the cetacea around me!"

The naturalist here paused and ran his hand through his hair. The shining something among his gray locks revealed itself as a plate of silver, circular in shape, covering what had evidently been an opening in the skull. He looked less like a man than ever, and when, consulting a glutinous old chronometer, like a jelly-fish, he found that his hour was passing, he begged so earnestly to be allowed to finish his "Introduction," that I gave him leave. A boy coming in with copy so frightened him, however, that I thought he was going to turn upon his stomach and swim away through the window.

"I became sensible directly of three organic changes: my heels clave together; my feet flattened, and my toes turned out, like a caudal fin; my integument grew thick and hard, and my blood thin and chill. But these conditions being novel to me, and my fears only equalled by my wonder as yet, I was paralyzed, and continued to sink. I had descended about one hundred fathoms, and was experiencing a strange oppression, as of the forcing together of my bones, when I heard a sonorous voice close below me say: 'If you go any deeper, you will sustain a pressure of twenty atmospheres, and may not get back at all.'

"I looked beneath, and, to my horror, a huge whale was coming upward with extended jaws. His half-human eyes were turned benignant upon me, but he was evidently in pain, and from a point in his back, where a broken harpoon still remained, gouts of blood curdled upward, coloring the water. His vocal power lay in his spiracle, and he said again: 'I should have been asphyxiated in five minutes.'

"'Who is it that speaks?' I faltered. 'Leviathan! king of the sea! be merciful!'

"'I am called *New Zealand Tom* by the creatures of the upper element,' answered the whale, 'although falsely thought to be of the family of the *Spermaceti*; but though my exploits have recommended me to my species, I am not equal to the high title you have given me. *That* is possessed by you and our sovereign Jonah only!'

"The conviction rushed upon me that I had indeed 'dominion over the fish!'

"'I have suffered this wound for your majesty's sake,' said the whale again; 'for I had been deputed to wait in this latitude for your arrival, and convey you to our sovereign. But though I am now in the third century of my age, I can survive a dozen such prickings, and if I chose, could shiver the *Crimson Dragon* with a blow of my tail, as in 1804 I stove the *Essex*, and made driftwood of her spars.'

"In an instant I was seated within the mighty maw of this famous monster. His jaw-bones were forty feet in length; the roof of his mouth was fifteen feet high, and formed of a spacious arch of 'bal-leen' or whalebone. His crescent-shaped tail, thirty-five feet from tip to tip, swept the depths twice or thrice; and when we emerged into the air, the blood spouted from his pores, and he threw cataracts of water through his spiracle. I saw the *Crimson Dragon*, some miles away, but there were no traces of her boats. The crews of the launches were fathoms deep in the ocean!

"I passed the cape of Greenland, rounded the base of Mount Hecla, and was escorted to the abode of the King of the Cetacea by a multitude of his subjects. A submarine island, forty fathoms from the surface, had been occupied three thousand years by this venerable person. He came out to meet me upon the back of a mighty 'rorqual,' and a body-guard of four hundred picked narwhals swam before him. Fifty white whales surrounded their monarch; and a host of dolphins, grampuses, and porpoises brought up the rear. Banners of dried seal-skin bore his arms—three gourds, *argent*, upon a field *vert*, and with these were carried as trophies the wrecks of ships, including the identical shallop whence he was expelled on the voyage to Tarshish. But, marvelous beyond all, the 'great fish' (falsely so translated, since no cetaceous creature can be denominated a *fish*) into which he was received still lived, and accompanied him. It was now the eldest of the species, but very sprightly, and burdened with dignities. The Seer-king saluted gravely, and gave me a draught of spirits, distilled from the fronds of a rare sea-tangle. His long tenure in the deep had obliterated much of the similitude to man, but his memory of terrestrial matters was extraordinary. The weeds were wrapped about his head after the manner of a crown, and he carried a sceptre of walrus tusk. He

told me that his original three days' experience under the sea had so cooled his blood, that the suns of Nineveh parched him, and he had cried for cooling water. I informed him that Nineveh no longer existed, at which he was gratified beyond measure; for his only knowledge of events happening on the earth had been derived from the wrecks which had sunk into his domain. I found that he was badly informed upon matters of science, and he heard my theories of harmonizing the universes with impatience. In his days, he said, no such ideas were broached, and he was indifferent to the intellectual development of his subjects.

"My visit was brief, for though the palace of Jonah had a sepulchral grandeur about it—a mighty cavern beneath the waves—yet the glittering stalactites which studded the roof, and the cold columns of ice supporting its halls, nearly froze me, and at length I made ready to depart.

"An escort of 'thrashers,' or gram-puses, accompanied me. The Seer-king would have detached a cohort of white whales, but the animosity of my tribes might have provoked combat. I left the cetacea with some foreboding. They were allied in some degree to man; they were capable of some humane impressions; their blood was warm like mine; they breathed with lungs; they had double hearts; and nourished kindness for their offspring. But I was now about to be delivered over to the cold, cruel, gluttonous tribes of the fish. The family of sharks received me. They could not be counted for multitude. The terrible *requiem* of the storm—the cannibal white-shark—welcomed me with open jaws; the blue-shark flung up his caudal for joy; the fox-shark lashed the sea; the northern shark glared through his purblind orbs; the hammer-head dilated his yellow irides; the purple dog-fish made a low purring huzza; and the spotted eyes of the monk-fish glistened with satisfaction. The hound-shark, the basking-shark, and the portbeagle were not less loyal, and these, the most perfectly organized of my cartilaginous tribes, handed me over to the deep-swimming Norwegian 'sea-rat.' Thus I kept steadily southward, the water growing warmer hour by hour, now riding on the serrated snouts of saw-fishes, now moving in the midst of battalions of sword-fish, now acknow-

ledged by the great pike, now vaulting above the surface on the backs of flying-fish, now clinging to the spines of sturgeons, now passing through illimitable shoals of cod, now borne by the swift sea-salmon, now dazzled by the golden scales of the carp, now passing over miles of flat-fish, now haled by monster conger-eels, now swimming down files of leering hippocampuses, now received by congregations of staid aldermanic lobsters. The torpedo telegraphed my coming to the tribes before, and at last I reached my abode, on the line of the equator, in mid-Atlantic.

"The magnitude and beauty of my court no mind can realize. A truncated cone of granite rock, whose base extended to the profoundest depths of the sea—even to the region of perpetual fire—formed with its upper plane a circular lagoon at the surface of the ocean. Geysers or volcanoes of fresh water gurgled up through the center of this palace, and vast submarine groves, intermixed with meadows, extended for leagues along its sides. My household consisted entirely of silver and golden carp, but my guards were of the loyal and gentle, yet courageous and powerful xiphias (sword-fish). These barred the unlicensed ingress of my subjects, and if the adventurous foot of man should profane my lagoon, I could close its inlet and cover it with floods. The dim aisles of the waters were full of wonderful lights: combinations of colors, unknown above, were here developed in gigantic *fuci*, around whose boles the scarlet tangle climbed, and parasites of purple and emerald preyed upon their rinds. Some of these forests pointed upward toward the sun; some grew downward, deriving light and heat from the incandescent gulfs. My state-apartments were built of coral, in wondrous architecture, and trumpet-weed clothed their battlements. Some cavernous recesses were lit with constellations of shining zoöphytes, and there were floors of pearl, studded with diamonds. I could stroll through marvelous archways, gathering jewels at every step, or wander in my royal meadows, among the wrecks and spoils of hurricanes, or rising through the mellow depths, sit among the palms of the lagoon, watching the white sails of ships, or studying the awfulness of the storm.

"For a time I secluded myself, theorizing upon the policy of my government.

My dominions were vast and venerable; they comprehended two thirds of the surface of the globe; no deluges had destroyed them, and they had been peopled ages before the coming of man. Life here inhabited forms, vegetable and animal, to which the greatest terrestrials were puny. But the darkness, which of old rested on the face of the deep, now shadowed its depths. There was no *mind* here. These gigantic beings were shapes without souls. How should I reason with creatures who could not feel, whose heads could not know till to-morrow that their members had been severed to-day—some of whom, in a single moment, passed their whole existences, and fulfilled all the functions of eating, drinking, and generating—who were not only incapable of thoughts, affections, and emotions, but who could not see, smell, hear, taste, or touch? But such subjects are among the afflictions of all wise rulers, and I resolved to conclude upon nothing till I had visited every part of my dominions.

"During three years of travel, I classified the fishes anew, all previous enumeration being paltry, and made the notes and queries which form the staple of my manuscript. I found fresh-water creatures to which the sheat-fish would be a morsel, and hydras to which the fabled sea-serpent would be a worm. I ascended the rivers with the salmon, and fathomed the motives of the climbing perch. I heard the narrative of a *silur* tossed out of a volcano, and talked with a haddock which produced at a birth more young than there are men upon the globe. I have noted the harlequin-angler which lived three weeks in Amsterdam, hopping about on his fins like a toad; the sucking-fish which adhered to Mark Antony's galley and held it fast; the horned-fish (*fil en dos*) which the savages discard from their nets with terror and prayer; and the sprats which rise with vapors into the clouds, and are rained back into the sea. I have collected the traditions of many of these beings, and have translated some of their ballads. There is music under the ocean, but most of the fishes sing with their fins, beating the water to rude measures. Among the traditions of all the tribes is that of a time when the waters were peaceful, and the fishes happy, when none were rapacious, when death was unknown, when no storms lashed the ripples into billows, and when beings of

the upper air bathed at the surface, and the fishes rendered them homage. But some foul deed, of which the finny folk were guiltless, brought confusion into the waters; the ocean covered all the globe, corpses sank into the depths and were devoured, nets were let down from above, strange fires were kindled beneath, and whirlpools, waterspouts, storms, and volcanoes began.

"I devoted a fourth year to perfecting my system of organic communication, and made some advance toward developing life in inorganic matter. From this latter attainment it would be but a step to *perpetuate* life, and I should thus restore immortality to man. But the shark family having threatened to revolt, I left off my investigations for some months, and organized a military force, with which I massacred the malcontents till my subjects swam in blood. Returning victoriously at the head of my legions, a sad incident occurred. A ship was crossing our line of march, and I had an unaccountable curiosity to hear something of terrestrial affairs. Five saw-fish, at my bidding, staved in the ship's bottom, and she sank almost instantly. The corpses of the drowned drifted slowly down, and as I passed among them, turning up the faces, I recognized in one the features of my mother!

"After a season of remorse I continued my investigations, but a novel and unexpected discovery deranged my plans, and wrought a change in my destiny.

"The subtlest forms of matter, as commonly known, are the imponderables—light, heat, magnetism, and electricity. I had concluded that these were manifestations of some still subtler form, and that this was *life*, beyond which lay the ethereal elements (called *principles*) of mind and soul—soul being ultimate and eternal. To demonstrate this, I resolved to descend as far as possible into the depths of the sea, and examine the beings which dwelt in the remotest darkness. The conical shape of my island allowed me to descend within its shelving interior, and yet sustain no great atmospheric pressure. I selected a sturgeon, whose body was so powerfully plated that he could not be crushed, and his long pointed shape gave him great facility for penetrating dense waters. I attached a phosphorescent light to his caudal, that I might not lose him in the gloom, and he preceded me along the

sloping interior. We passed the foundations of my court, bade adieu to the deep-swimming hydras, left the profoundest polypi behind, and came at length to uninhabited regions, three thousand fathoms below the surface. My pioneer here suffered great inconvenience, and only by the most vigorous efforts was able to progress at all. The blackness was literally tangible, and our lantern, at most, only 'darkness visible.' By threat and persuasion I forced him forward, hardly able to make headway myself. He swept the almost solid element with his powerful tail, depressed his sharp snout, sucked a long breath, and we darted forward simultaneously. There was a cracking as of bones forced together, and my cranium seemed to split. We shot out of the density into lighter water, and the momentum carried us fifty fathoms beyond!

"We had passed out of the limit of solar attraction, and were being drawn toward the center of the earth!"

"Before, we had been descending; now, we were rising. The fluid grew rarer and warmer as we proceeded, the darkness more luminous, and at last we became visible to each other, swimming in a ruby and transparent liquid, unlike any aspect or part of our native domain. The fluid became so rare, finally, that the sturgeon was unable to go further, kept down by his superior gravity. Some lights glimmering above us, and some mysterious sounds alarming him, he turned and fled. I was left alone.

"I reached the surface of this peaceful sea. A scene lay before me more beautiful than any wonder of the deep. I knew that I was among immortals, and that this was the 'Happy Archipelago!'"

"The surface was calm. Some purple islets were sprinkled here and there, and creatures marvelously fair were basking in the roseate waters. They looked like angels half way out of heaven. Their faces were of a silvery hue; their hairs shone on the stream like tremulous beams of light; their eyes were of a tender azure, and their bosoms rose and fell as if they were all dreaming of blessedness. Some strains of ravishing harmony, that were floating among the islands, ceased when I appeared, and I thought I heard the snapping of a lute-string. All the spirits started at once. They were crescent-shaped, and stood upon their nether tips. A star upon their foreheads shone

like a pure diamond. They saw me, and vanished!

"All but one! She was the fairest of the spirits, and looked, thus frightened, like the pale new moon. The violet veins faded from her lids, and her blue eyes were full of wonder. I felt as if, for the first time, a sinless being had looked upon me, and my heart grew so black and heavy that I sank a little way. I feared to breathe, for she might vanish. I wished to lie forever with her face shining upon me. What were science and dominion, and the secret of man's immortality to one pure glance like hers? In the agony of my soul I spoke: 'Spirit! immortal! woman! Oh stay! speak to me!'"

"'Who are you? Whence do you come? You are not of us, nor of our element?'"

"The voice was like a disembodied sound, coming from nothing, floating in space eternally.

"'I am a creature of a cursed race—ruler of a blighted domain—a realm filled with violence: it lies beneath you.'"

"The pale face grew tender; the star on the forehead grew dim, like a tearful eye. She pitied me.

"'There are beings above us,' she said—'winged beings, that talk with us sometimes; but nothing below. Are *they* sorrowful as you are? Are their brows all heavy with sadness like yours? Why are they unhappy?'"

"I wept and moaned.

"'They have not your pure eyes; they can not hear your voice. They have sinned.'"

"She glided toward me. I felt my gray hairs dropping one by one; my heavy heart grew light; my groans softened to sighs.

"A shape came suddenly between us.

"I knew the long green locks, and the glossy neck. It was Tethys who spoke. 'Man,' she said, 'you were made one of us, not one of these. Go back to your domain, for you are mortal. Resume dominion over the fish, or, striving to win more, lose all!'"

"I turned my face seaward bitterly. I looked back once; the blue eyes were gleaming—oh, so tenderly!—and I could not go. I muttered an execration at my bitter fate. Straightway the sky rocked, the sea rose, the pale star vanished. I had spoken a wicked word.

"I was consigned to Euripius, the di-

vinity of whirlpools. In vain I struggled in his watery arms; the swift current bore me circling away, and finally whirled me with frightful velocity. My feet were shaken asunder, my integument softened, my brain reeled. I was passed from eddy to eddy; I became drunken with emotion; I suffered all the tortures of the lost. A waterspout lifted me from the clutch of the sea, and deposited me upon the dry land, close to the home of my infancy.

"I have passed the weary hours of my penance in arranging the memoirs which follow. Science has again wooed me with her allurements; the stars continue their correspondence. I have not despaired of the great secret of immortality, and though these hairs are few and white, I shall be rejuvenated in the tranquil depths of the water, and reassert for ages my rightful dominion over the fish."

I was in doubt whether to laugh or wonder when the ancient mariner concluded; but I was relieved from passing judgment upon his article by the unceremonious entrance of a tall, lithe, gray-eyed person, who wore gold seals and carried a thick walking stick. The naturalist appeared to be bent on diving through the floor, and swimming away through the cellar; but he caught the stern, keen eye of the stranger, and cowered. The tall man lifted his cane, and struck the manuscript out of his highness's hands; he demolished the microscope at a blow, and flung the geological hammer out of the window.

"Come along," he said. "No! drop that trash—every article of it, or else you'll be experimenting again. Come along!"

They went away together, leaving my office littered with broken glass and sea-shells. With some astonishment I followed through the warehouse to the street; they had entered a carriage, and

were driving rapidly away. The next morning's paper explained the whole occurrence in the following paragraph:

"Much Learning hath made him Mad."—Yesterday noon, an elderly lunatic, named Robert Jones, committed suicide by leaping over the parapet of London Bridge. He was in the custody at the time of Dr. Stretveskit, the celebrated keeper of the Asylum for Monomaniacs. He had been at large some days, and was traced to several publishing-houses, whither he had gone to contrive the publication of some insane vagaries. He was finally overhauled at the office of Spry, Stromboli & Co., and placed in a carriage; but seizing a favorable moment when travel was impeded upon the bridge, he burst through the glass-door, and cleared the parapet at a bound. Jones was an adventurous and dangerous character. Some years ago he set fire to the Shrimshire Asylum, where his family had confined him, and went abroad upon a whale-ship; but meeting with an accident, he underwent the process of trepanning, and came home more crazy than before. At one time he attempted to drown his mother, in furtherance of some strange experiment; but it was thought at the date of his death that he was recovering his wits. Among his delusions was a strange one—that he had been made viceroy over all the fishes. His body has not been recovered."

I read the last sentence with a thrill. My late visitor might even now be presiding at some finny council; and as I should have occasion to cross the sea some day, an untimely shipwreck might place me in closer relations with him. I determined, therefore, to print the manuscript which remained in my hands. May it appease his Mightiness, the King of the Fishes!

From Chambers's Journal.

A R A F T A D V E N T U R E .

It is now some years since that, accompanied by my brother, and under the guidance of an experienced hunter, I started for three months' shooting in the Canadian wilds. Our plan was to travel by canoe to the lower end of Lake Huron, and then, plunging into the primeval forest, to make a circuit that would bring us out somewhere on the St. Lawrence. Never was a pleasanter excursion. Those aged woods, so gray and grim in winter, seemed to have grown young again beneath their affluence of leaves, while every sunlit glade was filled with flowers, and blossoming vines of every hue hung in garlands from the branches, as if the woods were decked for some high festival. But more pleasant still to the sportsman's heart was the abundant game—the timid deer, which fled at our approach; the great grisly bear, ready to bid us defiance; and the panther and wolf lurking within the coverts; not to speak of the partridges and bustards, and the brilliant small birds flashing like errant blossoms among the trees. Meanwhile, despite our pleasure, our time grew short, and it became necessary to bend our steps homeward.

We had not traveled long in this new direction when we came to the banks of a considerable river, flowing across our route. We had no boat to take us over it; and Jerome, the guide, searched diligently beneath the overhanging alder and hemlock boughs, in case some hunter or backwoods traveler might have hidden there his canoe. But none was to be discovered; and we were ruefully beginning to follow our guide's advice, and travel round by the river's sources—which would involve some ten or twelve days extra journey—when one of those huge rafts in which backwoods timber for exportation is conveyed down country, came in sight. It was floating slowly along on the almost imperceptible current, its single large sail giving just sufficient way to the floating

island to allow the enormous tiller to guide it aright; while the smoke from the half-score shanties scattered over its surface, rising against the deep green forest, the ever-changing groups of figures, and the lines of washed clothes fluttering in the breeze, added to its picturesque aspect. As the raft drew near we perceived that a canoe was towed astern; and hailing the lumberers, we requested its use to cross the river, which they readily accorded. But while the little bark was being paddled to land, a new idea struck us—we would ask them to take us as passengers. Rafting was a mode of travel entirely new to us, and the thought of that smooth summer sail was a great temptation to travelers weary with plodding through the woods. The needful negotiation was soon concluded; and in half an hour we found ourselves not only on board the raft, but the happy possessors of a shanty some six feet square. Never do I remember any thing more delightful than to sit within its shadow, and as our raft glided noiselessly along the widening river, to watch the ever-varying scenery through which we passed—the dark pine forests, alternating with bright-green oak, and birch, and sycamore woods; the swelling hills showing their picturesque outlines against the clear blue sky; and the occasional tributary streams, some dashing down their waters in silvery cascades, others bearing on their placid bosoms some small raft, with its tiny shanty and little family group, to be linked on to the floating island.

We found, also, endless interest in watching the doings in our migratory village. The tall, brawny lumberers indolently lounging about their easy duties of trimming the sail, taking their turn in steering and drawing the trolling lines, which rarely failed of fish; while their wives, grave, rugged women, clad in dark petticoats, and snow-white sun-bonnets, were perpetually busy, knitting, cooking,

washing, or chasing their rebellious children about the raft, or else in feeding the cocks and hens that stalked among the logs, and, with a wrathful turkey-cock, completed our list of passengers. And when night fell, and the frying of fish and eating of supper were past, and jest and laughter had given place to silence and sleep, it was beautiful to hear the voices of those quiet women swell over the starlit river in the long-drawn cadences of some old hymn.

For two days we pursued our tranquil voyage through the same sylvan scenery. But gradually our pace increased, as the current gained in strength; and after a time the river began to break into occasional rapids, over whose rugged ledges we thumped and bumped, and down whose surging slopes we slid, thanks to the lumberers' skill emerging from their dangers unharmed; for in those days there did not exist on even the most frequented spots any contrivance to lessen the hazards of such descents.

It was the fourth evening of our river-voyage; supper was past, and the vesper-hymn sung, and my brother and I had wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and fallen asleep on our bear-skin couches, when we were suddenly awakened by a rude shock, followed by the surge of broken water. Supposing we were descending a rapid, we lay still for a moment and listened. But the turmoil of water appeared louder than usual, and in another instant there arose a wild cry that made us start to our feet, followed, ere we could leave the hut, by many others yet more terrified, and echoed by the shrill screams of women. Some disaster had evidently occurred. But when we rushed out upon the raft, the cloudy darkness prevented us distinguishing what it was, while the confusion of voices and the hoarse cries of the lumberers added to our bewilderment. However, as we hastened across the logs to learn its meaning, we all but stepped into the rushing rapid, rendered visible by its pale wreaths of foam; and then the truth flashed upon us, that some violent blow had broken the huge raft into the number of small ones of which it had originally been composed, and that our own portion had separated from all the rest, leaving my brother and me alone, for Jerome slept on another part of the raft.

As soon as we discovered our position, we called to announce it to the lumberers,

but in the tumult of voices ours remained unheard. Again and again we repeated our cries, but with the same result; while gradually the voices grew fainter, proving that the divided portions of the raft were already scattering; and at length all sound ceased, as they passed entirely out of hearing.

We were men not easily daunted, but ours was no pleasant position—alone in the darkness among the rapids, which might at any moment break up the raft beneath our feet; while of what means were available to save ourselves, we knew nothing. There seemed nothing left us but patience; and divesting ourselves of our heavier clothing, in case of emergency, we sat awaiting daylight, and what it might disclose. Meanwhile, the waves still foamed around us, as if the rapid was interminable, and the raft grated and ground incessantly against the rocks. At length, just as day dawned, revealing, to our astonishment, our raft wedged among the rocks near shore, she gave a sudden jerk, and whirling round into the full force of the rapid, was soon swept down into the smooth water below.

We had now leisure to look around us. As we expected, none of the other rafts were visible; but great was our disappointment to discover that the river now flowed between steep rocky banks; and that if, as we meditated, we swam to shore, to pursue our journey on land, we should be unable to climb the wall-like barrier. The only resource left us, little as we understood its management, was to remain aboard the raft, and float along at the will of the current and rapids, until some change in the shore might favor our landing.

Meanwhile, out of a loose plank, we contrived a tiller, to get some command over the unwieldy craft, which still held its way down stream. But as the hours passed by, showing no break in the stern banks of rock between which we glided, our hopes of landing began to fade; and when night again fell on our loneliness, our helplessness, and our ignorance of what dangers might await us on that unknown river, we felt nigh despair. Almost to our surprise, the night was got through safely, and morning found our shapeless craft still floating down the solitary stream, with those dark precipices, crowned with pine forests, still frowning upon us from each side, and those fre-

quently recurring rapids still checkering our course. About noon we entered on the fiercest we had yet encountered. Our tiller was useless among the breakers, which roared and raged around the raft, and leaped after her in crested waves, as she was hurried on by the impetuous current.

I grew almost terrified as I noted how swiftly we sped past the rocks, which here and there stood up from the waves like silent warners; and yet more was I alarmed when, looking ahead, I beheld the long vista of leaping, surging cascades, down whose troublous course we should be driven, if the fabric beneath our feet still held together. But backwoods rafts are made for such encounters; and fearlessly the log-boat plunged from ledge to ledge. At length, a deep, reverberating roar rose above the surrounding tumult. My brother and I started at the unexpected sound; then we looked eagerly forward, and perceived but a short way ahead a cloud of silvery haze floating like a halo above the surface of the river. It was the confirmation of our newly-awakened fears, the unerring indication that a cataract was before us, and that we were rushing, at railway speed, on a terrible and speedy death, from which no earthly power could avail to rescue us.

Never shall I forget the pang of that fearful discovery; the bitter prospect of dying in health and strength, and yielding up the hopes and aspirations of our unclouded youth; the thought of the distant home we should never see again; and the beloved and loving ones so soon to be doubly bereaved; and worst of all, the knowledge that the dear brother must share our impending fate. With a warm impulse of fraternal love we clasped each other's hands—all remaining to us now was to die together.

Meanwhile the din of the fall swelled to a thunderous roar that reverberated through the surrounding woods; the tumultuous rapids surged into a fiercer fury, and urged the raft to a speed which made her tremble; while we, her hapless passengers, stood silently awaiting our inevitable doom, to be swept over that relentless fall, to be tossed in that horrible abyss, and finally cast forth, disfigured and bruised, among the seething eddies of the still rushing river.

It was a fearful interval. Nearer and nearer the raft drew to the fatal brink—nearer, and yet nearer, until we could almost look into the dark void beyond. Her last moment and ours alike seemed come, and in the deep anguish of such a parting we clung closer to each other.

Suddenly the raft approached another rock; it was nearer to us, as well as larger than those which had preceded it, and presented a narrow footing. Thought at such moments is swift as lightning, and action little less so; and almost ere I had seen this ark of hope, my brother bounded across the raft, drawing me with him, and with a desperate leap, only to be ventured in peril such as ours, sprang over the fathom-broad space of rushing water, on to the rock beyond. Another moment, and I too had leaped it, and standing in comparative safety on that small but immovable refuge, we watched the raft, whose fate we had so nearly shared, plunge over the foaming cataract, to be dashed into the deep chasm below, a mass of shattered logs.

Still we were girt round by many dangers. A single slip might detach us from the rock, a single wave still sweep us over the falls; while looking landward, nothing was visible save a few dark jutting rocks round which the river foamed. Their wet slippery points afforded little hope for escape, yet it was our only one, and therefore must be tried; and with rigidly braced nerves and concentrated energies, we commenced our hazardous task of leaping from rock to rock, closing our ears to the deafening roar, and our eyes to the hurrying current over which we passed, as we pursued our perilous way, until, by the mercy of Providence, the fourth rock brought us to the shallower water, through which we waded to land.

The now rugged bank gave easy access to the land above; and a few hours' travel southward brought us to Lake Weno, where, to our surprise, we found our companion-rafts in safety, and learned that we had passed, without observing, the narrower but safe outlet to the river furnished by the Weno Creek, and thus not only missed Jerome and the lumberers sent back to aid us, but encountered that most fearful incident of our lives, our narrow escape from the Weno Falls.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE GEOLOGICAL EVIDENCES OF THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S., author of "Principles of Geology," etc. Illustrated with woodcuts. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 828 Chestnut-street. 1863. For sale by Charles T. Evans, 448 Broadway, New-York. Pp. 518.

THE importance of this book, and the estimation in which it is held, is indicated by a review of it in most of the British quarterlies and magazines. It is a book of profound learning and investigation on the subjects of which it treats. It required all the deep research of many years, and careful and minute observation, to attempt to read accurately the ponderous volumes of nature's vast library of rocks and strata in order to determine the antiquity of man. There was no parish register, no town clerk, no city or state recorder, some six, eight, or ten thousand years ago, to make an accurate record of the time or period when man first appeared on the earth. Within a few years past the pages of the Stone Book have been more carefully scanned with a view to discover some entry of man's appearance on the globe at an earlier era than the fortieth century before Christ. The talents, character, and long and deep researches of Sir Charles Lyell better fit him than any other man to read the fossil handwriting often so difficult to decipher; written, too, in a language of which few men are masters and in which all are liable to read wrong. But even Sir Charles is not able to fix the precise date, because the leaves of the great under-ground volume are naturally blurred and defaced by long lapses of time. But putting together the various fragmentary extracts, they intimate that the lord of creation belongs to a much more ancient house or family than is generally supposed. Time itself has grown old since the foundations of the round earth were laid, but old Father Time moves in a quiet steady pace, taking all the periods and centuries which he needs to do his work. We commend the book itself to the attention and careful perusal of all who can appreciate its facts and reasonings.

THE AMBER GODS, AND OTHER STORIES. By HARRIET ELIZABETH FREEMONT. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THIS is a neat volume of 432 pages, embracing seven graphic and sparkling stories, printed on tinted paper. The stories are: 1. The Amber Gods. 2. In a Cellar. 3. Knitting Sale-Stocks. 4. Circumstances. 5. Desert Sands. 6. Midsummer and May. 7. The South Breaker.

Under these heads of stories the lady authoress moves a graceful pen and tells her pretty stories.

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS. "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." By EDMUND KIRKE, author of "Among the Pines." New-York: Carleton publisher, 418 Broadway. 1863.

In this work the author has given another wonder-

ful picture of Southern life and society, vivid and masterly as one of Church's paintings—graphic and life-like.

DISINFECTANTS.—1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc, in one pailful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another pailful of water. This is perhaps the most effective of any thing that can be used, and when thrown upon decayed vegetable matter of any description will effectually destroy all offensive odors.

2. Three or four pounds of sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in a pailful of water will, in many cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors.

3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars, and upon heaps of filth.—*Scientific American.*

PERPETUAL MOTION AT LAST.—A Vermonter claims to have invented a self-propelling wheel, or perpetual motion. A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* thus describes it:

"It is a simple wheel, runs on gudgeons, and is independent of any outside spring, weight, or power, as a propeller. On the same axle on which the metal wheel is fixed is a band wheel, on which a band runs over a small pulley that drives a small circular saw. Set it on a table and remove the brake, and it will start itself and run with great velocity, driving the saw. It is the simplest thing in the world, but I can not intelligibly describe it; but is at once understood by the beholder. It will not, nay, *can not* stop without a brake, as it is so fixed by means of balls and arms that the *descending* side of the wheel is perpetually further from the centre of motion than the opposite *ascending*."

CURATIVE PROPERTIES OF THE NETTLE.—The common nettle is said to have a curative influence in paralysis, acute rheumatism, rheumatic gout, and other diseases. The mode of preparation is to fill a kettle with nettles, green or dry, pour on water, and boil it gently for half an hour, draw off the liquor and bottle it; if desired, a few hops or licorice may be added to improve the taste. It is further stated that the drinking of this decoction is beneficial in cases of scurvy, asthma, gravel, and liver complaints.

"FORBIDDEN FRUIT."—M. Noel, a French agriculturist, speaking of the introduction of the potato into France says: "This vegetable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it, but without success. In vain did Louis XVI. wear its flower in his buttonhole, and in vain were samples of the tuber distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use them themselves. At last, Parmentier, the chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was most anxious to see it in general use, hit upon the following ingenious plan. He planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablon, close to Paris, and paid great attention to their cultivation.

[illegible]

the sea. This is the inevitable effect of rain, and it is not a small effect, for the whole of Holland is entirely formed by the mud thus brought down by the river Rhine; the greater part of Lower Egypt, the most ancient agricultural country in the world, was deposited in the same way by the Nile; an enormous country in India is the result of deposits left behind by the Ganges; and in America, the city of New Orleans is built on mud which the Mississippi has brought down from the interior of the continent it drains. Every day throughout the year does this great river throw into the Gulf of Mexico sufficient mud to make a conical hill half a mile round at the bottom and sixty feet high. Imagine what this would have been if the mud had really been collected and piled in heaps half a mile apart. In the course of a thousand years these hills would have occupied a space as large as the whole of Holland. And yet the Mississippi is but one of the great rivers of the earth; and all the others, whether great or small, are always doing similar work—some of them perhaps at a more rapid rate. The river-bed, therefore, represents the result of running streams in removing solid matter all over the earth, and a little consideration shows that a great deal of such work is done.

• **THE DOCTOR'S WIFE AND THE GHOST.**—One morning, some years since, the lady of a distinguished London physician was in bed, at her house in P— street. It was daylight, and she was broad awake. The door opened, but Lady C—, concluding it was her maid entering, did not raise her head, until a remarkable-looking figure, passing between her bed and the window, walked up to the fire-place, when, reflected in the mirror which hung above, Lady C— recognized the features of her step-son, Dr. J. C—, then attached to a foreign embassy. He wore a long night-dress, and carried something on his arm. "Good heavens! Is that you, J—, and in that dress?" cried Lady C—, in the first surprise. The figure turned slowly round, and she then became aware that the object he carried was a dead child, the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship, which Lady C— had presented to Mrs. J. C— on the eve of her departure. As she gazed, the outlines of the figure became indistinct, invisible, vanishing in the gray light, or blending with the familiar objects in the room. Lady C— neither fainted nor shrieked, nor even rang the bell. She lay back and thought the matter over, resolving to mention it to no one until the return of her husband, then absent in attendance on an illustrious household. His experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon. As for its being a dream, it may be taken as an accepted fact that, though nobody is conscious of the act of going to sleep, everybody knows by the sudden change of scenery, by the snapping of the chain of thought, etc., etc., when he has been sleeping. Very shortly after, Sir J— returned home. On hearing the story, he immediately looked at the tongue that related such wonders, and likewise felt the lady's pulse. Both organs perfect. Of her nerves he had seen proof. Touching veracity, she was truth itself. All his skill could devise nothing better than a recommendation to patience, and to see what came of it. In the mean time, the day and hour were noted down, and the next advices from T— awaited with more than usual interest. At length they came. Dr. J. C— informed his father that their child, an only one, had died on such a day, (that of the appa-

rition,) and that his wife, anxious that it should be laid to rest in the land of its birth, had begged that it might be forwarded by the next homeward ship. In due course it arrived, embalmed, but inclosed in a coffin so much larger than was required for the tiny occupant, that the intervening spaces had to be filled up with clothes, etc., while the Indian scarf had been wound, in many folds, around the child's body.

THE EMPRESS'S VISIT TO JERUSALEM.—A Paris letter contains the following: "For a long time past the empress has entertained the idea of going to Jerusalem. That excursion is now decided on, and will take place toward the end of the autumn. The empress will be accompanied by three of her ladies of honor, the Countesses de Rayneval, de Lourmel, and de la Poëze. Her majesty, it is said, will take with her a supply of objects for presents valued at 2,000,000 francs.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—A recent visitor writes as follows: "There are now boulevards around Pompeii from the top of which the visitor has a view of the whole city, and can form a tolerably correct idea of the interior of the houses uncovered. Excavations are going on on two eminences near the Temple of Isis, and the house called Abondonza. Our inspection was chiefly confined to the former site, where, in a house in a narrow street recently opened, we saw several bodies, or rather forms of bodies, which now attract universal attention. The unfortunate inhabitants of this house fell, not on the bare ground, but on heaps of pumice stones and were covered to a great depth by torrents of ashes and scoria, under which they have lain for nearly two thousand years. One day, inside a house, amid fallen roofs and ashes, the outline of a human body was perceived, and M. Fiorelli, the chief of the works for excavation, soon ascertained that there was a hollow under the surface. He accordingly made a small hole through its covering, and filled it up with liquid plaster of Paris, as if it were a mould. The result was that he obtained a complete plaster statue of a Roman lady of the first century of the Christian era. Close by were found the remains of a man, another woman, and a girl, with ninety-one pieces of silver money; four earrings and a finger-ring, all gold; two iron keys, and evident remains of a linen bag or purse. The whole of these bodies have been carefully moulded in plaster. The first body discovered was a woman lying on her right side, with her limbs contracted as if she had died in convulsions. The form of the head-dress and the hair are quite distinct. On the bone of the little finger were two silver rings, and with this body were the remains of the purse above mentioned with the money and keys. The girl was found in an adjoining room, and the plaster mould taken of the cavity clearly shows the tissue of her dress. By her side lay an elderly woman, who had an iron ring on her little finger. The last personage was a tall, well-made man, lying full length. The plaster distinctly shows his form, the folds of his garment, his torn sandals, and his beard and hair. I contemplated these human forms with an interest which defies expression. It is evident that all these unfortunates had made great efforts to escape destruction. The man appears to have perished in a vain attempt to rescue the terrified women, who thought they could be nowhere so safe as in their own home, and hoped that the fiery tempest would soon cease. From the

money and keys found with the body of the first woman, she was probably the mistress of the house and the mother of the girl. From the manner in which her hands were clenched she evidently died in great pain. The girl does not appear to have suffered much. From the appearance of the plaster mould it would seem that she fell from terror, as she was running, with her skirts pulled over her head. It is impossible to imagine a more affecting scene than the one suggested by these silent figures; nor have I ever heard of a drama so heart-rending as the story of this family of the last days of Pompeii."

THE BELOVED WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but beloved; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, and cherished, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her as a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, we mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for we have not one spark of faith in the love that never shows itself—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other mechanism.

THE LONE SEA-SHORE.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Roam with me 'mid the wild waves' roar;
Meet scene to talk of bygone years,
Still faintly traced through smiles and tears;
Meet scene to picture coming days,
All bright with hope's enchanting rays;
The heart's deep thoughts we there may tell,
The sea will keep our counsels well.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Roam with me 'mid the wild waves' roar;
Here, by tyrant custom bound,
Hearts and tongues hold one dull round;
Court from those who'd do us ill,
Smiles from those whose wish would kill;
Nature smoothed, refined away,
Art and rule the world doth sway.

Come with me to the lone sea-shore,
Roam with me 'mid the wild waves' roar;
No flatterers round thee to destroy,
And none with sneers to mock our joy;
In nature's solitude we'll range,
And fearlessly the truth exchange;
The crowd, pure confidence doth bind,
'Tis free when poured to the wandering wind.

J. W. THIRLWALL.

SINGING is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a

stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses—August of its meadow larks. Such a man should be looked to.

WHY is a flourishing field of corn like a donkey? Because it has long ears.

A MILLINER'S MAXIM.—The following pretty maxim was found attached to a milliner's bill: "Milliner's bills are the tax which the male sex have to pay for the beauty of the female."

THE GOOD AND HAPPY WIFE.—The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for "Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

THE WINTER PALACE AT ST. PETERSBURG.—The front of the palace extends upward of seven hundred English feet, is almost square, and is three stories high. We were shown a corner room looking on the river, which his present majesty uses as his own particular one, and where he transacts his daily work. When the imperial family are residing here, it is said that upward of six thousand people are quartered in the building. The room, or rather hall, in which the empress receives her guests, has its walls almost covered with gold; but St. George's Hall, in which there is a magnificent throne, is the chief apartment. It is one hundred and fifty feet long by sixty feet wide, and although not appearing to advantage, in consequence of the number of workmen engaged in the re-decorations, is one of the most splendid and noble apartments we had ever seen, and it is in this that the emperor receives the foreign ambassadors. Near this hall is a picture-gallery of the generals who served during the invasion of 1812 and the subsequent battles, and beyond it is the Field-Marshal's Gallery, in which "Our Duke" has a prominent place. In a part of the palace, away from these grand public rooms, we were shown into a small apartment which the late emperor used as his bedroom, and in which he died. The furniture was simple enough, with a small camp-bed without curtains, at the head of which, on the wall, was a picture of a favorite daughter, whilst on his writing and toilet tables every thing, down to his pocket-handkerchief, was left as he had used them just before his death.

SOUTH-AUSTRALIA IN 1863.—How does 1863 open? Our 130,000 population of a year ago have increased to 136,000. They occupy 2½ millions of acres of purchased land, of which 500,000 acres are under cultivation. We also have 45,000 square miles of Crown land leased for sheep and cattle runs, and in more or less profitable occupation. We have from 50,000 to 60,000 horses, about 270,000 great cattle, and considerably over 8,000,000 of sheep and lambs. We have 4000 acres of vineyard, with nearly 3,000,000 of vines in bearing, and as many more not sufficiently matured. The

harvest just gathered in will feed our population during the year on which we have entered, and leave 50,000 tons or more for exportation. We shall probably ship 14,000,000 lb. of wood, and 80,000 cwt. of copper. We may set down the combined import and export trade of 1863 at over £4,000,000 sterling, of which the exports of South-Australian produce will represent one half. The aggregate revenue of 1863 we may roughly estimate at £500,000, and the public debt at £850,000, including the loans last sanctioned. Our reports of breadstuffs in 1862 were only of the value of £623,000, but we believe we exported at least as much as we sent out in 1861 for £712,000. Our wheat has fallen in value from 7s. 3d. a bushel in 1860 to 4s. 8½d. in 1862. Unless we can have cheap production, this colony must soon go out of the market as a grain-growing country; but with a more plentiful supply of labor, good roads, and liberal legislation, combined with improved systems of farming, the agriculturists of South-Australia may yet be able to maintain the prestige of the colony as "the granary of the southern hemisphere."—*South-Australian Advertiser*.

A QUAIN VIEW OF MUSICAL SCIENCE.—A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach disdained to crack his brains with the names of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes lad, and gie us a blaw. So verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blow forever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face, (pointing to a semibreve,) between two lines of a bar, he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; and if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blow your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellows' legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

STRANGE REVOLUTION IN MADAGASCAR.—The intelligence from Madagascar is an episode in modern history for which few parallels can be found. The fate of Radama the Second seems to have been that of Paul of Russia. The king appears to have gone mad, and the nobles dispatched him. His excesses and his intemperance neutralized his many good qualities, and caused his assassination. It is amusing to read of the ludicrous conduct of this ruler under the influence of the seers who professed to have communication with the world of spirits, but their antics were scarcely more absurd than those of which we hear and read at home among the practitioners of, and believers in spirit-rapping, and other delusions. But amid all these orgies in the royal palace, this semi-barbarous race have a rude notion of constitutional government. When the king's ministers and the people presented to him a formal remonstrance against the royal edict that persons wishing to fight with firearms or swords should not be prevented, and that any one killing another in the fray should not be punished, the king and his spies and inquisitors were immediately

put to death. Nothing in these proceedings is likely to disturb the permanent peace of the island. When Radama the First died a couple of years back, and his throne was usurped by a queen who expelled the missionaries and treated foreign traders with outrage, the English and French governments interfered by arms in a way the recollection of which will prevent, no doubt, a repetition of the same conduct on the present occasion.—*European Times*, July 11th.

THE VOLUNTEER DIPLOMATISTS AT FONTAINEBLEAU.—This is the *Moniteur's* version of what passed between Louis Napoleon and Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay:

"Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay visited Fontainebleau for the purpose of persuading the emperor to make an official movement at London for the recognition of the Southern States, as, in their opinion, this recognition would put an end to the struggle which overwhelms with blood the United States. The emperor expressed to them his desire to see peace established in those territories, but observed to them that the proposition of mediation addressed to London, in the month of October last, not having been agreed to by England, he did not think it his duty to make a new one before he was sure of its acceptance; that, nevertheless, the ambassador of France at London would receive instructions to sound the intentions of Lord Palmerston upon this point, and to give him to understand that, if the English cabinet believed that the recognition of the South would put an end to the war, the emperor would be disposed to follow it in this direction."

ANOTHER SAD TIGER STORY.—A correspondent of the *Times of India* writes as follows: "I regret to record another frightful tiger accident. It appears that Captain Curtis, Sixth Dragoon, Captain Bradford, Sillidar Cavalry, and another gentleman, were out on a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Sehore, where they fell in with a tiger, which had previously been wounded by some other sportsmen, and was in a state of furious madness. Captain Bradford raised his gun, but it unfortunately would not go off. At the same moment the brute caught sight of the party, and, giving a hideous roar, charged down upon them with the utmost ferocity, singling out Captain Bradford, who was in the act of scrambling up a tree; the tiger made a dash at him with a tremendous bound, and caught and dragged him to the ground. Poor Bradford having raised his hand to protect his head, the brute seized his arm, crunching it between his terrible jaws as if it had been so much rotten wood, breaking and splintering the bone, and lacerating the flesh in a terrible manner. Meantime his companions were not idle; but, as they were afraid of hitting their friend if they fired at any distance, they advanced boldly up to the brute and poured shot after shot into him, till at last he was rolled over by the eleventh bullet. Ferocious to the last, the brute never relinquished his hold, and fell dead in the act of aiming a blow with his enormous paw at the head of his victim. Poor Captain Bradford was carried into Sehore in a pitiable condition, mauled all over, and it was found necessary to amputate his arm at the shoulder-joint. By last accounts he was in a very precarious state. The tiger was of monstrous size, and is said to be the largest ever seen in these parts."

INDIA.—The best news from India is that communicated by the Secretary of State to Parliament. Twenty-five hundred miles of railway are in active operation; other great lines are in progress; the works and inclines by which the hills are crossed at Bhore Ghaut are described as worth going all the way to India to see. In the course of next year another similar crossing will be opened at Thull Ghaut. The money hitherto spent on Indian railways amounts to £46,000,000 out of £60,000,000, of which the expenditure has been sanctioned. That the railways when made are appreciated by the natives is proved by the fact that in the year ending June 30th, 1862, the number of third and fourth class passengers was 6,790,013; of second class, 299,920; of first class, 61,817.

QUININE.—The endeavors, which we have mentioned more than once, to establish plantations of the bark-tree in India, have been completely successful, the last doubt having been removed by experiment. The doubt was as to whether the trees would yield quinine in the same quantity as in their native South-America. The experiment has been tried on trees of two years' growth, and quinine obtained in quantity as abundant as in Peru. According to the report on the plantations published last March, there are now 146,548 cinchona plants in the Nilghiri Hills, of which 35,750 have been planted out. And it appears that other plantations are to be formed at Darjiling, on the slopes of the Himalaya.

A ROYAL FRENCH MARRIAGE.—On the eleventh ult., at the Roman Catholic Church of Kingston-on-Thames, the Duc de Chartres, second son of the late Duc d'Orleans, was married to Princess Françoise of Orleans, daughter of the Prince de Joinville. The young couple (says an English journal) are cousins, both of them grand-children of Louis Philippe, and, though Queen Victoria was not present, either at the marriage or the breakfast which followed, she was represented by her son and daughter-in-law, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and by her relatives, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. All the princes and princesses of the House of Orleans now in England were in attendance, and amongst them the Duke de Monpensier, who came all the way from Spain to attend the marriage. Many of the English nobility were invited, and no fewer than nine diplomatic representatives of foreign sovereigns at the Court of Great Britain deemed it right to be present—a circumstance that will not favorably impress the Emperor of the French. But the most marked figure in this gathering of the ex-Royal House of France was the Queen Marie Amelie—a brave old lady, verging toward eighty, who is described as standing up at the breakfast, and, wine glass in hand, asking the company to drink to the health of the Duke and Duchess of Chartres. The young couple, in the course of the afternoon, left Claremont for Scotland, there to spend the honeymoon.

A GONDOLA FOR THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.—The Empress Eugénie recently received as a present from Venice, a charming gondola, brought by Count Aresé, and intended for use on the lake at Fontainebleau. It is five meters (sixteen feet five inches) long, and is made of pear-tree wood, blacked to imitate ebony, and ornamented with steel studs. In the middle, over the seats, is a light wooden

structure hung with a black woollen tissue fringed with red. It is managed by a single gondolier, and one has come with it from Venice, who speaks scarcely a word of French. In rowing, he stands in the after part of the boat, uses only one oar, and sings all the while according to the old Venetian custom.

STRANGE DISSOLUTION OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.—The North Pole has been sold by private transfer. The "International Financial Society" have purchased all the rights and territories of the Hudson's Bay Company for £1,500,000, being at the rate of £300 for every share worth £200, the price to be paid on the first July. The bargain is creditable to the well-known astuteness of Mr. Edward Ellice, so long the dictator of the selling association, but if its legality is not questionable it ought to be. Who ever heard of a kingdom sold by private arrangement? The Hudson's Bay Company hold sovereign rights over vast territories, and, one would imagine, could no more sell them than the queen could sell her prerogative. Imagine the East India Company selling India, or, to come nearer home, the Hudson's Bay Company selling their "rights" to the French *Credit Mobilier*! The transfer ought, at least, to be discussed in Parliament.—*Spectator*, June 20th.

LONDON.—A scheme for imparting somewhat more of interest to the streets of the metropolis has been suggested by Mr. Ewartin the House of Commons: it is to identify the houses by a tablet or some other mark which have been the residences of eminent men. For instance, Milton once dwelt in the house now No. 19 York-street, Westminster; Newton lived in the house now known as the Newton Hotel, on the south side of Leicester Square; Dryden died at No. 43 Gerrard-street; Prior lived in Duke-street, Westminster; Hogarth in part of the Sablonière Hotel, Leicester Square, and Sir Joshua Reynolds in a house on the western side of the same square; Johnson died at No. 8 Bolt Court, Fleet-street; Goldsmith, at No. 2 Brick Court, Temple; Gibbon, at No. 7 Bentinck-street, Manchester Square. Other examples might be given, but these will suffice to show how many are the associations which might be revived in the minds of passers-by at the sight of a commemorative inscription.

GANGRENE AND OXYGEN.—A remarkable instance of the advantage which medical men may derive from chemistry has been published in the reports of the hospital Hotel Dieu, at Paris. A young student wrote a thesis in which he showed that gangrene and deficiency of oxygen were to be regarded as cause and effect. Dr. Laugier, surgeon in chief of the hospital, having a case of spontaneous gangrene under his care, proceeded to test the theory. The patient, a man seventy-five years of age, had the disease in one foot, one toe was mortified, and the whole member was in danger. The diseased part was inclosed in an apparatus contrived to disengage oxygen continuously, and in a short time the gangrene was arrested, and the foot recovered its healthy condition. A similar experiment tried upon another patient equally aged, was equally successful, from which the inference follows that treatment with oxygen is an effectual remedy for a disease which too often infests hospitals.

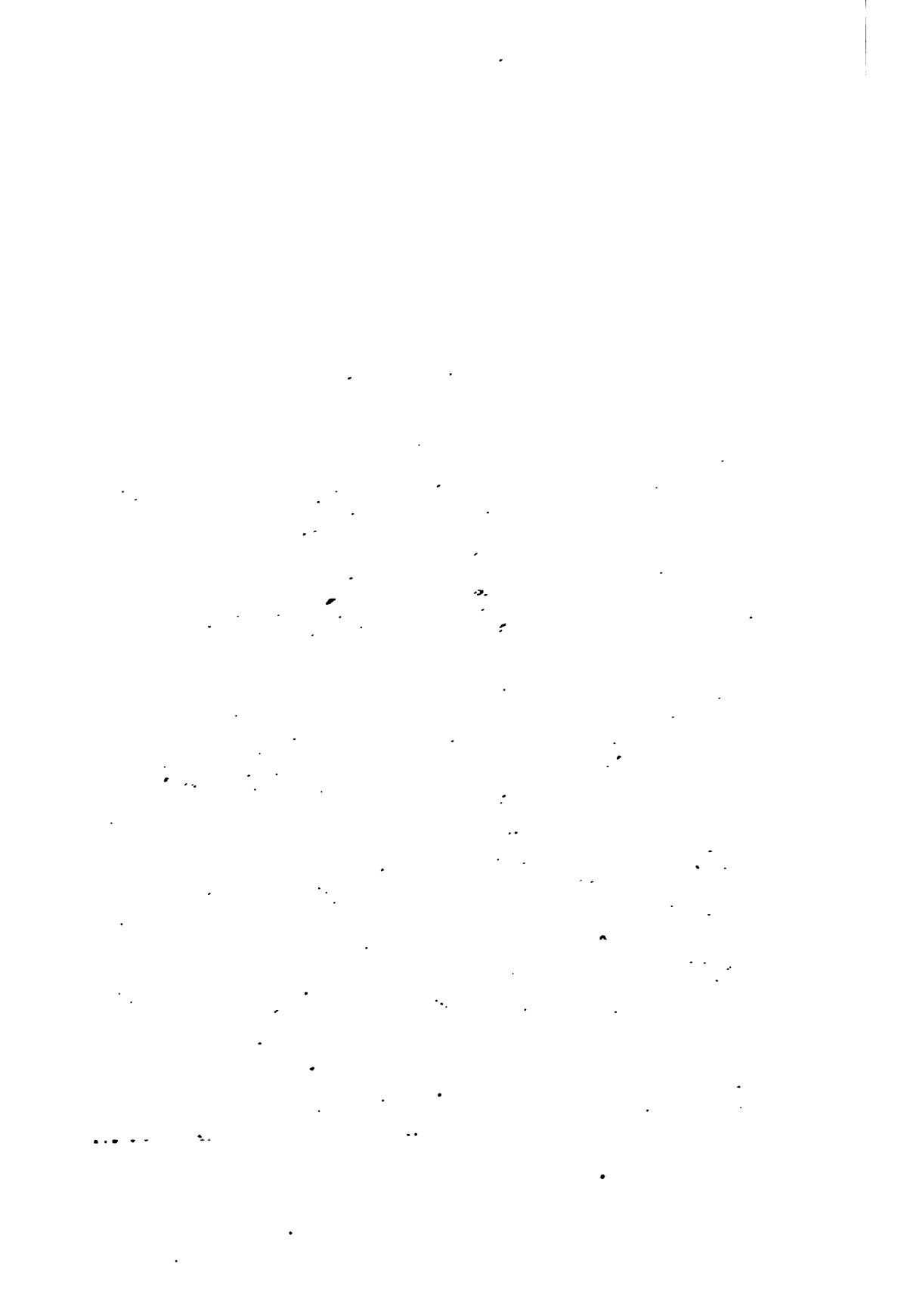


5. Major-General

1. *Staphylococcus aureus* 2. *Staphylococcus epidermidis* 3. *Staphylococcus saprophyticus* 4. *Staphylococcus sciuri* 5. *Staphylococcus carnosus* 6. *Staphylococcus hyicus* 7. *Staphylococcus epidermidis* 8. *Staphylococcus aureus* 9. *Staphylococcus aureus* 10. *Staphylococcus aureus* 11. *Staphylococcus aureus* 12. *Staphylococcus aureus* 13. *Staphylococcus aureus* 14. *Staphylococcus aureus* 15. *Staphylococcus aureus* 16. *Staphylococcus aureus* 17. *Staphylococcus aureus* 18. *Staphylococcus aureus* 19. *Staphylococcus aureus* 20. *Staphylococcus aureus* 21. *Staphylococcus aureus* 22. *Staphylococcus aureus* 23. *Staphylococcus aureus* 24. *Staphylococcus aureus* 25. *Staphylococcus aureus* 26. *Staphylococcus aureus* 27. *Staphylococcus aureus* 28. *Staphylococcus aureus* 29. *Staphylococcus aureus* 30. *Staphylococcus aureus* 31. *Staphylococcus aureus* 32. *Staphylococcus aureus* 33. *Staphylococcus aureus* 34. *Staphylococcus aureus* 35. *Staphylococcus aureus* 36. *Staphylococcus aureus* 37. *Staphylococcus aureus* 38. *Staphylococcus aureus* 39. *Staphylococcus aureus* 40. *Staphylococcus aureus* 41. *Staphylococcus aureus* 42. *Staphylococcus aureus* 43. *Staphylococcus aureus* 44. *Staphylococcus aureus* 45. *Staphylococcus aureus* 46. *Staphylococcus aureus* 47. *Staphylococcus aureus* 48. *Staphylococcus aureus* 49. *Staphylococcus aureus* 50. *Staphylococcus aureus* 51. *Staphylococcus aureus* 52. *Staphylococcus aureus* 53. *Staphylococcus aureus* 54. *Staphylococcus aureus* 55. *Staphylococcus aureus* 56. *Staphylococcus aureus* 57. *Staphylococcus aureus* 58. *Staphylococcus aureus* 59. *Staphylococcus aureus* 60. *Staphylococcus aureus* 61. *Staphylococcus aureus* 62. *Staphylococcus aureus* 63. *Staphylococcus aureus* 64. *Staphylococcus aureus* 65. *Staphylococcus aureus* 66. *Staphylococcus aureus* 67. *Staphylococcus aureus* 68. *Staphylococcus aureus* 69. *Staphylococcus aureus* 70. *Staphylococcus aureus* 71. *Staphylococcus aureus* 72. *Staphylococcus aureus* 73. *Staphylococcus aureus* 74. *Staphylococcus aureus* 75. *Staphylococcus aureus* 76. *Staphylococcus aureus* 77. *Staphylococcus aureus* 78. *Staphylococcus aureus* 79. *Staphylococcus aureus* 80. *Staphylococcus aureus* 81. *Staphylococcus aureus* 82. *Staphylococcus aureus* 83. *Staphylococcus aureus* 84. *Staphylococcus aureus* 85. *Staphylococcus aureus* 86. *Staphylococcus aureus* 87. *Staphylococcus aureus* 88. *Staphylococcus aureus* 89. *Staphylococcus aureus* 90. *Staphylococcus aureus* 91. *Staphylococcus aureus* 92. *Staphylococcus aureus* 93. *Staphylococcus aureus* 94. *Staphylococcus aureus* 95. *Staphylococcus aureus* 96. *Staphylococcus aureus* 97. *Staphylococcus aureus* 98. *Staphylococcus aureus* 99. *Staphylococcus aureus* 100. *Staphylococcus aureus*

...and the fact that the *Journal* is a journal of the American Psychological Association, the largest and most prestigious of the psychological organizations in the United States, is a source of great pride for me.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

From the North British Review.

THE ANCIENT WORLD OF AMERICA; OR, WILSON'S PREHISTORIC MAN.*

A VOICE from the woody depths of Canada, discussing the *Origines* of civilization and history, takes one at first somewhat by surprise. It is no disparagement to the youthful universities of British America to say that, as yet, it is not to their professorial chairs that the literary world looks for enlightenment in matters requiring a long-continued scientific research. The salaries of Canadian professors, ranging from two to four hundred pounds a year, are not sufficient, save in very exceptional cases, to attract from this coun-

try any man of literary mark. Dr. Daniel Wilson, however, is one of those exceptions. There are many important branches of knowledge and literature the pursuit of which is not remunerative; and any man who sets himself to work out a special department of knowledge is glad to get some appointment which insures to him a livelihood, while leaving him leisure for his favorite studies. This is what Dr. Wilson has done. At Toronto he worthily fills a chair of History and English Literature, to which he was appointed in 1852; and in the ten years which have since elapsed, he has employed the long leisure of the summer recess in prosecuting those archæological studies for which he had acquired no mean reputation before he left Scotland.

In most cases, a long residence abroad

* *Prehistoric Man. Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New World.* By DANIEL WILSON, LL.D. 2 vols. London, 1862.

Types of Mankind; or, Ethnological Researches, based upon the Ancient Monuments, Paintings, Sculptures, and Crania of Races. By J. C. NORT, M.D., and GEORGE R. GLIBBON. London, 1864.

is very detrimental to a literary career. The strangeness of the country and of the mode of life, the duties of the appointment, perhaps the unhealthiness of the climate, combine to waste the prime of life, when literary ambition and enthusiasm for work are strongest; while the scarcity of books of reference, the difficulty of communicating with fellow-workers, and not least, the getting "out of gear" with public opinion at home, the diminished sensibility to the taste of the reading world, which seldom fails to steal over the scholar in the comparative isolation of life abroad, are all unfavorable to his accomplishment of any great work. Dr. Wilson has been more fortunately circumstanced, and he has turned his opportunities most happily to account. In preparing his first work, the *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, he had studied in its general bearings the interesting branch of archæology to which he devotes himself, and had mastered it in detail as regards the British Isles; and when he transferred his residence to Canada, he wisely resolved to find in the New World a field for further researches and contemplation. Archæology is a science which can only partially be prosecuted in the closet. It is true that, for very many of his facts, the archæologist, like the votaries of other sciences, must depend upon the truthfulness and sound judgment of fellow-inquirers; but the more widely he can see and examine for himself, the more valuable and the more interesting will be the book in which the results of his research are recorded. This value and this interest are to be found in no common measure in the work which Dr. Wilson has now published. It is a mature and mellow work of an able man; free alike from crotchets and from dogmatism, and exhibiting on every page the caution and moderation of a well-balanced judgment; written in a style which in many parts is lamentably diffuse, but which artistically interweaves with the level portions of the book charming passages of personal narrative and description. The plan of the book naturally occasions considerable redundancy, which is not satisfactory to a disciplined intellect; and yet for the general reader we suspect this redundancy will be useful and not unpleasing. Another and stronger objection, likely to be taken by men who have studied this department of archæology, is, that on too many im-

portant questions the author leaves us in doubt as to his opinion.

Prehistoric Man—the very title of the book is suggestive of keenly vexed questions which now agitate the literary, and not less so the ecclesiastical, world. But Dr. Wilson has happily no love for that spirit of heterodox speculation which has of late become a passion, a pest, a mania. In his book there are no accounts of pretended generations of mankind before Adam—no intellectual bigotry and self-conceit which delight to mock at received opinions in science and at common faith in religion. The purpose of his book is simply to elucidate, from many and varied sources, the arts of life as they appear in the initiatory stage of civilization, and before history arose to describe and leave a record of them. "Prehistoric man," in the sense in which the term is legitimately used by Dr. Wilson, does not mean mankind at an epoch prior to all history, but merely prior to the invention of written records by the particular race or nation of which he writes. Thus, a thousand years ago—we might say at a much later date—the entire population of the American continent was "prehistoric," although history was at that time cultivated by every nation of the Old World from China to the Atlantic.

Dr. Wilson has brought together a great mass of curious and interesting materials in elucidation of the arts of life as they appear in the initiatory stage of civilization. This constitutes the value of his work. He has studied this early phase of humanity, those rude beginnings of civilization, in many different countries; and in his pages we obtain interesting glimpses of primitive peoples in various parts of the world. He is a strong advocate for the use of the terms "stone period," "bronze period," "iron period;" and unquestionably they may be employed with advantage to mark different stages of civilization. But it must be borne in mind that these periods have nothing in common with the periods of geology. They did not exist in succession all over the earth; they all coëxisted at the same time. When one people was in full possession of the metallurgic arts, which is called the "iron period," another would be only able to deal with the softer ones and most simple alloys, which is what is meant by the "bronze period;" while a third might be quite ignorant of the

metals, and make its rude implements of stone or bone. In early times especially, emigrants from a highly civilized nation often relapsed into a state of barbarism; so that, when the parent stock was in full possession of the metallurgic arts, some of its offshoots had fallen back into the bronze or stone period. Imagine a tribe or family setting out from the primeval fatherland in Western Asia, and traveling forth into the vast forests which covered ancient Europe. There was no grain, no vegetables, we might say even no fruits, growing wild around them, as in the more prolific regions of the south, with its date-palms and bread-fruit trees. The wanderers, we shall suppose, had their flocks and herds, and struggled on, too busily absorbed in the task of obtaining a livelihood to think of any thing higher. If it so chanced that the flocks of any little band of emigrants died out, the emigrants would fall into a still lower state, supporting themselves by the precarious produce of fishing or hunting. They would now make their weapons of bone or of stone; and step by step, if the difficulty of obtaining food increased—as in certain localities it must have done—they would sink lower and lower into the depths of barbarism. The Greeks wisely planted their colonies at the outset as organized communities, in which all the crafts of civilized life were represented; but this was the exception. The march of the nations followed no such plan; and the result was, that while one part of a race was steadily advancing in civilization, other parts of it were retrograding. The accumulated wisdom and experience of successive generations can be retained only partially, and very insecurely, among an unlettered people, dependent on oral tradition for all knowledge save that which is practically transmitted in the operations of daily life. And of all the arts, none so speedily disappear among migratory tribes as those of metallurgy. "How very few of all the wanderers from the old centers of European civilization to the wilds of the New World," says Dr. Wilson, "bring with them the slightest knowledge either of the science or the practice of metallurgy; or can tell how iron is taken out of the earth, and brass molten out of the stone, or even can distinguish the metallic ores." Indeed, even now the copper miners of Lake Superior are almost exclusively derived from Corn-

wall or the mining districts of Germany. The old Dutchman exported his very bricks across the Atlantic, wherewith to found his new Amsterdam on the banks of the Hudson; and the English settler still imports from the old country both the engineers and the iron wherewith to make his railways and bridge his St. Lawrence. Dr. Wilson justly remarks:

"With such facts before us in relation even to the systematic colonization of a highly civilized and enterprising commercial nation, it is easy to understand what must have been the condition of the earth's primeval colonists as they wandered forth successively from the great Asiatic hive, gradually displacing the savage fauna of the unpeopled wilds they took possession of, or occupying, as chance directed them, the far-scattered islands of the sea. Their industrial arts were all to begin anew; and thus, wherever we recover traces of the first footprints of the old nomad in his wanderings across the continents of Asia or Europe, or follow him into the new world of America, or the newer continent of Australia and the islands of the Southern Ocean, we see that that non-metallurgic condition of primitive social life which is conveniently designated its stone period, is not necessarily the earliest human period, but only the rudimentary condition to which man had returned, and may return again, in the inevitable deterioration of a migratory era."

To what straits the "prehistoric" population of Europe were reduced—under what hard and rudimentary conditions of life they existed—may be judged from the faint remains of their old settlements which the prying eyes of archaeologists have recently discovered. In the lakes of Switzerland there have been found the remains of rude habitations built on piles in the water, where primitive tribes had made themselves secure from the attacks of wild beasts, and maintained a scant existence by fishing and by the chase. In our own islands we find the remains of tribes who lived in underground habitations—veritable troglodytes—by whom caves were a prized and much-frequented residence. As specimens of these cave-residences and subterranean dwellings, let us give Dr. Wilson's description of Kent's Hole, near Torbay, and of one of the Scottish "weems" at the other extremity of our island. Speaking first of the great Devonshire cavern, he says:

"Intermingled with fossil remains of species of the rhinoceros, cave-hyena, great cave-tiger, cave-bear, and other extinct mammalia in un-

usual abundance, lay numerous relics of human art, not only indicating the ancient presence of man, but proving that he also, as well as some of these extinct carnivora, had found there a home. His tools of bone, like others found on many primitive British sites, exhibit the most infantile stage of rudimentary art. Fragments of sun-baked urns, and rounded slabs of slate of a plate-like form, were associated with the traces of rude culinary practices, illustrative of the habits and tastes of the primeval savage. Broken pottery, calcined bones, charcoal, and ashes, showed where the hearth of the allophylan Briton had stood; and along with these lay dispersed the flints, in all conditions—from the rounded mass as it came out of the chalk, through the various stages of progress, on to the finished arrow-heads and hatchets; while small flint-chips, and partially used flint-blocks, thickly scattered through the soil, served to indicate that the ancient British Troglodyte had there his workshop as well as his kitchen, and wrought the raw material of that primeval stone period into the requisite tools and weapons of the chase. Nor were indications wanting of the specific food of man in the remote era thus recalled for us. Besides accumulated bones, some at least the spoils of the chase, near the mouth of the cave a number of shells of the mussel, limpet, and oyster, with a palate of the scarus, lay heaped together—indicating that the British aborigines found their precarious subsistence from the alternate products of the chase and the spoils of the neighboring sea.

"Such traces of aboriginal life in the British cave-dwellers of Torbay, closely correspond with those observed in exploring some of the remarkable artificial caverns, or Scottish Weems. . . . A remarkable example of these subterranean stone-dwellings at Savrock, near Kirkwall, in Orkney, was situated, like the natural Torbay cavern, close to the sea-shore. The accumulated remains of the charcoal and peat ashes of the long-extinguished hearth lay intermingled with bones of the small northern sheep, the horse, ox, deer, and whale, and also with some rude implements illustrative of primitive Orcadian arts; while a layer of shells of the oyster, escallop, and periwinkle, the common whelk, the purpura, and the limpet, covered the floor and the adjacent ground, in some places half a foot deep. Of these, the limpet, though common on the coast, formed only a very small proportion of the whole, while the periwinkle was the most abundant."

It seems extraordinary to us, who possess the most perfect appliances of art, how effective rude implements may be when employed by a people who have none better. The vast monuments of Egypt, carved all over with figures and hieroglyphics of minutest finish, yet constructed of the hardest granite, fill us

with astonishment when we reflect that the builders and the carvers had only tools of copper. In like manner it surprises us to find, among the nations and tribes who were wholly ignorant of the metals, to what good account they turned the simple tool-making materials which were at their command. Hatchets and hammers and mauls of stone, spear-heads and arrow-heads of flint, harpoons pointed with bone, and fish-hooks of the same material, knives made of flint or sea-shells—these were all that the earliest inhabitants of Europe and America had to make their way with in the wilderness, and support themselves in life. In the West-Indies and some other parts of the world, instead of a "stone period" there was a "shell-period;" the Caribs and other tribes of the Gulf Islands deriving almost all their tools, as well as ornaments, from the large and beautiful shells which abounded on their shores. The Aztecs in Mexico, and the population of Central America generally, found in obsidian a stone still harder than flint, with which they made swords of a peculiar shape, which took on an edge almost equal to iron. It has also been found that the tools with which the copper-mines of Lake Superior were worked in times anterior to Columbus consisted only of stone—stone mauls and wedges, aided by the use of fire in softening or disintegrating the rock. Moreover, although the mines were known to and at one time worked by the aborigines, the copper was never used as a metal—was never smelted, nor melted, nor forged—but as a malleable stone, which they beat into the shape of tools and ornaments with their stone hammers. Stone, bone, shells, and clay—these were the materials of tools and utensils during the so-called "stone period;" and of clay some nations of that rude period made good use. The use of tobacco in North America, and the semi-religious character attached by the Indians to the pipe and to smoking, doubtless gave an impetus to the art of pottery among them; and the remains of that perishable manufacture lately found in the old settlements of the "mound builders" of the Ohio, not to mention the more skillful productions of ancient Mexico, show that the aborigines of North America had attained considerable proficiency in that earliest of all the kinds of fictile art.

The inventive faculty of man, even

when in a state of barbarism, and the spirit of enterprise which leads him to aspire to the dominion of nature, in no department impress us so much as in his successful attempts to subjugate the waves and waters, and to extend his sphere of action into a foreign element. We are so accustomed to navigate the sea in vessels of enormous size, equipped with all the appliances of a highly advanced civilization, that we are apt to underrate the power of uncivilized man to transport himself to islands and continents separated from his native seats by an expanse of sea. We forget that the ship which conveyed Columbus across the Atlantic, or the little "Mayflower" in which the Pilgrim Fathers sought and found a new home, were not more sea-worthy than many a galley which plowed the Mediterranean two thousand years ago. The maritime skill which safely led the Phœnicians to the shores of Britain, and which even accomplished the circumnavigation of Africa, would have sufficed to cross the Atlantic and plant colonies in the New World fifteen hundred years at least before Columbus was born. And that some of those galleys may have been driven across the Atlantic, even in those remote times, is a very possible supposition.

It seems strange to us, that when the first daring European navigators made their way into the Pacific, they found the thousand widely scattered islands of that vast ocean already peopled, and by tribes in the most primitive condition of existence. Yet we know, as an indisputable fact, that Malays have reached and settled in Madagascar, although that island is separated by three thousand miles of open sea from their native Indian Isles, and a strong trade-wind prevails in the greater part of the navigation. The barks of the true Polynesian race are frequently double, with a raised platform or quarter-deck; and they are invariably provided with an outrigger, which protects them against the danger of upsetting, and enables them to carry a rude sail of matting, even in tempestuous seas. Although the ancient Peruvians were essentially an agricultural and unmaritime people, they nevertheless made use of masts and sails and the rudder in their navigation. It was one of those barks met with in the open sea which first led the Spanish expedition to the discovery of Peru: a large raft, formed of huge timbers of light porous wood, with

a flooring of reeds raised above them, impelled by a large square cotton sail supported on two masts, and with a movable keel and rudder, which enabled the boatmen to steer. What difficulty is there, then, in supposing that Southern America was reached from the islands of the Pacific, as these islands themselves were unquestionably reached from the mainland of Asia? Or, again, if called upon to explain an immigration from Northern Asia across Behring's Straits, or by the chain of the Aleutian Isles, we find an answer in the means of navigation possessed by the American tribes on the Northern Pacific, as well as in their seafaring habits. Of the Indians of Oregon and the adjoining sea-borders, we are told that some of their canoes, made out of a single tree, are upward of fifty feet long, and capable of carrying a crew of thirty men. The bow and stern rise up in a graceful sweep, sometimes to the height of five feet; they have thwarts about three inches thick, stretching from side to side; and their gunwales curve outward, so as to throw off the waves. Washington Irving, in describing the Oregon Indians, says: "It is surprising to see with what fearless unconcern these savages venture in their light barks upon the roughest and most tempestuous seas. They seem to ride upon the wave like sea-fowl. Should a surge throw the canoe upon its side, and endanger its overturn, those to windward lean over the upper gunwale, thrust their paddles deep into the wave, and by this action not merely regain an equilibrium, but give their bark a vigorous impulse forward." Accident, moreover, often accomplishes what would not be attempted by design; and the case of the Japanese junk wrecked on the coast of Oregon in 1833, when a portion of its crew escaped, and were afterwards found among the Indian tribes, may have had many parallels in former times, both as regards Northern and Southern America.

No feature of Dr. Wilson's book is so peculiar to it, or so interesting, as the vivid contrasts which it presents, and which he evidently delights to depict, between the present and the past—between the aspects of rude prehistoric humanity and those of our own highly civilized times. He delights to follow the archaeological excavator on the banks of the Thames, and to show us the remains

of many former Londons—Danish, Roman, British—lying buried beneath the busy streets of the now immense metropolis which forms the heart of modern civilization. With graphic pen he depicts the discovery of long-hidden seats of “allophylian” British life, the most rudimental that can well be conceived, amidst localities now teeming with the wealthiest and most advanced civilization that the world has yet beheld. He recalls the various historic epochs which have passed over the country around Torbay, and then shows us the strange and most meager existence which in long prior prehistoric times mankind had led upon the same spot. One of the most striking of those contrasts is presented in the following passage, wherein we get a glimpse of the prehistoric condition of one of the busiest and most thriving localities of the kingdom:

“On the banks of the Scottish Clyde, the modern voyager from the New World looks with peculiar interest on the growing fabrics of those huge steamers, with ribs of steel, and planks not of oak but of iron, which have made the ocean, that proved so impassable a barrier to the men of the fifteenth century, the easy highway of commerce and pleasure to us. The roar of the iron forge, the clang of the fore-hammer, the intermittent glare of the furnaces, and all the novel appliances of iron shipbuilding, tell of the modern era of steam. But meanwhile, underneath these very shipbuilders’ yards lie the memorials of ancient Clyde fleets, in which we are borne back up the stream of human industry, far into prehistoric times. The earliest recorded discovery of a Clyde canoe took place in 1780, at a depth of twenty-five feet below the surface, on a site known by the apt designation of St. Enoch’s Croft. This primitive canoe, hewn out of a single oak, rested in a horizontal position on its keel; and within it, near the prow, there lay a curiously suggestive memorial of the mechanical arts of the remote era to which the ancient ship of the Clyde must be assigned. This was a beautifully finished stone axe or *celt*—doubtless one of the simple implements of the allophylian Caledonian to whom the canoe belonged, if not, indeed, the tool with which it had been fashioned into shape.”

Dr. Wilson tells us with what lively interest he gazed, for the first time in the New World, upon a stage of rude life and mechanical art actually existent, nearly similar to that which in our islands he had studied as a matter of archaeology. In truth, it may be said that almost every stage of human existence is still to be met

with in some part or other of the world; and that, by means of facts still existing, we may in great part reconstruct mentally the condition of times which, in our own and most other European countries, had long disappeared from view before history arose to record their phenomena. Little has been altogether lost. It seems, indeed, as if Providence, in preserving to these later times specimens of the many varying stages of human progress or decline, meant, for our instruction, to bring them under the ken of full and appreciating knowledge before they should utterly disappear. And, strange as it may seem, it is only the truth, that the further that we recede from the early times of the world, the more are we coming to know of them. The study of ancient history is now engaging many of the ablest minds of the day, and the labors of travelers and explorers are unbaring to view, in rapidly increasing numbers, the mute records of bygone civilizations, while the archæologist busies himself with the less inviting relics of ruder humanity. In this age of locomotion all parts of the world are brought under our cognizance, and now, for the first time, is the student able to survey as a whole the marvelous and deeply interesting panorama of mankind. As yet the spectacle is too novel, the panorama too vast, to be grasped and rightly appreciated by any single man; yet ere long, we doubt not, some new Humboldt will arise, who will describe the cosmos of humanity as fully as has already been accomplished for the cosmos of physical nature.

Dr. Wilson is an eminently sensible and judicious guide in regard to the archæology of the New World. His opinions are disfigured by no hasty deductions, nor by those fanciful inferences which are so plentiful in most works of archæology. If he errs, it is always on the side of prudence and caution. His work, more than any with which we are acquainted, successfully portrays the striking contrast presented by the native world of America at the present day, compared with what it was at the time when the European race first broke in upon it as ruthless and essentially barbarous conquerors. It is hardly too much to say, that the Spaniards found and destroyed in the New World kingdoms which, in point of material civilization, were in advance of their own. Dr. Wilson, with that sober criticism

which distinguishes him, considers that Prescott's glowing account of the state of Mexico at the time of the Spanish conquest is too highly colored; nevertheless, after making every allowance of this kind, we think the cotemporary descriptions of ancient Mexico are sufficient to establish the substantial justice of Prescott's graphic delineation.

From what quarter of the world America derived its earliest population and civilizations, is a question of which the solutions offered have been many and various. Some writers even uphold the doctrine that its population was not derived at all, but sprang into existence upon its soil! The American school of ethnologists, represented by Morton, Nott, and Gliddon—who maintain with Professor Agassiz that mankind are of various and independent origin—assert that the population of America, from Behring's Straits to Cape Horn, is homogeneous, and also autochthonous. They maintain that the people, as well as the llama, the jaguar, and the rattlesnake, are truly indigenous. European writers, on the other hand, for the most part maintain the opposite opinion, and are disposed to attribute the American population to several different sources. Dr. Wilson upholds this latter view. From a personal inspection of many of the present tribes of North America, and still more from an examination of the skulls of the ancient and more civilized races of that continent, he dissents from the dogma (which found favor even with so great an authority as Humboldt) that the population of the New World is so homogeneous as to be traceable to one common stock. In this Dr. Wilson seems to us to be indisputably right. There is more room for doubt in regard to the quarters from whence the population came. Dr. Wilson considers that the mass of the Indian tribes came over from Northern Asia partly by Behring's Straits, but chiefly by the route of the Aleutian Isles. At the same time he is of opinion (and we think justly) that the old Mayan race of Central America, and also the Peruvians, belong to a different stock; and he inclines to think that they arrived from Southern Asia, by accident or by design, across the islands of the Pacific Ocean. It is a curious and important fact, that several (in proportion to the small number discovered, we might say many) of the

mummies found in the tombs of Peru have hair of a pure brown color, whereas the hair of every existing American tribe is wholly black. According to some, the original inhabitants of America were of the most diverse European races, from which sprang that heterogeneous combination of colors, habits, tastes, languages, and religions, which baffles science and the researches of the antiquary. To us, it seems more probable that America was at an early time peopled by a nearly homogeneous race; into the midst of which there arrived individuals or straggling handfuls of men of other races, some of whom (like the Incas) established themselves as rulers and civilizers of the native population, and influenced the physical configuration as well as the habits and customs of the primitive population. In other words, we do not so much hold that the population of America, as it existed at the time of Columbus, had been formed by the gradual blending of various peoples in nearly equal proportions, as that an originally homogeneous population had been interspersed by small bands of aliens, whose physical and moral influence introduced the elements of diversity which now puzzle alike the historian and the ethnologist.

The mute evidence of the monuments of past times which remain to us seem to prove that it was in Central America—the isthmal regions south of Mexico, called Mayapan by the natives at the time of the conquest—that the ancient civilization of the New World reached its highest point; next to that, Peru; and in the third rank, Mexico. These were the three *foci* of civilization in ancient America. Peru appears to have existed almost, if not altogether, apart, without any communication with, or even knowledge of, the civilized states on the Isthmus and in Mexico. But these two latter were directly connected—the population and civilization of the one merging gradually into those of the other. The Mayan race of Yucatan, among whom civilization reached its highest point, seems to have been of the mild character which so preëminently distinguished the Peruvians. And their earliest neighbors on the North, in the valley of Mexico—the Toltecs—appear also to have been mild and humane in disposition; and their offerings of fruits and flowers to their gods were in striking contrast to the bloody sacrifices of the

race who succeeded and supplanted them. At what date the Mayans and Peruvians established themselves in their respective countries we have not even the most shadowy means of conjecturing; although we know that the race of the Incas in Peru was preceded by a prior one, which had attained to some degree of civilization. The movements of the Mexican populations, however, come more within the ken of history. The Toltecs, who came from the north, are believed to have settled in Mexico in the seventh century. We think there is room for doubting whether they were the first to establish a civilization in that region, and whether some portion or offshoot of the Mayan race had not previously spread northward thither from Yucatan. Nevertheless, the Toltecs were indisputably the people who raised the Mexican valley to its flourishing condition, who built its cities, developed its resources, and made it the center of a well-organized kingdom. But in the middle of the tenth century (almost contemporaneous with the Norman invasion of England) another people from the north appeared on the scene; and the fierce Aztecs, by force of arms, became masters of Mexico, and succeeded to a civilization much in advance of what belonged to themselves. Hence in Mexico the singular circumstance has been observed, that the later works and monuments of the native race were inferior to the earlier ones; the explanation being, that a ruder but more warlike race succeeded in conquering an earlier population, which were further advanced in the arts of civilization. Doubtless the greater portion of the Toltec nation remained in the country under the dominion of their fierce masters; but a portion of them are said to have migrated southward, and hence must have come in contact with the still more civilized Mayan race in Yucatan. At the time when Cortez invaded Mexico, the Aztecs held the position of a dominant race, ruling over many subject tribes—some of which, like the Tlascallans, readily joined the invading Spaniards in their attack upon the alien race of the Aztecs.

Although the grand seats of civilization in ancient America were confined to the mountain-valleys of Peru, the central Isthmus, and the plateau of Mexico, there are indubitable proofs that settled communities, with a civilization inferior to that of Mexico, but far superior to any thing

achieved by the present native tribes of America, extended northward from Mexico far up the valley-land of the Mississippi and its tributaries, almost to the shores of the great lakes. Traces of ancient civilization are also to be found to the west of the Rocky Mountains, along the narrow strip of land between the Cordillera and the Pacific, which extends northward from Mexico through California and Oregon into British Columbia. But whether these traces were left by a half civilized people migrating southward on their way to Mexico and the adjoining region of Yucatan, or whether they were the work of settlers who had migrated from Mexico northward, it is impossible to say.

Even as far north as the great lakes, traces have been found of the operations of the ancient Americans ten centuries older than the establishment of the Aztecs on the Mexican plateau. Despite the rapid progress of Anglo-Saxon population westward, the shores of Lake Superior, overspread by the gloom of primeval woods, present much the same aspect as they must have done in the time of Columbus. The southern shore consists of rocky ridges covered with forests, and almost the only invaders of the solitude are the mining companies attracted thither by the unparalleled richness of the copper veins. When these rich veins began to be worked, fifteen years ago, the singular fact was brought to light, that the mines had been worked by the natives in a very remote past, long before the ships of Columbus arrived in the western seas.

Attention was first directed to the subject by Mr. Knapp, the agent of the Minnesota Mining Company. Following up the indications of a continuous depression in the soil, he came at length to a cavern, where he found several porcupines had fixed their quarters for hibernation; but detecting evidences of artificial excavation, he proceeded to clear out the accumulated soil, and not only exposed to view a vein of copper, but found in the rubbish numerous mauls and hammers of the ancient workmen. Subsequent operations brought to light ancient excavations of great extent, frequently from twenty-five to thirty feet deep, and scattered over an area of many miles. They extend over a tract from one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles in length, along the southern shore of Lake Superior; and similar

excavations have been also observed on the north shore. In one of these excavations, in the neighborhood of the Minnesota Mine, a detached mass of native copper—measuring ten feet long, three feet wide, and nearly two feet thick, and weighing upward of six tons—was found resting on an artificial cradle of black oak. The oaken frame had been partially preserved from decay by being covered by the water with which the trenches had become filled after their abandonment, and showed distinctly the marks of the implement (a narrow axe) with which its logs had been cut. Various implements and tools of copper also lay in the deserted trench, where this huge mass had been separated from its native matrix, and elevated on the oaken frame preparatory to its removal entire. It appeared to have been raised about two feet, and then abandoned, abruptly it would seem, since even the copper tools were found among the soil which had subsequently accumulated over it. All the other trenches, like this one, although in many cases thirty feet deep, had been gradually refilled with soil and decayed vegetable matter accumulated during the long centuries since their desertion; and over all the giants of the forests have grown, and withered, and fallen into decay, and been replaced by new growths of woodland. Mr. Knapp counted three hundred and ninety-five annular rings on a hemlock tree which grew on one of the mounds of earth thrown out of an ancient mine. And another observer, Mr. Whittlesey, not only mentions living trees upward of three hundred years old, now flourishing on the gathered soil of the abandoned trenches, but adds that “on the same spot there are the decayed trunks of a preceding generation or generations of trees that had arrived at maturity and fallen down from old age.” Judging from these and other facts, Mr. Whittlesey considers that an interval of twelve hundred years has elapsed since the mines were abandoned; and that five hundred years more must be allowed for the time during which they were occupied and worked. This would carry us back to the second century of the Christian era; at which time, as Dr. Wilson observes, “the ancient Damnonian of Cornwall practiced his ingenious industry by means of arts not greatly in advance of the [contemporaneous] miners of Lake Supe-

rior.” It is worthy of remark that the condition of some of these works, when recently reopened, indicates unmistakably that the labors of the ancient mining population on the shores of Lake Superior had come to an abrupt termination. “Whether by some terrible devastating pestilence, like that which nearly exterminated the native population of New-England immediately before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; or by the breaking out of war; or, as seems not less probable, of the invasion of the mineral region by a barbarian race, ignorant of all the arts of the ancient mound-builders of the Mississippi and of the miners of Lake Superior—certain it is that the works have been abandoned, leaving the quarried metals, the laboriously wrought hammers, and the ingenious copper tools, just as they may have been left when the shadows of the evening told their long-forgotten owners that the labors of the day were at an end, but for which they never returned.” It seems probable that these mines were worked by, or under the direction of, settlers who came from the country of the mound-builders; and it may be conjectured that the invading barbaric race, which thus put a stop to their labors, was none other than the savage Red Men whom we found in possession of the country. Never again, during the many centuries which have elapsed since that abrupt termination of the works, has a native population sought to avail themselves of the ores, beyond the manufacture of such scattered fragments as lay upon the surface.

Along the shores of Lake Superior there are no vestiges of the ancient population beyond what remains of these mining operations. But in close contact with that region, as we proceed southward—in the territory which stretches westward from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi—we come upon a series of ancient earthworks of a singular character, and altogether peculiar to the New World. These are the “Animal Mounds,” which form so remarkable a feature in the topography of the State of Wisconsin. Several thousands of examples there present themselves of gigantic basso-relievos of men, beasts, birds, and reptiles, all wrought with persevering labor on the surface of the soil—on the vast levels or slightly undulating surfaces of that great prairie region. These earthwork figures include, among their

devices, the elk, buffalo, bear, fox, otter, raccoon, lizard, turtle, and other animals; and also seemingly—for the works are, in many cases, so obliterated that the original design can not be determined with certainty—gigantic imitations of the war-club, tobacco-pipe, and other familiar implements or weapons. One of the most remarkable of these groups includes six quadrupeds, six parallelograms, one circular tumulus, one human figure, and a small circle. The quadrupeds vary in size from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet, and the figure of the man measures one hundred and twenty-five feet. This group of figures is arrayed in two rows, on the surface of a high open prairie; and in the middle of the group an elevated conical mound overtops the whole, affording a point from whence the entire group can be surveyed. But by far the most remarkable of these “animal mounds” hitherto discovered, is the “Great Serpent” of Adams county, Ohio, the entire length of which, following its convolutions, does not measure less than one thousand feet. The serpent’s head is represented with distended jaws, swallowing what is spoken of as an egg, though it measures one hundred and sixty feet in length. The figure of the serpent still remains clearly defined on the surface of the soil, the earth-wrought relief being upward of five feet in height, by thirty feet in breadth at the center of the body, and diminishing toward the head and tail. No sepulchral or other remains have been found in these “animal mounds.” Their external device has been the sole object of their erection; but for what symbolic purpose they were constructed, although various conjectures have been hazarded, is still so entirely uncertain, that it is needless to discuss the different opinions that have been expressed on the subject.

Proceeding a little further southward into the great valley-land of the Mississippi and its tributaries, we come upon a number of other earthworks of vast extent, but of a different character. In the State of Ohio the number of these mounds and earthworks is estimated at between eleven and twelve hundred; they are stated to be scarcely less numerous on the Kenhawas river, in Virginia, and they abound on the White river and Wabash, as also on the Kentucky, Cumberland, Tennessee, and other tributaries of the Ohio and Mississippi; while on the south

they extend to the shores of the Gulf of Florida and the Mexican territory, where they are of superior size to those further north, and, losing their distinctive character, pass into the great *teocallis* of the higher developed Mexican architecture. These remarkable works, thus traceable over the central region of North America, “admit of being primarily arranged under two obvious subdivisions of Inclosures and Mounds; and these again embrace a variety of works diverse in form, and evidently designed for different uses. Under the first of these heads are included the fortifications or strongholds, the sacred inclosures, destined, it is assumed, for religious rites, and numerous miscellaneous works of the same class, generally symmetrical in structure, but the probable use of which it is difficult to determine. The second subdivision embraces the true mound-buildings, including what have been designated sacrificial mounds, temple mounds, sepulchral mounds, animal mounds, and also various others of diverse characters and uncertain purposes. Wherever these mounds have been excavated, many interesting relics of the ancient builders have been disclosed, adding new and minutely graphic illustrations of their social condition, and the artistic and industrial arts of the remote period to which they pertain.” In the sacrificial mounds altars are found, whereon offerings by fire were made; and the occasional presence of calcined human bones seems to indicate that human sacrifices were in use among these mound-builders as well as among the Aztec conquerors of Mexico. That the mound-builders were exposed to hostile attack from some neighboring population, is evidenced by the labor which they bestowed upon the construction of military strongholds and vast fortified camps. One of the simplest but most extensive of these ancient strongholds, now named Fort Hill, in Ohio, is thus described by Dr. Wilson:

“The defenses occupy the summit of a detached hill, elevated about five hundred feet above the bed of Bush Creek, which flows round two sides of it, close to its precipitous slope. Along the whole edge of the hill a deep ditch has been cut, and the materials taken from it have been piled up into an embankment, varying in height above the bottom of the ditch from six to fifteen feet. In its whole extent the wall measures eight thousand

two hundred and twenty-four feet, or upward of a mile and a half in length, and incloses an area of forty-eight acres. This extensive inclosure is now covered with gigantic forest-trees. One of them, a chestnut, measured twenty-one feet, and an oak, though greatly decayed, twenty-three feet in circumference, while the trunks of immense trees lay around in every stage of decay. Such was the aspect of Fort Hill, Ohio, a few years ago, and it is probably in no way changed now. Lyell mentions, in his *Travels in North America*, that Dr. Hildreth counted eight hundred rings of annual growth in a tree which grew on one of the mounds at Marietta, Ohio; and Messrs. Squire and Davis, from the age and condition of the forest, ascribe an antiquity to its deserted site of considerably more than a thousand years. In their present condition, therefore, the walls of the 'Fort Hill' are ruins of an older date than the most venerable stronghold of the Normans of England; and we see as little of their original completeness, as in the crumbling Norman keep we are able to trace all the complex system of bastions, curtains, baileys, buttress-towers, and posterns of the military architecture of the twelfth century. Openings occur in the walls, in some places on the steepest points of the hill, where access is impossible; and where, therefore, we must rather suppose that platforms may have been projected to defend more accessible points. The ditch has in many places been cut through sandstone rock as well as soil, and at one point the rock is quarried out so as to leave a mural front about twenty feet high. Large ponds or artificial reservoirs for water have been made within the inclosure; and at the southern point, where the natural area of this stronghold contracts into a narrow and nearly insulated projection terminating in a bold bluff, it rises to a height of thirty feet above the bottom of the ditch, and has its own special reservoirs, as if here was the keep and citadel of the fortress: doubtless originally strengthened with palisades and military works, of which every trace had disappeared before the ancient forest asserted its claim to the deserted fortalice."

These mound-builders were a settled, organized, and agricultural people; and it is impossible to find their descendants among the vagrant and far inferior Indian tribes of the present day. What became of them it is hard to say. They had vanished, and given place to the roving savage Red Men; their very mounds and wide inclosures had become hidden under what was deemed primeval forest, before the earliest of European adventures arrived on the scene. Possibly they may have been a branch of the Aztec race, and their country that northern Aztalan, whence, according to their traditions, came

the Aztec conquerors of Mexico. At the same time, there are not a few reasons for believing that the mound-builders came from the south—that they were the outer fringes of the great civilized population of the isthmal region of America, advanced up the fertile basin of the Mississippi, and hovered around by hostile savage tribes. Certain it is that the existing relics of the ancient settled population of North America conform to this view. These remains are most plentiful, and of the highest order, in Yucatan and Mexico, next to that in Texas and along the shores of the Gulf of Florida, and thence diminish as they proceed northward, and finally end in the "animal mounds" on the prairies adjoining Lake Superior. The copper mines on the shores of the great lakes, we have conjectured, were worked by bands of the same race. We have seen how suddenly those mining operations were brought to an end, and how the population which succeeded never thought of resuming the work. There is ground for conjecturing that the dominion of the mound-builders also came to a sudden, and possibly violent, termination; "probably not less abruptly," says Dr. Wilson, "than that of the Aztecs of Mexico or the Incas of Peru. The sacred fires were extinguished, the uncovered altars were desecrated, and the primeval forest slowly resumed its sway over the deserted temples and silent cities of the dead." May we not fancy that the Red Men were the pure aborigines of North America, ever hovering on the frontiers of the old and half-extinct civilization of the mound-building race; and that at length, favored perhaps by internal dissension among the civilized intruders, they ultimately closed in upon and destroyed them—they and the forest reclaiming the region for their own?

Strange facts, which in the present state of our knowledge it is hopeless to explain, meet us in abundance in the ancient world of America. In the valley of the Ohio every convenient height is crowned with elaborate fortifications of a numerous and warlike people; but if we turn northward, to the adjoining State of Wisconsin, we find no trace of any kind of military structures. In their stead we find only the "animal mounds"—strange colossal memorials of purely imitative art. The striking contrast thus implied in the condition of the occupants of these adjoining regions, who were probably also of

the same race, has given rise to the conjecture that the broad prairie-land to the south of the copper region was regarded as a neutral and perhaps sacerdotal ground, and that the "animal mounds" were the *totems* or devices of the various American tribes. "The country," says Dr. Wilson, "seems peculiarly adapted by nature as a central neutral ground for the broad continent to the east of the Rocky Mountains. Was it indeed, as has been suggested, a sacred neutral ground attached to the metallurgic region of Lake Superior, like the famous [neutral ground of the] pipe-stone quarry of the Côteau des Prairies? Or was it in the possession of a tribe like the Levites of ancient Palestine, recognized by others as consecrated to religious services and the rites of peace?" But if this hypothesis were correct, it would imply that there was no decided antagonism between the populations of the country, and that the savage Red Men and the civilized mound-builders belonged to the same race.

Dr. Wilson, as we have said, dissents entirely from the opinion that the population of America is homogeneous; and he bases his contrary opinion upon personal investigations more extensive, so far as we are aware, than any which have hitherto been undertaken. Not that he has bestowed so many years of study, or so much laborious thought, to the subject as the late Dr. Morton, the author of the *Crania Americana*; but the study was in its infancy when Dr. Morton took it up, whereas the materials of judgment are every year becoming more plentiful; and besides being able to avail himself of Dr. Morton's labors, Dr. Wilson has added investigations of his own. He clearly establishes that the cranial type which Dr. Morton maintained was characteristic of all the American peoples—namely, a round cranium, of which the length and breadth are nearly equal—can not be regarded in any such light. Very few crania have yet been obtained from Mexico and Central America; but Dr. Wilson shows that a long-shaped head is characteristic of a large portion of the existing tribes of North America, and that a similar shape is found to have prevailed to a considerable extent among the ancient Peruvians. We confess that it is only a very limited importance that we attach to the result of such inquiries. We hold with Dr. Meigs, that the form of the human head varies so

much even among individuals of the same race or tribe, that none of the forms of the cranium can be said to belong exclusively to any one people. Osteological evidence, indeed, can not be disregarded as proof of diversity or homogeneity of race; but in the case of America the evidence is at present too fragmentary and insufficient to permit of satisfactory conclusions being deduced from it. All that can be safely affirmed is, that there is sufficient cranial resemblance to be found between the old mound-builders of the Ohio and the ancient Mexicans, and in a lesser degree the ancient Peruvians, to suggest that these civilized peoples of the New World may have emanated from the same original stock.

Other proofs of a more decisive character, however, exist to disprove the original homogeneity of the native races of America. It is curious to observe that the red complexion of skin which originated the term "Red Men" for the aborigines of North America, is hardly to be found among the still existing tribes, and seems to have been confined to the New-England tribes with whom the early English settlers came first in contact. Extended observation proves that there are great diversities of skin-color among the Indian tribes. The red or reddish-brown complexion is still seen, for example, among the Micmacs on the Lower St. Lawrence; but the Chippewas, Crees, and some other tribes of the West are olive-complexioned; the Pawnees are very dark, and the Kaws of Kansas almost as black as negroes; while the Menominees beyond Lake Superior are so fair-skinned that they are sometimes called the White Indians. These diversities are still existent; but more interesting, and much more important, are the evidences which show that among the ancient civilized populations of Peru and Central America there existed a type or types of population totally different from any which is now to be met with in the New World. The extreme thinness or total absence of the beard, and the coarse, straight, black hair, are characteristic of all the modern Indian tribes; but the Mexican terra-cottas and the sculptures of Central America show that a full beard was not always absent in the ancient population of those countries, and on some of the mummies of Peru we find a color and texture of hair which now-a-days is confined to the European races.

Dr. Morton says of the modern Peruvians, that "they differ little in person from the Indians around them, being of the middle stature, well-limbed, and with small feet and hands. Their faces are round, their eyes small, black, and rather distant from each other; their noses are small, the mouth somewhat large, and the teeth remarkably fine. Their complexion is dark-brown, and their hair, long, black, and rather coarse." But if we compare this description with the features of the ancient Peruvians, as preserved in their mummied bodies, we shall find some very striking differences. But it is only in the case of Peru that a full comparison can be made between the ancient and the modern population; and as several important ethnological inferences are suggested by the comparison, we shall let Dr. Wilson describe the materials upon which it is based:

"On a recent visit to Boston, I had an opportunity of minutely examining and measuring an interesting collection of crania and mummied bodies in the possession of John H. Blake, Esq., which were brought by him from ancient Peruvian cemeteries on the shore of the Bay of Chacota, near Arica, in latitude 18° 30' S.; and since then I have been favored with his own carefully elaborated notes on the subject. The desert of Atacama, between the eighteenth and twenty-fifth degrees of south latitude, has been the site of sepulture for ancient Peruvian races through a period of unknown duration, and numerous cemeteries have been opened and despoiled. The mode of sepulture, and the articles deposited with the dead, present so uniform a resemblance, that, excepting in one point, Mr. Blake observes, a description of one may suffice for the whole. The difference noted arises from the varying soil. The greater number are interred in the dry sand, which generally covers the surface to a sufficient depth; but in some instances the excavations have been made in a soft rock (gypsum) which here and there approaches the surface. In this arid district, such is the nature of the soil and climate, that articles which speedily perish in a damp soil and a humid atmosphere, are found in perfect preservation after the lapse of centuries. Added to the facilities which nature has thus provided for perpetuating the buried traces of the ancient Peruvians, they themselves practiced the art of embalming their dead. One of the largest cemeteries referred to is situated on a plain at the base of a range of low hills in lat. 18° 30' S., and long. 70° 13' W. It is on the shore of the Bay of Chacota, a little south-

ward of Arica, and about one hundred and eighty-five leagues south-east of Lima. This plain is formed of silicious sand and marl, slightly impregnated with common salt, and nitrate and sulphate of soda. It is exceedingly light, fine, and dry; and such is its preservative nature, that even bodies interred in it without any previous preparation have not entirely lost the fleshy covering from their remains. In the cemeteries of this vast arid plain, the objects which, in all probability, were most highly prized by their owners, were deposited beside them, and every article required in preparing the body for interment appears to have been preserved with it. Thus the needles used for sewing the garments and wrappings of the dead, the comb employed in dressing the hair, and even the loose hair removed in this last process of the toilet, are all found deposited in the grave.

"The following is Mr. Blake's description of the cemeteries explored by him on the Bay of Chacota: 'The tombs or graves are near to each other, and cover a large extent of ground in two places, distant the one from the other about an eighth of a mile. A few of them are marked by circles of stones, while others are readily discovered by slight concavities in the soil above them. They are all circular, from three to five feet in diameter, and from four to five feet deep. Some of them are walled with stone, and all are lined with a coarse matting of flags. The bodies in them are always found in a sitting posture, with the knees elevated toward the chin and the arms crossed upon the breast. They are generally seated upon flat stones, under which are the articles of food, and part of the implements found with them. They are closely wrapped in woollen garments which are sewed about them; and the needles of thorn used for this purpose are found thrust into the outer covering, often with thread remaining in them. These garments are of various degrees of fineness, color, and pattern of figures in which they are woven. Many are of a uniform brown color, while in others the colors are diversified and have retained in a remarkable manner their brightness, particularly the red and scarlet, showing that the art of dyeing was well understood. Some of the bodies have been carefully embalmed, the flesh being saturated with a gum rosin; others appear to have been subjected to careful desiccation without the employment of any preservative; while those of which scarce any parts but the skeletons remain were probably subjected to no process for their preservation. There is no record or tradition concerning this and similar cemeteries, of the period when they were made use of; and it is by no means certain that they contain the remains of the ancestry of the Indians who now occupy the country.'

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Chambers's Journal.

A SAVAGE ARCHIPELAGO.

ONE of the most striking scenes in that most charming of books, the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, is the first gunfire in the forest, when all the feathered creatures rise and screech as at a performance truly awful and unparalleled. There is always something sublime about that which occurs for the first time, whether it be the first view of the sea, or the first whisper of love, or the first sight of death, as it lays its ghastly finger on a fellow-creature. The most solemn and awe-inspiring of all scenes is perhaps an uninhabited island, upon which no foot, as far as you can tell, has been set by man before your own; a land which has been left to itself since God created it, and whereon the sun has risen morning after morning for countless ages, to gladden only bird and beast.

Opportunities of this sort are growing very rare; even such spectacles as men like Captain Cook beheld again and again—luxuriant lands inhabited by savages only, with scarce an idea beyond those implanted in the breasts of their earliest progenitors—are now only to be seen here and there. Commerce traverses every sea, and leaves her unmistakable mark wherever she touches. It is unusual, indeed, to find a nation so barbarous as to altogether isolate itself, and shrink from the stretched-out hand of civilization. Such cases, however, are even now to be met with. The Andaman Archipelago, in the Bay of Bengal, is an example of this. The inhabitants of this group have ever shown themselves not only untamable but unapproachable. The appearance of a ship in their harbors, no matter with what peaceful intent it may have come, has always driven the stunted but agile natives well-nigh frantic with rage. They have always enjoyed the reputation of being cannibals, and they do not wish any nearer intercourse to do away with the healthy awe which that rumor generally inspires. One and only one individual has had any personal experience of the

Mincopie, as these exclusive people are called; a certain Brahmin Sepoy mutineer, who, being sent as a convict to the penal settlement established on the South Andaman in 1858, escaped, and fled to the natives, who did not eat him. His very curious adventures have been already detailed in this *Journal*, No. 325. Otherwise, absolutely nothing was known of them, nor, indeed, is known now, notwithstanding Dr. Mouat's highly interesting volume.* He describes the place, but not the people; the Andamans, but not the *Andamen*. He was commissioned to survey those inhospitable shores, with a view to founding the penal colony, and he did his work well—so far as it went; he surveyed the shores. As for getting inland, notwithstanding his twelve Burmese convicts, accustomed to find their way in the dense and tangled jungles of their native land, and placed at his service as pioneers, and furnished with axes and boring-rods, it was not to be done. The trees were enormous, but yet so closely packed as to appear to be dwarfed for want of elbow room. Their individual immensity† was hidden from view by the immense growth of parasites which twined about them, cramping them in their efforts to strike out their branches, which got tangled and involved among the overwhelming mass of foliage.

The great trunks were festooned with flowers and plants, which circled round them in endless forms, in all the unstudied grace and rich profusion of nature. The air-plant clasped the boles and branches in its graceful folds, and orchids of rarest beauty grew in lavish abundance. The variety of creepers was endless, from the

* *Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders*. By FREDERICK MOUAT.

† One of these trees was selected at random for measurement. A Burmese convict was sent up with a chain to the top, and its measurement there being taken, it was found to be seventy-six feet in girth, its mighty stem being supported by the smaller trees around, which propped it up as a buttress.

twining tendrils of the convolvulus to the boa-constrictors of the forest, the dimensions of which were as thick as the body of a full grown man. The trunks and branches of the great trees were thus so completely interlaced, that even when severed from their roots they were still maintained in their position by the grasp of their parasites. "The mangroves, with their long hanging branches falling to the earth, and again taking root, grew in an almost impervious line of forest along the shore, and even projecting far into the water, at high tide; we penetrated their shady recesses, and found ourselves protected from the dazzling rays of a burning sun by the thick foliage, forming beautiful arches, beneath the shade of which we felt as though we were housed in some fairy bower of the most delightful evergreens. At low tide, their gnarled roots were seen spreading to an endless distance along the ground, and so closely and intricately interlaced together, that any one could walk securely upon them, the footing they afforded was so close and firm." As far as the eye could see extended an ocean of vegetation, the closeness of which may be inferred from the fact, that not only the lithe Burmese but the robust English *walked* without the assistance of their hands almost to the tops of the very tallest trees, the path they took being over the trunks of the creepers. "To the very verge of the horizon this astonishing exuberance of vegetation extended. All that we heard was the rustling of innumerable leaves, slightly moved by the gentle breeze of evening; all that we saw was this ocean of green, in which not even an opening the size of a man's hand could be discovered after the longest, closest, and most searching observation." Nature has thus wondrously seconded the Mincopie in their desire for isolation.

Ships were often driven by stress of weather upon these islands, but rarely left them, if they left them at all, without some of their crews being captured and dragged into the interior, to encounter some unknown fate. One vessel absolutely witnessed the going to pieces of her consort upon this dreadful shore, and although the crew of the latter were seen to reach the land, not one of them escaped from the aborigines. A very curious adventure, with no such tragical end, happened in this archipelago in 1844.

"Two troop-ships, the Briton and the Runnymede, with detachments of the Fiftieth and Eightieth regiments of foot on board, were driven close to the islands by stress of weather; and all the means that were taken either to keep them out at sea, or to obtain timely entrance into a secure haven, proving unsuccessful, they were driven hopelessly, at the mercy of the waves, toward the shore of one of the islands of the Andaman Archipelago, where, despite all the efforts that were made to avert such a fate, it appeared impossible to avoid utter destruction. According to all accounts, the night was intensely dark, and, from the impossibility of making out where they were, their position appeared hopeless. The tempest, too, before which they were driven was one of those tremendous hurricanes, the fury of which mariners must occasionally face in navigating these tropical seas. Most must have seen that an ocean-death was their unavoidable doom, for what hope could men entertain, driven before a tempest loud enough almost to wake the dead, and in a darkness so intense that they could not see each other's faces, or their own hands held up close before their eyes? In one of the ships, on board of which was the narrator of this calamity, the deck was crowded with bands of soldiers, useless in such circumstances; to move was impracticable, and the men were therefore sent to their berths, to await in silence and resignation what appeared to be their certain doom, for from the dashing noise caused by the terrific strife of the elements, no human sound could be heard. The soldiers, seeing that their fate was to all appearance inevitable, submitted with the implicit obedience of military discipline, and each one was allowed to give himself up to those meditations with which he thought it most becoming to meet death. Suddenly, what appeared to be a tremendous lurch was made by the vessel, then all movement ceased. After a moment of anxious expectation, a deep awe fell upon every one, for it was believed that the doomed ship was foundering. This, however, was a mistake. The vessel remained still and motionless, as if suddenly arrested in her headlong career to destruction. Most thought that daylight would never appear to them again, and yet with what trembling anxiety was it awaited by all! Those only who have lived through such a night of peril can

imagine what their feelings must have been—the alternations of hope and despair that by turns reigned paramount. The first streak of dawn enabled them to see a sight the reality of which they could scarcely credit, so different was it from all they had imagined—from the appalling death they had dreaded. The vessel appeared to be surrounded, not by an ocean of waves, but by an ocean of leaves. The branches of the giants of the primeval forests, interlaced with each other, spread over the deck of the motionless ship, which, as they afterwards discovered, had been driven right over a dangerous reef into that interminable jungle, in the midst of which there is safety even from the mighty force of the tornado. Presently the curtain of night was altogether withdrawn by the rosy fingers of morning. The spars of another vessel, hard and fast on the outer edge of the reef, were perceived, and unspeakable was their joy when her decks were seen to be crowded by the daring warriors who afterwards shared with them the scarcely less deadly perils of the great battle-fields of the Sulej." Although the troops on board these ships were some hundreds in number, yet the natives did not hesitate to attack them, and effected considerable damage with their long arrows.

The ample vegetation which was the means of safety in the above case, is one of the causes which render these islands almost uninhabitable; the *miasmata* from their fetid swamps have proved fatal to at least one colony which strove to take away the reproach of primeval barbarity from the Andamans. The settlement at Port Cornwallis, established in 1792, on the North Andaman, was abandoned after four years' struggle with disease. Captain Blair, who commanded that expedition, was inclined somewhat to excuse the excessive hostility of the natives, upon the ground of their ill-treatment at the hands of the Malays, with whose kidnapping propensities they, in his charitable view, associated all strange faces whatsoever. In the rare interviews with which he was favored by them, wherein arrows were not the sole medium of communication on their side, they certainly evinced a great disinclination to be approached too nearly, or to have their retreat into the jungle at all cut off. He captured one of them in a skirmish, and treated him with every kindness, giving

him luxuries which he could never have imagined in his dreams. But no sooner did an opportunity to escape present itself, than off went the savage, plunging into the sea and swimming to shore in his newly-acquired habiliments of jacket and trousers. His Mincopie friends, standing with bent bows, as usual, upon the beach, were at first inclined to welcome him in their usual homicidal fashion; but when he flung off his clothes, and appeared like themselves *in puris naturalibus*, he was warmly welcomed, as, indeed, a brand snatched from the burning—one of nature's gentlemen who had been within a very little of becoming a civilized being. They put on their full-dress suit at night, like the fashionable world among ourselves, and it consists of a thick covering of yellow earth, which dries hard upon their body, and defends them from the mosquitoes and other abominable creatures which are the unfailing drawbacks of luxuriant vegetation and tropical scenery. This is their only notion of attire. Widowed ladies, instead of wearing crape in memory of their deceased husbands, suspend their skulls around their necks. This is their only notion of ornament. Hostile as these aborigines were found to be, yet they were not so formidable as the climate, before which, as I have said, the settlers under Captain Blair had to succumb. The laws of health and sickness were not then so thoroughly understood as now, and the pestilence walked in the noonday as at night invisible to their unpracticed eyes. An immense salt-marsh, in the direction of the prevailing winds, was discovered by Dr. Mouat to be the cause of the evil. The bottom of it was left uncovered by the tide twice in every twenty-four hours, and disclosed such a dark, muddy, festering mass of vegetable compound as was sufficient to impregnate the atmosphere far and wide with disease and death. The doctor recommended for the new penal colony Port Blair, in the South Andaman, rather than Port Cornwallis, but he believes that modern agricultural science could transform the marsh itself into a scene of harmless fertility.

The fetid swamp that separates the North from the Middle Andaman will, however, be probably a destroyer of life until the end of time. Dr. Mouat held it his duty to discover whether, with the light draught of the ship's cutter, a passage

could not be found through it, but the expedition was dangerous indeed. Wherever they chanced to be stationed off these islands, both officers and men took large doses of quinine with their breakfasts; but upon the occasion in question, these doses were doubled in the case of the crew of the cutter, and a large supply of excellent grog was taken on board. Nothing could exceed the natural beauties of the position which the ship occupied prior to the departure of these brave men, into what they well knew might be the very jaws of death. They had been trying experiments of the effects of sound on the previous night; the firing of a cannon had evoked a volume of thunder quite overwhelming, reverberating fourteen times, and dying away in a grand hushed murmur; while the flash had lit up, "with an effulgence that displayed every object clearly and distinctly, as if it had been evoked from the womb of mystery by some magician's wand," one of the most glorious scenes on earth. It was in this locality, too, that, looking over the sides of the ship, they gazed on the magnificent illumination of the coral banks, "which, it is no exaggeration to say, transcended in luster and beauty all we had ever seen described in the most alluring of fairy tales." The members of the swamp expedition, however, were bound for another scene. The water through which they had to pass was so putrid, and the exhalations arising from it so nauseous, that with every dip of the oar they grew deadly sick. They actually rowed through sixteen miles of this abomination; at least the mangrove swamps became "so fetid, that," says Dr. Mouat, "it is fortunate for our readers I have no language adequately to describe it." The water, too, grew thicker and thicker, more pervaded with deadly decaying vegetable matter, until it was nothing but mud, the foulest in appearance it is possible to imagine. It was with considerable difficulty that they got their boat round, and weary indeed was their journey back. "We hailed the sight of our ship and the open water like men delivered from purgatory."

The intercourse, if it deserve the name, between Dr. Mouat and his men and the aborigines was of a most unsatisfactory character. Civilization was anxious enough to shake hands, but Barbarism resented all her advances. The first ap-

pearance of the steamer seemed absolutely to paralyze them with astonishment; and when they had succeeded in shaking off their torpor, their conversation and gestures became animated beyond all description; but as soon as they perceived there were men on board, this wonder, every other sentiment seemed merged in hatred, in defiance. They yelled like demons from the pit, and by every possible contortion of savage pantomime, displayed their hostile feelings. Every attempt at ingratiating on the part of the visitors terminated in a skirmish; every present was mistaken for a snare, every gesture translated into an insult. In one of these broils Dr. Mouat's party captured an Andaman about two-and-twenty years of age. The subsequent history of this young gentleman—who was of course christened by the sailors Jack—is so pathetic, that if the voyage of the *Pluto* had ended in nothing else save in supplying us with that romance, we should scarcely regret that it was undertaken.

Jack did not take to his new messmates kindly at first, but the medium of conciliation was at length found in the unconscious person of a Newfoundland dog, who, as the friend of both parties, induced at length a genuine friendship. The Andaman had never seen any quadruped larger than a wild pig, but Carlo's manners inspired confidence. It was evidently with a sad heart, however, that the poor islander watched from the deck the gradual disappearance of his native shores, when the ship took her final departure; and the face that had once seemed entirely possessed by hostile passion, became sad and wistful enough. On the *Pluto's* reaching Calcutta, Lord Canning, who was delighted with Dr. Mouat's report of the feasibility of a penal colony being established at Port Blair, expressed a great desire to see the living specimen she had brought home from the almost unknown archipelago. Jack was accordingly attired in a becoming manner, and taken to Government House, where he attempted to salute Lady Canning in the native manner, "by blowing in her hand with a cooing murmur;" an attention which she kindly but firmly declined. His great delight was contemplating his figure in the great looking-glasses; repeating to himself, with a leer and a chuckle: "Jack, Jack;" and then bursting into a roar of laughter. So great, however, was the change soon

produced in the young Mincopie, that when the doctor wanted to take a photograph of him in his native costume—that is, without any attire whatever—he was greatly shocked, and required a great deal of persuasion.

His expression of countenance, never absolutely truculent, like that of his fellow-countrymen in general, became, under kind treatment, gentle and benevolent. He was indeed quite a mild young man, "regular in his habits," and such as we read of as advertising for a home in a quiet family where there is a little music. He was excessively partial to tea; and fond of babies, whenever a mother could be got to intrust her little offspring to his arms, which was, however, not very often, the reputation of his race for cannibalism having slightly prejudiced female society against him. A man on horseback filled him with that profound admiration which we should entertain for any considerable creature with two heads and six legs. When the man got off the horse, however, his wonder transcended all bounds. He rubbed his hand along the animal's back, with the view of discovering the place where the spontaneous disruption had taken place; and when the horse yawned—that was evidently the most astonishing performance which the eye of Mincopie had ever beheld. Nothing, however, could be got out of him in relation to his former mode of life. He was taken down to the Peninsular and

Oriental Company's Steam Dépôt, in order to see if he knew any of the African dialects spoken by the sable-frequenters of that emporium; but he understood none of them, and none of them understood him. He became, however, and for that very reason, perhaps, a great favorite, for nobody could help pitying and sympathizing with his isolated state, and many a heart was sad when poor Jack was struck down by cholera. He recovered from the attack itself; but every remedy having failed to restore him to his former vigor, it was humanely decided to send him back, as his last chance of recovery, to his native air. Arrangements were therefore made by which he was set on shore at the same spot where he had been captured, in order that he might stand the best chance of being recognized by his former friends. In deference to their peculiar views concerning wearing apparel, he was stripped, with his own consent, and his clothes left by his side upon the shore. He took an affectionate leave of all who accompanied him, appearing very dejected and low; the crew of the boat were unwilling enough, too, to say good-by. Nobody appeared to claim him; but after taking a last farewell, they rowed out to the ship, gradually losing sight of him still standing silent and melancholy in the same place. Barbarism and civilization seemed alike to have deserted him. Nothing more was ever seen or heard of poor Jack of the Andamans.

A YOUNG LADY'S SOLILOQUY.

USELESSLY, aimlessly drifting through life,
What was I born for? "For Somebody's wife."

I am told by my mother. Well, that being true,

"Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view;

And if nought but marriage will settle my fate,

I believe I shall die in an unsettled state.

For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?—

You might easily find a more beautiful phiz;
And then, as for temper and manners, 'tis plain

He who seeks for perfection will seek *here* in vain.

Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse,

And I should not feel grateful, "for better or worse,"

To take the first Booby that graciously came
And offered those treasures, his home and his name.

I think, then, my chances of marriage are small,

But why should I think of such chances at all?

My brothers are, all of them, younger than I,
Yet they thrive in the world, and why not let me try?

I know that in business I'm not an adept,
Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept.

But—this is the question that puzzles my mind—

Why *am* I not trained up to work of some kind?

Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life,
Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

From the North British Review.

PRETENSIONS OF SPIRITUALISM—LIFE OF D. D. HOME.

[Concluded from page 186.]

On the 3d April, 1860, Mr. Home attended a lecture by M. Louis Blanc, in which a good deal was said about Cagliostro. On returning home he found his wife in bed, with a severe headache. After he had put out the light and was in bed, the room became as luminous as under sunshine. Mrs. H. asked if this was the spirit of Cagliostro. Three flashes of light, almost blinding, indicated the presence of the great magician. He approached the bed "till they felt a form leaning over it," as if it were an actual material presence. The magician at last articulately spoke. "My power was that of a mesmerist; but all misunderstood by those about me, my biographers have even done me injustice, but I *care not for the untruths of earth.*" A hand was now placed on the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Home, who, joining hands, held them up, saying:

"Dear spirit, will you be one of my guardian angels—watch over me with my Father? Teach me what you would have me do, and make me thankful to God for all his mercies.' Our hands were clasped by a hand, and her left hand was gently separated from mine, and a ring, which was the signet ring of my father-in-law, was placed on her third finger. This ring was previously in the room, but at a distance of at least twelve feet from where the bed stood. 'Good-night, dear ones, and God bless you,' was then audibly spoken, and simultaneously with the sound *came three wafts of perfume*, so delicious that we both exclaimed: 'How truly wonderful!'"

The spirit of Cagliostro vouchsafed its presence for several days afterwards, and remained with Mrs. Home "up to the time of her passing from earth."

The predicted death of Mr. Home's mother-in-law, which took place in the middle of May, 1860, was indicated to Mr. Home, most curiously, when he was visiting with a friend Barclay and Perkins' Brewery. A pot of porter having been handed to him, he put out his hand to

take it, and "as his fingers came in contact with the metal, a deep shudder convulsed his frame," and he suddenly knew that his mother-in-law was dead. At a seance two nights later, her spirit placed its hand on the heads of her children, and wrote in her own handwriting: "You will love her always, won't you?" and she signed it Nathalie. Count T——, who was present at the seance, "came an atheist, and was one no longer."

At the seance on the 1st of May, a most poetical scene was represented by the spirits. A beautiful, transparent, unearthly female hand was raised aloft. When it vanished, another hand appeared, which was followed by a more earthly male hand placed on the table. Then came "a dear baby hand;" then the baby itself showed its head, and a spirit hand held up the little child with, what was unusual, a full display of her shoulders and waist. Courteous and graceful gestures were then made to the party by a luminous hand and arm, covered with a white transparent drapery. Spirit hands then held up an exquisite wreath of white flowers. The emblem of superstition was shown them by a black shriveled hand, and the emblem of truth "by a fairy-like fountain of clear sparkling water," which threw up showers of silver rays, "*and dwelling on the memory in perfection!*"

On the 9th of May, in a seance with nine friends, the table, without the touch of hands, *lifted itself* four feet off the floor; and in a room made dark at the bidding of the spirits, the window-blinds moved up and down to *tone the light*, and the leaves and sprigs of a geranium broke from their moorings with a snap, and fell on the right and left of the party, "though the plant was several feet from any of them." Mr. Home then rose and floated in the air like a feather, about six feet from the ground, the spirits moving an ottoman to receive him on his descent. He rose again, and descending from near

the ceiling, he was accommodated with a cushion to sit upon, spirit-wafted from another ottoman!

A lady witness, "*who for good reasons*" withholds her name, saw on the 3d May new varieties of manifestations. Her darling spirit child *enfolded* her in the heavy silk curtains of a bow window, took the comb out of her hair, pulled down the blind with a visible hand, and disappeared, followed by other two hands. The table then floated above sofas and chairs, four ottoman cushions were hurled in the air to the other side of the room, *nine or ten chairs flew up* like lightning, and the scene closed by the sign of the cross being made on the foreheads of two of the parties!

The next testimony to spiritual manifestations is that of Mr. James Wason, solicitor in Liverpool, who describes, with his name, what he saw in the company of "two baronets, one an M.P., and the other the heir and representative of a deceased M.P. of eminent ability—the wife of a distinguished living M.P., and others;" and on another occasion in a company of equal celebrities. The floors and walls of the apartment shook like a steamer's deck with the paddles at full work. A large heavy table rose three or four feet from the floor, "suspended, Mohammed's coffin fashion, for about a minute," and descended like a *snow flake*. The spirit hand of the child of a lady, one of the party, placed in Mr. Wason's hand a small bell, and after doing the same service to others, the bell rose and rung in mid-air, visibly revolving round, and touching the heads of the party. "Pieces of mignonette and geranium flowers were placed in his hands by spirit hands, and inside Mr. W.'s waistcoat." The seance terminated by Mr. Home floating in the air, and indicating his place by ringing the small hand-bell. "This seance," says Mr. Wason, "was commenced with prayer, which I understood was the usual course."

Passing over Chapter IX., entitled *The "Cornhill" and other Narratives*, and Dr. Gully of Malvern's account of what he has seen, as they contain no new phenomena, we come to Chapter X., entitled "*Miraculous Preservation—France and England.*"

On the 24th of July, 1860, when standing beneath a large poplar in the park of a chateau near Paris, a spirit voice called

out, "Here, here!" and Mr. Home "was suddenly seized by the collar of his coat, lifted off the ground," and "drawn aside a distance of six or seven feet." At the same instant a crashing sound was heard, and the medium was thus miraculously saved from being crushed to death by the fall of a limb of the poplar, which was nearly fifty feet long and one foot in diameter, and which fell from a height of forty-five feet.

A day or two after this Dr. Hoefer came to the chateau for a seance. The spirits rapped "Go see the branch." The branch was so firmly fixed in its fallen position that it was believed "that several horses would be required to move it."

"Our surprise, then," says Mr. H., "may be imagined, when we now found that it had been moved three or four inches laterally from its original point of support. Dr. Hoefer said: 'I firmly believe that the branch will be pushed down before us.' I replied: 'That seems almost an impossibility.' At the same time I took in my hand one of the smaller twigs, and mentally said: 'Dear spirits, will you push this branch down?' I then distinctly felt as if some one gently touched the twig which I held. This was repeated, and at the third touch, as it felt to me."

A piece of the thickest part of this fallen tree was sent to London, *and on many occasions some very marvelous manifestations took place with it!* A block of this wood, so heavy that two strong men could hardly move it, "became as if it were a straw" in the hands of Mr. Home, who "carried it round the room under his arm." This same block, three feet eight inches long, and three feet round, seems on another occasion to have manifested its spiritual power by attracting to itself a table in motion. This fact was witnessed by "*a plain man*," who saw a still more remarkable phenomenon, "*a small baby's hand creeping up a gentleman's arm!*"

On the authority of Mr. Cox, of Cox's Hotel, Jermyn-street, himself a medium, we have an account of still more remarkable manifestations. The spirits having previously prescribed for a sick little boy of his, they again prescribed a dose of magnetized water. "For this purpose," says Mr. Cox, "a decanter was placed on the table. The water became agitated, and a powerful aroma came from the bottle. It was strongly impregnated with something they had not tasted."

"Mr. Home was then thrown into the trance state, and taking the decanter in his right hand, he walked a few feet from the table, when, to my astonishment, I saw another decanter, apparently precisely similar to the other, in his left hand. *Thus in each of his hands I saw a decanter, and so real was the second, that I could not tell which was the material one!*"

A curious specimen of a wicked spirit was seen at this seance. In a writing-desk which had belonged to the late Robert Owen, of spirit-rapping memory, there was a box of paints. Mr. Owen's spirit ordered the writing-desk to be opened. A spirit hand was then placed in Mr. Cox's, another in his wife's, and another in Mr. Home's, each hand differing in size.

"The alphabet was called for, and 'I fear I may have spoilt your Claude,' was spelt out. We could not understand this; but when the lamp was relighted, we found that some paint had been taken from the box, and had been freely used on one of my paintings, which hung several feet from where we were sitting!"

We are not told if the painting was really a Claude. Were it so, we should have suspected that Turner had bribed for this mischief the spirit of Robert Owen.

The reality of a spiritual world is now testified by a Mr. W. M. Williamson, of Hampstead, and the supernatural Mr. William Howitt. In their presence the spirits made a raid against idols. Several Indian idols of ivory occupied an honorable place in a drawing-room in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park. "Suddenly there was a commotion among them, and a crash, and a large one was thrown down with violence." Mr. Howitt is more minute in his details of a similar phenomenon. The clap of the dethroned idols might have been heard all over the house. The spirits unscrewed their parts, "and pummeled their heads lustily on the floor," saying, through the alphabet, "You must all do your best to destroy idolatry, both in India and in England, where it prevails in numerous ways—idolatry of rank, idolatry of wealth, idolatry of self, idolatry of mere intellect and learning!"

In a diary kept by a Mrs. P., in the Regent's Park, we have a repetition of all the various manifestations we have described. A few novelties, however, solicit our notice. In an article in *Once a Week*, entitled "Spirit-rapping made

Easy," the denizens of the invisible world were not treated with the respect which they desired, and determined upon having their revenge. At a seance, accordingly, on the 29th January, 1860, a spirit-hand arose and crumpled up and tore a sheet of the offending journal. "The spirits were at work destroying the magazine. They rubbed it strongly over Mr. Home's shoe, and then placed his foot upon it. The spirits gave each person a bit of the mangled magazine!"

In February, 1861, Mrs. Home's health had begun to decline. One night her mother's spirit laid its hand upon Mr. Home's brow, and "the present being obliterated from his mind, he saw the being so dear to him passing from earth," and he was told by the spirit that she was to die of consumption. On the 3d of June, 1861, at a seance at which Mrs. Home was present, the spirits gave a rosebud to a lady, and said in raps: "From one who is a mortal, but will ere long be with us—emblem of Sacha." Sacha was the name of Mrs. Home.

"This announcement drew tears from us all; we were deeply affected, and Mr. Home sank back overcome with emotion. A narcissus was given to me, (Mrs. P.) and a flower to every one present, also some for those who were absent, but who were loved by Mrs. Home. She spoke for a length of time consolations for those she was about to quit. Her voice was very weak, and I lost the greater part of what she said. She shook hands with us all, a farewell we wept, but not a word was uttered."

At another seance on the 5th of June, Mr. Home went into a trance, and saw near his wife a mass of spirits, which he describes in a rhapsody bearing reference to her predicted death. At various other seances in the months of June and July, 1861, so prolific of spirits, phenomena were seen relating to this lady; but one of these was so rare and miraculous, that we must communicate it to our readers. On the 7th of July a fine lemon-scented verbena quitted its flower-pot without human aid, and after *rolling itself up*, placed itself between Mr. and Mrs. Home. Mr. Home fell back in his chair into a deep sleep.

"He then walked about the room, led apparently by a spirit; a very large bright star shone in his forehead, several clustered on his hair and on the tips of his fingers. He made passes over the verbena plant, but did not

touch it. Immediately the air was filled with the scent which he wafted to each of us."

He thus "extracted the essence of the flower, in the same manner as the soul is taken from the body," and he declared that the plant would die in a few days, which it did "for want of the vital principle, which he had extracted from it."

Mrs. Home died on the 3d of July, 1862, and we have a tribute to her memory by Mr. Howitt occupying fifteen pages, and forming the twelfth chapter of the work. From Perigueux, where Mrs. Home died, Mr. Home came to England, for the purpose, we presume, of writing the work which we have been analyzing.

We have thus given our readers a brief but faithful account of the spiritual manifestations of Daniel Douglas Home, and we submit them to the judgment of the Philosopher and the Christian. In his communion with the world of spirits, he claims to have a divine commission, and to exercise his "God-given powers" for the benefit and instruction of mankind. He is specially charged with the conversion of infidels, and with the refutation of materialism; and he claims hundreds of converts to his faith. The divinity of his mission is attested by a series of prophecies and miracles, inferior neither in quality or number to those interruptions of the laws of nature by which the greatest of truths have been established.

1. He raises the dead, and commands their presence and their agency—not as the shadowy apparitions of the nursery, but as flesh-and-blood realities, displaying superhuman muscular strength, not in deeds of utility and mercy, but in tossing to and fro tables, sofas, cushions, ottomans, and chairs, for the amusement of fools.

2. If he has found it difficult to exhume a full-length corpse from its lair, he has wrenched from it hands and feet, and sometimes a head and shoulders, shining with the blue phosphorescence of the grave.

3. In defiance of the laws of gravity which keep the planets in their course, he rises in the air, a living and breathing balloon, not to survey the distant battlefield, nor to rescue life from its roof-tree in flames, but to make scratches on the ceiling, and baffle the efforts of his friends to pull him down by his boots!

4. In Mr. Home's presence dead and inorganic matter floats in the atmosphere,

rings rush from their lair to the finger of their owner, and bells revolve like planets, but without a center to curve their orbit, and without an object to be gained by their evolutions.

5. In his presence plants are endowed with locomotive life and with muscular power. They walk from their flower pots—they roll themselves up—they place themselves between their medium patrons, and commit personal mutilation by throwing off sprigs and flowers to gratify the olfactory nerves of the party!

6. When our archimagus exclaims, "Let there be light," the darkness of midnight is dispelled, and his apartment shines with the brightness of the sun!

7. When the spirits lead him in his trance, his "God-given power" is attested, not by the ring of light which encircles what is divine, but by a brilliant star shining on his forehead, and indicating the heaven-born functions of his guide!

8. If he does not turn water into wine, he extracts the perfume of plants by the wave of his hand, and by this extinction of their vital principle they die in his presence! Did not the law of the land protect the lieges, he could, doubtless, extract the principle of life from the skeptics that denounce, and the wits that deride his revelations.

9. If he does not multiply loaves and fishes to feed his disciples, he multiplies wine decanters to astonish Mr. Cox of Jermyn-street!

10. If he has not given sight to the blind, he has, by a pass from his hand, given hearing to the deaf!

11. If he has not enabled the man ill of the palsy to take up his bed and walk, he has in many instances healed the sick, and he has cured a disease under which he himself labored, by means of self-inflicted and involuntary blows!

12. If he can not see into the human heart, and divine its workings, he can do much more. He can look at a beautiful marble bust, and discern that the person whom it represents is *possessed with a demon!*

13. If "gravitation does not cease when Home goes by," he is divinely snatched from its influence. A spirit arm drags him from beneath the falling branch, and the heavy log thus cheated of its victim is pacified by the grant of supernatural powers!

In order to form a just idea of spiritualism, we should study its development in

different countries, and under different articles of faith. We will not shock our readers by taking them to the United States, where spiritual domination stares at us in its most hideous features—a modern Antichrist exalting itself above all that is called God, uttering from a thousand tongues its blasphemous inspirations, and hurling its victims in hecatombs to the halter of the suicide, or the cells of the madhouse.*

In France, where spiritualism is chastened by the intelligence of the upper classes, and checked by the principles and strict discipline of the Catholic Church, it has not assumed the repulsive phase which Mr. Home has given it in England. Its professors perform no visible miracles. They neither float in the air, nor launch tables and chairs through their halls, nor foretell what infinite wisdom has so kindly withheld from man. The French medium, generally female, employs two processes for revealing pious sentiments, or dictating brief homilies, which the Christian may peruse with moral and even religious profit.

Mademoiselle Huet sits as a medium at the salon of Mont-Thabor, and records the revelations made to her by a spirit called Marie, who has been dead for ten years. These revelations are made in two different ways—by *Typtology*, in which the spirit speaks by means of raps and an alphabet; and by *Psychography*, or *medianimic* writing, in which the communications are written by a hand holding a pen, guided by the presiding spirit.

Under the head of *Typtology*, we have in the two series of M. Flammariez's work one hundred and twenty apophthegms or thoughts from beyond the tomb. These apophthegms are often brief references to texts in the Old and New Testaments, moral and religious sentiments, quotations in different languages from eminent authors, conversations with the spirit Marie, sometimes "bizarre assemblages" of letters which the spirit kindly arranges, frequently verses of poetry, and occasionally acrostics. The following is a favorable specimen of the *Typtologies*: "Science is an extensive forest, in which some follow the beaten path, many go astray, and

all see the limits of the forest receding as they advance."

Under the head of *Psychography*, we have, occupying the greater part of the two brochures, a large number of homilies or short addresses, by the spirits of the illustrious dead, from the time of Socrates to that of Galileo, Columbus, Pascal, Fenelon, Lammenais, and Channing. Socrates discourses from the text: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Galileo exclaims: "Raise thy head, O man, and observe the heavens," and in a long and eloquent address he points to the glorious life, and the innumerable modes of existence which are yet to be developed in a plurality of worlds. Columbus counsels his readers to be friendly with their brethren in the New World. Pascal dictates a solitary page on the grandeur of human intelligence, pitying those who seek truth without finding it, and counseling his readers to shun all reasoning which throws a shadow on the goodness and greatness of God. Fenelon discourses on the importance of truth, recommending to spiritualists humility of heart and united efforts against the great enemy of man. Lammenais is a frequent teacher from his grave. He conducts the pilgrim through the pitfalls of life to the happy land. He abuses ridicule as the child of skepticism and death. He discourses on Jacob's ladder, and he comforts parents and friends with the assurance that death is not "misfortune, but the completion of their sublimest aspiration, and an entrance to their happy home." Channing utters five conversational responses on spiritualism, the nature of the soul, on affability, and the justice of God. Queen Clotilda is eloquent on the physical and moral superiority of the inhabitants of Jupiter; and the editor informs us that the spirits in every part of the globe with which he has been in communication, represent in the most brilliant colors a residence on that planet.

Our spirit friends in France, thus instructive and eloquent, have not yet dabbled in astronomical predictions. Zadkiel has not appeared in Paris; and a French court of justice has not yet awarded damages against any member of the Imperial Institute for denouncing lying prophets and clerical peepers into glass balls and tumbler bottoms.*

* Mr. Howitt tells us that in America spiritualism adds annually to its ranks three hundred thousand persons, and that there are, at a moderate estimate, two millions and a half of spiritualists in the United States!

* These lower parts of our drinking vessels,

Such is spirit-rapping, spirit-raising, and spirit-seeing, and such the spawn which they have cast upon the waters. We have been bold enough to sketch their history from the pages of a "weak, credulous, half-educated, and fanatical person," as the *Saturday Reviewer** calls Mr. Home; but we want courage to characterize them in their moral, social, and religious bearings, and eloquence to express the horror and disgust which they inspire.

We borrow, therefore, the eloquent pen of a distinguished philosopher, who has poured out the vials of his wrath in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn:"

"The word," says Professor Ferrier, "by which the thinking principle is designated in all languages, bears evidence to the inveteracy of the superstition, that the conception of mind might be formed by conceiving a material substance of extreme fineness and tenuity. Many circumstances have conspired to keep this fanaticism in life. The supposed visibility of ghosts helps it on considerably; and it is still further reinforced by some of the fashionable deliriums of the day, such as *Clairvoyance* and (even A.D. 1854, *credite posteri*) *Spirit-rapping*. These, however, are not to be set down—at least so it is to be hoped—among the normal and catholic superstitions incident to humanity. They are much worse than the worst form of the doctrine of materiality. These aberrations betoken a perverse and prurient play of the abnormal fancy—groping for the very holy of holies in kennels running with the most senseless and God-abandoned abominations. Our natural superstitions are bad enough; but thus to make a systematic business of fatuity, imposture, and profanity, and to imagine all the while that we are touching on the precincts of God's spiritual kingdom, is unspeakably shocking. The horror and disgrace of such proceedings were never even approached in the darkest days of heathendom and idolatry. Ye who make shattered nerves and depraved sensations the interpreters of truth, the keys which shall unlock the gates of heaven, and open the secrets of futurity—ye who inaugurate disease as the prophet of all wisdom, thus making sin, death, and the devil the lords paramount of

creation—have ye bethought yourselves of the backward and downward course which ye are running into the pit of the bestial and the abhorred? Oh, ye miserable mystics! when will ye know that all God's truths and all man's blessings lie in the broad heath, in the trodden ways, and in the laughing sunshine of the universe; and that all intellect, all genius, is merely the power of seeing wonders in common things!"*

We do not ask the man of science, or the philosopher, or the moralist, to tell us what they think of the miracles of the spirit-rapper; but the Christian is bound to compare them with the revelation which he has accepted, and with the truths which he professes to believe.

Has the Christian spiritualist, if there lives a person who can combine such jarring names—has he pondered the divine denunciation against the abominations of the "users of divination"—against the consulters of familiar spirits—against "wizards, that peep and that mutter," and that "whisper out of the dust"—against those "who in latter times shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils"—against the spirits of devils working miracles—against the doers of great wonders—against the deceivers by miracles—against "him whose coming is with signs and lying wonders"—and against "the false prophets, that shall give signs and wonders?"

If the spirit-raisers in former days, and their patrons, have been thus denounced, and deemed worthy of death, what shall be the doom of the Christian, who, in defiance of holy writ, and in contempt of the formularies of his church, calls up the souls and bodies of the dead to perpetrate deeds of revenge against the living, and to perform the tricks of a conjuror to gratify the prurient curiosity of fools?

We appeal not to the Presbyterian, for he despises the spirit-rapper; but we remind the members of our sister-church that they pray "to be spared before they go hence, *and be no more seen*;" we remind them of their belief that "the dead who die in the Lord *rest from their labors*"—that death hath *put all things under his feet*—that God *takes unto himself* the souls of the departed—that the spirits of the departed *live with God*—that the souls of the faithful who are delivered

whether tumbler or wine-glass, have been used by distinguished mediums, and have been as successful in the communication of spirit lore as the more costly sphere. Did the neophyte appeal to the vessel when brimful, he would obtain brighter visions from its foot-stalk.

* We recommend to our readers two admirable articles in the *Saturday Review* of March 21st and 28th, on Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, and on "*The Incidents*" in Mr. Home's life.

* Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysic, the Theory of Knowing and Being*, pp. 224, 225.

from the flesh *are in joy and felicity*—that the faithful *sleep in Jesus*, and *rest in him*—and that the souls of them that sleep in the Lord enjoy *perpetual rest and felicity*.

If the dead can be raised from the grave to appear again upon earth, either in the flesh or in the spirit, then "Christ is not the *first fruits of them that sleep*." Then death can have had no sting, and the grave no victory! If the human worm

that is said to have crawled at the foot of its confessor, and to have violated oral and written oaths, can unlock the holy sanctuary of the dead, and disport with their mutilated remains before the living, he has anticipated the blast of the dread trumpet which is to summon the mighty dead from their graves, and usher in the great assize that is to fix the immortal destiny of man.;

From the Westminster Review.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POLAND.*

THE insurrection in Poland has given birth to a new class of writings hitherto unknown to our literature. The object of these productions may be shortly stated as the defense of a case which has been condemned by the unanimous voice of Europe. The conduct of Russia toward Poland, which for nearly a century has been used by the most eloquent of our writers as a theme for indignant denunciation, and which has always been the one subject on which people were agreed who differed on every other, has at length found its apologists, and even its defenders. Their bias in favor of Russia is evident and natural; but we are none the less bound to give them a fair hearing. As yet we have only listened to the speakers on the Polish side. It is not only just, but necessary, in a question which is every day assuming greater importance and magnitude, that we should also be in possession of the arguments on the side of Russia. We purpose to lay these arguments before our readers, and

after examining them in an impartial spirit, to inquire whether, by the new light thus thrown upon the question, any error or misapprehension is to be detected in the view which has hitherto been universally adopted as the correct one.

This is an age for patching up damaged reputations. Our old notions with regard to the black characters of history are being exploded one by one. Men whose career has for centuries been held up to the world by grave historians and moralists as an example and a warning, are now shown to have been atrociously libeled, and to have borne characters almost stainless. Richard III., we are told, was a wise and liberal politician; Henry VIII., a conscientious supporter of religion; Lord Bacon, a man as pure in deeds as in words. And really the thing is so well done that we are half disposed to credit the new dogmas, and to acknowledge that for hundreds of years the popular notions on these subjects were all wrong. Let us not, then, be astonished at the proposition with which the writers on the Russian side generally begin their attacks upon the respectable fabric of the popular opinion of nearly a century with regard to Poland. The partition, whose denomination of "the great crime of the age" has become so common as almost to have passed into a household word, was not, say they, a crime at all. The seizure of the greater part of Poland by Russia in 1772—1795 was not an act of political

* *Russia for the Russians, and Poland for the Poles.* By S. SULIMA. Leipzig and London. 1863.

La Question Polonaise au point de vue de la Pologne, de la Russie, et de l'Europe. Par M. SCHÉDO-
FERROTTI. Bruxelles. 1863.*

Voyages en Turquie (Appendix). Par M. V.
QUEMEL. Paris. 1863.

The Polish Captivity. By SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.
London. 1863.

Correspondence respecting the Insurrection in Poland. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1863.

robbery: it was a re-conquest. The Empress Catherine was not an ambitious intriguer: she was the worthy scion of an ancient race, recovering the long-lost heritage of her ancestors. These somewhat startling assertions are not, of course, made without proofs. History is traced back to the year A.D. 1000, when there were two states, lying side by side, in the north of Europe. One was the kingdom of Poland, under Boleslaus the Brave; the other, the Grand Duchy of Kiev, under Wladimir the Great. The subjects of Boleslaus were called Poles; those of Wladimir, Russians. The frontier between the two states was, as nearly as possible, a straight line, extending southward from a point fifty miles east of Memel to the mountain range of the Carpathians. At the death of Wladimir, his dominions were divided into petty dukedoms, which were subsequently attacked from the north by the Lithuanians, a people living on the coast of the Baltic, and from the east by Mongol hordes following in the track of Genghis Khan. After being in turns under the dominion of these two invading races, the Russians in 1320 were finally united to Lithuania. In 1386 the crowns of Lithuania and of Poland were united by the marriage of the grand duke of the former to the queen of the latter country; and thus the Russians became subjects of the kingdom of Poland. But there was a Russian state still remaining under the dominion of the Mongols. This was the principality of Moscow. In 1481 this small state contrived to shake off the yoke of its Asiatic invader, and by degrees annexed to itself a considerable share of the Russian territory which had been united to Poland. Gradually it grew up into the state now known as Russia; and Catherine, the empress of that state, by the partitions of Poland in 1772-95, recovered nearly the whole of the territory which had been, eight hundred years ago, under the rule of Wladimir.

The above are the facts usually alleged in support of the "re-conquest" theory; and we see no reason to doubt their accuracy. But those who are accustomed to historical investigations will perceive that a suspicious care has been used in their selection. They will probably ask what was the origin and rise of the two states which are so abruptly introduced as existing, in an already organized form, in the year A.D. 1000. They will, perhaps,

remember that, in September last, Russia celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of her empire by Rurik, and feel a not unnatural curiosity as to who Rurik was. And, even granting that the above is a fair statement of the case, they may be disposed to doubt whether the treacherous abstraction from Poland of a large slice of its territory, inhabited by a people who then, as now, were as good Poles as the inhabitants of Warsaw, is any the less deserving of the denomination of "the greatest crime of modern times," because eight hundred years ago that territory formed part of a Russian state.

Before pronouncing any opinion on an alleged right to the recovery of lost property, it is above all important that we should have accurate information as to who was the original owner. Fortunately the materials for obtaining this information are in the present case pretty abundant. Herodotus has devoted a whole book (*Melpomene*) to the country under dispute; and beginning with the year 550 A.D., Jornandes, Procopius, the emperors Maurice, Leo VI., and Constantine Porphyrogeneta, and finally the Kiovia monk Nestor, whose chronicle is accepted by the Russians as an authentic record of the history of the time, form an uninterrupted chain of writers on Slavonian history up to the eleventh century.

In all these writers we find a great Indo-European people, called by Herodotus *Νευροί*, by Jornandes and the other Latin historians *Scлавени* or *Scлаvi*, and by Nestor *Slowiene*, described as the original occupants of the country between the Baltic and the Black Sea. They are represented as a homely, agricultural people, fond of their country, and never leaving it except when forced to do so by the invasion of Asiatic races from the east. Their frontier on the west was, therefore, subject to constant variation; but on the east it was distinctly marked, and they do not appear ever to have penetrated beyond it. A straight line drawn from a point a little east of Nowgorod to the mouth of the Dnieper would give a tolerably accurate representation of their eastern frontier. On the other side of this frontier were various Turanian races—the Tchoudeas, the Vses, the Meras, the Bulgarians, etc.—but no Indo-Europeans.* Among the Slavono-

* "Certum quidem est, ista loca" (Nowgorod on

nians the most ancient and powerful tribe was that of the Lechs, Polane, or Poles.* In the eighth century we find this tribe forming itself into a state on the Vistula, and establishing a colony at Kiew, on the Dnieper, which Nestor calls Polish territory. There were no Russians in the country now occupied by Russia and Poland until the middle of the ninth century, when occurred the event celebrated by the Russians last year as the foundation of their empire. In 863 there was a Norman invasion of Slavonia, similar in many respects to the Danish invasion of England, and the Norman invasion of France, about the same period. The Normans under Rurik, called Russians,† crossed from the opposite coast of Sweden, penetrated the country as far as Nowgorod, and established themselves there, after subduing the Slavonian inhabitants. Two years after, another body of Russo-Normans, under Dyr and Oskold, landed in the country of the Slavonians, seized the Polish city of Kiew, and founded a new state there under the name of the Duchy of Kiew. The Slavonians strove hard to shake off the yoke of their invaders, but without success. Fresh bands of Russo-Normans poured into their country, and in the year 1000 A.D., Wladimir, great-grandson of Rurik, became the Russo-Norman ruler of the Slavonian Grand Duchy of Kiew, a country originally Polish, but which was extended under the new dynasty from the Gulf of Finland to beyond the confluence of the Dnieper and the Desna.

We have now arrived at the starting-point of the advocates of the "re-conquest" theory. The past history of the country teaches us that the kingdoms of Boleslaus and Wladimir were both Slavonian states, the only difference between them being that the former was independent, and the latter enslaved. Both consisted of a large number of various tribes, all belonging to the same great Slavonian race, and in both there were Poles. In the kingdom of Wladimir the obedience of the Slavonians to the Russo-Norman government

the north, the Dnieper on the east, and the Dniester on the south) "recte a Jornande pro terminis Sclavice gentis haberi, cum ulterius Fennicæ solum gentes, Nestore ipso teste, sederint." Uphagen, *Parerga*.

* Karamsyn, Surowietzki, Schafaryk; also *Slavische Alterthümer*. Leipzig. 1842.

† The Swedes are called Russians (Rouossi) by the inhabitants of Finland to this day.

was enforced with even more difficulty than that of the Poles is now to the Russian government in Poland. We learn from the best Russian historians that for the first two centuries of the Norman occupation there were constant wars between the Slavonians and their Scandinavian invaders, and that the separation between the two races was so marked that each preserved its laws and language.* The Russo-Slavonians were, in fact, never any thing more than tributaries to the Russo-Normans, who eventually adopted the Slavonic language and religion, and gradually disappeared from the country. It may be doubted, therefore, whether the territory ruled by Wladimir was a state at all, in the usual sense of the term. But, even granting that it was so, on what ground is it alleged to be the cradle of the Russian Empire? The state now known as the Russian Empire is admitted by all to have grown up from the duchy of Muscovy; and in the time of Wladimir the territory constituting that duchy was not only far beyond the limits of Wladimir's empire, but the duchy itself was not in existence. It was not until 1155, when the kingdom of Wladimir had long been split up into a number of small states, that Andrew Bogolubski, one of the Russo-Norman chiefs, finding that the power wielded for two centuries by his race over the Slavonic populations they had conquered was fast departing from them, crossed the Dnieper with a few Scandinavian followers into the country inhabited by the Finnish tribes, and founded the state which was the cradle of the Russian Empire, at Wladimir on the Kiasma. The warlike Normans soon subdued the Fins and Ouralians in their vicinity; the new state rapidly increased in size, and, under the name of the Duchy of Muscovy, comprised the territory now occupied by the governments of Jaroslaw, Kostrom, Moscow, and Wladimir, and a part of those of Twer, Nisgorod, Tulska, and Kalouga. A glance at the map will show that all these territories are on the right-hand side of the old eastern frontier of the Slavonic races. They were occupied by Fins and Ouralians, who were perpetually at war with the Slavonians on the other side of the frontier, who spoke a Finnish

* Karamsyn, vol. i., note 102. Pogodyn, *Recherches et Leçons*. Moscow. 1846. *Prawda Russka*, § 1, 28, 30.

language (the Emmanski) which is still spoken by the peasants in many parts of Russia, and who obstinately clung to their pagan rites long after the Slavonians had become Christians.*

Thus the duchy of Muscovy, when it was established in 1155 on the eastern side of the Dnieper, was inhabited by Finnish and Uralian tribes, ruled by Russo-Norman chiefs; while the kingdom of Wladimir, on the western side of the Dnieper, was, in the year 1000, inhabited by Slavonic tribes tributary to a Russo-Norman dynasty. The only connection between these two states is, that they were ruled by people of the same race; which is the same connection as exists between all the other numerous states that were founded about the same period in Europe by the Normans. As time wore on, however, even this connection was lost; the Russo-Normans on the eastern side of the Dnieper were absorbed by the Fins they had conquered, and afterwards by the Mongols who invaded them, and those on the western side disappeared in the ruins of the kingdom of Wladimir, which, after being divided into several small states, (of which the Slavonian Grand Duchy of Ruthenia or Rus was one), was overrun by the Lithuanians, who finally occupied the whole of its central and southern portion, the Slavonian republics of Nowgorod and Pskow remaining independent in the north. The duchy of Muscovy, afterwards the Empire of Russia, continued to be a country inhabited by Turanian races, and has gradually obtained a Tartar ruling class;† the Slavonian state of Wladimir, by the voluntary union of Poland and Lithuania in the fourteenth century, became part of Poland, in the same way as Scotland by its voluntary union with England, became part of Great Britain; and although neither the nobles nor the peasants of Lithuania are Poles by race any more than those of Scotland are English, history has proved that they are as much attached to Poland as Scotchmen are to England.

It will be thus seen that the only ground on which the "re-conquest" theory is based is the fact that Rurik conquered

the Slavonians on the right bank of the Dnieper, and one of his descendants subdued the Fins on its left bank. The half-German, half-Mongol dynasty which now rules on the left bank is, we are told, therefore entitled to rule the peoples on the right bank. There is really no end to the absurdities into which the adoption of such a mode of reasoning would lead us. Let us take a single case: that of the Scandinavian conquest of Normandy, which is in many respects similar to that of Slavonia. The Scandinavians under Rollo seize Normandy, and adopt the language of the Frenchmen whom they have vanquished; the Scandinavians under Rurik establish themselves in the provinces of the Baltic and the Dnieper, and adopt the language of the Slavonians whom they have made their tributaries. The descendants of Rollo conquer England and introduce the French language into that country; the descendants of Rurik conquer the duchy of Muscovy and bring the Slavonian language with them. The rights of England to Normandy are therefore precisely the same as those of Russia to the Polish provinces; and if the Muscovites choose to call themselves Russians because they descend from Rurik and his followers, the English might with equal reason call themselves Normans because they descend from William and his followers. To justify the seizure by Muscovy of the Polish provinces that were formerly under the rule of the Scandinavian Grand Duke Wladimir, as a re-conquest, is therefore as palpable an absurdity as to say that the seizure by England of the French province of Normandy, formerly under the rule of the Scandinavian Duke Robert, would be a re-conquest.

On the other hand, we doubt whether any state has stronger right to territory under its rule than Poland had to the provinces wrested from her by Catherine in 1772-95. Putting out of the question the fact, already alluded to, of the Poles having been the original occupiers of the country watered by the Dnieper—the *Pol-skoja Ziemleja* of Nestor—they have on their side an undisturbed possession of three hundred years, a complete identification of manners, customs, and political organization with the sister country, and an evident and oft-expressed desire on the part of the latter for the union which existed before the partition. The "re-

* *Istoria Rossijskoi Tserkvi*. Moscow, 1848, p. 85, note 55. *Lectures on the Imperial Hist. Soc. of Moscow*, 1847, No. 1, part i. p. 7. *Journal des Ecoles Militaires*. St. Pétersbourg, 1847, No. 280.

† Tourgenieff, *La Russie et les Russes*, vol. ii. p. 136. Bruxelles, 1847.

conquest" theory is, in truth, simply an ingenious device adopted by the Empress Catherine to justify her designs upon the Polish provinces. The first manifestation of these designs was her adoption of the title of "Empress of all the Russias." As the only Russias which then existed belonged to Poland, whose eastern provinces, formerly part of the kingdom of Wladimir, were called White Russia, Black Russia, and Red Russia, this step on the part of Catherine excited just alarms among the Poles; and to appease these alarms Catherine solemnly declared that in assuming her new title "she did not mean to assert any right, either for herself, her successors, or her empire, to the countries or lands which under the name of Russia or Ruthenia, belong to Poland;" and further, "that she would always maintain and protect them against any one who would attempt to disturb Poland's possession of them."* It is well known how these promises were kept; but it is not perhaps so generally known that the theory of the re-conquest was first broached at the time when Catherine, by assuming the title of Empress of all the Russias, paved the way for her annexations of 1772-95. So long as the Tzarat of Muscovy did not assert any pretensions to the Ruthenian territories of Poland, Muscovite historians did not dream of tracing any connection between the free Sclavonian states on the right bank of the Dnieper and the Ouralian populations under the Tartar oppression of Muscovy; the new theory was originated by the government of the new Empire of all the Russias; and though its promulgation in the schools of Russia and Poland has since been ordered by numberless official decrees, no eminent Russian historian has ever completely adopted it. One of them, the well-known Müller, was bitterly persecuted by Catherine for attempting to refute it;† and latterly its fallacy has been triumphantly exposed by a learned Russian historian and ethnologist, M. Duchinski.‡ It appears, therefore, that the writers who adopt the view that the partition of Poland by Russia was a re-conquest, do not even represent the opinion of educated Russians on the sub-

ject. They are merely the exponents of a theory which, in Russia itself, has been forced upon unwilling historians by the government, and whose fallacy has been fully recognized by learned Russians who have dared to say what they thought.

On a review of all the facts of the case, it is impossible for us to agree with the writers who pretend that the appellation of "the great crime of the age," by which the partition of Poland is stigmatized, is undeserved, or to admit that it is the result of perverted views of history, invented by Polish emigrants in order to give them a historical claim upon the sympathies to which they appeal. We have seen that the perversions of history are all on the side of Russia, and have been deliberately invented and promulgated by her ever since the partition made it necessary for her to find an excuse for a crime which exposed her to universal reprobation. That excuse once proved valueless, the crime stands out in all its naked blackness, unrelieved by a single redeeming point, as it appeared to all those statesmen and historians who have given it the name of "the greatest crime of modern times."

The defense set up in favor of the partition having thus lost its main foundation, few will see the force or point of the ingenious disquisitions on political morality with which a writer in a well-known *Review* has endeavored to prop up a tottering cause, or recognize in the conquest of Granada by the Spaniards an example or a justification of the partition of Poland. Many, we think, will be rather disposed to wonder at the lengths to which a love of paradox may carry a writer of indisputable talent, when they see him gravely assert that an act of ordinary, unpremeditated violence, like the seizure of Alsatia by Louis XIV., is the very blackest of political crimes, while, though admitting that the partition of Poland was accomplished by means of the basest treachery and plotting, he holds, that if not quite justifiable, it was at least a sin of a very venial character. As for the statement that the three partitioning powers were exposed to danger from their proximity to a country which they had themselves weakened to such a degree by their intrigues that it was incapable of defending itself when attacked, that is the usual argument of the wolf to the lamb, and does not deserve serious notice. Nor

* D'Angeberg, *Archives Dipl. Pologne*, p. 24.

† Karamayn.

‡ See his pamphlet, *La Moscovie et la Pologne*, published at Constantinople in 1855; and other works since published in Paris.

can we see any validity in the plea that Catherine was forced in self-defense to seize the Ruthenian provinces, when Prussia and Austria prepared to advance their frontiers over Polish ground to the neighborhood of Russia. It is admitted that Catherine's power extended over the whole of Poland, and if it was a question of self-defense, we should rather have imagined that she would have defended Poland, and the power it gave her, against any attempt at encroachment on the part of Prussia and Austria, than have sought compensation for the diminution of the territory over which her influence extended, by annexing a portion of it. At any rate she can hardly be said to have adopted an effectual means of defending herself against those two powers by thus making herself mistress of territories inhabited by a race which is alien to that of Russia, and which has ever since fought and petitioned for reunion with Poland. The truth is, she did not act from fear of Prussia and Austria, but from a desire to obtain a footing in Europe. This has notoriously been the darling object of Russian sovereigns since Peter the Great, and Poland was both the only obstacle that could prevent, and the only instrument that could insure, its satisfactory attainment. The plottings of the court of Russia, and its constant interference in the elections of the Polish kings for nearly a century before the partition, were only so many preparatory steps to the fulfillment of the same object; and it is far more probable that the share taken in the partition of Poland by Prussia and Austria was caused by a fear of the results of Russia's aggressive policy, than that Russia seized the greater part of Poland to protect herself against the consequences of an aggrandisement of Austria and Prussia. We have alluded to the interference of Russia in the elections of the Polish kings, and we can not refrain here from expressing our surprise at Russia's conduct in this respect being defended by the writers on her side as an act of retaliation. Because, in 1610, the King of Poland seated his son on the throne of Russia, and in a religious war conquered two of her provinces, Russia was justified, we are told, in seizing a large piece of Poland, after a long course of treachery and intrigue, in 1772-95. If such a principle were once admitted among the nations of Europe, there is scarcely any am-

bitious and aggressive power which would not have a *casus belli* ready to its hand. The invasion of England or of Prussia by France would be justified by Waterloo; Napoleon's campaign of 1812 would give Russia a right to invade France; and if France were desirous of another pretext for declaring war against England, she would only have to take the case of the invasion of her country, and the occupation of Paris, by the English Henry V., who gave his son the crown of France in much the same way as the Polish Sigismund gave his that of Russia.

But there is yet another plea which has been advanced in defense of Catherine. We are told that the maltreatment of the dissidents by the Catholics in Poland called for the interference of Catherine in their behalf; and the natural objection that such interference by an empress of known profligacy and a government which has always proceeded on a system of despotic intolerance could not have been sincere, but was evidently meant to shield deeper political aims, is attempted to be cast aside by a reference to the defense of the rights of the Latin monks in the Holy Places, and of the independence of the Pope, by the Emperor Napoleon. A vicious prince, it is said, will act as a religious champion if the feelings of his people incite him to do so, none the less because he is vicious. Granted: but was this the case when Catherine interfered in favor of the dissidents in Poland? Nay, was it the case, to adopt the parallel above suggested, when the Emperor Napoleon fought against Russia in the Crimea? Every one knows that the Crimean war was fought, not to defend the rights of the Latin monks, but to preserve Turkey against the aggression of Russia; and if Catherine's interference in favor of the Polish dissidents had assumed as peaceful a form as that of Napoleon in favor of the Latin monks, there would have been no partition. As for the preservation of the independence of the Pope, the cases are not at all parallel, the policy of Napoleon in this question being influenced by a variety of considerations, in which the will of the French people, who care nothing at all about the matter, plays but a very small part. But to return to Catherine and the Polish dissidents. In the sixteenth century Poland was the most tolerant country in Europe. It was the re-

fuge of sects that had been driven with threats and ignominy from one state to another by the fever of religious persecution which was at that time raging on the continent. Although the established religion of the country was the Roman Catholic, the majority of its Parliament consisted of Protestants; and the only protest made by any nation against the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the massacre of St. Bartholomew came from Poland.

It was but natural, indeed, that a country whose people were fond of political liberty to a fault, should also be the home of religious liberty. But a bigoted Swedish king, an irruption of Jesuits, and the interference of foreign powers,* soon introduced the poison of religious dissension among the Poles. In Lithuania and Poland proper the quarrels between the Catholics and the dissidents, as they were called, who mostly consisted of Calvinists, Lutherans, and members of the United Greek Church, were generally of a very mild character, seldom exhibiting more animosity than was shown in England toward the Catholics in the reign of George III. But the Cossacks of the Ukraine, who had, under Russian influence, abandoned the united faith, and adopted that of Russia, soon became so exasperated at their real and fancied grievances that they rose in a body against their government. Russia came to their assistance; and after many bloody wars they succeeded in severing themselves from Poland and joining Russia.† This, however, occurred long before the partition. The provinces which Catherine seized from Poland at the partition did not profess the Greek religion, but were of the United Faith; and ever since they have belonged to Russia their inhabitants have been compelled to adopt the Greek religion at the point of the bayonet. In this sense they may, perhaps, be said to have been seized with a religious motive; but in these days we

are not accustomed to call persecution religious championship, and we can not admit that a despot like Catherine could have been compelled by the religious enthusiasm of her people to convert, by main force, four millions of their enemies to the Greek religion.

Let us now sum up the results of our examination of the arguments which the advocates of Russia have advanced in defense of the partition. To the plea of ancient possession and a common nationality, history replies that the provinces Russia seized at the partition never belonged to her, and that they were separate states, inhabited by a race different from the Russian, a hundred years before Russia was founded. The plea of necessity is disposed of by the abundant evidence we find in history of the danger which the extension of the Russian empire brought to Germany, and of the helpless position of Poland, torn by internal dissensions, and threatened on all sides by powerful monarchies, any one of which could easily have crushed her if she attempted to attack it. Finally, history proves to us that Catherine used the Polish dissidents only as a tool for working out her aggressive policy, by the fact that so soon as she had attained her object in possessing herself of the Polish provinces, she became their bitterest persecutor; and the plea of a common religion, which, moreover, starts on false premises, for the religion of the Polish provinces was different from that of Russia, is thus shown to have been a mere pretext for territorial aggression. With these facts before us it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that the writers on the Russian side have not shown any reasons whatever for altering the verdict which Europe has so often pronounced upon the partition of Poland.

We have now to meet these writers on a new ground. Their defense of Russia is usually followed, if not very generously, at least with far more force of reasoning, by charges against the Poles. These charges suggest themselves at once to any one at all conversant with Polish history. The quarrelsomeness of the Polish character, the weakness of her government when Poland was a nation, and the ill-treatment of the Polish peasants by their masters, are faults which have been repeatedly acknowledged and deplored both by Polish and foreign historians. These faults are placed by the advocates of Rus-

* "The Poles, as a nation, have never been given to persecution; and when, toward the close of their history as a republic, the quarrels about the dissidents began, the dissidents' demands were chiefly resisted because Russia and Prussia supported them; just as we should have objected, more than ever, to grant equal political rights to the Catholics, had we at any time been recommended to do so in a threatening tone by France and Austria."—*Edwards*, vol. 1, p. 248.

† They have since made several attempts to be reunited to Poland.

sia in a strong light, and are used as evidence that the Poles would be unable to govern themselves, even should they succeed in recovering their independence. The question thus raised is important, and the *prima facie* case against the Poles is indisputably strong. If we look only at the history of Poland for the last century before the partition, we must admit the worst that the enemies of Poland have said against her. A turbulent and dissolute nobility; an elected king; a diet which, when it met, was almost immediately dissolved by the *veto* of a single dissentient member; and an oppressed peasantry, destitute of all political privileges, are certainly not the elements which should compose a country fit for constitutional government. But we have already seen the danger of drawing inferences from the history of a single period of a nation's existence. Poland has now lived upward of a thousand years; and to take a single century out of that period of her history as a criterion of the rest, would be as unfair as to conclude that a man must be naturally unhealthy because during six years of his life he was ill. Poland fell, not only because she was internally feeble, but because her neighbors were at the same time more powerful than they ever have been before or since. Foreign intrigue had at least as much to do with her destruction as internal decay. During the first seven centuries of her existence, before the aggressive policy of Peter and Frederic sapped her foundations, she was a strong constitutional power, resembling in many respects the England of those days. As in England, the monarchy, though nominally elective, was really hereditary; there was no standing army; and the sovereigns were held in check, at first by a powerful class of military chiefs, jealous of their liberties and averse to foreign wars, and afterwards by an independent and intelligent Parliament, consisting of delegates from all the freeholders of the country, which exercised an effectual control over the government. The nobles, as they were called, comprised all who, either by their merit or the possession of land, were entitled to a vote in the representation; and their patriotism and public spirit were such that many of them ruined themselves in the service of the state. As for the unrepresented classes, which did not constitute a greater majority of the population in Poland than in

any other country, they were treated, if not by the law, at least by their masters, as well as in England, and better than in most other countries. Unfortunately foreign intrigues and the want of a good political organization changed all this in the seventeenth century, about which time the poison of faction first displayed itself in the state. The great Lithuanian princes, who, though nominally in possession of no greater privileges than the poorest elector, naturally had immense influence at their command, began to form political parties. The right of *veto*, which has from the earliest ages existed among all Slavonian nations, but which had never before been exercised in Poland, was now first used for factious purposes, and thus paralyzed the action of the Polish diets. Finally, the monarchy was no longer hereditary, and instead of the sovereign being formally elected, as heretofore, by the senate, the candidate for royalty depended for his success on the votes of the whole body of freemen or nobles. The dissensions and anarchy which this combination of abuses tended to create were carefully fostered by Russia and the other neighboring powers. In 1764 Russia and Prussia signed a treaty binding themselves to oppose, by every means in their power, any attempt on the part of the Poles to alter the mode of election of their kings; and both the *veto* and the elective sovereignty were imposed on the Poles by the same two powers in the constitution of 1788. Besides being thus weakened by intrigue from without and anarchy within, the unfortunate Poles saw their country devastated by the passage through it of numerous Swedish, Russian, and Turkish armies, during the wars of Charles XII. and Peter the Great. To the horrors of war were added those of the plague; and the confederations, which were got up by the dissidents, under foreign encouragement, with the object of wresting their rights from the government by the sword, completed the exhaustion of the country. These terrible disasters brought the usual abuses in their train; a spirit of luxury and venality hitherto unknown spread among the Poles; they abandoned the patriarchal life and ancient virtues of their fathers, and in defiance of all law and justice, powerful land-owners plundered each other's estates, persecuted the poor, and ill-treated the peasants. It was when Poland was in this condition that the

three powers stepped in, and seized each of them a large slice of her territory. This brought the Poles to their senses. Too much exhausted to attempt any opposition to the robbery which was being committed upon them, they did their best to secure what was left. Agriculture and commerce began to be assiduously cultivated, and every effort was made to improve the moral and material condition of the people. Many of the great land-owners turned their peasants into freeholders with the best results; the education of the country reached a pitch of elevation it had never hitherto attained, and the wisest Polish statesmen applied themselves to the task of removing the abuses which had crept into the state. The result of their labors was the famous constitution of the third of May, 1791, which has deservedly obtained the warmest eulogies from all true friends of political and religious liberty. Its chief provisions were, a hereditary monarchy—emancipation of the peasants—abolition of the *liberum veto* and confederations—and complete toleration to all religions. This constitution was immediately adopted both by the king and the two chambers, and was received with the greatest satisfaction by the people. Its adoption, as is well known, was the signal for the second partition; and Russia and Prussia in their manifestoes declared that the new constitution was full of extravagant and anti-social ideas. A last relic of the old disunions now made its appearance in the confederation of Targowica, which sided with Russia in opposing the constitution. But here the long catalogue of the sins of Poland ends: all that they have since done has been worthy of the best days of their ancient glories and freedom. Their insurrections of 1794, of 1812, and of 1830, were admirable efforts to recover an independence of which they had been basely and unjustly deprived; and to say, with an English writer already quoted, that Russia, in suppressing these risings, obtained Poland by right of conquest, is to admit that you lose your right to property that has been stolen from you by the failure of any attempt you may make to recover it. The brilliant bravery and heroic self-sacrifice of which the Poles gave evidence in these insurrections show that the flame of patriotism, which is after all the best guarantee of the stability of

a nation, burns in their breasts as high as ever:

"Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Præter atrocem animum."

Their political development, of course, came to a complete stand-still under three foreign governments whose only object was to crush their nationality; but under the enlightened supervision of Czartoryski, Czacki, and others, considerable progress was made in education, and commerce and manufactures began to be steadily cultivated. For a short time after the revolution of 1830, the Poles seemed to be paralyzed by the exhaustion and the bitter disappointment of that desperate struggle; but their last resurrection has shown itself more glorious and full of hope than any of those that preceded it. The calm protests against atrocious wrong, the unanimous petitions from all classes and all parts of the country—from land-owner and peasant, from Warsaw and from Podolia—for what every nation has a right to demand, a tolerable government; and the wonderful self-restraint, under the most barbarous provocation, which marked the conduct of the Poles in 1861-2, displayed qualities in this people, accused of being impatient and quarrelsome, of which Englishmen might well be proud. And if we look at what is now going on in Poland—a secret National Government, whose members are unknown, but whose decrees are scrupulously obeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, establishing a complete national organization in the face of a foreign military despotism, whose action it paralyzes and whose power it defies—we can not but acknowledge that Poland must possess in an eminent degree the faculties of self-government and of political organization.

But, we shall be told, all this applies only to the nobles of Poland. To quote a writer whom we have already several times alluded to in the course of this article: "The Poland that contrived by weakness or corruption to lose its independence was a Poland of a hundred and fifty thousand souls. . . . The Polish nobility was the Polish nation. Beneath them lay a vast population of millions of serfs who had never for a century expressed, except upon questions of religion, the slightest feeling or opinion upon any po-

litical subject whatsoever." The serfs, it is added, were in fact slaves. In 1496 was passed the Magna Charta of the Polish slave-owner. Fugitive Slave Laws succeeded, and the serf became *ascriptus glebæ*. Other statutes legalized the ill-treatment of the serfs by their masters, and placed them in the same position as the slave of ancient Rome. A statute of 1588 actually sanctioned the killing of slaves by fixing the amount of fine to be imposed as a penalty for so doing. Finally, we are told, "what fell in 1793 was the inhuman domination of a few noblemen over the Polish people." Before inquiring into the truth or relevancy of these allegations, we must protest against the doctrine that because, during the century which preceded the first partition, the Polish peasants did not openly express any feeling or opinion on political subjects, they were indifferent to the fate of their country. Where shall we find a continental state of that day whose peasants openly expressed their feelings or opinions on political subjects? And yet, judging by subsequent events, it will be hard to deny that the peasantry of France or Italy took no interest in the fate of their country. When the great struggles for independence were fought in Poland, the peasant scythemen fought in the ranks by the side of the nobles; and the present insurrection, begun by the middle class, has the heartiest sympathies both of the nobles and the great majority of the peasants. The question thus becomes purely one of history. Whatever may have been the persecutions that the Polish peasants endured at the hands of their masters in times gone by, the feeling of patriotism has not been thereby stifled in their breasts, and they are now more desirous than ever to shake off the yoke of Russia. Let us now consider how the case actually stood in former times between the peasant and the noble in Poland. We have already pointed out that in Poland the word "noble" or "*szlachcic*" bore a different meaning to what it does in England. The Polish nobles were the educated classes of Poland; there need, therefore, be nothing shocking, at all events to the conservative mind, in the fact that "the Polish nobility was the Polish nation." All freeholders, descendants of freeholders, and persons admitted to the upper class by reason of their personal merit, were nobles, and, like the corresponding classes of the peo-

ple in England, alone enjoyed the higher species of political privileges. As for the number of the nobles, it was not one hundred and fifty thousand, but a million.* The restriction of electoral privileges to the educated classes is, in truth, much more defensible in Poland, where the peasants were at that time plunged in ignorance and superstition, than in England, where the lower classes are educated and intelligent. But, it will be argued, if the peasants were ignorant and superstitious, it was because the nobles shut out from them the means of enlightenment, and treated them like inferior beings. The fact is indisputable, and we do not pretend to deny it. The peasants were often barbarously ill-treated by their masters, and both their social and their civil *status* was bad. But was the condition of the peasantry in other countries any better? In Russia the peasant was a slave; in Germany he was little more; in France his oppression was such that it gave rise to the bloody revolution of 1793; and even in free England the lower classes were any thing but satisfied, and popular riots were not quite unknown. In Poland the peasant was never a slave. "He could not be sold by auction, staked on a card, or exchanged for a dog, as happened in Russia at least as late as the reign of Alexander I."† The statutes relative to the peasants were mostly framed on the old Roman model, but like the *veto* and other impracticable Roman institutions which had crept into the legislature of ancient Poland, were seldom acted upon. Even the republican historian Lelewel, who is the declared enemy of the nobles, admits this, and adds that the peasants, when they came under Russian rule, looked back with regret to the days when they were under Polish masters. That the condition of the Polish peasant was very bad there can be no doubt. He was not allowed to possess land; he was exposed to the caprice and bad temper of his master; and he was regarded by the law as an inferior being. But he was not worse off than most persons of his class in the rest of the European continent; and we have no right to quarrel with the Polish nobles because they were not in this respect in advance of their age. As it was, they were the first on the Continent

* Mickiewicz, apud Edwards, vol. i. p. 146.

† Edwards, vol. i. p. 145.

to admit the equality of all classes before the law. The abandonment by some of the most wealthy of the Polish nobles of all control over their peasants in 1778, was, by the constitution of 1791, made compulsory on all Polish land-owners. On the other hand, while Poland was under the three partitioning powers, serfdom was every where maintained, and in Samogitia and the Ukraine it was first introduced by Russia. Soon after the accession of Alexander II., the question of serf emancipation was again started by the Poles, and would have been successfully solved by them had not their Agricultural Society been dissolved by the government in 1861. In a word, if the Poles in their treatment of the peasants were not in advance of the age, neither were they behind it; and there is every reason to believe that if Poland had been left unhampered in the development of her political institutions, her peasants would at this moment have enjoyed the same privileges as those of England.

Whatever may be the result of the present insurrection, it has at least borne one remarkable fruit. The conduct of Russia in Poland since 1815 is acknowledged by all parties to have been, if not a crime, at least a mistake. Half-a-century's chronic discontent, breaking out in two formidable risings, of which the first was only crushed by the whole military force of Russia when she was the strongest power in Europe, and the second, attacking her in a moment of weakness, is threatening her very existence, is not to be explained away by the natural turbulence of a people or the agitation of a faction. It has become evident to every one that, so long as there is a Russian administration in Poland, the Poles will remain discontented, and be a constant source of disturbance to Europe. A national government is, therefore, indispensable. But how is this to be obtained for Poland? Is the Charter of 1815 to be revived? Are the Poles to remain, as at present, under the rule of Russia, with a Russian viceroy and a Russian army, but with a national diet and Polish ministers enjoying the confidence of the people? Are the kingdom of Poland and parts of Posen and Galicia to form a confederacy of small states? Is the kingdom of Poland to be made a separate state with a Russian king? Finally, is the whole of the Poland of 1772 to be restored to its independence? Before considering these

questions, it is necessary to lay down the principle, which is so often lost sight of, that whatever remedy may be adopted, it should, to be effectual, extend over the whole of the territory which has been wrested from Poland by Russia since 1772. It is over this territory that all the insurrections of Poland since that date have spread; and a concession to the Poles of the kingdom of Poland alone would evidently be no satisfaction to the Poles of Lithuania or Volhynia. Whatever may be the historical pretensions of Russia to these provinces (and we have shown that they have no foundation), it is impossible to ignore the fact that their inhabitants, both nobles and peasants, are bitterly hostile to Russia, and evidently desire union with Poland. This consideration at once disposes of the proposition to reestablish the Charter of 1815, which applied only to the kingdom of Poland, and which, moreover, was a signal failure. The proposals to detach the kingdom from Russia, and to form a Polish confederacy, are open to the same insuperable objection. It is, in fact, easier to suggest ingenious but impracticable solutions of this kind, than to look the real question at issue steadily in the face. There remains but one plan, except, indeed, to cut the knot by restoring the whole of Poland to her ancient independence. Last year the Poles petitioned for a national representation for the kingdom and the provinces, and were refused. If they were offered it now, would they accept the offer? We doubt it. Since then Russia has rendered reconciliation between her and Poland impossible. The barbarous conscription and its attendant horrors, the terrible insurrection which is its consequence, have established between Russia and Poland a barrier of blood and tears which it will take many long years to efface. And after the dreary series of deceptions which they have endured at the hands of Russia, especially since the accession of the present emperor—the reforms introduced only to be withdrawn, the promises never to be fulfilled, the pretenses of liberality and the terrible realities of uncompromising tyranny—can the Poles, strong in their patriotism and their successes, accept the risk of a fresh and more bitter disappointment? Last year, while they yet hoped something from the reputed benevolence of the emperor, and were powerless except in the justice of

their cause, they were prepared to accept even a restricted degree of political existence under Russian rule. But now, with the blood of thousands of their slaughtered brethren dyeing their soil, with arms in their hands and the public opinion of Europe at their backs, nothing but complete independence can repay them for their sacrifices. The advocates of Russia tell us that this independence is a chimera. We have already given our reasons for thinking that, if it were once established, it would be a permanent reality. To compare a young and vigorous country like Poland, full of patriotism and political aspirations, to the effete and enslaved despotism of Turkey, is simply an absurdity. There is no reason why Poland, when re-established, should become "the nursling of domineering embassies," any more than either Belgium or Italy. But how is she to be re-established? If left to herself, it seems only too certain that she will not succeed. The guerilla war which she has now for nearly six months carried on with such bravery and success may yet last a few years, but it must in the end die out before disciplined armies and resources almost unlimited. The results of such a struggle are terrible to anticipate. Poland would be a desert, and the best and bravest of her sons lie under her soil, or die a living death in the mines of the Oural, or the mysterious *oubliettes* of the Siberian fortresses. Her towns would be in ruins, her villages in ashes, her women and children dying of famine and the plague. Such are a few of the horrors which can alone be prevented by a strong power coming forward to aid the Poles in the contest, which they are evidently determined to fight out to the last. There are but three powers that could give this assistance: England, France, and Austria. The first is unwilling to take the initiative because, apart from a natural aversion to war, she knows that she could not refuse the alliance which France would be sure to propose to her, and she fears that a war on the continent in which the Emperor Napoleon would be engaged, would lead to complications in which the original question at issue would vanish, and which would result in the aggrandizement of France. The French emperor, on the other hand, is unwilling to move, because he fears England would not support him. We think that the fears of our government are but too well founded, and that

it would be extremely impolitic were England either to go to war for Poland, or allow France to do so. But if Austria were to assist the Poles, there would be no ground for the apprehension of a European war. The position of Austria with regard to Poland has always been a peculiar one. Since Maria Theresa signed the first act of partition under protest, both the sovereigns and the statesmen of Austria have expressed in various ways their regret at the dismemberment of Poland, and their desire to give up Galicia, provided they had the assurance that a strong and independent Poland would be interposed between Austria and Russia. The advantages which such an arrangement would bring not only to Austria, but to the whole of Germany, by closing what Lord Ellenborough has called Russia's door to Europe, are sufficiently obvious. The paralyzing effect which Russian influence has had upon the action of Austria and Germany in European affairs is well known, and has been often felt. Galicia, part of which in old times was called "Red Russia," forms a portion of the old kingdom of Wladimir which Russia has not yet "re-conquered," and which, it is well known, Russia is intriguing to obtain for herself. Russia's pretensions to be a Slavonic power, and her efforts to spread her influence over the Slavonic provinces of Austria, constitute another danger which threatens Austria's very existence. But so long as these dangers are at her door, Austria is compelled, though very unwillingly, to pursue a very timid policy with regard to Poland. She sees, as she did during the Crimean war and on other occasions, that if she takes any decisive step in favor of Poland without the open support of France and England, she will expose herself to the risk of having to bear the brunt of a Russian war, whose result might be the advancement of the Russian frontier far into Austrian territory, thus bringing still nearer to Austria the dangers it is her greatest object to avoid. If, therefore, England and France are to do any thing for Poland, they should endeavor to give such open support to Austria as would enable her to move fearlessly in the direction of her most vital interests. The means for giving her this support are ready at hand. The only sanction which has been given by England and France to the sovereignty of

Russia over the Polish possessions she acquired since 1772 is that involved in the Treaty of Vienna. By that treaty conditions relative to her government of those possessions were imposed upon Russia. These conditions have been, over and over again, declared both by England and France to have been completely and systematically violated. Both of these countries have now ample ground for withdrawing the recognition of Russia's dominion in Poland given in the treaty, Russia having for half a century proved herself unwilling or unable to comply with the conditions on which such recognition was given.* The declaration, by the same two powers, of Poland's right

* The Treaty of Vienna does not, as is commonly supposed, relate to the kingdom of Poland alone. It gives the kingdom "a constitution," the provinces "a national representation and national institutions," and commercial privileges to the whole of "Poland as it existed in 1772."

to recover her independence, is the logical consequence of their denial of Russia's right to govern her. The course of Austria will then be clear. By making Galicia a distinct state, with a national representation, an Austrian sovereign, and an army of eighty thousand men, consisting of Poles now in the Austrian army, she would at once establish a basis of operations for the Poles, where they might organize their troops, develop their administration, and communicate freely with the friendly powers of Europe, whose aid, in the shape of supplies, volunteers, and moral support, would not be wanting. Russia, weak and disorganized as she is, could not long resist so formidable a combination. Thus would Poland recover her independence by her own efforts, the fear of a European war be removed, and Europe be freed from the shame and disgrace of her tacit complicity in "the greatest crime of modern times."

From the Athenæum.

WILD SCENES IN SOUTH AMERICA.*

THOUGH there is no dearth of graphic records of travel and adventure devoted to Central and Southern America, and though those vast and teeming districts stand in a category distinct from that of other wild countries, inasmuch as they contain prosperous cities amounting to so many oases of civilization; while turning over this interesting pair of volumes we have been anew struck with the small amount of real impressions which well-read Englishmen possess regarding so large a portion of the habitable globe. Description after description may come to us, as brightly wrought and as highly finished as those by Head, and Waterton,

and Ruxton, and Stephens, and the anonymous author who some thirty years ago published his *Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela*; yet, somehow, the Cordilleras seem no nearer to us than they were; and the Amazon is stranger to us than mysterious Nile or sacred Ganges; often and again as the profuse riches of vegetation which load and crowd its banks have been described. It might not be worthless to study the reasons which have made and maintain this distance, supposing that speculation and not report was the service of the moment.

The books here coupled are rich in matter for extract; both of them written by men whose training as well as family connection gives them a right to speak. Mr. Hinchliff is no stranger to the public: as being one of those enterprising Britons (some would employ a less mild adjective) who during late summers have tempted one another to clamber up and see nothing

* *South American Sketches; or, a Visit to Rio Janeiro, the Organ Mountains, La Plata, and the Paraná.* By THOMAS WOODBINE HINCHLIFF, M.A. Longman & Co.

Wild Scenes in South America; or, Life in the Llanos of Venezuela. By DON RAMON PARRA. Low & Co.

from the impossible peaks and suicidal passes of the Alps, hitherto sacred to the avalanche and the *lammergeier*. Then we here learn that he is related to Sir Woodbine Parish, whose name in connection with official South American affairs is as well known in England as the name of Morier in regard to *Hadj* *Baba's* country. So that in him we have a brave, daring countryman, by circumstance endowed with means to cleave into the dangerous mysteries of a strange district. "What mountains next?" may any tame pedestrian cry—"The Mountains of the Moon?" or the Snowy Mountain in Africa, which is, at the time being, exciting such a burning controversy? Mr. Hinchliff's credentials having been sketched as above, let us look at those of Don Ramon Paez, with whom he here figures in company. The son of one well known in the strange, dislocated, and, till now, unsettling transactions which virtually leave a grand, abundant region, from quarter of a century to quarter of a century, just what it was; educated at Stonyhurst, and quickened, not merely by memories of his birthplace, but also by having made acquaintance with the rhapsodies of Mr. Waterton, and the cooler, more scientific observations of Von Humboldt, Don Ramon Paez is as well worth hearing as Mr. Hinchliff—with more fire, it may be, in his veins, and not less enduring power of thew and sinew. Perhaps he is the more credulous tourist of the two. The adventures he narrates are certainly most surprising, and make Mr. Waterton's tales look pale. Some of them, it is true, are only hearsay stories; as, for instance, that of the gentleman who crept into a crocodile's open mouth by mistake, passed a rather bad night, after the fashion of Jonah, but was able to destroy the huge "worm," and lives to tell the thrilling tale.

From each of these interesting volumes we can only afford our readers a single extract. Here is a picture—one of a thousand—taken from Mr. Hinchliff's book, which will make every naturalist's mouth water:

"Petropolis is one of the most successful results of foreign emigration to Brazil, and a comparatively flourishing town now occupies the place of a miserable little village, called Corrego Secco. . . . Being only six hours' journey from Rio, and situated in a lovely position among the Organ Mountains, Petropolis had

very great advantages. . . . At the back of the house [the Hotel Oriental] was a small garden, with a profusion of the lovely flowers of the country mixed with others of a hardier race, most conspicuous among which were the giant orange and red *Gladioli* which are so popular in England, and which, whatever may have been their original *habitat*, appear to arrive at unusual perfection in the hill-gardens of Brazil. Close behind this rose up a hill, the greater part of which was still covered with noble trees, feathering palms, rich clusters of bamboos, festooning into natural bowers, and tree-ferns in all the beauty of their bright-green fronds, seven or eight feet long. Underneath was a mass of tangled ferns, creepers, and *lycopodiums*—all new to the European, except those which he might have known in hot-houses at home; and so beautiful in their variety of form and color, that when I took my first morning climb up a zigzag path among them to a point which overlooked the chief part of the town and the countless hills of equal beauty around me, I almost felt glad that my solitude prevented the disturbance of a charm which was increased by silence. After breakfast came my friend Mr. Malet, from the British Legation, which he was occupying during the absence of Mr. Christie, the minister, and away we went for a walk, armed with the conventional umbrella, which is almost indispensable in a country where it may be at any time wanted as a defense against excessive sun or rain. We followed one of the winding valleys for a little while, and then took a branch road leading rather steeply up among the hills. The view increased in beauty and extent as every moment's ascent revealed some new summit, delicately blue with distance, and contrasting exquisitely with the rich coloring of the nearer hills, which were separated from us by deep glens of the forest stretching below toward Petropolis. . . . The tree-ferns, when not more than ten or twelve feet high, are among the most lovely creations of the vegetable world: standing under one of them is like being covered by a huge umbrella, consisting of drooping fronds, about six or eight feet in length, of the most exquisite green that can be conceived, and molded into lace-like forms by the delicate hand of nature. Many of them appeared to be thirty feet high; but I thought that the great length of stem took something off from the beauty of their proportions. An infinite variety of smaller species ornamented the ground, and seemed to fill up every corner that was not already occupied by some more powerful vegetable brother. Great clusters of the beautiful silver-fern were among the most common by the roadside, and nearer the streams were frequent masses of a fern which in size and general appearance resembled our common bracken, or *Pteris aquilina*, but whose fronds proved to be divided more like the *Osmunda regalis*. There were several *Osmundaceæ* of remarkably graceful form, and others grew into such tangled masses of branching

fronds that none but a fern-lover would have distinguished them from the more ordinary shrubs as he passed on his way. Vast bowers were formed by the festooning bamboos; and winding about their feet, or drooping over a bank, were creepers of various colors, chief among which were the long-petaled scarlet passion-flower, and a magnificent ipomoea. Now and then came a tall fuchsia, twenty or thirty feet high, contrasting its crimson blossoms against the bright green back-ground of bamboos; and, again, a more than usually moist place was pink with hundreds of begonias. High above rose the rustling palms, and the hardwood monarchs of the forest spread their dark green boughs across the sky to shade the many-colored orchids which clustered about their stems or hung from their branches. Such were a few of the beauties upon which I feasted my eyes among the mountains of Petropolis. I was very glad to find that the profusion of flowers with which nature had blessed the country had not the too common effect of making the people neglect them. The better houses were for the most part ornamented with pretty gardens, the hedges of which were made of pink and white cluster-roses, so thick with blossom that it was difficult to see the leaves. The gardens of the emperor's palace and the chateau of the Baron Mauá were in a blaze of beauty; and even in the outskirts of the town many of the poor German cottages were surrounded with roses as well as bananas. I have seen the pigs fattening themselves into a most desirable rotundity upon wreaths and clusters that would have been invaluable in a drawing-room. The orchids and air-plants are brought by negroes from the forests, and some of the inhabitants have beautiful collections of them. The rarer kinds are, however, very expensive, and the chief gardener in the place did not scruple to ask from £5 to £10 sterling for a single plant. . . . A day or two after my arrival, Mr. Baillie, who was always ready to fill up the intervals of his diplomatic duties by walking, riding, and sketching, accompanied us in a delightful excursion toward the falls of Itamaraty. We followed the old Minas road for several miles, and then turning sharply to the right, took a very narrow footpath along the side of one of the tributaries to the Parahiba. The river was bounding merrily over its rocky bed with all the life and animation of a Scotch salmon-stream, but with the indescribable advantage of tropical luxuriance as a setting to the picture. The mountains all around were shining with a perfect glory of warm light, and dark thickly-leaved trees overhung the greater part of our path, shading the masses of trailers and parasites which drooped toward the laughing water, and met the unnumbered ferns and flowers clustering on its banks. Gorgeous butterflies, purple and red, fluttered among the bushes, and the wild rattling note of the *iniambu* resounded through the forests which mixed with the granite rocks above us. Now and then the last wriggle of a

tail and a rustling over the dry leaves showed where a snake was running away from the intruders; and once in this exquisite valley an *iguana*, the eatable lizard of Brazil, apparently nearly four feet long, skimmed across our path to hide himself in the jungle. At last, even the narrow path seemed to come to an end, and we scrambled among some huge rocks which stretched out into the middle of the river; hence we had a perfect view of the sunlit mountains in the distance, while we sat under the shade of trees whose overhanging boughs almost embraced across the rushing waters. A scarlet-blossomed creeper hung in wreaths by our side, and the stem of the nearest tree was ornamented with masses of a fern whose long green fronds drooped gracefully for four or five feet from the hollow in which they grew. . .

A few days later we rode to the Paty d'Alferes, a more distant point among the mountains, where the path, winding steeply up through the forests, was suddenly carried round the side of a precipice to an open place, whence we saw range after range of hills, all purple and gold, rising beyond the sea of forests at our very feet. One side of the path was so precipitous that the green crests of the trees below were only on a level with our eyes, temptingly displaying the rich flowers of the orchids which hung upon their branches. On the other side was a rising bank leading up to still higher forests, and densely covered with ferns and flowers, among which I found a very beautiful crimson *amaryllis*, and a fern of which I never saw another specimen in Brazil. I saw some enormous fuchsias in the course of that day's ride, one of which could hardly have been less than twenty-five or thirty feet high, and immense quantities of passion-flowers in full blossom. On our way home we were obliged to make our horses push on as fast as they could through the smoke of a blazing forest, which was doomed by civilization and the wants of man."

We should say that Mr. Hinchliff's book is illustrated with lithographic sketches of a superior quality.

Wild Scenes, by Don Ramon Paez, is also profusely decorated with wood-cuts and engravings, many of which have extraordinary spirit. He and his artist, M. Melby, a Dane, are great and surprising, as we have hinted, in the matter of crocodiles; and the wondrous things they have to tell and show on the subject would have even satisfied David Copperfield's faithful friend Peggotty, who, it may be remembered, thirsted to hear tales of these real dragons. Some of the illustrations, in the horror of their literal ugliness, outdo that which Mr. Ruskin has pointed to as one of the most imaginative pictorial achievements of modern art, Turner's watchful, recumbent mon-

ster, in his "Hesperides" picture. We will hear some of Don Ramon's experiences on the subject:

"While walking along the banks of the Portuguesa, one may see these huge lizards collected in groups of half-a-dozen or more, basking in the sunshine near the water, with their jaws wide open until their ghastly palates are filled with flies or other creatures alighting within them. We tried in vain shooting them with guns; the reptiles were so wary that the moment we took aim they rushed into the water. Being at a loss how to procure a subject for my pencil, I sought the advice of an old man, an angler by profession, who lived in one of the huts near the river. He agreed to let me have his canoe, with his son to paddle it, and the requisite number of harpoons, providing I could obtain the assistance of an Indian boy from the neighborhood, who was a capital marksman with the bow and arrow. 'What!' I exclaimed, in astonishment, 'do we expect to kill one of these monsters with so slight a thing as an arrow?' 'No, Señorito,' he calmly answered; 'but you must first know where to find him under water before you can strike him with the harpoon; the arrow of which I speak is the kind we use in catching turtles.' These arrows are constructed so as to allow the head, affixed to the shaft somewhat in the manner of a lance, to come off the moment it strikes an object in the water. A slender cord, several feet in length, connects it with the shaft, which last is made of a light, buoyant reed; around this the cord is wound closely until it reaches the point where the head is, then fastened securely. The shaft, being extremely light, floats on the surface of the water the moment it is set free from the head by the struggles of the animal, thus acting as a guide for its recovery. The old angler then proceeded to explain that the operation must be conducted first by sending one of these arrows into the body of the crocodile to mark his position under water; and then, if practicable, we might plunge a harpoon into the only vulnerable spot we could hope to reach, namely, the nape of the neck, after which the animal could be easily dragged on shore by means of strong ropes attached to the harpoon. Accordingly, I went in search of the Indian boy, whom I found under a tree, seated like a toad on his haunches, skinning a porcupine he had just killed. At my approach he raised his head and fixed on me his unmeaning eyes. When spoken to, he only replied to all my questions with the monosyllables, *si*, *no*. After a little coaxing, and the promise of some fish-hooks, he followed me to the canoe without uttering a word more. We were not long in getting a chance to test the skill of my new acquaintance. As we approached the river banks, a large crocodile hove in sight, floating down the stream like a log of wood. Our position was most favorable to send an arrow rattling through his scales, and my young Nimrod lost

no time in improving the opportunity. Stepping a few paces in advance, and bending gracefully over the precipice, he let fly at the reptile's head his slender, yellow reed, *por elevacion*, namely, shooting the arrow up into the air at an angle of forty-five, which causes it to descend with great force upon the object, after describing an arc of a circle in the manner of a bomb-shell. Although the distance was fully three hundred paces, the arrow struck the mark with the precision of a rifle ball. A violent plunge of the huge reptile was my first intimation that the trial had been successful, and a moment after I perceived the golden reed, now attached to him, skimming swiftly over the surface of the water. We hastened for the canoe, and immediately gave chase up the stream, as the crocodile had taken that direction. We were rapidly gaining upon him, when, alarmed at the sound of the paddles, he sunk in very deep water, as was indicated by the reed. This circumstance rendered it impossible to employ our harpoon. We tried in vain to start him; he stuck to the muddy bottom, whence neither pulls nor curses could move him. We hoped that in time he would come to the surface to breathe, and then we might strike him with a harpoon; but in this we were equally disappointed. After waiting for him two hours, we gave him up, along with the arrow-head sticking in his own. I made various other attempts to secure a specimen, but with no better result, as the river was yet too high to sound for them. While in this place, I was told several incidents in relation to the cunning and instinct of these saurians, one of which appeared to me most remarkable in an animal of the reptile tribe. The ferryman here possessed at one time a great many goats. One day, he perceived that several of them had disappeared, and not being able to account for it in any other way, he at once laid the blame on the hated crocodiles, although these creatures seldom carry their attacks beyond their own element. His suspicions, he discovered in the end, were well founded, having witnessed the destruction of one of his goats in a very singular manner. It appeared that a crocodile had in some mysterious way discovered that goats delight in jumping from place to place, but more especially from rocks or mounds. Rocks, however, being rather scarce in the country, their treacherous enemy undertook to gratify their taste for this innocent pastime, and at the same time cater to his own. Approaching the water's edge to within a few feet from the bank, he swelled out his back in such a manner as gave it the appearance of a small island or promontory. The stupid goats, perceiving this, varied their gambols by jumping from their secure places on shore upon the seeming island, which they, however, never reached, for the crocodile, tossing up his head at the right instant, received them into his open jaws, and swallowed them without difficulty.

No person can venture near the water without danger from their attacks, being so

treacherous that they approach their intended victim near enough to strike him with their powerful tails before he is even aware of their proximity. The bubbling sound of a gourd being filled in the water by some imprudent person specially attracts them. To obviate this danger a calabash bowl, with a long wooden handle, is usually employed for the purpose; yet, even this is not unfrequently snatched from the hands of the water-carrier. If by accident a human being falls a prey to this tyrant of the river, the reptile is then called *cebado*, which appellation implies every thing that is bold, ferocious, and treacherous in an animal of the species, as from that time they not only waylay persons, but follow them in the canoes, in hopes of again securing this dainty morsel. There are, however, men bold enough to meet the enemy face to face in his own element. The man who makes up his mind to this encounter is well aware that this must be a conflict to the death for one of the antagonists. The ferryman related to us a feat of gallantry worthy of a better cause, performed by a Llanero with one of these monsters. The man was on his way to San Jaime on a pressing errand. Being in haste to get there the same day, he would not wait for the canoe to be brought to him, but prepared to swim across, assisted by his horse. He had already secured his saddle and clothes upon his head, as is usual on similar occasions, when the ferryman cried out to him to beware of a *caiman cebado*, then lurking near the pass, urging upon him, at the same time, to wait for the canoe. Scorning this advice, the Llanero replied, with characteristic pride: 'Let him come; I was never yet afraid of man or beast.' Then laying aside a part of his ponderous equipment, he placed his two-edged dagger between his teeth, and plunged fearlessly into the river. He had not proceeded far when the monster rose, and made quickly toward him. The ferryman crossed himself devoutly, and muttered the holy invocation of *Jesus Maria y José*! fearing for the life, and, above all, for the toll of the imprudent

traveler. In the mean time, the swimmer continued gliding through the water toward the approaching crocodile. Aware of the impossibility of striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he could reach the armpit, he awaited the moment when the reptile should attack him, to throw his saddle at him. This he accomplished so successfully, that the crocodile, doubtless imagining it to be some sort of good eating, jumped partly out of the water to catch it. Instantly the Llanero plunged his dagger up to the very hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse grunt and a tremendous splash showed that the blow was mortal, for the ferocious monster sunk beneath the waves to rise no more. Proud of this achievement, and scorning the tardy assistance of the ferryman, who offered to pick him up in his canoe, he waved his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming, as he did so: 'Is there no other about here?' and then turning, he swam leisurely back to take his horse across. The *canoero* who related this adventure then added: 'So delighted was I on that occasion that I killed my fattest hen to treat the man to a good *sancocho*, for the caiman had devoured all my goats.'"

There is nothing wilder than the above in Melville's *White Shark*. Naturally enough, as his father's son, Don Ramon has bestowed time and space on those political transactions of civil war, rebellion, tyranny, oppression, and ingratitude, which have brought the name forward. But many English readers, in the remoteness of the scene and its sympathies, will skip this portion of his book in favor of the break-neck rides across the Pampas, and other rough passages of sport and intercourse among the hunters and settlers, who, rough though they be, do not seem, as described by our author, to be a vicious folk. To conclude, here is a pair of books, rich in capital reading.

THE SUEZ CANAL.—M. Lesseps has published his speech on the affairs of the Suez Canal in the shape of a monster advertisement. His points are that the Pasha is independent in such matters, that the Sultan has nothing to do with the matter, that his eighteen thousand forced laborers are exceedingly well paid, that Mr. Hawkshaw, the English engineer, sees no obstacle to the works, that the canal will be opened in four years, and that all the opposition is an English intrigue, which imperial protection will neutralize. Only two of these points are of the slightest importance to England. If Frenchmen believe in the canal, and choose to expend their sav-

ings on it in order to bring a million of Sikhs within twenty days' steam of the Mediterranean, that is their business. But if Egypt can grant away part of her territory as the canal banks have been granted, she can grant the whole, and Egypt ceases to be a portion of the Turkish empire; and if works of this kind are to be performed by slave labor, what is the value of French agreements prohibiting the slave trade? M. de Lesseps, we dare say, pays his workmen for the month they work, but who pays them for the month lost in coming, the month lost in going back, and the ruin which falls on a peasant torn away from his home?

From Fraser's Magazine.

A CHAPTER ON MADAGASCAR.

BEFORE touching on the recent events which have invested Madagascar with a sort of tragic interest, a brief description of the island itself may not be out of place. It is situated on the eastern coast of Africa, from which it is separated by the Mozambique Channel, and is about nine hundred and thirty miles in length by three hundred in breadth. It occupies much the same space in relation to Africa as Great Britain does to Europe, and has an area of nearly two hundred thousand square miles. It is inhabited by two distinct races, the one of Malay, the other of Negro origin. Here, as elsewhere, Ham is a servant of servants; the Hovas, who form only one sixth of the whole population, which amounts to four millions and a half, have conquered all the other tribes, and established their supremacy over the whole island. They are physically a fine race, with nothing of the usual Negro type in their features; their complexions are dark, but not more so than those of the Arabs who frequent the coast. The other inhabitants are evidently of Negro origin; but they are taller, stronger, and more energetic than their brethren on the opposite continent.

The island was formerly the great rendezvous of the pirates who infested the Indian Ocean toward the close of the seventeenth century. They formed permanent settlements on the west coast, and intermarried with the women of the country. The losses they inflicted on our Indian trade at length attracted the notice of the British government, who dispatched a squadron under the command of Commodore Matthews, to attack them. This enterprise, undertaken in 1722, was crowned with success; their forts were stormed, and their vessels sunk or burned. The survivors found refuge in the neighboring island of Mauritius, where their descendants are said to retain many of the characteristics of the race from which they sprung. Soon after this event some little attention was attracted to the island

through the publication of the adventures of Robert Drury, an English sailor boy, who was shipwrecked on the coast, and spent several years in the service of one of the native chiefs, who employed him in feeding cattle. He soon acquired the language, and undertook to instruct the idolatrous inhabitants in the truths of revealed religion. A large assembly was convened to hear this setter forth of strange doctrines. The sincere but somewhat inexperienced young missionary thought it best to begin from the beginning; so he told them of the creation of Adam and Eve. When he came to relate how the latter was formed from one of Adam's ribs, a venerable chief, of the same logical turn of mind as Dr. Colenso's Zulu friend, stood up and stated, that if such a doctrine were true, a woman must necessarily have one more rib than a man. Drury, who had never thought of this before, at once assented. The sagacious chief commanded an old woman, remarkable for the leanness of her frame and the prominence of her ribs, to be produced. He counted his own ribs, and Drury, in the presence of the whole assembly, counted the old woman's. On comparing notes, it was found that the male species had lost nothing by the abstraction of a rib, and that both sexes were on a footing of perfect equality in this respect. On this the assembly proclaimed with one voice that Drury's theory was inadmissible; and the baffled theologian soon after contrived to make his escape.

Meanwhile, toward the beginning of the eighteenth century, the French had taken possession of the neighboring islands of Bourbon and Mauritius, and begun to import slaves from Madagascar. In order to carry on this trade, they formed a settlement at Port Dauphin, on the east coast, and erected a fort. In 1774 a Polish adventurer, known as Baron Benyowsky, took possession of Foule Pointe, on the east coast, and endeavored to establish himself as an independent sovereign. His

story was a singular one: he had risen to the rank of general in the Russian service, in which he remained till the death of the King of Poland in 1765; he then joined the Polish army at Cracow, and fell into the hands of the Russians, who banished him to Siberia. Aided by some of his fellow-exiles, he contrived to make his escape, and to reach Kamschatka, which they seized, along with three vessels lying in the harbor. They embarked on board of these vessels, and set sail for Macao, where they disposed of them and their cargoes. From Macao he proceeded to Mauritius, where he heard such accounts of the neighboring island of Madagascar as led him to form the design of establishing himself there. This could not be done without the consent of France, which had a few small settlements on the east coast, and claimed a sort of sovereignty over the whole island. He proceeded to Europe, and was authorized by the French government to form a settlement at Madagascar. He was soon joined by a band of reckless adventurers, and returned to Mauritius, the governor of which, from suspicion of his intentions or jealousy of his power, placed every obstacle in his way. At length he embarked for Madagascar, where he met with a friendly reception from the native chiefs, and formed a settlement at Antongib Bay, on the east coast. Soon after this the French government, acting on the representations of the governor of Mauritius, sent out a commission of inquiry; and Benyowsky, indignant at such suspicions, or dreading discovery, left the settlement and the service of France. He still cherished the idea of acting an important part in the history of the island, and summoned superstition to his aid. A female slave who had returned to Mauritius, circulated the report that the Polish adventurer was the son of a native sovereign who had been carried off to that island. The difference between the features of a Hova and a European is not so very marked as to render such an opinion untenable; and Benyowsky's face was probably so tanned by the fierce rays of a tropical sun, that his white complexion could no longer betray him. The natives hailed with a credulous loyalty the return of their long-lost prince, and proclaimed him sovereign of the Mahavelona district, which extends from Tamatava to the north of Foule Pointe. After consolidating his power,

he set sail for Europe, in order to form treaties of commerce with France and England. He seems to have been treated as a mere adventurer, unworthy of a hearing, and, disappointed in his hopes, he bought a ship and sailed for North America, in the belief that he would be more successful there than in Europe. After a time he returned to his sovereignty with two vessels; but his reign was soon brought to a close. A frigate was dispatched from Mauritius to attack his fort, and he himself fell while defending it. The French justify this attack by asserting that he had afforded a *casus belli* by seizing one of their storehouses—a very improbable charge, as he must have known that such a step would lead to his own ruin. Jealousy of his growing power was probably the true cause of this attack. The French could not witness the rise of a new and rival settlement without a feeling of alarm, and the rights of independent sovereigns have never been treated with much respect in the East. The natives, impelled by revenge and indignation at the cruelty with which they were treated by the French, attacked and destroyed all their settlements except the small island of St. Maria, which they still retain—apparently for no other purpose than to crowd the hospitals of St. Denis with cases of Madagascar fever.

Mauritius continued to derive its supply of slaves from Madagascar till 1810, when it was seized by the English, who had dispatched an expedition from India for that purpose. Meanwhile great changes had occurred in Madagascar. The Hovas, the inhabitants of Ankova, had reduced to subjection most of the other native tribes, and Radama, their leader, was generally recognized as king of the whole island. He was in many respects a very remarkable man: one of those men whose lives form an epoch in the history of their country. The great object of his ambition was to raise his barbarous subjects to a higher degree of civilization, and to introduce among them a knowledge of the useful arts. He sent two of his younger brothers to be educated at Mauritius; and, yielding to the entreaties of Mr. Hastie, the British resident at his capital, he consented to abolish the slave trade. He formed a standing army of fifteen thousand men, which was disciplined after the European fashion by an Irish sergeant. He sent several of the

most promising young men in the island to England to be educated, and some of them hold important appointments at the present day. He gave every encouragement to the English missionaries who arrived in the island in 1818; and, though he refused to adopt Christianity himself, he offered no opposition to its progress. It is a significant fact, however, that he was more anxious to obtain skilled artisans than zealous missionaries; in fact he seems merely to have tolerated the new religion for the sake of the mundane advantages which it conferred on his subjects. When its claims were urged upon him, he said that God had given him the guidance of the light that was within his own heart, which he found to be sufficient. He conformed outwardly to the idolatrous rites of his subjects; but how little hold they had over his mind may be learned from the following anecdote: An application had been made to him for a piece of cloth to clothe one of their favorite idols. "Your god," said the facetious skeptic, "must be a poor creature, or he would be able to clothe himself." He had so little control over his feelings, that in moments of excitement he danced and wept; and on one occasion, when the British resident was dining at his palace, he ordered one of his wives to be removed from the table. "Take her out," said he, "and strike off her head." An officer of the palace carried out this order with as much *sang froid* as if he had been removing a dish. Such an incident must have troubled the digestion of the British resident, and rendered an invitation to dine with Radama a doubtful pleasure. During the latter part of his reign he gave himself up to habits of self-indulgence, which shortened his days, and brought him to the grave on the 27th of July, 1828. His death gave rise to one of those massacres with which the history of eastern courts has rendered us all familiar. Ranavola, one of his numerous widows, acted the same part as Athaliah: she arose and slew all the blood royal, or at least all who had any claim to the throne. On the 11th of June, 1829, about ten months after the death of her husband, she was proclaimed queen at the Grand Kabary, or national assembly. No opposition was offered to her sway, and she continued to hold the reins of government till her death. She was raised to the throne by the old conservative party, who were opposed to

Radama's innovations, and wished matters to remain *in statu quo*. At her consecration she took a solemn oath that she would respect all that had been done by her late husband. The missionaries had been under his special protection, and for a time she did not interfere with them, till her ministers wrought upon her fears by representing that they were weaning the affections of her subjects from her, and inducing them to transfer their allegiance to the Queen of England. Such a charge would obtain more credence, owing to the nature of the religion established in the island, which is a sort of apotheosis of all the deceased sovereigns. To cease to worship them would naturally tend to weaken the authority of the reigning sovereign; and Ranavola issued an order prohibiting the missionaries from teaching the doctrines of Christianity, or administering any of its ordinances. They were allowed to retain their own religion, but they were no longer at liberty to propagate it among the natives. It was in vain that the missionaries remonstrated against this prohibition, which was in fact a violation of the oath she had taken at her consecration, and after a time they left the island. It does not appear that their labors had been attended with very signal success; but no sooner did the queen begin to persecute the native Christians than their numbers rapidly increased. They were speared, burned, buried alive, thrown over rocks, and subjected to the ordeal of the tanguin water, from which few escaped; but, with a fortitude equal to that of the early Christians in the days of Domitian and Nero, they preferred death to apostasy. Their example encouraged others to embrace the faith, and here, as elsewhere, the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Some contrived to make their escape to Mauritius, where they were kindly received by the Rev. J. Lebrun, a venerable Swiss pastor, who has been laboring for nearly half a century among the colored people, and can point to several flourishing congregations as the fruit of his labors.

After the missionaries had left the island, a few Europeans continued to reside at Tamatava, the principal sea-port, for purposes of trade. The queen was led to suspect that they were carrying on intrigues with her subjects, and trying to undermine her power; hence in 1845 she issued an order to the effect that all for-

eigners resident within her dominions must either be naturalized or leave within a fixed period of time. The foreigners regarded this offer of naturalization as a questionable boon; it would have reduced them to the same level as the natives, and exposed them to the danger of having their property confiscated without any means of redress. The most natural course for them would have been to leave the island; but they were unwilling to renounce the profitable trade in which they had been engaged for years, and appealed to the governors of Mauritius and Bourbon to come to their aid. The governor of Mauritius, who happened to be an old soldier, more familiar with drill than international law, at once made this act of an independent sovereign a *casus belli*. One English and two French men-of-war were dispatched to Tamatava, and their captains, on finding that they could obtain no relaxation of the new law in favor of their countrymen, opened fire on the fort. After a cannonade of several hours they landed, and endeavored to take possession of it. It was defended with such obstinate bravery that the assailants were repulsed with considerable loss, and left the bodies of the slain in the hands of the enemy. These bodies were decapitated, and the heads insultingly stuck upon poles, where they remained till 1853, when the French were allowed to remove them. There was a touch of savage grandeur and natural justice in the remonstrance which the queen sent to the governor of Mauritius before this unfortunate affair: "Each of all the kings of the earth has had his land apportioned to him by God, and each rules his own land in his own way. Our queen attempts not to rule your queen, and your queen must not attempt to rule ours." This foolish and unfortunate attack led to the cessation of the export trade, on which Mauritius and Bourbon had been mainly dependent for their supply of provisions, and exasperated the queen against the native Christians, whom she suspected of acting in concert with her enemies. In 1849 a fresh proclamation was issued against the Christians. The terms in which it is couched are interesting, as reflecting the impression which the new religion had produced on the heathen mind: "These are the things which shall not be done, saith the queen. The saying to others, Believe and obey the Gospel; the prac-

tice of baptism; the keeping of the Sabbath as a day of rest; the refusing to swear by one's father, or mother, or sister, and the refusing to be sworn with a stubbornness like that of bullocks, or stones, or wood; the taking of a little bread and of the juice of the grape; and the asking a blessing to rest on the crown of your head; and kneeling down upon the ground and praying, and rising from prayer with drops of water falling from your noses, and with tears rolling down your eyes." The queen had already tried to prevent the communion from being administered, by prohibiting the use of wine or any spirituous liquors—a prohibition which did not affect herself, as she was in the habit of absorbing a bottle of brandy daily. In truth, temperance does not seem ever to have been in high repute in the Radama family. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which Christianity had taken root, from the fact that more than two thousand persons came forward and confessed that they belonged to the new religion. They were absolved on the payment of a fine, but many who refused to apostatize were put to death.

Matters continued in this state till 1853, when Mr. Ellis, an able and judicious missionary, favorably known in the literary world as the author of *Polynesian Researches*, was induced to leave England, for Madagascar, in the hope of being able to reorganize the mission. He was accompanied by Mr. Cameron, one of the artisan missionaries who had taught the natives all the different branches of practical engineering, and was thoroughly master of their language. They reached Tamatava, and had to remain there fifteen days before they received an answer to their letter, which had been forwarded to the capital. The answer, though couched in courteous language, was unfavorable to all their hopes: her sable majesty informed them that she was too busy to receive visits of ceremony, and gave them the significant hint that, as the unhealthy season was approaching, they would do well to return across the water at once. At the same time she stated, in reply to a memorial which had been forwarded by the merchants of Mauritius, that she was willing to reopen the trade at Tamatava, on condition that she received the sum of three thousand pounds as an indemnity for the injury done to her fort in 1845.

This sum was soon collected by public subscription, and the trade between the two islands was resumed. In June, 1854, Mr. Ellis embarked for Tamatava, on reaching which the ship was placed in quarantine, on account of the prevalence of cholera at Mauritius. The queen used this as a pretext for refusing him permission to visit the capital, and, after remaining some months at the coast, during which he added much to our knowledge of the botany of the island, he was obliged to return to Mauritius. Meanwhile a reaction in his favor had taken place at the court of Antananariva, or rather certain political questions had arisen on which the queen wished to consult him. He reached the capital on the 26th of August, 1856, and remained there about a month, when the queen, who had treated him with hospitality, refused to allow him to remain any longer. During this visit he had frequent interviews with the prince who has been recently assassinated, and had the honor of doing obeisance to Ranavola Manjaka at the palace of the Silver House, attired "in a rich satin green and purple plaid dressing-gown with scarlet lining," which seems to have been considered quite *comme il faut* by the Malagachy courtiers, and was probably adopted as the fashionable court-dress when they appeared *en grande tenue*.

Mr. Ellis had frequent opportunities of conversing with Rakoto Radama, the unfortunate prince whose unexpected death has taken Europe by surprise. He was the only son of Ranavola Manjaka, who seems to have cherished for him the sort of savage attachment felt even by beasts of prey for their young: her love to him is the only redeeming trait in her character. He seems to have been worthy of all the love she could bestow upon him. Though he could not have been blind to the fact that she was a cruel, drunken, irreclaimable savage, he treated her on all occasions with the greatest respect and attention; he never forgot that she was his mother, and the ruler of the country over which he himself might one day reign. He spent much of his time in her society, though he strongly disapproved of her habits of intemperance, and of the cruelty with which she treated the native Christians. He publicly avowed himself to be their protector, and did all that he could to alleviate their sufferings; nay, he was openly claimed by the missionaries as a con-

vert to Christianity, and the circumstances of his conversion were related with a minuteness of detail which defied suspicion. He had been trained up in idolatry from his boyhood, and taught to believe that the great idol Ramakavaly and its temple could not be destroyed. He happened one day to express this belief in the hearing of a Christian who held an important office at the palace. This courtier had the prudence to avoid all discussion: he had an argument in store far more telling than any words could convey. Soon after this a fire broke out in the temple of the idol Ramakavaly: the prince witnessed the conflagration from the balcony of the palace, and had ocular proof that there was no foundation for his previous belief. From that moment, we are told, he renounced idolatry, and cast in his lot with the persecuted Christians. It is probable that this statement was made in perfect good faith; but we are inclined to believe that the prince renounced idolatry without altogether adopting Christianity in its stead. He was doubtless predisposed in favor of the new religion, because he approved of its moral precepts, and had a sincere admiration of the English nation; but there is no evidence to show that he ever submitted to the rite of baptism, or altogether identified himself with the new sect. He had reached that transition stage so common in the religious development of individuals and nations: he had lost all positive faith in the religion of his childhood: he had reached a period of skepticism similar to that in which the first Radama lived and died. His very skepticism rendered him all the more tolerant—tolerant alike of the idolatrous faith of his fathers and the teachings of the new religion. He was moreover a man naturally so humane, that suffering, of whatever kind or from whatever cause, was sufficient to enlist his sympathy. He was often seen to turn aside his face in silent sorrow when compelled to witness the proofs of his mother's barbarous cruelty. That cruelty explains much that would be otherwise inexplicable in his brief career and ill-timed fate: it drove him to the opposite extreme. His mother punished the smallest offense with death: he wished to abolish capital punishment altogether. His open and avowed sympathy with the persecuted Christians brought down upon him the hatred of the old conservative party, who tried in every

way to induce his mother to shut him out from the succession to the throne; but finding that her love for him was stronger than her hatred of the party with which he sympathized, they made frequent attempts upon his life. These attempts were instigated chiefly by a member of the royal family who aspired to the throne, and was ready to use every means to gratify his ambition. So early as 1854 the prince seems to have had a presentiment of the fate that awaited him, and he expressed this feeling in a way that will remind our readers of the representative acts of the old Jewish prophets. He purchased and brought into the presence of the queen a piece of red cloth, of the kind used to wrap the dead bodies of members of the royal family. The queen, alarmed at such an act, asked him what he meant. He told her that his life was exposed to danger from a quarter well known to her, and that if he must die by violence, he wished to do so while she was still alive. While his mother professed that there was no ground of apprehension, she used every precaution to preserve his life: she took care that he should never be left alone with his rival, or leave the palace without a sufficient body guard to protect him.

When Mr. Ellis visited the capital in 1856, he had frequent interviews with this amiable young prince, and gives the following description of his personal appearance: "Considering his age—then twenty-six—his appearance struck me as juvenile but extremely prepossessing, frank and open in his bearing, and easy in his manners. He is short in stature and well proportioned, with broad shoulders and ample chest; his head is small, his hair jet black and somewhat curling; his forehead slightly retreating, and round; his eyes small, but clear and penetrating; his features somewhat European in cast and form; his lips full, the upper covered with a mustache, the lower projecting from the overcrowding of his teeth; his nose aquiline, and his chin projecting. It will be observed from this portrait that he had few if any of the characteristics of the Negro race; but we have already shown that the Hovas are not to be confounded with the descendants of Ham.

In 1855 a new actor appeared in the troubled arena of Malagachy politics. As this man has acted an important part in the history of the island, and has been in-

directly one of the causes of the late revolution, he deserves something more than a passing notice. A good many years ago, a Frenchman, of the name of Lambert, left his native land to push his fortune in the East. He settled in the island of Mauritius, where he became the proprietor of a large sugar plantation. Mercantile transactions in the birth-place of Paul and Virginia are not subject to the same conditions as in other countries: the purchase or the possession of an estate does not necessarily imply the possession of large capital. M. Lambert was one of those men who make haste to be rich, and are ingenious in expedients to accomplish their purpose; he became a merchant as well as a planter. For purposes of trade, he found it convenient to remain a Frenchman, while his more volatile partner became a naturalized British subject; and the firm of Menon, Lambert, and Co., astonished the simple-minded merchants of Port Louis by the vastness of their speculations and the apparent success which attended them. They bought steamers, carried mails, and worked coal mines in Madagascar. Mauritius was too limited a field for the ambition of such a man as M. Lambert. We remember him well—*ce brave M. Lambert*: he had more of the English bull-dog than the Gallic bantam in his composition. A bullet-headed, beetle-browed, dark-complexioned, deep-chested, powerful Frenchman, in the very prime and vigor of his manhood; one of that class who have acted such an important part in establishing or overturning dynasties in the East. Though younger in years, he was in manners and personal appearance not unlike the Duc de Malakoff, and the resemblance between them was perhaps something more than external. But that M. Lambert was a *bon garçon*, no Creole of Mauritius ever doubted. The sober-minded English merchants looked small beside him; he was a man of whom his countrymen might reasonably be proud. He gave banquets which surpassed those at Government House in their all but regal splendor. He exhausted all the secrets of gastronomy in catering for his guests; he amused them in the intervals between the different courses with piquant printed description of the dishes with which he was about to regale them. And then, as to his wine, *ma foi, monsieur*, it was something more than nectar, something better

than was ever quaffed at any divine symposium. In a word—though Englishmen, doubtless from jealousy, kept a little aloof from M. Lambert and did not enter readily into his speculations—he was, among his own countrymen, the most popular man in the colony. There were some voices that whispered of a certain resemblance between the colonial speculator and the old Roman conspirator; in a word, that he was *prodigus sui, cupidus alieni*, and that the bubble of his apparent success would speedily burst. It was rumored that his speculations in Madagascar were not of a remunerative character: it was known that in 1854 he had erected a small fort in that island and hoisted the French flag upon it. The sequel proved that such a step was premature and not over prudent. The queen, on finding that her remonstrances were in vain, sent some soldiers to remove the flag; the *employés* of M. Lambert offered some resistance, but they were soon overpowered by numbers, the flag was pulled down, the fort destroyed, and most of its defenders slain. Such an insult was not likely to be overlooked or forgotten by M. Lambert. He remained quiet at the moment and bided his time. In 1855 he resolved to visit Europe: it was necessary, for the success of his political mission, that he should take Madagascar on the way. He landed at Tamatava and made his way to Antananariva, the capital, where he was allowed to reside for a time. That time was not lost; he so worked upon the fears of Prince Rakoto, by representing to him that the death of his mother would be the signal for his assassination, that, in a moment of weakness, he signed a document invoking the assistance of the French emperor, and placing the island under his protection. Armed with this document, M. Lambert proceeded to Paris and had an interview with the emperor. All his eloquence failed to convince the latter that he would be promoting the interests of France by sending an armed expedition against Madagascar; he had doubtless heard of Radama's two generals—Hazo and Tazo (forest and fever)—and dreaded to expose his soldiers to their fatal influence. Baffled, but not altogether discouraged, M. Lambert crossed the channel to try his fortune in Downing-street. His reception there is said to have been equally unfavorable. In 1856 he embarked for

Mauritius on board a small steamer which he had built in Europe for the conveyance of the mails to Aden. He touched at the Cape, where he made the acquaintance of an adventurer almost as reckless and daring as himself.

This was Madame Ida Pfeiffer. The eventful story of her life is already known to the world, so we need not dwell upon it. She was one of those peturbed spirits who love travel for its own sake, and are never happy unless, like the dove from the ark, they can find no rest for the sole of their foot. Impelled by feminine vanity and the love of adventure, she visited countries which no traveler of her sex had ever visited before, and described her travels in volumes which enjoyed a certain popularity not at all owing to their literary merits. It was her boast that from her forty-fifth to her sixtieth year she had had no fixed place of residence. The world was her home: one hundred and fifty thousand miles of traveling had made her tolerably familiar with it. But Madagascar was to her like Mordecai at the gate. What availed all her previous travels so long as it remained unvisited? In 1856 she visited Paris and London in the hope that some society might provide her with funds to carry out her purpose; but those to whom she applied had too much humanity to encourage a foolish old woman in her suicidal plan. At length she embarked the same year at Rotterdam on board of a Dutch vessel bound for the Cape. On reaching Cape Town, whom should she meet but M. Lambert, who had touched there on his way to Mauritius. Two such kindred spirits were speedily drawn together. They had a common object in view, and they resolved to share one another's dangers. M. Lambert placed his vessel at her disposal and treated her with generous hospitality till they reached Mauritius.

They remained at Port Louis till June, 1857. During that interval she enjoyed the hospitality of several of the English residents, and was frequently warned of the risk she incurred in associating with such a dangerous character as Lambert. The governor of the island, actuated no doubt by a feeling of kindness toward this poor infatuated creature, tried to dissuade her from her design. All these remonstrances were in vain. She had set her heart on visiting Antananariva. She had no resources of her own; if she did not

accept Lambert's offer to conduct her to the capital, she must return to Europe in sorrow and disappointment. Her curiosity and her vanity were equally opposed to such a course. She accepted Lambert's offer, and reached Tamatava on the 1st of May. She found that while her protector was a man of mark in Mauritius, he was a still greater man in Madagascar; if he had been a foreign prince on his travels, he could not have been treated with greater respect. It is difficult to discover whether he had informed her of the real object of his visit to the island; it is more than probable that he concealed it till they reached the capital. That object was to dethrone Ranavola Manjaka and to establish Rakoto Radama on the throne, with M. Lambert as his prime minister. France and England had refused to take the island under their protection. M. Lambert was prepared, single-handed and alone, to incur a responsibility from which they had shrunk; he was about to take Madagascar under his own protection. There may be some variety of opinion regarding the propriety of M. Lambert's conduct in concealing such a conspiracy under the guise of friendship. There can be only one opinion regarding the daring courage of the man, who, without a single accomplice, attempted to dethrone the monarch of five millions of people, and all but succeeded in the attempt.

On reaching Antananariva, they were hospitably received by the queen and admitted to a degree of intimacy such as no European had ever enjoyed before. The conspirator had ample time during his residence at the capital to mature his plans: he won over a M. Laborde, and others of his countrymen naturalized in the country. There is reason to believe that several officers of the court were admitted to the secret. It is certain that the officer commanding the household troops was won over by the conspirators, and agreed to seize the queen's person at night. The others were to guard the chief entrances to the palace and to proclaim Rakoto king. There is no evidence to show that the prince was admitted to their confidence. Such was his attachment to his mother, that if he had known of the danger impending over her, he would have at once denounced them. They intended to use him as their tool; but as yet it was premature to admit him to their

councils. The night of the 20th of June was fixed for this *coup d'état*. When the hour came, Lambert was at his post; but the officer who guarded the queen's person proved a coward or a traitor: he made no movement to seize her person, and the conspirators returned to their several homes dreading the worst. On the following day all was tranquil; but on the 22d of June the queen showed that she had obtained some knowledge of the plot. On this, Madame Pfeiffer tells us with a sort of cold-blooded candor, efforts were made to divert her suspicions from the right direction. The idea thus ambiguously expressed gives us some insight into the most diabolical part of the whole affair. The conspirators, in order to divert suspicion from themselves, led the queen to believe that the native Christians had been plotting against her life. She readily accepted this opinion: she knew that none had such reason to wish for her death as those whom she had persecuted with relentless cruelty. Many of the Christians were put to death, and the real conspirators had more than once to witness their sufferings. If their hearts were not harder than the nether millstone, they must have felt some remorse on witnessing the unmerited sufferings of these victims. That Nemesis which dogs the heels of great criminals at length overtook them. All was revealed to the queen; a Grand Kabary was held; many proposed that the conspirators should all be put to death. The queen acted apparently with much forbearance. She had never shed the blood of a white person: their lives should be spared; but sentence of perpetual banishment must be pronounced against them. She did not mean, however, to allow her humanity to cheat her out of her revenge. She contrived to have them detained fifty-three days in the marshes and jungles, to inhale the miasma of which is almost certain death to a European. Lambert, with his iron frame, passed through this ordeal unscathed; but the poor creature whom he had decoyed into this great danger was less fortunate; she reached Mauritius in a dying state—the fatal Malagachy fever had seized upon her, and the following year her sufferings were brought to a close in one of the hospitals at Vienna.

From the expulsion of the conspirators in 1857 to the death of Ranavola Manjaka

in 1861, there is a gap in the history of Madagascar. No white man was allowed to penetrate into the island, and no intelligence was received from the capital except an occasional letter from some of the native Christians. It appears that the queen gave herself up to fits of intoxication which sometimes lasted for weeks. During this period of frenzy it was dangerous to approach her; and all her evil passions found vent in persecuting the miserable Christians. It seems singular that any should have survived such a lengthened persecution; but it was found that their numbers continued to increase, and that the new religion had never gained so many proselytes when it enjoyed the favor and protection of Radama I. New churches were organized at the capital and in the country districts. The queen's son openly avowed his sympathy with the persecuted sects, and tried in every way, even at the risk of his own life and future prospects, to alleviate their sufferings. This was the darkest hour in the history of the island; but the darkest hour often precedes the dawn. A new era was about to be inaugurated, and a new monarch to ascend the throne.

On Friday, the 23d of August, 1862, Ranavola Manjaka died. Like her husband, she was the victim of her intemperate habits. Her reign was stained by many crimes; but she was no ordinary woman. She knew the people who were subject to her sway, and ruled them with a rod of iron. She enjoyed the confidence of the old heathen and conservative party, who stood by her to the last, and looked forward to the accession of her son with distrust. An attempt was made by them to exclude him from the throne, and to appoint his cousin Ramboasalama, who had often attempted his life, successor of the late queen. This attempt at a *coup d'état* failed: the life of the claimant of the throne was spared; but he and most of his principal supporters were sent into exile. No sympathy was felt for these men. Their hands were all more or less stained with the blood of the Christians, and their hatred to the reigning prince was well known.

Never had a king begun to reign under more favorable auspices; his popularity was unbounded; the nation was seized with a sort of fever of exultant joy. The Christians crept forth from their hiding-places and were welcomed with joy by

those who had long given them up as dead; the churches were crowded, and public thanksgivings and prayers offered up in behalf of the new monarch. One of his first acts as a sovereign was to inform the missionaries, through his prime minister, one of the young men whom Radama I. had sent to England to be educated, that Madagascar was now open to them, and that every obstacle in the way of teaching was removed. The missionaries did not fail to profit by this invitation, and the Jesuit fathers of Bourbon, who had been intently watching every movement in the island, at once organized a mission and dispatched several priests and Sisters of Charity to Tamatava. Mr. Ellis returned to the island in May, 1862, and has continued to reside at the capital ever since; he met with the most friendly reception from the king, who became his pupil in English, and frequently invited him to preach at the palace. It is worthy of remark that Ellis never directly affirms that he is a Christian, though this is implied in all his letters except the one written after his assassination, in which he unhesitatingly declares that he never was a Christian at all. This assertion, however, was probably made for the sake of theological consistency, as it would never do to admit that a monarch can fall away from a state of grace. Be that as it may, the new king was a most promising pupil. The Sunday services were continued at the palace; Rakoto listened to them, we are told, with increasing interest and satisfaction, and sometimes interrupted the preacher to express his entire concurrence in something that was said, or to impress it more forcibly on the minds of the hearers. In short, Rakoto Radama was almost, if not altogether, a Christian.

Meanwhile great preparations were being made for his coronation; and in order to give greater *éclat* to this ceremony, deputations were sent from Mauritius and Bourbon to represent England and France, and to carry to the new king substantial tokens of their goodwill. Dr. Ryan, who was one of the deputation from Mauritius, has published an interesting account of his journey to the capital, and the reception he met with there. They reached Antananariva on the eighth of August. Before entering the town they were received by a guard of honor under the command of thirteen

officers in gorgeous but well-made uniforms of every shade of blue and every style of embroidery. The band at once struck up "God save the Queen" in honor of the visitors, and an officer of high rank came as an extra messenger from Radama to bid them welcome. Christianity seems to have been rather fashionable among the young officers, some of whom delighted the bishop's heart by asking for "the book of Jesus Christ." How could it be otherwise? Mr. Ellis was installed as court chaplain. Radama was one of his most attentive hearers, and courtiers are usually of the same religion as their master. On the eleventh of August the deputation were received at the palace, and a letter written in the name of our queen, congratulating Radama on his accession to the throne, was placed in his hands. A handsome Bible sent by her majesty was then presented by the bishop, who delivered an appropriate address, pointing out the advantages that would result to the whole community from adopting the truths which it taught. The Bible was graciously accepted by the king, who expressed his approval of the bishop's address by shaking his hand warmly at the close. On the following day he had another interview with Radama, who readily consented to allow him to undertake missionary labor at the capital or elsewhere, and conducted him to see a school which he was building. The deputation remained at the capital till the eighteenth of August. During that time they had frequent intercourse with the native Christians, and seem, on the whole, to have formed a favorable opinion of their intelligence and piety; but they were equally struck with the signs of moral degradation into which the general mass of the population are sunk: vice and licentiousness have entered into the very heart of the people, and disease, the direct result of their social habits, was fearfully prevalent. While England has sent five missionaries for the conversion of five millions of people, she has sent thousands of sailors to the port of Tamatava, who have introduced among the natives the vices and the diseases of Europe without conferring any benefit upon them in return. The only ground of surprise is that, among a people thus saturated with vice, so many should have been found ready to embrace a religion, one of the

first lessons of which is the enforcement of personal purity and self-denial.

The deputation left the island in the beginning of September; and the only information regarding the state of affairs after that date was obtained through vessels trading between Tamatava and Port Louis. The great Lambert again appears upon the scene. No sooner did he hear that his former friend and *protégé* was securely established on the throne than he hurried to congratulate him, and to remind him how he had exposed his life in his behalf. The king was not ungrateful: he welcomed him to his court, and admitted him to a degree of intimacy which excited the jealousy of the native nobility. He employed the influence which he acquired over the king's mind for the worst of purposes: he had no other object in view than his own aggrandizement. He tempted him to indulge in the immoderate use of intoxicating drink; and profiting by his helpless condition, induced him to sign a document by which he transferred to him all the mines in the island, with full power to work them for his own benefit. M. Lambert was also raised to the highest rank of nobility under the title of Duke of Imerina, the name of the large province in which the capital is situated. Rakoto Radama, we presume, had as much right to confer titles of rank as any monarch in Europe; but it was an injudicious step to elevate a needy foreign adventurer to a position which gave him the precedence of the other courtiers, who remonstrated against such acts of favoritism. Their remonstrances were in vain; and the Duke of Imerina, armed with the rights conferred on him, returned to France to organize a company to work the mines of Madagascar. This was the most unpopular act of Radama's reign; and there is reason to believe that his courtiers began from this time to plot his removal from the throne. They dreaded that the restless and unscrupulous Duke of Imerina would never rest satisfied till he had made Madagascar a mere appanage of the crown of France. They thought it better that the king should cease to reign than that the country should lose its independence. He was guilty also of other acts of folly, which alienated the affections of the old nobility: he abolished all export and import duties, thus alienating a large portion of the former rev-

enues, and throwing the burden of taxation more heavily on the general community; he did away with capital punishment, and showed a disinclination to punish crime. The natural result of his ill-timed humanity was that life and property became insecure. His predecessor on the throne had forbidden the exportation of slaves; he went a step farther, and abolished slavery throughout his dominions. If not an adherent to Christianity himself, he had done every thing to alleviate the sufferings of the Christians during the reign of Ranavola, and held out promises of encouragement to the missionaries after his accession to the throne; but latterly his religious views seem to have changed, and the old superstitions of the country regained their influence over his mind. This change was effected by the political advisers who enjoyed his confidence. He resembled Rehoboam, inasmuch as he dismissed the former advisers of the crown, and surrounded himself with young men destitute of experience and principle: he differed from him in refusing to scourge the greatest of criminals either with whips or with scorpions. A few of the leading officers—such as Rainikaro, who had been prime minister and commander of the forces during the late reign, were allowed to retain their places; but they saw with displeasure that their influence was gone, and that they were supplanted in the king's favor by young men of his own age. The latter were known as the Menamaso, or red eyes. The peculiarity of vision which gave rise to this name was probably more the result of their midnight orgies at the royal palace than of excess of devotion to affairs of state. They abused their influence, and were corrupt in the administration of justice: they became the ready tools of the native priesthood, and attempted to effect a revival of heathenism. A kind of mental epidemic, resembling in its outward signs the tarantula of the middle ages, broke out in the capital and the neighboring provinces. The victims, real or pretended, of this species of frenzy seemed to have no control over their actions. They ran, they leaped, they danced, they saw visions, they heard voices from the invisible world; they became the medium between the king and his ancestors, and announced to him in their name that if he did not stop the praying, some great calamity would overtake him. The reader

who knows that men of rank in this country believe in spirit-rapping, and that bishops seek to read the past and the future in the interior of a crystal ball, will not be surprised to learn that Rakoto Radama did listen to this voice from beyond the tomb. His palace was crowded with these frantic dancers: believing them to be inspired, he gave orders that all who met them should take off their hats and treat them with all the respect formerly shown to the heathen idols when they were carried about the city. The king yielded so far to these sinister influences as seriously to entertain the idea of arresting the progress of Christianity by assassinating a number of the Christians, and of the leading statesmen who were opposed to him on political grounds. The latter began to think of consulting their own safety; the danger was imminent; there was no time to be lost. The only chance of safety was to dethrone the king, or to remove the Menamaso from his councils. They determined on adopting the latter course: they were influenced by various motives in this decision. The antipathy of race was as powerful as political rivalry. The Menamaso belonged to the south of the island, and were a different race from the old courtiers, the Hova countrymen of Radama I. The state of parties was much the same as if William the Conqueror had dismissed the Norman barons from his councils, and surrounded himself with Saxon noblemen. The Hovas were the conquering race: they could not stand tamely by and submit to the sons of those whose fathers had been vanquished by their arms. The impending struggle was accelerated by a proposal, on the part of Radama, so utterly inconsistent with the humanity of his disposition that it can only be explained on the ground of insanity. This explanation derives additional weight from the fact that he had become habitually addicted to intemperance and other irregular habits, the indulgence of which at length overturned the balance of his mind. On the 7th of May, 1863, the king announced to his ministers and others in the palace that he was about to issue an order or law, that if any person or persons wished to fight with fire-arms, swords, or spears, they should not be prevented, and that if any one were killed, the murderer should not be punished. This was something more than the recognition of duelling: it

was a declaration of civil war, with the promise of immunity to all who took part in it. The prince, who could not witness any kind of human suffering without turning away his face, could never have made such a proposal if he had been in his right senses. Mr. Ellis says that his object was to shield the perpetrators of the intended murders from punishment; but, as the result proved, it extended the same immunity to the assassins of those who intended to assassinate. It was far more probable that the Menamaso, an insignificant party without popular support, would be murdered themselves than that they should succeed in murdering those who had the command of the army. It would therefore have been an act of madness on the part of the king to issue such an order; it would have been legalizing the murder of himself and his favorites. If the order had been in favor of the Menamaso they would unanimously have supported it; whereas, Mr. Ellis tells us that three of them opposed the order, and many were silent. It was an insane, quixotic idea, suggested, perhaps, in some former conversation by the Duke of Imerina, who could tell many strange stories of duelling in Mauritius and France. The members of the council, taken by surprise, offered no opposition at the moment, but retired to deliberate what steps should be taken to prevent the adoption of a measure which invited to civil war.

On the following day, the 8th of May, they had another interview with the king at the palace, and implored him, in the name of the people, not to issue this order. They represented to him that it could not fail to involve the country in civil war; they used every argument to dissuade him from his purpose; Rainikaro, the commander of the forces, and others threw themselves at his feet, and entreated him to desist. Argument serves only to confirm a madman in his purpose; Rakoto Radama had ceased to be amenable to reason. It is said that one moment he seemed to hesitate, nay, that he was about to yield, when some bold expression used by one of the courtiers confirmed him in his purpose. He started to his feet, and declared that the order should be issued. The minister made a last appeal:

"Do you say before all these witnesses that if any man is going to fight another

with fire-arms, sword, or spear you will not prevent him, and that if he kills any one he shall not be punished?"

The king, who had probably learned from the Duke of Imerina that such was the custom in many civilized nations, replied: "I agree to that."

"It is enough," said the minister, "we must arm."

All retired from the royal presence; none but the Menamaso remained with the king. If they had been the powerful party which Mr. Ellis represents them to have been, it is singular that they should have made no effort to defend themselves. They seem to have accepted their fate with that passive indifference peculiar to Orientals.

For a few hours all was still, but this was only the lull that precedes the storm. Bands of armed men marched through the streets on their way to the residence of the prime minister; crowds of women and slaves, carrying their most valuable effects, might be seen issuing from the city. The Jesuit missionaries, the Sisters of Charity, and the English consul, formerly a teacher of English in the Jesuit college at Bourbon, found an asylum at the French consulate. The English missionaries removed before dusk to the house of Dr. Davidson, which overlooks Andokalo, the Piazza of the capital. During the night about six thousand of the officers and chief men met at the premier's to concert measures for carrying out the *coup d'état*. As yet no proposal was made to dethrone or assassinate the king: their object was to remove him from the influence of the Menamaso; and a list of proscriptions, containing the names of thirty-three of these dissolute young men, was drawn up. The following morning a last appeal was made to the king, but he refused to recall the obnoxious decree, or to dismiss his favorites. On this some two thousand armed men took possession of the great square, and all the entrances to the city were secured; orators harangued the people, and excited them to take vengeance on the Menamaso, who were denounced as the originators of the unpopular measure. When the passions of the populace were sufficiently inflamed they marched off in different directions in search of the objects of their vengeance, and before night one third of them were found and put to death. It is somewhat singular that during these lawless

proceedings they tried to make it appear that they were acting in the name of the law. A slave was found loading a musket, preparing, no doubt, to defend his master; no violence was offered to him on the spot because his name was not included in the list of the proscribed. He was seized, and brought before the committee of the conspirators, who ordered him to be hanged. Meanwhile some of the Menamaso had contrived to escape, but twelve or thirteen found an asylum at the Stone House, where the king had taken refuge with his family. The conduct of the conspirators showed that they were unwilling to proceed to extremities against the successor of Radama; and if it had not been for his infatuated conduct, his life might still have been saved. Envoys were sent to the palace, who demanded, in the name of the people, the repeal of the law on duelling, and the surrender of the loyal favorites. The king refused to yield to either of these demands. It is said that the envoys returned seven times, and were dismissed with the same unfavorable answer. At the last interview the king said:

"Who is your king?"

"We have no other king but you," was the reply.

"Very well; I, your king, lick your feet. Grant me the pardon of these men. Alas! there has been blood enough shed. I entreat you to pardon these unhappy men. They shall be stripped of all dignity and power; they shall be banished for ever, but grant me their pardon."

The deputies retired to report this request to the committee. It came too late; nothing but the blood of the favorites would satisfy the vengeance of the people. Bands of armed men marched against the palace. On their way they were met by an officer from the queen bearing aloft the royal banner; they laid down their arms, and respectfully saluted this emblem of royalty, but the sight of it did not deter them from their purposes.

Meanwhile the king had been deserted by all save the queen, who remained with him to the last, and a few soldiers who refused to fire upon the mob. It was now his turn to negotiate. At an interview with the prime minister he consented to surrender his favorites on condition that their lives should be spared, and that their only punishment should be perpetual imprisonment. The committee

of the conspirators accepted this offer; but, as often happens in popular tumults, the reins of power had slipped from their hands. They could no longer control the angry passions which they themselves had evoked: they were swept along by the current. They refused to ratify the concessions which had been made in their name; and when, on Monday the 11th, the Menamaso appeared in the square with their hands tied behind their backs, and nearly naked, on their way to the spot where the fetters were to be fixed on their limbs, they were received with shouts of execration and fierce threats of vengeance. As yet, however, their lives were spared, but it was observed that the royal palace was surrounded with troops, and that all the lower part of the city was occupied by the soldiers of the province of Imerina.

An ominous silence prevailed throughout the night. The brief and unhappy reign of Radama II. was about to be brought to a close. The conspirators felt that their only safety lay in the death of the king, and he died by their hands the following morning. The royal blood of the race of Radama is esteemed sacred; many of that race have perished by violence, but their blood has never been shed. The unfortunate king was strangled by the conspirators: the queen remained by him to the last, and interceded in vain for his life. At ten o'clock it was rumored that Radama II. was no more. The Menamaso, the cause of all his misfortunes, were also put to death. At one o'clock the French and English consuls received the following message from the Council: "The guilty persons are dead. Rabodo is Queen of Madagascar." At two o'clock a salute of twenty-one guns announced to the people that the widow of Radama had succeeded to the throne. The armed multitude quietly dispersed, and a short proclamation, which deceived no one, was issued: "The king, inconsolable for the loss of his friends, has perished by his own hands." This announcement was received in silence, perhaps with something of remorse: the multitude could not forget so soon that the slaughtered prince possessed many noble and generous qualities, and that his recent accession to the throne was hailed as the commencement of a new era in the history of the country. Their vengeance was directed against the guilty favorites who had contrived to escape.

Every effort was made to discover and punish them.

The acceptance of the throne was forced upon the queen. On the forenoon of the 13th the Council proceeded to the palace, and submitted to her a written document embodying the principles on which the country was to be governed. If she consented to accept this new constitution, the throne was within her reach; but if she declined it, it would be offered to another, and significant hints were given regarding her fate. Few would have hesitated in such a dilemma. After receiving some explanations, she gave in her adherence to the new form of government, and took the oath to the constitution. The nobles then said: "We also bind ourselves by this agreement. If we break it we shall be guilty of treason, and if you break it we shall do as we have done now." Few words, but full of fearful significance to one whose murdered husband was yet unburied. The new constitution was then signed by the queen, and by the prime minister as the representative of the nation, and Rabodo I. began to reign.

This new constitution is a singular document: one of its first articles is that "her majesty shall not drink intoxicating liquors." It appears that this restriction is confined to the sovereign: it would be difficult to introduce a Maine law among a race whose besetting sin is drunkenness. Radama I. fell a victim to this vice; Ranavola Manjaka had a constitution of iron, which at length succumbed to brandy; Radama II. was probably laboring under delirium tremens when he invited his subjects to civil war. A Frenchman of the name of Delastelle introduced distilleries for the manufacture of arrack from the juice of the sugar-cane, which grows luxuriantly in this tropical climate, and the mother of Radama II. encouraged the sale of this fiery liquid as a means of increasing her revenues. This led to the establishment of arrack-shops in every town and village, and before her death she saw her finances in a flourishing condition, and her subjects utterly demoralized. These facts may serve to explain how it was that Rabodo I. was bound by the new constitution to abstain from those stimulants which had shortened the days of her predecessors on the throne. The use of the tanguin was also abolished. The juice of this tree (*Tan-*

guina Venefica) is a deadly poison, and suspected persons were condemned to drink it: if they died they were pronounced guilty: if they survived the ordeal they were regarded as innocent. It was calculated that under the reign of Ranavola two thousand persons perished annually from this cause alone. The preparation of the juice was in the hands of the native priests, who had thus an opportunity of gratifying their revenge on the native Christians, and of saving the lives of those who were wealthy enough to bribe them. The abolition of this cruel and meaningless rite is assuredly a step in advance, and gives a favorable impression of the enlightened humanity of those who effected it. Liberty of worship was also conceded at all places throughout the island, except the little village of Ambohimanja, where the former queen is interred. This exception, doubtless, originated from that feeling of reverence bordering on religious worship with which the dust of their departed kings is regarded. It is reported that an insult offered to the manes of Ranavola hastened on the revolution. Two Christian missionaries had been sent to preach to the natives of the village where her tomb is. The local authorities, from a feeling of respect for her memory, refused to allow them to instruct the inhabitants in the doctrines of that religion which she had tried to suppress. The missionaries complained to Radama, who commanded the local officials to be degraded. This act excited the jealousy and hatred of all who adhered to the ancient idolatry, and contributed, with other causes, to his removal from the throne. Another article of the constitution deserves some passing notice. It is to the effect that no person is to be put to death for any offense by the word of the sovereign alone, and no one is to be sentenced to death till twelve men have declared such persons to be guilty of the crime to which the law awards the punishment of death. This measure was doubtless suggested by the prime minister, who was educated in England. It is to be hoped that this attempt to introduce the English institution of trial by jury will be attended with more success in Madagascar than in the neighboring island of Mauritius, where the jurymen have sometimes recourse to strange expedients in order to decide the fate of prisoners at the bar.

It is an old saying that extremes touch. There are many points of resemblance between the French revolution of 1848 and the Malagachy revolution of 1863. Both revolutions were attended with little bloodshed, and had the same objects in view. One of them has failed in that object, and led to the establishment of a more stringent rule than that of Louis Philippe. It would be premature to speculate regarding the probable consequences of the other: as yet we have seen only the beginning of the end. The sceptre of power may soon drop from the hands of the feeble woman who has now been forced to seat herself on the throne of the Radamas: a new dynasty may be established, and a new order of things introduced. A few short months ago Rakoto Radama was spoken of by the missiona-

ries as a convert to their religion: on him all their hopes were centered; on his fate the future of the country depended: and now they have learned to speak of his death with cheerful resignation, as the best thing that could have occurred under the circumstances. We have no wish to disturb this tone of self-congratulation, this rejoicing over the death of one who, by their own confession, had once many noble and estimable qualities; but we would remind them of the past history of the country, and advise them not to be too sanguine regarding the benefits to be derived from a revolution which has placed a woman on the throne, and caused the death of one who, so long as he retained his reason, was their best friend and patron.

P. C. B.

From the London Eclectic.

THE RACES OF EUROPE.*

WITH all Dr. Latham's knowledge of ethnological science, we really despair of obtaining from him any one work upon the subject which will permit us to regard him as occupying the same important position as that occupied by Dr. Pritchard. Dr. Latham is, perhaps, our greatest and most enthusiastic living ethnologist. His works, if gathered together, would crowd a tolerably sized shelf in a library; but he repeats himself so frequently, his writings, and even his speculations, are so broken and fragmentary, that a reader must be a devoted lover of the science to peruse them with much interest. Pertinaciously adhering to a kind of logical formula in his mode of stating his facts and inferences, the style and structure of his books are yet strangely wanting in symmetry and arrangement; a truly valuable service would be rendered

to ethnology if all his writings could be condensed and arranged into some such work as the noble book of Dr. Pritchard; but we question whether Dr. Latham himself could perform this task: he is a most important writer; his soul is thoroughly in his science; he is invaluable for the suggestions and hints he offers and for the shrewd distinctions he draws; meantime, he is often provokingly hair-splitting, and carries logical formulæ and analysis to a degree frequently beyond patience; and it is sometimes difficult to tell what is the intention of much of the discussion. Reading his books is like taking a walk with a well-informed companion; we don't know where he is taking us, but we are thankful for the numerous fine views he opens out to us, and the lovely pebbles, or stones, fossils, or shells, he picks up for us on the way. In the two volumes before us we have another contribution, full of every variety of learning bearing upon the subject; full of much that is both interesting and curious, and which readers in this department will turn over with feelings of pleasure; but

* *The Nationalities of Europe.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., etc. In two vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

The Races of the Old World; a Manual of Ethnology. By CHARLES A. BRACE, author of *Home Life in Germany*; *Norse Folk*. London: John Murray.

open also to all the graver exceptions we have mentioned. The price of the book is high, and to those whose pockets are not of the deepest, or best furnished, it is somewhat tantalizing to find how much of it, in fact, is to be found in Dr. Latham's previous writings—*The Ethnology of Europe; Descriptive Ethnology*, etc. Thinking so highly of Dr. Latham as we do, and feeling also so grateful as we do to him for his great qualifications, and great services to this new and most entertaining, and, in some respects, most sublime of studies, we wish he would affix his name to some work really worthy of himself. His refinements are, sometimes most fastidious, and worthy of the most German of Germans; but we are always willing to receive a score of these, for the great value and insight of one. His aphorisms are frequently very suggestive; while true also to the method in which he works, he frequently drifts into his books material with which we are well acquainted, and which calls the mind away from the path of his own argument; thus, we have described the Nationalities of Europe. The interest of the work will be found principally by those who are interested in the subject from the ethnologist's stand-point; and no such book, surely, should be published without a map. An ethnological map of Europe would have been a real enhancement of the value of the volumes; and perhaps the construction of it might have given to the author a frame-work of system, which, as we have said, we desiderate in his volumes. As it is, we must describe them, valuable as they are, as rather an index to the study on which they treat, than an essay.

Mr. Brace's book is an American reprint; it appears to be admirably compiled, and really supplies a want. The second and third-rate classes of laborers in ethnological literature seem to exist in greater abundance among our American cousins than ourselves. This work has no claim to originality; it is a well, we should say, judiciously executed compilation; the list of authorities cited is most copious and useful to readers in this department; yet there are several works omitted which would, we believe, if known to Mr. Brace, have modified some of his opinions. The work is not free from a certain pretentiousness in its appearance; but we believe it is the most

compact and comprehensive little volume of a popular kind on this subject, and including the latest pieces of information and speculation in circulation among us.

Such works as these remind us of our own interest in this science—the youngest, the most uninformed and nebulous, but the most delightful. What questions are involved in the consideration of the varieties of the races of men! What do we mean by varieties? In the ethnological sense are there three, five, or a hundred? Are there varieties at all, other than those which exist in a kingdom of grasses, or a race of dogs? Are there, or are there not, impassable barriers, over which it is impossible for one race to pass into another? Have we magnified the differences, or have we understated them?

The reader may perhaps remember a striking passage in the first volume of Dr. Pritchard's great work. "If a person," says that patriarch of ethnologic studies, "previously unaware of the existence of such diversities, could suddenly be made a spectator of the various appearances which the tribes of men display in different regions of the earth, it can not be doubted that he would experience emotions of wonder and surprise. If such a person, for example, after surveying some brilliant ceremony or court pageant in one of the splendid cities of Europe, were suddenly carried into a hamlet in Negroland, at the hour when the sable tribes recreate themselves with dancing and barbarous music, or if he were transported to the saline plains over which bald and tawny Mongolians roam, differing but little in hue from the yellow soil of their steppes, brightened by the saffron flowers of the iris and tulip; if he were placed near the solitary dens of the Bushmen, where the lean and hungry savage crouches in silence, like a beast of prey, watching with fixed eyes the birds that enter his pit-fall, or the insects and reptiles which chance may bring within his grasp; if he were carried into the midst of an Australian forest, where the squalid companions of kangaroos may be seen crawling in procession, in imitation of quadrupeds—would the spectator of such phenomena imagine the different groups he had surveyed to be the offspring of one family? And if he were led to adopt that opinion, how would he attempt to account for the striking diversities in their aspect and manner of existence?"

These are the questions which meet the student, and which all his inquiries are intended to solve. Can man be the same? Looking at the varying tribes, man alone of all living animals is found in every climate—the same in every zone. Can he yet be the same? The Esquimaux, who burrows in his cave of northern ice and lives through his round of monotonous being on the blubber of whales and sperm oil, and seal's flesh; the luxurious dweller in the eastern harem, reposing on his rich carpets and silks, and cushions of down; the Numidian, who pursues the lion through the desert; the wild Bushman, living in the dens and caves of the African wilderness, feasting himself on nauseous and unsightly reptiles, the slug, the snail, the snake; the delicate Hindoo, who fears to tread upon a worm; the Moor of Ancient Spain, the founder of the Alhambra; the sharpener of the fine Damascus blade; the fashioner of the rich hanging of Damascus; or, limiting our investigations to Europe, can all these be one? Could we pass from the thronging crowds of one of our most splendid cities, from the pomp of some great procession, to the region of the Laplander, how wide the difference; the difference between the Hun and the Frenchman, between the Iberic Spaniard and the Austrian, between the Pruss and the Italian; how great the difference between the life of Paris cafés and restaurants, the magic of the Boulevards, and the life of the Englishman of the provinces, alive and active to know the whole life of his land; the difference between the Frenchman with a flower in his button-hole, only determined for a dance on the banks of the Seine at some village feast, and the simple life of some German village. Is this difference circumstantial or organic? Is it arbitrary or is it occasional?

Again, what is the condition of the race or races in our day? Frequently, in the history of the world, immense tribes and populations, whose existence even had not been dreamed of, have swept forth from their mountain retreats, their steppes, forests, and across their rivers, and have broken up the landmarks of existing civilizations—have absorbed the light from the shrines and cities they overwhelmed, and have founded orders of empire and of government, of life and of law. It is an interesting inquiry,

and the ethnologist undertakes and conducts it, whether there are any indications at present in the world of such undeveloped peoples and races. Are the old races, which have dominated the world so long, in process of decay or extinction? Can races decay and become extinct? If so, where are the new peoples who may effect for modern civilization what the vast varieties of the Teutonic people effected for the old—their execution and their tomb? We know it is the fashion with Mr. Cobden, and perhaps with the Utilitarian school in general, to laugh at all such questions. Political economists rarely care for the problems of history, and seldom see much beyond the immediate transactions and bargains of trade and commerce; the ethnologist inquires whether the distinctions between men and men result altogether from their separation by mountain chains and friths and seas; whether there is not something real and individual, although even that individuality may be the result of a long course of peculiar acclimatization or diet, or certain happy contingencies of hydrography, followed by certain conveniences for education and civilization, at last creating human habit and character? The reader will remember and feel the truth of a very eloquent passage in the Appendix to Dr. Arnold's "Thucydides," on the influence of the sea on the civilization of the world. "The boundless and unmanageable mass of earth presented by the continents of Asia and Africa has caused those parts of the world, which started the earliest in the race of civilization, to remain almost at the point from whence they set out; while Europe and America, penetrated by so many seas, and communicated with them by so many rivers, have been subdued to the uses of civilization, and have ministered with an evergrowing power to their children's greatness. Well indeed might the policy of the old priest-nobles of Egypt and India endeavor to divert their people from becoming familiar with the sea, and represent the occupation of a seaman as incompatible with the purity of the highest castes. Well might the Spartan aristocracy dread the introduction of foreign manners, and complain that intercourse with foreigners would corrupt their citizens, and induce them to forsake the institutions of their fathers. Injustice and ignorance must fall if the light be fairly let in upon them: evil can only

be fully enjoyed by those who have never tasted good. The sea deserves to be noted by the old aristocracies, inasmuch as it has been the mightiest instrument in the civilization of mankind. In the depth of winter, when the sky is covered with clouds, and the land presents one cold, blank, and lifeless surface of snow, how refreshing is it to the spirits to walk upon the shore, and to enjoy the eternal freshness and liveliness of the ocean! Even so in the deepest winter of the human race, when the earth was but one chilling expanse of inactivity, life was stirring in the waters. There began that spirit whose genial influence has now reached to the land, has broken the chains of winter, and covered the face of the earth with beauty."

The relation of peculiar ideas to distinct races is also a remarkable chapter in this study. It must be recollected that ideas change the character—the whole aspect and destiny of a race: they put it under new conditions, new activities and responsibilities, and the ethnologist inquires whether all races possess the power to receive certain ideas; for instance, whether the Eastern and Asiatic fatalists possess the power to receive the idea of moral freedom, involved in the highest conception of Christianity? He will not allow such questions to embarrass him long. These very ideas, so discussed, came from the East; and it is a remarkable fact that the leading thought of Christianity should seem to be more in harmony with Teutonic development than with Syrian stoicism; thus furnishing another illustration of the wonderful Providence, which, when it gave to the world a new doctrine, called forth a new and great people to become its heralds and apostles. No doubt much that the ethnologist suggests and discusses appears to be of a hypothetical character, and the supposition that there should be any absolute distinction between French and English ideas may only excite in many minds a sneer: yet so it certainly seems, that a class of ideas rules a race in one latitude and region which is altogether unknown and incomprehensible in another. Celt and Saxon are terms so indefinite now, except to those who have traveled along with the successive items of ethnological study, that to distinguish or classify the characteristics of each race seems perhaps almost impertinent. Yet

who can doubt, who reads the history of the two peoples, that the Celtic mind is sensuous, materialistic, and crouching to the despotism of great ideas or forms? While the Saxon—the Teutonic—mind is spiritual and contemplative, it is the great shadow-painter of Europe. Appeals to the Celtic mind are best understood when appealing through the eye. The Teutonic mind impresses through sound—sounds make pictures to the eye. All the great musicians are German, and if France is not a nation of great painters, it is the nation of the very biggest of big pictures. Veneration is Teutonic—admiration, wonder, is Celtic. The Celtic mind does not define property; it is in its action communistic. Politically, it mechanizes, and exhibits theories and marvels, and is the crucible of Europe. The Saxon demands freedom, but with order and law. How the races differ in their treatment of woman, and how different are the women of the two races: is this all arbitrary? Surely at present they exhibit a marked distinction of ideas in the two peoples; and the ethnologist inquires whether this is due to external or internal influences, to some primal and distinctive quality of race, or whether latitude, climate, isolation, and consequent diet, have created a peculiar conformation of cranium, peculiar texture of hair, a color in the skin, and all the circumstances of facial and physiognomical conformation of lip, nose, cheek bone, and jaw? We know, from our own observation, that the man who gives himself to animal pursuits, to the free enjoyment of the chase, and the thoughtless and rude indulgences of mere animal existence, is remarkable for his unfeeling breadth of jaw; and, on the contrary, the refining, imaginative, and sensitive nature is as remarkable for the tapering jaw. What is the cause of this difference? We find it to exist in races. We break open the tombs of a whole continent or continents, and we distinguish the elder and the later races thus—the conquerors and the conquered, the men of the strong arm who reared great earthworks and toltecs, from the men who wrote poems and hieroglyphs. To what are these distinctions traceable? And how far are ideas a property inherent in, or communicated to, races of men?

Now if these inquiries are to be pursued satisfactorily, it certainly seems

that they must be pursued upon a field neither too wide nor too narrow; and a field, moreover, where the inquirer may have not only the opportunity of seeing races of all degrees of development in activity, but where he may also compare with the monuments of the past in tombs, temples, and cities, the ancient and modern ideas of races. Such a field Europe seems especially to present. The world is too large, and its peoples puzzle the ethnologists more than the troops and orreries of untracked worlds, as they rush across the disk of the astronomer. The chain of the Caucasus alone would furnish work enough for a large staff of thoroughly equipped students. And what of the Indian empire, with its innumerable races?

There are some spots on the globe to which attaches an especial and romantic interest; but even in romantic interest, the Allophylian peoples—a term created by Dr. Pritchard to describe the earliest and most underlying of all our aborigines, of our islands and continent—would not yield even to the mysterious North or South American Indian and people. Dr. Latham, therefore, has chosen a subject which has all the charm of highest and most attractive fullness. It has the additional charm and claim that its topics are associated with the discussion of political problems at present in the course of solution on the great continent of Europe. Ethnology attempts to solve the questions of the archæology of humanity. Dr. Buckland said, the deeper we descend into the heart of the earth, the higher we ascend into the archives of our world. It is so with ethnology: its process of proof is similar to that of geology; both cut the way through a series of crusts till they reach the farthest and most primitive center. It is eminently a process of proof in harmony with Dr. Whewell's known palæontological law, that a judgment is to be formed not from circumferential phenomena, but from the central type; thus we have to tread our way backward. Ethnology is full of mysteries—mysteries which not only perplex but which awe; strange people rise constantly to our notice and knowledge, with ways and usages which in their grotesqueness and freedom startle us. Who were the Bolgars—were they related to the Fins? were they of Mongol race? They were an interesting people, now one of the al-

most extinct tribes of the Volga; they venerated serpents, and never killed them. The howling of dogs is with them a token of good fortune. A house struck by lightning is accursed. We read of their women, that they existed in greater freedom than among Tartars or Russians, bathed, undressed, and unveiled with men, yet licentiousness was severely punished. They hung all the people of best sense and learning, because the wise and learned are more worthy to serve God than mankind. Thus we find the principle of Ostracism as among the Greeks; and they had an inscription on their coins: "Life is a moment, that has been given to us to do good." These are the characteristics of this ancient and mysterious people.

Who are the oldest inhabitants of Europe? A question like this carries us far on to the discovery of the oldest inhabitants of the globe. There seem to be certain ethnological Isthmi, and it is very interesting to search out and note those races or fragments of peoples, who seem to be a link connecting races together; the bridge over which the tribe passed into a new development. There are certain patches of race, which seem like the peaks of high mountains; their ancestors have all been submerged, or swept away by some new overflowing stream of people, still there are these rare and thinly scattered clusters; but even as the rare piece of granite over which we walk suggests to us the time when granite was the flooring of the globe, so these people suggest the thought of the time when they were the one population. As the highest mountain will usually be found to be the oldest in the chain, so in the long range of ethnological races, peoples rise up who furnish our minds with the means of identifying the unity of the race from different hemispheres. The Berber appears to be one of those ethnological Isthmi over which races have passed and merged into one beyond, or rather formed one new variety. The ethnologist frequently meets with peoples he can not comprehend. Such for instance is that singular Transcaucasian cluster, the Irons or Ossetes; they perplex us; we know not whether to assign them to the German or to the Mongolic tribes. Haxthausen makes us familiar with them; and in their wilderness dwellings in the steppes, it seems remarkable to find the type of the ancient German mediæval buildings. They have

so many usages unlike the peoples of the Caucasus, brewing from barley like the Germans, while their neighbors, the Caucasians, do not even know that there is such a method or such a drink; they work in agriculture with the plow and hoe; they take off their cap and touch it in European fashion, as a remark of respect; they never call themselves Osettes, they call themselves the children of Iron or Ironston. There they are, a mystery, giving hints of their relation to regions far removed. Their language is more nearly related to Persian than to German. They are probably a Persian people, who have advanced from the east; not, as some have supposed them, a wandering tribe of Goths or a new race formed by the mingling of some wandering Goths with the Osettes. They are a curious ethnological problem; while as to their language, the ethnologist finds cognate affinities in the German, Persian, or Osetian, probably sister languages from the same Indo-Germanic stem.

Such is the Finnish hypothesis. The state of ethnological knowledge has wonderfully changed since Dr. Pritchard supposed the Fins to have been the latest amongst the great nations who formed the population of Europe. This important remark led to the establishment in many minds of an hypothesis exactly opposite, even to the regarding of the Fin, not as the last, but as, more probably, the first of those great waves of population which swept out of the east and overflowed the continent; but the term "Fin" ethnologically includes far more than it first implied.

The discussion of the Finnish hypothesis has led also to farther elucidations of the great importance of, indeed the indestructible evidence, arising from language, and the laws of language, in tracing the unity of races. Thus it has happened that a people, at first apparently most slight and insignificant, furnish a key to the possible solution of some of the difficulties connected with the first inhabitants of Europe. The Fins are related to the Estonians, to the large Lithuanic family, the Laplanders. They are indeed the ancient Iotuns, and their country the mysterious Iotunheim. The word "Lappe" seems to be an old Finnish word signifying the last, or the farthest. Both Lappes and Fins are at length proclaimed identical in origin. They open

up to us the earliest civilization of northern Europe. Nor is the country of the Finlander without memorials and monuments of a very ancient civilization. Giant graves are found, covered with immense stones, in which have been found vessels of gold and silver, and other metals, and the bones of birds and animals; they hold traces of the earliest forms of religious development. Vainamöinen was their god of music, their Apollo. Ilmarinen was their Vulcan, and troops of gods, fetich gods, burdened their traditions. Throughout the whole of the Lithuanic race are found indications of a once powerful people, formidable warriors, and all Lithuania was once Fin. "I doubt," says Dr. Latham, "whether there is a single acre of Lithuania which was not originally Fin." The Lithuanian fairy tales, and legends, and poetry, carry us back to the earliest times, certainly, of our era; they are the most pagan of all the nations of civilized Europe; their superstitions not only the most numerous, but the most redolent of heathenism. There are no saintly legends—no Christian sentiments. There are holy wells and mysterious groves, but no holy character; nor would there seem to be much of the heroic element; no stories of border feuds or robber chieftains; the tales of flax-dressers and foresters, of simple, village, rural loves, and joys, and sorrows. And what has the ethnologist made out of all this investigation, in which he links together Finland and Courland; Liefland or Livonia all are found in relationship. That which has fastened the eyes and the minds of philologists is, that among these people, of all people in the world—among Letts and Lithuanians, Estonians and Fins—has been found the ancient literary language of India, the Sanscrit. Thus the various discussions arising out of the Finnish hypothesis tend in a convenient degree to illustrate our remark above, with reference to ethnologic Isthmi. Through the Fins and the various congeners of their language and race in Europe, we are brought most unexpectedly face to face with a great ethnographical problem on another continent—a language of scarcely any importance, literary, political, or commercial—a language spoken by less than a million individuals, limited to the fragments of a province, as Dr. Pritchard, with that astonishing pre-

science in such matters which his great work displays, says—"is strongly allied to the classical dialect of Hindustan;" and the analysis of the most eminent philologist has now established the surmise into a certainty. No doubt such speculations and discoveries give a rich and abiding interest to this science, and they tend also to bring peoples apparently most remote, peoples apparently beyond all cousinship, into immediate relationship. No parts of the world are so distant but that they may illustrate each other's ethnology. We have said, sometimes the ethnologist will seem to be guilty of needless refining, but nothing is indifferent to him. Dr. Hooker, in his *Himalayan Journal*, says he saw in Sikkim a child playing at popgun. He says, "I question whether the familiar toys of different countries, in their identity, is accidental. On the plains of India, I have seen men, for hours together, flying what we should call children's kites. I procured a Jew's harp from Thibet. These are not the amusements of savages, but of a half-civilized people, with whom we have had communication from the earliest ages. The Lepchas play at quoits, using slate for the purpose; the Highland game of 'putting the stone,' 'drawing the stone,' chess, dice, draughts, punch, hockey, battledore and shuttlecock, are all Indo-Chinese or Tartarian; and no one familiar with the wonderful instances of similarity between monasteries, ritual ceremonies, attributes, vestments, and other paraphernalia of the Eastern and Western churches, can fail to acknowledge the importance of recording the most trifling analogies in the young as well as the old." Speaking of the Iron, or Oset people, a remarkable race of the Russian empire, Dr. Latham says:

"How came they in their present seats? I know of no writer who treats them as aboriginal to the soil; indeed, a detailed account of the opinions which have floated about concerning them, would, alone, fill a volume. They have been looked upon as Medes, as Mede colonists placed in Caucasus by Darius; as Alans; as Medes and Alans at once. Haxthausen, who seems to have approached them with a strong sense of their foreign origin, saw numerous small details in which they differed from their neighbors, and, as he thought, approached his own countrymen. *They sat on stools and chairs, a fact which always excites the speculations of the*

ethnological traveler, instead of sitting Turk-fashion. They had their threshing-floor within the house. They made cream in a way of their own, and malted barley. They had this, that, and the other in way of small differences, and every thing peculiar was held to be characteristic, while most of it was made to be German."

These are the points of interest to the ethnological student—more to him than a coin to an antiquary; they are hints of the origin of a race whose birth and being are in darkness. In one of his elder volumes, Dr. Latham has started, what we must confess seemed to us at the time, an immensely hyperbolic paradox, namely, that of supposing an European origin to the Sanscrit and Indian people. Paradox is eminently the vice of Dr. Latham, but if the reader have a taste for this kind of literary spice—the paradox—he will find a sufficiency in the study of ethnology. Niebuhr supposed a German origin to Etruscan civilization, while Jakkel again supposes a Teutonic origin to the Latin language; and both hypotheses have had their defenders, and for the last especially a very considerable case has been made out.* The volumes immediately before us, while they do not enter into nor mention these topics and theories, awaken the memory of them in the minds of those to whom they have been familiar. The suspicion that inevitably comes to the mind of the reader is, that the apparent infinite variety of races is resolvable much more readily into some central stem than many suppose. Tried by the tests of modern philology, the vast numbers of the distinct languages of the earth fade more and more into some few primal stocks and stems, and we wait with interest for further elucidations upon a matter where we are conscious that we are still only on the border-land of observation and discovery.

But this is indeed a large subject when we permit ourselves to indulge in such dreams. One thing seems increasingly certain, that "the classification of language is the classification of mankind," and from two points of vision ethnographical relations are affected by the study; the first is the very obvious, but frequently misleading, etymological or word (verbal) relation; the second, not so obvious, but more significant, is structure—grammar—the true architecture of the

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxvi., 1832.

language. Ordinary readers are frequently inclined to treat with a measure of contempt such speculations; such, for instance, as are found in Mr. Pocock's remarkable work, *India in Greece*. He has conceived—and at least his work is startlingly interesting—that India has written its history ineffaceably on the venerable forms of mountains, seas, and rivers. He thinks he has demonstrated that the centaurs were not mythical, that the Athenian claim to the symbol of the grasshopper was not mythical, that the Autochthons were not mythical, that Cadmus and the dragon's teeth were not mythical; and before any reader laughs his theory to scorn, at least he should read his book. With him also, the Greek language is a derivation from the Sanscrit; the language, philosophy, and religion of Greece, her rivers, her mountains, her tribes, her mysteries, are the illustrations of an Indian ancestry, and only modifications of the great Finnish hypothesis. On such a matter, Mr. Pocock shall speak for himself; he says:

"We must, then, candidly conclude, *that any Greek process of etymology for eliminating positive results, is here at fault*. 'Profound night,' observes Mannert, 'rests on this portion of history: a single gleam of light alone pierces the darkness which envelops it. On one side of the Pelasgi, many tribes of the Illyrians practiced navigation, as, for example, the Phæaciens of the island Scheria, afterwards Corcyra. At the head of the Adriatic existed long-established commercial cities, and artificial canals were seen at an early period. Every thing seems to intimate that, at a period of remote antiquity, the shores of the Adriatic were inhabited by civilized communities.' These are just conclusions; but they are conclusions not resulting from any vague system of etymological interpretation. There is one author, to whose valuable speculations, founded on a rare and well-directed sagacity, I bear a willing testimony.* The evidences through which I have gone, based upon authorities totally different from those of the learned writer, have yet produced an aggregate amply confirming his conjectural conclusions. It is my object, however, to form that chain of evidence by which alone the rational mind can lay hold of truth; and in lieu of generalities and vague suggestions, to present such corroborative proof as will amount to historical fact. But before we take another step in this inquiry, it will be of advantage first to probe the extent of our own ignorance, then to apply a remedy. The former I shall

endeavor to effect by a few plain propositions; the latter will be found in the process adopted throughout this work.

POSTULATES.

1. Let it be granted that the names given to mountains, rivers, and towns have some *meaning*.
2. Let it be granted that the language of the Name-givers *expressed* that meaning.
3. Let it be granted that the language of the Name-givers will *explain* that meaning.

THEN,

The Greeks dwelt in a land called Greece.

1. They named mountains, rivers, towns; which names had a *meaning*.
2. Their language *expressed* that meaning.
3. Their language will *explain* that meaning. If their language will *not explain* that meaning, then they, the Greeks, *did not* give those names, but some other nation, speaking some other language; and that other language will tell who that other nation was.

Now,

The Names given are Geographical.
The Name-givers are Historical.

HENCE,

The geography and history of a country must be sought either in the language of the Name-givers of that country, or in a translation of the language of the Name-givers of that country.

Let us apply this to Grecian geography.

As a Greek, let me translate Stymphe—I can not. Dodona—I can not. Cambunii Montes—I can not. Hellopes—I can not. Aithices, Bodon—I can not. Chaonia, Crosæa, Ithaca—I can not. Phocis, Locri, Magnesia, Thesprotia—I can not. Corinthos, Ossa, Acarnania—I can not. Arcadia, Achaia, Boeotia, Elis, Larissa—I can not.

The terminations *iotis* and *tis* (occurring four times in the province of Thessaly only), I can not. Mount Tympe, Othrys, Pharsalus, I can not. What then can I do? If it be said that certain of these people or certain of these places were named from men, called Chaonus, Ithacus, Magnes, Thesprotus, Corinthus, Acarnan, Pharsalus, Boeotus, then, what is the meaning of *these* names?

Surely an Englishman can tell the meaning of Smith, Brown, Wood, John's-son, Green, Black, etc., and though Good, Shepherd, Wiseman, Lamb, may have no particle of the qualities which once gave these titles, the fact can not be done away with, that the names are *English*, and they may be explained in English. A similar process will deal with foreign names found in this country—they must of course be sought for in a foreign lan-

* Ritter, *Die Vorhalle der Europäischen Völker*.

guage. *We are, then, ignorant, let us not deny it, of the simple meaning of the name of nearly every place in Greece; and yet we flatter ourselves that we are writing what we call Classical Geographies, and Grecian Histories.* But now mark the perilous position to which this admission will reduce us. If we, through either the vanity or the ignorance of Greeks, are unacquainted with the original import of the geographical nomenclature of Greece, then are we equally ignorant of the history of that period, if our Grecian informants have not, with historical facts, given us the full value of *historical names*.

What I have now to show is, that they have given us those names; but as those names have no *signification* attached, they are *historically*, as the earliest map of Greece is *geographically*, worthless; nay more, they have led, and still lead us, astray. They have told us of Pelasgoi and Pelargoi, and forthwith our literati expend their energies upon problems impossible of solution with the feeble means at their disposal. *They attempt to draw from the Greek language, a language not in existence at the Pelasgian settlement of Hellas, a history of the origin of the Pelasgians—a process similar to an investigation of the origin of the Saxons, by the sole aid of the English language.*

What then, having confessed our ignorance of men and things in the olden times of Greece, that is, in the time of the Pelasgian race—what then is the remedy? *Simply to refer to the Pelasgian, instead of the Greek language, for solid information in lieu of fabulous commentary. Is that language still in existence? It is. It is the Sanscrit, both pure, and in the Pali dialect; sometimes partaking of the form and substance of the Cashmirean, and very often of the structure and vocables of the old Persian.** But what, it will be asked, is your proof of this? My proof is one of the most practical that can be imagined; a proof geographical and historical; establishing identity of nomenclature in the old and new country of the Greek settlers, and acquiring the power, by this language, of restoring to plain common sense the absurdities of the whole circle of Greek literature, from Hesiod and the Logographers downwards. Of these, ample evidences will be given as I proceed. These are large claims; but not inconsistent with the facts of the case. I shall proceed to illustrate these propositions by geographical evidence, beginning with an account of the positive source of the Pelasgi."

We have referred slightly to one of the great difficulties of the study; namely, that frequently, as in the case of the Fins and the Lappes, similarity of language is associated with dissimilarity of physical

form. The study, in fact, reconstructs the population of the ethnographical area, and holds a lamp over the various areas of connection in the field occupied by one great people. Intrusive populations are discovered to have displaced a large mass here and there; and then very frequently we find with the like people at the extremes a people altogether unlike in the center. It has been well said that the most powerful nations are the most heterogeneous; the purest populations seem to be those who have been left behind or forgotten in the strife of the world; the Basques, the Lappes, the Poles, the Frisians, or such people in our own country as the Cornish and perhaps the Manx. They have been placed in positions unfavorable for action in and with the world, and, therefore, favorable to the preservation of their own character, physiognomy, and language. Then, sometimes, comes the occasion when tribes of the same race, separated through many ages, find means to assert their community of ideas, and thus is proclaimed political unity. In something like this the great modern theory of Pan Slavism has its origin, and the ethnologist thinks that political relationship is much more affected by the sentiment common to numbers of the same race, than even by topographical or geographical conditions. Dr. Latham says:

"When we consider how small is the number of the Basques,* the only present representatives of the great Iberian class, and that their preservation to the present time is mainly due to the accidental circumstances of their occupancy of a stronghold in the Pyrenees, a new series of facts is suggested. The likelihood of stocks now extinct having once existed presents itself; and with it, a fresh question.

The same suggestion arises when we look at the country occupied by the intrusive families of the Osmanlis and the Majiars of Rumelia

* The Basques inhabit three provinces in Spain, sixty miles long by fifty in breadth, and number about three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. We once traveled in their country—heard their language, and brought home a Basque New Testament as a curiosity, which we doubt if a man in the United States can read and translate. No one not a native Basque, we were told, can learn the language. The Basques have a legend concerning the Pic du Midi, one of the highest snow-clad peaks of the Pyrenees, which we saw in full view from the city of Pau, which is, that Satan, desiring to learn the Basque language, sat for six months on this peak listening to its sounds, and in his convulsive efforts to pronounce it split the mountain top in twain; hence the name, Pic du-Midi.—BORROR or THE HOLKOR.

* The Thibetan likewise will be found a valuable aid.

and Hungary. The populations here are comparatively new-comers; yet it was no uninhabited tracts that they appropriated. Who was there before them? Perhaps some members of one of the stocks now existing. Perhaps a wholly different family, now extinct.

Again—the displacements effected by the different European populations, one with another, have been enormous. See how the Saxons overran England, the Romans Spain and Gaul. How do we know that some small stock was not annihilated here? History, it may be said, tells us the contrary. From history we learn that all the ancient Spaniards were allied to the ancestors of the Basques, all Gaul to those of the Bretons, all England to those of the Welsh. Granted. But what does history tell us about Bavaria, Styria, the Valley of the Po, or Ancient Thrace? In all these parts the present population is known to be recent, and the older known next to not at all. *The reconstruction of the original populations of such areas as these is one of the highest problems in ethnology.* To what did they belong, an existing stock more widely extended than now, or a fresh stock altogether?

My own belief is that the number of European stocks for which there is an amount of evidence sufficient to make their extinction a reasonable doctrine, is two—two and no more; and, even with these, the doctrine of their extinction is only reasonable.

a. The old Etruscans are the first of these;

b. The Pelasgi the second.

Each will be noticed in its proper place.

I have used the word *extinction*. I must now qualify it; reminding the reader that this very qualification introduces a new and difficult subject. *Extinction often means no more than the abolition of the outward and visible signs of ethnological difference.* A negro marries a white. In the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh generation, as the case may be, his descendant is, to all intents and purposes, a white man. Yet the negro blood is not extinguished. It exists, though in a small proportion.

Again, a Cornishman loses his native language and speaks English as his mother tongue. Many generations before he did this he differed from the Englishman in speech only. Is his British blood extinguished? No. The chief sign of it has been lost. That is all.

So that—

Stocks may intermix, and—

Stocks may lose their characteristics.

Now both these phenomena are eminently common in European ethnology; and this is what we expect from history. Two populations, the Roman and the German, have more than doubled their original areas. Were all the old inhabitants, male and female, old and young, in the countries that they appropriated, put to the sword? We hope and believe the contrary. In most cases we *know* they were

not. Sometimes there was intermarriage. This produced intermixture. Sometimes the language, religion, laws, and habits of the conquerors were adopted by the conquered. This was a loss of characteristics. So far greater than the influences of all the other populations of Europe have been those of the Germans and the Romans, (to which, for the eastern part of the continent, we must add the Turks,) that for nearly half Europe, whenever the question will be one of great intermixture the basis will be Celtic, Iberic, or Sarmatian as the case may be, with Romans or Germans for the source of the superadded elements."

Hence, from observations like these, arises the difficulty of generalizing the races into varieties. How shall, how can the division be made; nearness deceives, as well as distance; what are the areas between the Celt and the Saxon; the Hindoo and the Tartar; the Polynesian and the South American? Some of those races which seem most distant from each other really are suspected, by competent observers, to be very near; there may be great nearness in latitude, but great distance in race; and great nearness in race, and distance in latitude. All the present divisions of ethnology are idle; they do not express facts. In illustration of this, we may inquire if British geology includes almost every variety of strata, how many varieties of human strata are here? We are brought, in all these studies, to the review of the disturbing forces in the populations of past ages, among the races of Europe. The Turk has been the greatest *material* conqueror and disturber "of things physical, by physical force." They have had no effect upon literature or art, for they themselves have had neither one nor the other; their deeds have been the result of physical and geographical conditions. Dr. Latham says, indeed: "It is no fanciful imagination to say that the areas of the great conquering nations of the world are as definitely bounded by certain lines of latitude as are those of climate; and that such areas give us zones of conquest and subjugation as truly as the temperate or frigid give us zones of climate." Sometimes we think ethnologists make far too much of this. Dr. Latham says, in the work before us: "If the unity of a country depend on so slight a question as that of the head-quarters of the government, it is a very tottering fabric;" there may be great unity of sentiment in the ideas of a

people, but if they are not able to localize themselves on some spot, not only sacred by tradition but convenient for communication, the ideas and sentiments will lack all efficiency and almost all energy; and hence, ethnology may be not inappropriately described as moral geography. The man is indeed the soul, but placed in the desert of Sahara, or in the Arctic seas, even the soul dwindles and pines, and presently almost ceases to be known as soul.

Thus, into the consideration of the varying races of mankind, comes the important consideration of what we may call, we think, not inappropriately, Ethnological Dynamics—the inquiry into those forces, and the relative proportion of them which have effected the most considerable changes in human conditions and character. The human body is, like a machine, beneath the operation of varying powers; all things about us influence us: hence the Laplander is what he is because he has never kept himself in the degree of temperature necessary for the development of physical life: hence we notice the federal action and reaction of natural and civil history upon each other; hence the variations of physical character are the cause of the variations of moral history; and we can not long disconnect anthropology—which is the history of man as the animal—from ethnology, which is the history of man in moral relations—his costume, his dwellings, his cities, and his legislations. Dr. Knox, indeed, a shrewd observer, but a very partial and intolerant one, maintains that external circumstances never affect the human character. He maintains that man is organically divided into really distinct races, and that thus the varieties can not touch each other. No doubt, in some way, all things press on man. The ethnologist has to consider the intensity of the dynamical force. In man physical changes and philological changes go on at different rates; and we may inquire into the change of a body, and the change of a language; and it would perhaps be possible to submit the very history of the change to the test of a diagram. Consider what modifies form, latitude, climate, food, clothing; consider what modifies language, changes of a moral nature, new wants, new objects of vision and of thought; and thus, how

easy would it be to conceive two courses of migration producing two different dynamical forces. Hence we have: *a.* The *organic or Maritime element*—the neighborhood of seas and rivers. We have already quoted Dr. Arnold's words; and Julius Hare says that it has been an essential condition in the civilization of nations. All history shows Europe, the most imperial quarter of the globe, lies in the closest neighborhood to the sea. Compare its miles of seaboard with Africa and Asia: thus Greece the most noble and enterprising of the ancient nations, and thus England the most glorious of the moderns. *b.* Then we have the *Continental element*—the region in which life is more intense, but less plastic, and in which all things present a more wild, and vivid, and luxuriant appearance. *c.* And then we have the *Climatologic*—whence is developed the scenery, and the body, and the language, just as Italian song is connected with the full Italian throat and mouth, and pronunciation and words, grow greatly out of circumstances favorable to respiration. Thus it has been said that *Odysseys* and *Iliads* are the inspiration of the sun—the *Edda* is the inspiration of the ice. Nations do print themselves in their literature very obviously. Poems are the types of mind, but they are all impressed by the various climatologic influences of the country by which they were surrounded.

But topics like these call up a long range of observations and inquiries impossible to follow now, to trace back the origins of the various peoples of Europe to certain mountain chains, the local seats of their original existence. A poetical license has dealt with this question, and has made the Caucasus to be the reverent home of the first fathers of our race. Later and more sober thought has assigned, at a comparatively late period, the beginning of the human race to a region situated in some wide valleys abounding with vegetable and animal productions. Traveling back in harmony with Whewell's Law, to which we have referred, we find men collected in great numbers, not on the high and barren tracts of the earth, but on the banks and estuaries of rivers, affording secure havens on the sea, and the means of communication with inland countries. But all these questions revolve round

that which gives to them intense practical interest and importance. We have said, some paragraphs back, that ideas are the property of races; "and now," says Dr. Latham, "in our times, nationality, as such, has become a definite doctrine; and men proclaim themselves Germans, or Slavonians, not so much on the strength of any specific grievance, as on a definite consciousness that their existing relations are artificial and unnatural. Hence it would seem that there is a moral dynamical element in race, even superior to that which arises from either the maritime, the continental, or climatological element." Dr. Latham has, with his large knowledge, attempted sharply to define the distinctions of peoples: but with all its value, the book is confused; the historic incidents are all important, as giving intimations of the dispositions of race and their struggles against each other, but neither the dissertation upon the race, nor the description of its history, is so given as to be interesting to the general reader.

There can be no doubt that we live in times when the marks and impulses of whole races have asserted themselves very distinctly. The struggles of Schamyl illustrate this; and that remarkable, but comparatively little known, phenomenon of modern times, the rise of Muridism; of which indeed Schamyl was the warlike apostle and preacher. The great collisions and battles of Europe, and even of Asia, in our day are very much the result of race, instincts, and distinctions. Muridism with all its consequences, in the wild feats of its apostle, was the action of Mohammedan rationalism, ending in Mohammedan puritanism. To a like instinctive principle is to be traced the long course of Caucasian wars; to the same human elements, the struggles in Italy, and it is a grave and serious question, how far the dispositions of just government and political equity can be arranged without a knowledge of, and conformity to, the primary wants and distinctions of peoples. We wish Dr. Latham had with greater firmness, and less refinement, attempted the exposition of these principles. A passage in the preface deals so fully with this matter, that we may quote it. He says:

"1. Of *race*, so far as it means an original and inherent difference in the way of superiority or inferiority between one aggregate of

human beings and another, I know nothing. I take things as I find them now; and, from the present state of things, argue backwards. I come to no beginning. Indeed, what is meant by the term is not easily understood. It is probable that no two writers give it exactly the same meaning. It is certain that very few of those who use it begin with a definition of it. By some authorities ethnology is called the science of races; but as long as the meaning of the main term itself is unsteady, the definition is no definition at all. The word, however, is one which the present writer, even elsewhere, has rarely had recourse to. He has avoided it when he can, and has done well enough, in numerous works on ethnological subjects, without it. If he has used it occasionally, he does so inadvertently. If an original difference mean any thing, it means a difference of *species*. If there can be no original difference, the term *variety* is sufficient. It is not, however, necessary to go further on the point. Even by the strongest advocates of the doctrine of original specific differences, Europe is admitted to be nearly homogeneous. Such being the case, the fact to which attention is drawn is this: that for nine tenths of Europe the blood can be proved to have become mixed within the historical period; and for two thirds of the remainder it can fairly be inferred to have been so at the period not very long before it. Different *breeds* (to borrow a term from the zoologists proper) there are. Different *species* may or may not exist. It will be time enough to consider this question when the naturalists have agreed as to what the term *species* may mean.

"Other generalizations are also impugned. Able—very able—men have written about the antagonism of the Asiatic and European families of mankind. But what if the Turks have always been in Europe? What if countries so far west as Lower Austria and Bavaria were once, to a great extent, Turk? Reasons for believing that this was really the case are given in the sequel.

"Able men, too, have written on what may be called the missions of certain populations, for example, the Slavonic. The Slaves have done little hitherto in history; therefore they have a great part to play in the future. What if a thousand years ago they had done much? What if half Germany be Slavonic?

"2. That more than one nationality is grievously wronged and cruelly oppressed is assumed. If it were not so, why write a book? But it is one thing for a nation which was once powerful and dominant, and which treated other nations just as, at the present moment, it complains of being treated itself, to claim an independent recognition for itself; another thing for it to claim the restitution of its old dominion and prerogative. The claim that it should have good government, self-government, or, at least, the government that was promised to it on certain occasions, is valid.

The claim that it should regain its old power of governing others is less so. That the two may coincide is true. A may wish to be incorporated with B, just as decidedly as B wishes to incorporate A. But the vote of A must be taken on the matter, and, by no means, be determined by either the aspirations or the evidence of B.

"'Emancipate us!' is the reasonable cry. 'Strengthen us by the incorporation of this, that, or the other, in order that we may defend our independence,' is an unreasonable one.

"The thorough recognition of this difference has made me, more than once, follow my convictions rather than my impulses.

"Between the feeling of nationality, and the feeling which its friends call a spirit of reform, and its enemies the revolutionary or democratic impulse, I have drawn a broad distinction. The most homogeneous nation in the world may be revolutionary. For the feeling of nationality a national antagonism is required. The two are often (in most cases of late, they have been generally) mixed in their operation. In all such cases each has injured the other.

"By means of this confusion, along with the undue extension of old claims, incalculable injury has been done to more than one good cause. And it will continue to be done. It is easy for a writer who has a minimum of either national or political grievances to lecture on moderation and singleness of purpose. England is, comparatively speaking, a reasonable and an enlightened country. Yet what Englishman will say that, under the conditions of a Pole, a Greek, or even a North American, he would not act as they do?

"If treaties and diplomacy are here made light of in the following pages—or rather, if they are ignored—it is not because the writer

thinks them useless. They act as checks. They serve as ballast. They are valuable as landmarks. They are part and parcel of that complex of antecedents which form the opinions and mould the feelings of the generation that lives under their effects. As such, they are powers in determining the character of sentiment. But here they cease to act as forces. The only real forces are the wills, the sinews, and the intelligence of so many actors under such or such circumstances. That these should be regulated by a certain respect for certain antecedents is right and proper. But if they are not so regulated, they must be taken as they are. They are the only efficient causes that history recognizes."

After all, we greatly fear that statements like these, and perhaps such remarks as we may have ventured to indulge in, in this paper, may perhaps convey the idea of a variety in race on which we should be far from a disposition to insist. That a substantial moral variety exists, either in Europe or elsewhere, we are far from thinking. Man is one and the same in his moral nature, we believe, alike in the arctic and tropic climes. The difference is very wide, we know in our own country, between John Howard and Thurtell; between Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Manning; between a Whitechapel pickpocket and a ragged-school teacher. But we suppose few doubt that there is a substantial point of moral unity and agreement, although it shows itself in the prerogative of goodness in the one, and only in a sad prerogative of evil in the other.

From Chambers's Journal.

PHENOMENA OF MISSING.

"THERE is something in human affairs even more terrible than Death itself—namely, Disappearance: the sudden snatching away of a man from amidst his fellow creatures, who either know not what to think of the matter, or who have a score of elucidations to offer, not one of which is in the least degree satisfactory. Compared with death, indeed, such things are uncommon, yet, probably, there are few of my elder readers within whose per-

sonal knowledge something of this nature has not occurred. At all events, we have all read of such things, and been affected by them more than by any other species of narration, with the exception, perhaps, of ghost-stories, which are scarcely more mysterious, and are open to objections on the score of credibility. How strangely that episode strikes us, in the *Life of Grimaldi*, where his brother, after the lapse of many years, comes to

the stage-door of the theater to see him, and after a promise of meeting him that night at supper, disappears thenceforth and for ever. I remember little of the book besides that incident, which stands out with strange distinctness among the Clown's reverses and successes, and the poor tinsel of theatrical life.

Even about inanimate objects that have been suddenly removed from human ken, there hangs some interest, as, for instance, about the Great Seal of England, fished from Lord Thurlow's house in Ormond street, and cast into nobody knows what melting-pot—made "gold-soup" of for nobody knows whose benefit! I don't feel nearly so interested about that Chancellor's Seal which foolish James II. cast into the Thames, in malicious hope of interrupting public business, because that was fished up and found.

What a terrible thing, again, is a lost ship; how much worse than any shipwreck, which tells its own tale in spars, and fragments, and drowned men cast on shore! A ship that leaves its port, and is perhaps "spoken with" once or twice, and then is no more seen or heard of; one, that not only never reaches its haven, but meets with we know not what fate. We can not even say of her as of that great ship, which, lying on a calm day in front of a populous town, suddenly heeled over and went to the bottom: "Down went the Royal George, with all her crew complete." She may have been blown up, for all that we know. She may have been borne northward by some hitherto unknown current, and imprisoned in adamant icebergs, and all her crew have petrified. She may have been carried to the tropics, and been becalmed for months, and rotted, men and timbers; or in some island in those dark purple spheres of sea, her people and their progeny may still exist, cut off for ever from old associations, familiar faces, and home, with her planks laid in the coral caves, never more to bear human freight. What a shudder still comes over us when we remember the President! What a weird and awful mystery lies still about those explorers of the North, although we know that they be dead, and may see at any time in Greenwich Hospital their last tokens. There is scarce a ghastlier sight, to my thinking, than that little heap of tarnished silver

forks, abandoned in those far-away icy solitudes. What despair must have been in the hearts of those who left them there, and pushed on, God alone knows whither!

Of all the evil things that were permitted in the Bad Old Times, it seems to me the Press-gang must have been the worst. Conceive the misery that it must needs have caused in humble homes: the bread-winner suddenly carried off, and the wife and children not only made destitute, but harrowed with the thought that he was dead. There was no alacrity in consolation among the officers of his majesty's tenders; the kidnapped wretch might be able to communicate his position, or he might not. A state of things less endurable than even the recruiting in Poland, in as far as the horror of what may be exceeds the pang of the misfortune that is.

The imagination magnifies the unknown evil. I well remember the state into which the public school where I was educated was thrown, one fine morning, by the intelligence that Bilkins *major* had been sent away in the night; had been carried off home, or elsewhere, and was never more to return to pursue his classical studies. The previous day he had construed his Greek with his usual infelicity; had distinguished himself at football as much as ever; had added the ordinary amount to his tick at the pastry-cook's—and yet, behold he was Gone! What had he done? What *had* he done, to be withdrawn with such excessive suddenness from the midst of his fellow-sinners? Not even Bilkins *minor*, his brother, could tell us that. We lingered about in knots all day, discussing his possible crime; and if it was the object of our head-master to hush matters up by this secret method of ejection, that object was certainly not attained. Even now, after the lapse of I dare not say how long, a certain weird and appalling mystery clings to Bilkins, with whom I have no acquaintance, but whom I meet going about Lincoln's Inn, to outward appearance a very ordinary barrister. The particular offense that caused his abrupt departure from school was never known, although it must surely have been *one* of those which we imputed to him. If not, it must have been Original Sin indeed—pure Bilkinsism.

In 1723, a gentleman named Annesley

was expected by his friends from Rotterdam, to arrive in London by a certain vessel, in which, he wrote, he had already secured a berth. On his non-appearance, a search was instituted among the shipping in the Thames; the craft which he had described was boarded, and the captain—one Philip Roche—and crew examined. They denied all knowledge of such a person. There was nothing to disprove this except Mr. Annesley's letter, which gave, however, such details as it was impossible to mistake. Upon a representation to the Secretary of State, the vessel was placed under surveillance, and the letters sent by the suspected persons were opened on their passage through the post. A communication from Roche to his wife furnished the clew to quite a labyrinth of nautical crime. In his early career, this wretch had driven a tolerable trade by sinking ships which he had previously insured beyond their value; but having been appointed mate to a trader bound for Cape Breton, he had mutinied with others of the crew, and thrown the captain and half-a-dozen sailors overboard. It had then been his intention to turn pirate in the western seas; but finding his provisions getting short, he had been obliged to put back to Portsmouth, where he painted the vessel afresh, and gave her a fictitious name. Then he traded—commencing with the stolen cargo—but with this hideous addition to his commercial gains, that he was ready to take passengers, with valuable property, to any port they pleased; only when he got a little way out to sea, he drowned them; and thus he had murdered the unsuspecting Mr. Annesley. For this, Roche was hanged at Execution Dock; but before that righteous punishment overtook him, what unimaginable misery must such a monster have caused! what mysterious woe! what fruitless and heart-sickening hope!

A still more curious case, but without its tragic horror, was that of Mr. Duplex, which occurred in 1787. This gentleman having arrived from Margate by the hoy one day, had taken a boat in the Thames; to be set on shore at Tower Stairs; this was boarded, however, by some persons calling themselves revenue-officers, who carried him and his portmanteau, on pretence of examining the latter, on board a sloop lying at anchor. Mr. Duplex followed his property down to

the cabin, when presently, upon looking out of the window, he found himself opposite Greenwich Hospital. He was calmly informed that he was going out to sea, and as he could not be put on shore, had better make himself comfortable. Nobody did him any injury, nor even robbed him of his money; but the crew wore his best shirts and other fashionable garments as though they were their own. For three months he was constantly confined in the cabin, nor—although he could frequently hear the sailors leave and return to the ship, and in the latter case, always bringing hampers and boxes with them—had he the least idea at what port it was touching, or even on what coast he was cruising. He was fed, like his captors, upon salt beef and grog, and never made to work, or do any thing unpleasant. At length, being permitted to come on deck, he found the sloop to be in the Bay of Beaumaris, North Wales; and the man at the helm telling him he might go on board a fishing-smack that lay alongside, he did so, and was safely landed; and so ended his extraordinary adventure. The friends of Mr. Duplex, who was a young man of considerable property, had offered a large reward for him, dead or alive; and the Thames had been dragged for his body, again and again.

Mysterious as is the sudden disappearance of our fellow-creatures, the interest is considerably intensified when they take a horse and cart with them. Yet that such a startling phenomenon must once at least have occurred, rests upon no less grave an authority than the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the beginning of the last century, as the curate of Slægarp, in the Swedish province of Schonen, was engaged with some of his parishioners in digging turf in a drained marshy soil, they came upon an entire wagon and the skeletons of a man and horses several feet below the surface of the ground! If the place had been always a morass, such a disappearance would not have been so inexplicable as it doubtless was at the period of its occurrence. There was once, however, a lake upon the spot, and it is presumed that, in attempting to cross the ice, the unfortunate carter with his steeds and vehicle fell suddenly through, and were swallowed up. If, as was likely, it was on the way home at the conclusion of the day's

work, the whole would have frozen over before the morning, and absolutely no trace have been left to account for their disappearance. The explanation was doubtless supplied by Superstition, for whom a finer opportunity can surely never have occurred.

Another instance of the total disappearance of a horse has happened within very modern times. No less celebrated an animal than a certain winner of the Derby was, immediately after that great victory, lost for ever to the admiring eyes of men. There was some talk of his having entered a Veterinary College—to complete his education, I suppose; but such a course could only be paralleled by a Senior Wrangler being sent to a preparatory school to learn arithmetic. A darker story is afloat, that the noble animal was basely murdered on account of his teeth; not, indeed, for the sake of depriving him of those ornaments, but to prevent their revealing the fact, that he was over three years old—past the legal age at which an animal is permitted to run for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, and therefore not entitled to the honors—and emoluments—he had carried off. The favorite for the Derby of this very year had “pitfalls” dug for him, so that he might break his legs in his morning gallop;” but even that atrocity seems less tremendous than the secret assassination to which the finger of suspicion points in this case. There has been nothing like it since the murder of the Duke d’Enghien.

To quit horses, and return to humanity, however, the saddest disappearance of which I remember ever to have read was that of a Captain Routh of the Indian army, who came home on leave from Calcutta, to be married to a Miss Ling in Hertfordshire. The better known case of Mr. Gordier in Guernsey affords a very close parallel to it in many respects; but the fate of that latter gentleman was discovered for certain, while that of the Indian officer was never cleared up, although open to the darkest suspicion. Captain Routh arrived at Southampton, and was identified as having been a passenger by the coach from that place to London. But after having safely accomplished so many hundred miles, he never attained that place, such a little way off, where his bride awaited him. He neither came nor wrote. She read his name in the list of passengers by the Europa, and

looked for him hour by hour, in vain. What excuses must not her love have made for him! How she must have clung to one frail chance after another, until her last hope left her! How infinitely more terrible must such vague wretchedness have been to bear, than if she had known him to have been struck down by the fatal sun-ray of Bengal, or drowned in Indian seas. *Where* was he? What *could* have become of him?

This young lady had a cousin of the name of Penrhyn, about her own age, who had been brought up in the same family, and, although much attached to her, had not been hitherto considered to entertain towards her warmer feelings than those of kinship. But as month after month, and year after year, went by without tidings of the missing bridegroom, he began to court her as a lover. She, for her part, refused to listen to his addresses, but her mother favored them; and plunged in melancholy, the girl did not take the pains to repulse him which probably she would otherwise have done. She accepted, or at least she did not reject, a ring of his, which she even wore on her finger; but whenever he spoke to her, or tendered her any service, she turned from him, with something like loathing. Whether this was remarked upon so much before the following circumstances occurred, it would be interesting to learn; but all who knew them now testify, that whereas in earlier days she had taken pleasure in her cousin’s society, it seemed to become absolutely hateful to her, subsequent to her calamity.

About three years after Captain Routh’s disappearance, a brother-officer and friend of his, one Major Brooks, having business in England, was invited into Hertfordshire by Mrs. Ling, at the urgent request of her daughter. So far, however, from being overcome by the association of the major’s presence with her lost lover, Miss Ling seemed to take pleasure in nothing so much as in hearing him talk of his missing friend. Mr. Penrhyn appears to have taken this in some dudgeon; perhaps he grew apprehensive that a present rival might be even more fatal to his hopes than the memory of an absent one; but, at all events, the two gentlemen quarreled. Mr. Penrhyn—who lived in the neighborhood—protested that he would not enter the house during the major’s stay, and remained at his own

residence. During this estrangement, the conversation between Brooks and Miss Ling had Captain Routh for its topic more than ever. In speaking of the absence of all clew to what had become of him, the major observed: "There is one thing that puzzles me almost as much as the loss of my poor friend himself. You say that his luggage was found at the inn where the coach stopped in London?"

"It was," said the lady. "I am thankful to say that I have numberless tokens of his dear self."

"There is one thing, though, which I wonder that he parted with," pursued the major, "and did not always carry about with him, as he promised to do. I was with him in the bazaar at Calcutta when he bought for you that twisted ring"—

"That ring," cried the poor girl, "*that* ring?" and with a frightful shriek she instantly swooned away.

Her mother came running in to know what was the matter; Brooks made some evasive explanation, but, while she was applying restoratives, inquired, as carelessly as he could, who had given to her daughter that beautiful ring?

"Oh, Willy Penrhyn," said she. "That is the only present, poor fellow, he could ever get Rachel to accept."

Upon this Major Brooks went straight to Penrhyn's house, but was denied admittance; whereupon he wrote to him the following letter:

"SIR: I have just seen a ring upon the hand of the betrothed wife of my *murdered* friend, Herbert Routh; he bought it for that purpose himself, but *you* have

presented it. I know that he always wore it on his little finger, and never parted with it by any chance. I demand, therefore, to know by what means you became possessed of it. I shall require to see you in person at five o'clock this afternoon, and shall take no denial.

"JAMES BROOKS."

The major arrived at Mr. Penrhyn's house at the time specified, but found him a dead man. He had taken poison upon the receipt of the above letter; and so, as is supposed, departed the only human being that could have unraveled the mystery of the missing Captain Routh. Still, it is barely possible that he may not have been his murderer after all; if he were, it was surely the height of imprudence to have given away a thing so easily identified, and that to the very person of all others from whom he should have concealed it. It is curious, that directly we begin to suspect the commission of a particular crime, however dreadful, and seem to recognize the offender, as in this case, the horror of the matter subsides. But disappearance is, in truth, more terrible than death; nor should this fact be overlooked by the opponents of *public* executions. There should, of course, be enough of official spectators to set the carrying-out of the sentence beyond all cavil; but it is worthy of consideration, whether the sudden withdrawal of a wretch from the living world—his disappearance at the jail-gate forever—would not strike a greater terror into the criminal population, than the present brutal exhibitions outside of Newgate.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

NOTES ON ELOQUENCE—ORATORY.

THE object of poetry, whose relation is to the individual, is to delight, refine, enoble. The object of oratory, whose relation is to the aggregate, is to render the minds of an audience unanimous for purposes whose end is action. The tragic poet works on the passions by scene,

character, thought, and sentiment, to purify, by pity and terror, the souls of a multitude; the orator to unify them with his own by conviction and excitation, for a special object in view. An audience leaving the theater in which a drama of Sophocles was performed, felt themselves

inspired with the thoughts and conceptions of the poet, and so raised to the dignified standard of his nature and intellect; but the beneficial effect thus produced became manifested—diffused over the general tenor of their lives. On the other hand, one quitting the theater in which Demosthenes thundered against Philip, intelligently electrified by his will, associate, unite, arm, and march against the invader, animated with an ardor arising from the unanimity of interests produced by the address. From many circumstances connected with ancient institutions and life generally, the study and practice of oratory was more necessary than in epochs of more complex civilization—hence ancient eloquence is more artistic than modern. The oral educational system pursued in Greece was specially suited to produce a breed of orators. In the ages of Greece and Rome, also, before journalism, and while codes of law were comparatively simple, the orator was the most important political power in the state; in the senate as at the bar, every political and civil result depended upon the art with which he mastered and impelled the minds of audience or judge—hence the rules which Quintilian lays down for gaining a control over the passions of not deliberative only but judicial authorities. The Romans, says Cicero, cultivated two arts—that of war and that of oratory—and their greatness is attributable to their union. While they became masters of the world by war, the art of oratory was essential to all their leading men, who gained power by the defense of clients, triumphs in civil contests, and to the general, to enable him to animate his soldiers before engaging in battle. The Grecian states, and Roman also, continually convulsed in popular agitations and party conflicts, presented the natural area for the growth of the highest species of eloquence, and when the one was conquered and the other imperialized, the art declined respectively in both. From the accounts which have descended to us of the effects produced by rhetorical methods, by the music of periods, etc., and of the peculiarities of ancient elocution, we gain some idea of the great difference between ancient and modern audiences; in Greece and Rome a great speech was a great dramatic politico-national event—it was at once an inspired element of persuasion and a piece of music

and acting. The writer of the dialogue on the “Corruption of Eloquence,” (it is ascribed to Tacitus, but its style, unlike that of the historian, brief and nervous, resembles more the copious dignity of a follower of Cicero,) places the orator at the head of the social body. “Look,” he says, “through the circle of the fine arts, survey the whole compass of the sciences, and tell me in what branch can the professors acquire a name to vie with the celebrity of a great and powerful orator. His fame does not depend on the opinion of thinking men, who attend business and watch the administration of affairs; he is applauded by the youth of Rome—by all who hope to rise by honorable means. The eminent orator is the model which every parent recommends to his children. Even the common people stand and gaze as he passes by; they pronounce his name with pleasure, and point to him as the object of their admiration. The provinces resound with his praise. The strangers who arrive from all parts have heard of his genius; they wish to behold the man; and their curiosity is never at rest till they have seen his person and perused his countenance. Foreign nations court his friendship. The magistrates setting out for their provinces make it their business to ingratiate themselves with the popular speaker, and at their return take care to renew their homage. The powerful orator has no occasion to solicit preferment—the offices of prætor and consul stand open to him—to those exalted stations he is invited. Even in the rank of private citizen his share of power is considerable, since his authority sways at once the senate and people.”

“Poeta nascitur, orator fit,” an old adage, is, like most maxims, but a half truth; for, while nature and genius must form the basis of the respective characters, it would be easy to show that the poet, however gifted, requires as much self-culture to produce great poetry, as the orator incessant study and practice to arrive at the loftiest standard of eloquence. If culture alone was capable of making orators, ancient and modern literature would testify the fact; and we should have as many specimens of the highest species of eloquence as we have of poetry; whereas the rarity of oratorical genius thus illustrated proves the converse of the proposition. Greece had her Homer and her three dramatic poets, not to speak of her

many lyrics, whose works belong to the loftiest regions of antique genius and art, and in oratory but one great name, Demosthenes; for as to Lycias, Hyperides, Æschines, and the rest, they were rather finished rhetoricians than natural powers of eloquence. In the Roman temple of fame Virgil and Cicero occupy the loftiest correspondent niches. The pulpit and political eloquence of France, whose Celtic genius is especially oratorical, with the exception of Bossuet and Mirabeau, is as a display of genius inferior to her dramatic; but the greatest contrast is to be found in England, in which country no oratorical genius, from the days of Bacon and Bolingbroke downwards, through epochs of revolution and senatorial contest, approximates to that displayed by Milton, not to speak of Shakspeare. From this it appears evident, that not only are the complexity of gifts necessary to produce great oratory rare, but that peculiar conditions, resulting from national character and circumstance, are necessary for their manifestation.

The mental and natural powers which enter into the composition of great poetic genius are the same as those which constitute the oratorical; except a great and abnormal emotional system is united to an intellectual, no man can be either a great poet or orator; minus the former, we may have fine displays of imagination, of logic and rhetoric, but neither eternal poesy nor supreme eloquence. In the case of the orator, however, no matter how ample his gifts, a peculiar temperament is essential—a depth and fire of nature—an inner power of at once awakening and controlling emotion—a capacity for being mightily moved, in order to move mightily. *Agitatus cogitare*; while the passions and feelings set his intellect in action, the orator must be gifted with the faculty of conserving the action of his psychical power undisturbed and dominant over the inner storm of being, whose forces give fervor and impetus to his eloquence. This is at once a matter of physique and of discipline and practice.

It is only necessary to glance at the portrait of the greatest of orators, Demosthenes, with his high crowned head and symmetrical brow, with his large emotional and compact intellectual system, to perceive the type of reason and passion. His portrait illustrates his eloquence, which more than any other real-

izes the idea of logic on fire; vehement direct reasoning, whose natural energy conceals its art; disdain, anger, boldness involved in a continuous stream of argument—storm and light. Phrenologically viewed, the head of Cicero exhibits an intellect various, capacious, strong, but less emotional, less reliant and regal than that of the Greek. They are respectively the types of natural and artificial, of popular and senatorial, eloquence. Inspired by passion, Demosthenes, unlike Cicero, philosopher and literateur, as well as orator, thinks solely of his subject and object—never of himself. His speeches are models of impetuous concentrated thought; he deals principally with what the Greeks called *πίστις*—inducements, means of persuasion; every thought, remark, appeal, is directed to one object; every passage is a link with its fore-runner and succedent; and each is hammered out and rounded with equal accuracy and vehemence; the closing sentences of each paragraph are generally antithetical, and throughout the oration is a series of hits. Cicero's oratory, on the other hand, less torrentuous, resembles a spacious river, diversified with calms and rapids, abounding in reflections, digressions, descriptions; it is only occasionally in the peroration that you hear the Demosthenian thunder of the waters. In Demosthenes you never perceive the divisions of his subject, reason and passion are constantly mingled; in Cicero the argument is first finished off, then he proceeds to excite the emotions. While Cicero abounds in image and illustration, the stern, chaste taste of Demosthenes admits little of ornament, and when he indulges in a metaphor, he dismisses it in the fewest words, or in one, as when he speaks of the effect of the decree having passed "like a cloud;" nor is he distinguished so much by abundance of language as choice and arrangement of diction. The fact that the change of a particle in one of his iron riveted sentences would injure the meaning, the sense being inseparately connected with the rhythm, testifies to his method of composition—that of revolving each paragraph with watchful care in his mind until it had arrived at a perfection satisfying at once the ear and intellect. As far as structure is concerned, the orations of Demosthenes resemble the dense, close-knit, epigrammatic style of Thucydides, whose history, as the anecdote

states, he had committed to memory; and his enthymemes or argumentative forms are the same as those of the historian, but infused with his peculiar passionate fire. No long trains of sustained arguments indeed are to be found in his eloquence, but a constant series of remarks, clear, plain, forceful, bearing immediately on the subject in hand. Each speech, whether of the emotive argumentative order, as in the Philippics, or the deliberative, as in the Olynthics, is a perfect specimen of Attic taste and Athenian sense, refined, bright, and strong as polished steel. In this simple, heroic stateliness they resemble columns of the Doric order, as contrasted with the Corinthian, to which the orations of Cicero bear an analogy. The opinion which Cicero expresses in one of his letters, to Atticus, namely that in strength, abundance, and beauty, the Latin language was superior to the Greek was natural to one who was so complete a master of the resources of its ample and magnificent vocabulary.

"No sooner," says Cicero, in his *Brutus*, "had eloquence ventured to sail from the Piræus, than she traversed all the isles and visited every part of Asia, till at last infected with their manners, she lost all the purity and healthy complexion of the Attic style, and indeed almost forgot her native language." The style called Asian, as in all oriental compositions, displays the unbalanced action of the imagination—more of wing than body. It would seem, indeed, that the climatic conditions of extreme heat and cold have a similar effect on this faculty, giving it predominance to the loss of mental harmony; witness the poetry of Hindostan and Arabia, and the Edda of Scandinavia. As distinguished from the Attic, indeed, Cicero's oratory may be termed Asian, in its copiousness, magnificence, and diffusion; but while less intense, it is, perhaps, as effective as that of Demosthenes. One has but to contrast the arousing recuperative logic of the exordium of the first Philippic with the opening of the second Catiline to perceive, that while more copious, Cicero's eloquence both in thought, passion, and diction, is quite as powerful and perfect as that of the Greek in his peculiar style. As a specimen of descriptive eloquence in its special place, it appears to us unequaled.

The classic pulpit-eloquence of France—that of Bossuet, Fletcher, Massillon, and

Bourdaloë—from the subjects treated, is necessarily of a more elevated order than senatorial and forensic oratory; but it is more limited and less versatile in its range.

In the *Oraisons Funèbres* of the Bishop of Mieux, his elevated genius is everywhere apparent: declamatory panegyric power is his *forte*; and, were it not for his magnificent rhetoric, the contrast presented between the spirit of the courtier and the apostolic fervor of the Christian minister would be not unfrequently *outré*. From this circumstance, perhaps, no work impresses the mind so strongly with the vanity of all things human, as those funereal eulogies on kings and princes. As specimens of pulpit oratory, however, several of them are superb. Nothing, in its way, can surpass the exordium to the oration on Henrietta of France, or the peroration to that on the Prince of Conde, with the pathetic touch at the close. Throughout it has all the mournful, sonorous majesty of a burial march, or grand resonance of a cathedral anthem.

Judging from the effects he produced, and the specimens of his eloquence which remain, that of Mirabeau was of the grandest and most powerful order. While it resembled that of Demosthenes in its union of reason and passion, it abounded in bold images, great metaphors, and those grand natural bursts—the creation of the moment—whose effect on an audience was, doubtless, powerfully increased by his physique and elocution—his "hideously-magnificent" aspect and indomitable air. His voice, which was like the roar of a lion, etc., was electric. When he spoke, he was thoroughly fired and dominated by his subject; and no man, as Dumont states, had a greater disdain for those artifices and fictitious ardors of oratory, which he was accustomed to call "the thunders and lightnings of the opera." Persons who recollected him were used to say, that those who had not seen Mirabeau speaking under the influence of anger, had not seen him, and that it was in his rages he was most superb—a remark which seems to be borne out by the finest passages of his oratory extant, such as his invectives, defenses of his political conduct, etc. Sometimes a felicitous expression, sometimes a flash of thought, says Carutti, in his *éloge*, revolutionized the minds of the assembly; and he seemed to hold in his hand, now

the prism of Newton, and now the head of Medusa. Nothing, indeed, can be finer than some of his great passages, in which, fired by antagonism, he throws the whole force of his nature and intellect into his address, and overwhelms opposition, as in the famous peroration to his speech of the 30th January, 1790, commencing: "Qu' aije donc fait de si coupable;" and ending with the passage commencing: "Eh! comment s'arrêterait-il aujourd'hui dans sa course civique celui que le premier d' entre les Français a professé hautement ses opinions sur les affaires nationales dans un temps on les circonstances etaient bien moins urgentes, et la tache bien plus perilleuse! Non, les outrages he lasseront pas ma conscience. J'ai ete, je suis, je serais jusque tombeau l'homme de la liberte publique—l'homme de la constitution. Malheur aux ordres privileges, si c'est la plutot etre l'homme du peuple que celui des nobles; car les privileges finiront, mais le peuple est eternel." The same strain of strong passion and compact reasoning characterizes the no less famous passage in which he defends himself against his accusers:

"Strange, indeed, the madness, and deplorable the blindness, that he who has animated men with perishless principles for their benefit, should find himself in the midst of our debates made the subject of constant reproach by individuals who substitute the irritation of self-esteem for patriotism, and who raise themselves into a temporary prominence by appealing to the ignorant vicissitudes of public opinion. Even those who a few days since desired to carry me in triumph, now make me the subject of denunciations, echoing through the streets the 'great treason of Mirabeau.' For, me, indeed, I have had no need of that lesson to be aware how short is the distance between the Capitol and the Tarpeian rock. But the man who combats for reason and patriotism is not so easily overcome. He whose conscience tells him he has merited well of his country, which he feels the capacity and desire of still benefiting—he who is not puffed up with the breath of vain celebrity, and who disdains temporary success for true glory—he who ever desires to proclaim the truth and advance the public welfare, independent of the transitory fluctuations of public opinion; that man carries within himself the recompense of his successes, the charm for his afflictions, and the reward of his dangers. He looks forward from the present to the only object which interests him—the destiny of his name; when time, the incorruptible judge, shall award justice to all; when the men who for eight days have proclaimed opinions as mine of which I

am ignorant—who at this instant calumniate my speech, without understanding it—who accuse me of worshipping the powerless idols I have destroyed, of being the vile subaidizer of men I have disdainfully ceased to combat—who denounce me as an enemy of the revolution of which I am the author—who excite popular clamor against me, who for twenty years have set myself to combat every form of oppression—who have spoken to Frenchmen of liberty, of the constitution, of resistance, in times when my vile calumniators lapped the milk of the court, and eked out an existence by appealing to popular prejudices. . . . But what matters it? The blows launched against me by high and low shall not arrest my career. To my enemies I say—an swer me if you can; calumniate me as much as you desire."

Of military eloquence many specimens might be selected from the classics—such as Agricola's address to his soldiers, in Tacitus' life, etc.; but, generally speaking, such as we find in ancient histories are the compositions of the authors, and have, hence, but a fictitious interest. In modern days, Napoleon is, perhaps, the greatest master of this order of oratory, both as regards his short addresses and his larger and set speeches. Among the first, the finest is that which he uttered on the morning of the battle of the Pyramids, when, seeing the Mamelukes drawn up on the banks of the Nile, in view of those mighty monuments, he rode to the van of his army, and pointing to them, exclaimed: "Soldiers! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty centuries look down on you!" or when, on the morning of the battle of Moscow, as the sun rose with uncommon splendor, he cried: "Behold the sun of Austerlitz." All his speeches to his armies, throughout his numerous campaigns, exhibit a thorough knowledge of the character of the French—all are striking, direct appeals to their vanity and love of glory. After numerous victories in his first campaign in Italy, he thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers: You have, in fifteen days, gained six victories, taken twenty-one standards, fifty pieces of cannon, several fortresses, made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men! You have equaled the conquerors of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of all necessities, you have supplied all your wants. Without cannon, you have gained battles!—without bridges, you have crossed rivers!—without shoes, you have made forced marches!—without brandy, and often without bread, you have bivouacked

ed! Republican phalanxes, soldiers of Liberty, alone could have survived what you have suffered! Thanks to you, soldiers!—your grateful country has reason to expect great things of you! You have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Is there one among you whose courage is relaxed? Is there one who would prefer to return to the barren summits of the Apennines and the Alps, to endure patiently the insults of these soldier-slaves?

"No!—there is none such among the victors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, and of Mondovi!

"My friends, I promise you this glorious conquest; but be the liberators, and not the scourges of the people you subdue!"

Nothing can be more effective, in its brief strength and pathetic simplicity, than his farewell speech to his soldiers at Fontainebleau, before departing to Elba; but perhaps the most animated of all his addresses is that with which, after landing at Cannes, he heralded his march on Paris:

"Soldiers: In my exile I heard your voice. We have not been conquered but betrayed. We must forget that we have been masters of nations; but we must not tolerate their interfering in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be master of France? or who has the power? Resume the colors which the nation has proscribed, and which for twenty years struck terror into the enemies of our country. Resume that tri-color cockade, which we have worn in our grand marches. Resume those eagles which you bore at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Eylau, at Wagram, at Friedland, at Eilmahl, Eismburg, Smolensk, Moscow, Lubzen, and Montmirail. Come! Range yourselves under the flag of your chieftain, who lives only for the people and for you! Whose interest, honor, and glory are yours. Come! *Victory will march at the charge-step!* The eagle, with the national colors, will fly from steeple to steeple, even to the turrets of Notre Dame."

The definition of eloquence by the ancient authors is characteristic. Thus Plato, in his *Gorgias*, says that an orator should be gifted with the subtlety of the dialecticians and the sciences of the philosophers, the diction almost of the poets, and the voice and gestures of the greatest actors; while in his *Rhetoric* Aristotle lays it down as a rule, that a knowledge of philosophy, essential to all the other arts, is no less so to oratory, and that the power of persuasion is its foundation and chief instrument; both of which views Cicero has worked up in his *De Oratore*,

and *Brutus*. In the former he states the method he himself pursued. "The first thing I generally consider," he says, "is whether the cause requires the minds of the audience should be excited, for fiery oratory is not to be exercised on trivial subjects, and to act tragedies on trifles, is absurd. The first thing is to ascertain the passion to be worked on," etc. This was, evidently, the method of Demosthenes, who differs from Cicero, however, by concealing his art; whereas the latter invariably divides his oration into two parts, and when he has done with his argument, invariably gives his audience notice that he is going to excite their passions. While, too, Demosthenes goes direct to his object, Cicero always makes the most of his subject—oratorizes, embellishes, and delights to awaken admiration of his powers. This intensive preparation and artistic division of subject which appears in the orations of Cicero, was, however, well adapted to the senatorial and judicial audience he addressed, and, in variety of theme and treatment, he far surpasses Demosthenes.

Of the different species of eloquence it would be endless to offer examples. What can be more simple, impassioned, and sublime than the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, as a specimen of the eloquence of Christianity dealing with one of the noblest themes? Or where can we find an example of Pagan so grave and nobly characteristic as the speech which Lucan makes Cato deliver at the gate of the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon. The dramatic spirit which the French carry into their oratory, and which constitutes the peculiar excellence of their imaginative literature, is evident in many of their orations, political and clerical—as in Massillon's famous passage in his Sermon on the Day of Judgment, with its grandly-prepared electric interrogatories, and some of the best hits of Mirabeau, Manuel, La Foix, Vergnaud, and La Berriere. In philosophical eloquence, Cousin excels all his cotemporaries, and in critical—a species of which there are so few examples—some of the best specimens may be found in Schiller's lectures on *Æsthetics*, as in the passage in which he sketches the ideal of the artist, beginning: "Let him look upward to the law, not downward to his happiness and wants," etc. "Let others draw the temporal and actual, but be it his object by uniting the possible

with the necessary to produce the ideal. Let him imprint and express it in fiction and truth; imprint it in the sport of his imagination, and the earnest of his actions; imprint it in all sensuous and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into everlasting Time." It is hardly necessary to say that Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar, in Shakspeare, is the most complete little oration in literature. Cowley's character of Cromwell is a fine specimen of eloquent portraiture; De Quincy's vision, in the *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, is a splendid piece of rhetorical description. As regards contemplative eloquence, we know nothing equal to Pascal's meditations on the general knowledge, greatness, and misery of man, in his *Pensées*.

Oratorical images, metaphors, and similes, are either distinguished for their splendor or appropriateness, but such as belong to the first order are but sparsely scattered through the domains of printed eloquence. Very felicitous is Burke's application of Milton's description of Sin, to the half-bright, half-terrible phenomena of the French Revolution, which rising, crowned with all the radiance of intellect, terminated in massacre and horror. Very noble Canning's comparison of England in a time of peace to a ship of war resting anchored on the placid ocean amid the reflection of her tall masts and battlements. Fine also—it is his best—the image used by Shiel, who, alluding to the spirit of liberty rising from the lower to the upper orders, says: "At length they have learned to participate in the popular sentiment; the spirit by which the great body of the people is actuated has risen to the higher classes, and the fire which has so long lain in the lower region of society, has burst at length from its frozen summits." In its solid symmetry and grave harmony, the following well-known figure of Plunket reminds us of several of those of Hooker: "Time is the great destroyer of evidence, but he is the great protector of titles. He comes with a scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our possessions, while he holds an hour-glass in the other, from which he incessantly metes out the portions of duration which are to render the muniments no longer necessary."

Among oratorical apostrophes may be mentioned that of Demosthenes to the manes of the heroes who fell at Marathon;

that of Æschines to Thebes; that of Cicero, in the passage of his oration against Verres, in which he describes the crucifixion of a Roman citizen. Modern eloquence presents few examples of this figure. As to the passage in Erskine's speech in defense of Stooddale, in which he introduces the Indian chief, its appearance in its place has an air of legal artifice, and its tone is exaggerated.

The French genius is more oratorical than poetic—a correlative result of the language of the nation. Perhaps, after Bossuet, one of their greatest masters of rhetoric is Rousseau. Nothing can be more perfect, as a specimen of simple and noble structure, than the comparison which he draws between Socrates and Christ, in the sermon of the Savoyard vicar in the *Emile*—more rhetorically animated than the opening passage in the *Confessions*:

"Que la trompette du jugement dernier sonne quand elle voudra, je viendrai ce livrer a la main me presenter devant le souverain juge. Je dirai hautement voila ce que j'ai fait, ce que j'ai pense, ce que je fus. Être eternal, rassemble autour de moi l'innombrable foule de mes semblables, qu'ils ecoutent mes confessions, qu'ils gemissent de mes indignites, que'ils rougissent de mes miseres. Que chacun d'eux decouvre a son tour son cœur au ped de tron avec la meme sincerite, et puis qu'au seul te dise s'il l'ose. Je fus meilleur que cet homme la."

Many of the passages of finished eloquence in Victor Cousin's *Course of Philosophy* remind us of Bolingbroke, as far as style is concerned—style, which is his only merit.

Among the prose-writers of England, it is unnecessary to say that Milton is one of the most sublime. Though his structure is frequently stiff, the eloquent force and august majesty of his thoughts and language overcomes the effect of his grammatical involutions and classical forms. Many of his finest passages move along with nervous stateliness, caparisoned in the most gorgeous diction, and ever and anon his prose unconsciously assumes even the measure of blank verse, as in the passage which has the exhalation of the inspiration it describes: "But when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous and jarring blast, it stands not in man's power, what he shall say, or what he shall conceal." It would be easy to select many passages from his prose works,

from his tract on the *Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, etc., etc., of the highest oratorical order. The following, though not one of the most perfect, is a good illustration of his grave and majestic eloquence. He is speaking of the character of Christ:

"Who is there that measures wisdom by simplicity, strength by suffering, dignity by lowliness? Who is there that counts it first to be last, something to be nothing, and reckons himself of great command in that he is a servant? Yet God, when he meant to subdue the world and hell at once—part of that to salvation, and this wholly to perdition—made choice of no other weapons or auxiliaries than these, whether to save or to destroy. It had been a small mastery for him to have drawn his legions into array, and flanked them with his thunder: therefore he sent foolishness to confute wisdom, weakness to bind strength, despisedness to vanquish pride."

The eloquence of the first great English orators is now a mere matter of tradition. Ben Jonson has left a memorial of Bacon's manner of speaking, and it is easy to fancy the wise pregnancy of its matter, its illuminations of original thought, and the grave majesty and solid brilliancy of his style; while of Bolingbroke's oratory we can form an idea from his written compositions, which, as far as mere animation, grace, and variety of structure are concerned, can hardly be surpassed. It abounded in diffusive thoughts, metaphor, and illustration of subject, and was distinguished by fine flow and periodical climax, but was not remarkable for argument, passion, or force. As no man has ever written more like a speaker than Bolingbroke, we may judge of his manner by an extract or two, taken at random from his tract *On the Spirit of Patriotism*. Speaking of the two orders of men—those who are great by accident and by nature—after commenting on the mode in which the first pass their lives, he characterizes the second (in a passage evidently allusive to himself) thus: "The latter come into the world, or at least continue in it, after the effects of surprise and inexperience are over, like men who are sent on more important errands. They observe with distinction, they admire with knowledge. They may indulge themselves in pleasure; but as their industry is not employed about trifles, so their amusements are not made the business of their lives. Such men can not pass unperceived through a

country. If they retire from the world, their splendor accompanies them, and enlightens even the obscurity of their retreat. If they take a part in public life, the effect is never indifferent. They either appear like ministers of divine vengeance, and their course through this world is marked by desolation and oppression, by poverty and servitude; or they are the guardian angels of the country they inhabit—busy to avert the most distant evil, and to maintain or to procure peace, plenty, and the greatest of human blessings—liberty." Of Quintilian's rule for sentential increase—*augere debent sententiæ et insurgere*—his writing presents a constant succession of examples, and the structure of his oratorical passages must have been equally artistic and animated. Take the following paragraph: "This decency, this grace, this propriety of manners, is so essential to princes in particular, that whenever it is neglected, their virtues lose a great degree of luster, and their defects acquire much aggravation. Nay more, by neglecting this decency and this grace, and for want of a sufficient regard for appearances, even their virtues may betray them into failings, their failings into vices, and their vices into habits unworthy of princes, and unworthy of men." The remark of Pitt, that had he the power of selecting one of the lost compositions of antiquity, he would have chosen one of the speeches of Bolingbroke, perhaps illustrates his penchant for diffusive harmonious oratory, rather than his critical judgment. His was the genius for elegant, copious, animated, and ornamental, rather than powerful oratory, uniting a faint reflection of Cicero with the polish and versatility of Hyperides. In a word, we are inclined to think that the traditional effects which he produced are the result of style and elocution, rather than thought, the absence of which, in his written essays, has been remarked by Grattan, who was an earnest admirer of his artistic power as a composer.

It was, we believe, Fox, who said that the speech which read well could not have been effective orally delivered—a remark derived possibly from his experience of himself, and of the House in his time, but whose falsity is proved by the greatest orations which have been accurately reported, and their effect, such as those of Demosthenes, Cicero, Bossuet, Grattan,

Mirabeau, etc. Even the great passages of Burke, despite his incomparably bad manner of delivery, must have influenced any auditory who had ears to hear. Throughout the speeches of Fox read wretchedly, and hence we may conclude the power of his oratory arose from two causes, his personality and the principles he advocated. He was an impassioned speaker, with a natural overwhelming earnestness, and he stood on the advantage ground of the Liberal side. Pitt's was the premier style—eloquent, sonorous, and stately; its force was a consequence of position more than intellect. On the other hand, Burke's oratory, displaying all the resources of the most splendid philosophical and poetic mind with which any statesman had been gifted, delivered in the drowsy manner of an essayist, may be said to have been spoken, not for his cotemporaries, but posterity. Only on the occasions of his Hasting's speech and that on Fox's India Bill did he produce effects in any way correspondent with the productions of his genius. When we read of Burke being called the "dinner bell," one is disposed to regret that the study of rhetoric, especially in its elocutionary department, formed no part of education in his day, from the immense loss of influence thus resulting. Had his manner, as was the case with his only rivals in Greece and Rome, been equal or suited to his matter, instead of being merely tolerated in Parliament, he would have commanded his country and age. As they exist, his speeches are monuments of the most solid and splendid eloquence, argumentative, emotional, and descriptive, at the same time that they abound with a greater number of illuminative ideas, political and philosophical, than those of any other orator. There is the same superfection of thought in them as in Shakespeare's dramas. His finest style is of course his earliest, before intense intellectualization and the earthquake phenomena of the French revolution disturbed the balance of his brain. In his early speeches his intellect shines in kingly brightness; in his later and latest, his emotions dominating over his understanding gave his imagination the abnormal predominance which was signalized both in his oratory and action. Passing over the many specimens of argumentative and philosophical eloquence with which his speeches are replete, let us extract from his speech on the Nabob of

Arcot's debts, the famous passage descriptive of the descent of Hyder Ali on the Carnatic, as illustrative of the highest order of descriptive oratory:

"When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recess of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function—fathers torn from children, husbands from wives—enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities; but escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine."

In commenting on this passage, Lord Brougham deprecates Burke for the confusion of imagery with which he illustrates the descent of the Indian chief, and in contrast therewith eulogizes the effective simplicity of a similar use of image in Demosthenes. First Burke compares Hyder Ali's army to "a black cloud,"* then to a

* The passage in Livy in which he describes Han-

"meteor," then to a "tempest." To us, however, this very variation of the imagery heightens the effect of the picture and action described of the terrible warrior and his host advancing from the portentous encampment on the mountains to the massacre in the plain, though it must be admitted that the "meteor blackening all the horizon" is a visual inaccuracy. We may add that the fine image "enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry" is, perhaps, derived from Lucan, who in one of his lines speaks of "a storm of horse." As an example of descriptive oratory, nothing can be more eloquent than the picture of the Carnatic, which follows, with the concluding passage in which, alluding to the great water-works of the princes of Hindostan, he says, "These are not the monuments," etc.

Grattan has been called the poet of Irish politics, but it may with greater equity be said that he was the most imaginative of orators, ancient or modern. The best efforts of English speakers, which have been conserved, read tamely compared with his, abounding as they do with fulminating bursts of the most passionate and splendid eloquence. In the origination, selection, and arrangement of arguments, as may be seen from his longest speeches, he displays a judgment, pertinence, and copiousness equal to any precedent orator; but his general manner, that which is cognate with the synthetic character of his intellect, is less to produce long trains of reasonings, than the concrete results of reason itself—less to lead the minds of an audience through the slow labyrinths of logical processes to the understanding of a question, than by a single flash to possess them with illuminative conviction. A brilliant impassioned ardor characterizes his oratory; but while it displays every resource of genius, wisdom, and art allied, profound knowledge—political, philosophical, and moral—a power of animating, arousing, and controlling emotion, and of fixing and firing the intellect and soul—all such elements are marshaled by the imagination, which, while it impresses, gives the impetuous movement to his eloquence by which it is *par excellence* distinguished. The lan-

guage which he uses, always admirable in choice and force of diction, and not unfrequently wonderful in its dithyrambic melody, is the furthest possible remove from the ordinary medium of parliamentary speakers; it bears the stamp of imagination. Though highly figurative, its ornament, always distributed with chastity of taste, rises naturally from the subject it illustrates; its metaphors and images, too, are singularly bright, striking, and original. Such, as among many others, the passage in his speech on the downfall of Bonaparte, in which, warning England against deserting her allies at that crisis, he says: "In vain have you stopped in your own person the flying fortunes of Europe—in vain have you taken the eagle of Napoleon, and *snatched invincibility from his standard*, if now, when confederated Europe is ready to march, you take the lead in desertion, and preach the penitence of Bonaparte and the poverty of England." As an instance of his concrete imaginative phraseology, speaking of Ireland, in his oration on the Triumph of Independence: "She is no longer a wretched colony, returning thanks to her governor for his rapine, and to her king for his oppression; nor is she now a squabbling, fretful sectary, perplexing her little wits, and firing her furious statutes with bigotry, sophistry, disabilities, and death, to *transmit to posterity insignificance and war?*" In his speech on Tithes there are many fine instances of his rapid style and splendid imagery; as in the appeal to the Irish Parliament, with which it concludes: "Were I to raise you to a great act, I would not recur to the history of other nations; I would recite your own, and set you in emulation with yourselves. Do you remember the night when you gave your country a free trade, and with your own hands opened all her harbors? That night when you gave her a free constitution, and broke the chains of a century, when England, *eclipsed at your glory and your island, rose, as it were, from its bed, and got nearer to the sun?*" In power of invective the lowest, as of pathos the highest element of oratory, Grattan displays an equal mastery; *vide* his philippics against Flood, Corry, and Duigenan, for the first; and for illustration of the latter, the words in which he expresses his relation to the extinct Irish senate: "Of the Parliament of Ireland I entertain a parental recollection. I sate

nibal's descent from the Alps, possibly led Burke to work out the above image as he has done: "Tandem eam nubem, quæ sedere in jugis montium solita est cum procella imbrem dedisse."

by her cradle; I followed her hearse." Grattan's speeches on the Catholic question are the most laborious instances of his powers; but perhaps his oration on the declaration of Irish Right conveys the best idea of his genius as an orator. The following appears to us a more eloquent peroration than can be found in the oratory of any other nation or age:

"And as any thing less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation, we are too conversant with her history, we are too much fired by her example, to be any thing less than her equal; any thing less, we should be her bitterest enemies—an enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to that constitution from whose blessings we were excluded; to be ground as we have been by the British nation, bound by her parliament, plundered by her crown, threatened by her enemies, insulted with her protection, while we returned thanks for her condescension, is a system of meanness and misery which has expired in our determination, as I hope it has in her magnanimity.

"Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your loom, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woolen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

"Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

"Hereafter, when these things shall be history, your age of thralldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament, shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe—that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude—they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury—and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold.

"I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you,

by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go—assert the law of Ireland—declare the liberty of the land.

"I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain, and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit has gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

"I shall move you, 'That the King's most excellent Majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland.'"

The eloquence of Curran, who possessed exhaustless wit and humor, and the natural adjunct of the latter, pathos, is chiefly forensic; but though far inferior to that of Plunket in logic, as to that of Grattan in splendor and fire, his speech in defense of Hamilton Rowan (which is modeled on the *Pro Milo of Cicero*) contains, perhaps, the most finished oratorical passage in modern eloquence. It is equal to the finest of Cicero, both in the elevation of its tone and the rhetorical perfection of its harmony:

"I put it to your oaths: Do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained over bigotry and oppression should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church; the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage; and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it? Giving, I say, in the so much censured words of the paper, giving UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION? I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have

been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation."

The question how far a speaker is to trust to improvisation, is one, of course, involved in the self-knowledge of the orator himself. Judging from the examples of eloquence which have been conserved, and traditional accounts of effects produced, it is evident that while the greatest speeches have been studiously prepared the greatest bursts have been improvised; a fact obvious indeed, and illustrated by the long line of orators from Demosthenes to Burke, from Chatham to Mirabeau.

There is, perhaps, no finer manifestation of the power of the human mind than that of an orator, launched unexpectedly on the ocean of improvisation, struggling onwards toward his object; extemporizing thought after thought; now apparently overwhelmed in a storm of interruption, yet rising stronger from opposition; now suddenly collecting his ideas in an interval of applause, battling with and conquering both himself and his audience, and mounting triumphantly billow after billow, until at last he reaches his desired goal together with his auditory.

To inform, to please, to excite the feelings, such, according to Cicero, are the three objects of the orator. But from this category he omits its ultimate end, persuasion—the power of convincing. The art of the highest eloquence may be said chiefly to consist in satisfying the understanding and reason, and exciting the imagination and passions, to persuade, and exalt, and impel. These essentials, also, he requires: knowledge of human nature, of himself, of his subject, and his audiences. He must be clear and attractive in his statements; lucid in the arrangement and sequence of his arguments; impassioned in his address to the passions, all whose springs and effects he has studied. An oration must have its lights and shades, its levels and heights, its harmonious intermixture of the clear and commonplace, the animated, the striking, and emotive—all tending to the special object in view, all effectively intermingled. Its ornaments (chiefly adapted to the level portions) must be introduced with chaste and consistent severity of taste, and have the appearance of following the subject with involuntary illustrative naturalness, rather than assuming an attractive prominence over it—such illuminations must illustrate, not divert. Speaking throughout with pre-considered prospective directness to the point, the orator must rise from the foundation of reason to sentiment, imagination, and passion, and must unite thought with emotion, and, so to speak, creating a storm with the passions of his own soul, hurry those of his audience along with him.

THE FORMATION OF ICEBERGS.—The snow, which falls thickly on the Arctic islands and continents, being melted in summer, forms collections of fresh water, which soon freezes and increases yearly, until the mass becomes mountainous, and rises to the elevation of the surrounding cliffs. The melting of the snow deposited on these elevations adds to their growth, and by filling up the interstices, renders the whole solid. When such a mass has reached the height of one thousand or twelve hundred feet, the accumulated weight, assisted by the action of the ocean at its base, plunges into the sea, and by winds and currents is carried southward, and finally disappears before the influences of the Gulf Stream, which throws an isothermal line from Newfoundland to the coast of Iceland, deflecting it upwards very nearly through twenty degrees of north

latitude. Frequently these ponderous crystals hide as much of their proportions below the water as they expose above it, and float, grinding the rocks of the sea bottom as they go, with a force that may perhaps be visible to the future geologists when they shall be exalted to the proud promontories of a new nameless continent. They carry large bowlders from the Arctic rocks and disperse them over the bed of the North-Atlantic, and for the whaler they bear rich provision of fresh water, of which he spoils them.

BURMAH.—The commercial treaty with Burmah is producing beneficial results to all parties; and we hear that steamers are to be placed on the great rivers above the falls and rapids, to assist in the exploration.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

T H E C O L L E G E G A T E .

[FOLLY'S fine statue of Goldsmith stands now in front of Trinity College, in this city, where it commands the admiration of everybody. It is only placed there in a temporary way, but when the pedestal is completed the statue will be erected upon it and inaugurated with due ceremony.]

"He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts on the 27th February, 1749. He was lowest in the list."—*Forster's Life of Oliver Goldsmith.*

A LAD slunk out of the college gate,
With a parchment grasped in his fist;
He tried to dodge past the sniggering boys
That snubbed him with "Last on the list!"

He stole to a lodging, up three pair of stairs,
In a wretched old tumble-down lane,
And took up his flute to get rid of the thoughts
That were racking about in his brain.

"Just passed through!—and so many a lad
Honored, and medaled, and praised!
Oh, what a crazy foundation whereon
My fortunes will have to be raised!

"An awkward, ungainly, diminutive dolt,
With nothing on earth to attract;
Alike for the desk and the drawing-room unfit—
Devoid both of talent and tact!"

He whispered some melodies into his flute,
As a tear gathered up in his eye:
"What—what shall I turn to?—Physic? or Law?
Or Divinity?—folly to try!

"The coif, or the mitre—it is not for me:
I shall ne'er be addressed as 'my lord';
And, as for the baton, or flag—bless my heart!
Only fancy poor Noll with a sword!

"Well! jests, at least, at the gate again
None shall fling at 'the Graduate's' head;
Since fellowships—scholarships, are not for me,
I'll take to my flute for my bread!"

Now, as ye enter that college gate,
Lift up your eyes and you'll see,
Towering over your heads, a bronze,
In its proud serenity.

Yes! the strains from that wretched flute
To the ends of the earth have sped:
Though "Noll" was a drudge so long as he lived,
He's deified, now that he's dead.

And what is this world?—the college gate,
Through which genius may slink with shame:
The list is the ledger of life's success,
And the statue is posthumous fame.

ADVENA.

From the London Society Magazine.

CURIOSITIES OF FASHION, IN THE MATTER OF DRESS.

"Thou knowest," says Borachio, "that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man." Foolish Borachio! But then he had had no experience of "London Society;" and it is possible that in Messina he kept but indifferent company. Or are we to regard him as a supercilious cynic, who looked down upon such trifles as the set of a feather or the cut of a doublet, and busied himself with more important, if less innocent, matters? To such a conclusion his further utterances would seem to guide us. "Seest thou not," he inquires of his companion, contemptuously, "what a deformed thief this fashion is? How giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? Sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church windows; sometime, like the shaved Hercules in the smirched, worm-eaten tapestry?" It is true that the fashion, as Conrade sagely conjectures, wears out more apparel than the man; but it deserves to be dealt with in a wider spirit of philosophy than comported with the cynical mood of Borachio, and from its influence upon men, manners, and morals, is not unworthy of the attention of a Buckle or a Macaulay. The relation of a particular fashion to a particular state of society is very obvious, and we may trace the spirit of an age in the attire peculiar to it. Who can fancy a Raleigh, a Sidney, or an Essex in aught but doublets and hose, short cloaks, rapiers, ruffles, and plumed hats? How would a courtier, I beg leave to inquire, fling, with any degree of propriety, a paletôt or a llama to help a virgin queen across a plashy piece of ground? If Leicester had worn the Windsor uniform, do you believe it possible that he could have dazzled Amy Robsart with the splendor of his personal appearance? Or, in the same mysterious combination of the postman and the footman, would Robert Carr have

attracted the attention of James I.? And if he had not, a murder or two, besides some other peccadilloes, would have been happily avoided. If no man was ever so wise as Lord Thurlow *looked*, how much of that wonderfully sagacious aspect was owing to his horse-hair wig? What would become of the Belinda of Pope's exquisite "Rape of the Lock" without her patches, powder, and hoops? And does not many a beauty whom history or art has made immortal owe much of her fame to her furbelows or high-heeled *bottines*? The difference between a Phryne and a Traviata is, perhaps, a matter of fashion; and a Burleigh in a loose shooting-coat and striped trowsers would assuredly not be the much-pondering and often head-shaking counselor of Queen Elizabeth.

It is a question, I think, whether the fashion influences the age, or the age moulds and shapes the fashion; but it is obvious that there exists a subtle relationship between them. A high-bred courtesy, a certain elevation of manner, a loftiness of language, and even a refinement of thought, seem naturally to associate themselves with the rich and stately costume of the men of the sixteenth century. Look at the Cavaliers in the glorious pictures of Vandyck: who can believe that from the lips of such be-ruffled and be-plumed gentlemen ever dropped any coarse ribaldry or vulgar slang? Those grave and potent seigniors who glow on the splendid canvas of Titian: can you believe them capable of the deeds in which delighted the buckskin breeches and cocked-hats of our Macaronis and Mohawks in the days of the second George? When I look upon the sweet and noble women of Vandyck, and compare them with the bare-bosomed beauties of Lely, I trace in the distinction of costume and fashion the difference of morals and taste, and the wide gulf between the pure household life of the reign of Charles I. and the social abandonment of that of

Charles II. Morals and manners keep pace with the changes of costume, and are indicated by them. It is quite in accordance with the philosophy of fashion that the society which countenances "pretty horse-breakers," and disguises things vicious with pleasant periphrases of language, should distinguish itself by patronizing huge crinolined monstrosities contrived to expose, and yet encumber, the female figure. It may be that there was as much vice in the times of old, but it was a more decorous vice; and the Doll Tearsheet of Falstaff and his companions did not "set the fashion," to the wives of Percy and Mortimer.

A writer who proposed to himself to become the historian of fashion would soon find himself perplexed by the absence of all general laws, and the want of any definite divisions of his subject. There is nothing progressive in fashion: on the contrary, its principal tendency is to repeat itself. And this is a necessary consequence of its assimilation to the tastes and passions of the time. In England, for instance, when the English public has one of what Sydney Smith called its "cold fits of morality," fashion becomes, as severe as it was in the days of the Puritans. The robe *décolleté* is exchanged for the high and close-fitting "body," and the skirt descends in sober decency over the well-turned ankle. When the French revolutionists ran mad about classic systems of government, and every ferocious Jacobin thought himself—with a strange confusion of ideas and a remarkable ignorance of history—a Gracchus or a Brutus, how classic became the costume of the Parisian Portias and the *virii togati* of the National Convention! It is a sign of the gradual wearing down of class distinctions—the cosmopolitan character of the dress of the present day. There is little enough, Heaven knows, as far as attire is concerned, to separate a nobleman whose veins are blue with the best *azul sangre*—the "blood of all the Howards"—from our Brown, Jones, or Robinson, who know not their great-grandfathers! When I read of an inn-keeper trusting a supposititious Lord John Russell with five shillings and a glass of gin and water, I am inclined to doubt whether the host of "The Tabard" or "The Boar's Head" could so easily have been beguiled by a false Earl of Essex. Dress no longer makes the man, nor

shows the man as he is. In the gorgeous chamber of the Peers the descendants of the Whigs of 1688, and the Tories who shouted for "Sacheverel and the Church," are scarcely to be distinguished from Tomkins, who occupies a stool in a banking-house in the city; or Simpkins, who measures ribbons over a counter in St. Paul's Churchyard. Even the clergy are yielding to the prevailing confusion of ideas, and—O shades of Barrow and Tillotson!—rejoice in wide-awakes and coats of most uncanonical cut.

In the days that were, a man might hope for immortality from his costume. If he could not be a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Newton, he might at least have the satisfaction of descending to posterity as a Beau Brummell! There is no such cheap immortality to be earned now-a-days, unless the Empress Eugénie be remembered by the amplitude of her skirts and the peculiarities of her head-gear. In the old biographers you will meet with pages of elaborate description of the attire affected by their heroes; and some of our modern novelists, taking wide views of the philosophy of clothes, are equally precise in their pictorial sketches. But I should like to see a modern biographer attempt to interest his public with a sketch of the costume of any recent "celebrity." How much of the character and idiosyncrasies of a man can you identify with a Gibus hat, an Eureka shirt, a Melton paletôt, and a pair of the Sydenham trowsers?

If this era of cosmopolitan utilitarianism endures, what will become of the historical associations of dress? Who can reasonably expect that the pegtops or ponchos will ever make any remarkable figure in history? What will the present age hand down to the future in company with George Fox's suit of home-made leather—honest, sturdy leather—and Raleigh's much-worn cloak?—with Oliver Cromwell's "plain cloth suit, which" (says Sir Philip Warwick) "seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor," and the "lack-luster stars" that pointed the deadly aim of Nelson's murderer? We seem to cherish a personal familiarity with Napoleon's *gris redingote*, with the short white cloak that was Wellington's distinctive insignia in battle, with the portentous ruff of Queen Elizabeth, the black velvet robe that clothed the fair form of Mary of Scotland on the day of her execution, and "the doublets quilted for stiletto

proof, and breeches in great plaits and full stuffed," of James I. ? In a gallery of historical personages you may almost identify each of them by their peculiar attire. This, you say, is Spinoza, and that is Henri Quatre; this is Nell Gwynne, and that Marie Antoinette. I wonder whether our descendants will so easily recognize ourselves !

One of the "Curiosities of Fashion," as far as dress is concerned, was the extreme sumptuousness of the attire in which our seventeenth-century ancestors indulged. Everybody will remember the description by John Taylor, the Water Poet, of the wasteful squires and luxurious cavaliers who were not ashamed to

"Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copyhold;
A hose and doublet which a lordship cost;
A gaudy cloak, three manors' price almost;
A beaver band, and feather for the head,
Priced at the church's tythe, the poor man's bread."

George Villiers, the splendid favorite of James I., exceeded all his compeers in the lavish costliness of his garb. On one great occasion he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, "the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold, and gems could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword, girdle, hat, and spurs." This exquisite gentleman would have the flashing gems which adorned his attire affixed so loosely that he could shake them off as he paraded through the gallery of Whitehall, much to the edification and contentment of *les dames de la cour* who picked them up. On his embassy to Paris the splendor of his appearance completely dazzled the French nobles. "He appeared there," says Lord Clarendon, "with all the luster the wealth of England could adorn him with, and outshined all the bravery that court could dress itself in, and overacted the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities." It was common with him, at an ordinary dancing, to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to wear diamond hat-bands, cockades, and ear-rings, to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl—in short, to be manacled, fettered,

and imprisoned in jewels. At the time of his death he is said to have possessed £300,000 in jewels—a stock which might almost excite the envy of Hancock or Emanuel, and may be borne in mind when we peruse Sir William Davenant's eulogium on the prosperous courtier :

"The court's bright star, the clergy's advocate ;

The poet's brightest theme, the lover's flame,
The soldier's glory, mighty Buckingham."

Raleigh, the bright particular star of the galaxy which moved and shone around the great Gloriana, was equally profuse in his expenditure upon dress. A portrait is extant in which he appears attired in a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl; in the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop, at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunks or breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, are all white; his shoes, of buff, adorned with white ribbon. These shoes on important occasions would glitter with precious stones of the value of £8600 (nearly £80,000 at the present standard of money); and their wearer would occasionally present himself before the eyes of his lady-love, Mistress Elizabeth Throckmorton, in a suit of armor of solid silver, his sword and belt flashing unutterable radiance from a hundred diamonds, pearls, and rubies. The elder Disraeli tells of a simple knight who wore at the coronation of James I. a cloak which cost him £500. At the marriage of Elizabeth of Bohemia—perpend, ye ladies!—Lady Wotton shone resplendent in a gown, which was stiff with embroidery, at £50 a yard! The Lady Arabella Stuart—that heroine of a strange and sad romance—

"Ornament both of herself and sex,
And mirror bright, where virtues did reflex"—

set the said mirror in a framework of satins and velvets valued at £1500. We read of a certain Sir Thomas Glover who burst upon the world of fashion "like a comet, all in crimson velvet and beaten gold;" and Hay, Earl of Carlisle, ambassador to Paris in 1616, dressed not only himself but his trumpeters—the latter "in tawny velvet liveries laced all over with gold, rich and closely laid"—while his horse was shod with silver shoes, which,

"when he came to a place where persons or beauties of eminence were, he, prancing and curvetting, in humble reverence flung away; and so he was content to be gazed on and admired till a farrier, or rather the *argentier*, in one of his rich liveries, among his train of footmen, out of a tawny velvet bag took others and tacked them on." Quaint Arthur Wilson describes one of "the meanest of the suits" of this sumptuous peer. "The cloak and hose," he says, "are made of very fine white beaver, embroidered richly all over with gold and silver; the cloak, almost to the cape, within and without, having no lining but embroidery; the doublet was cloth of gold, embroidered so thick that it could not be discerned; and a white beaver hat suitable, brimful of embroidery, both above and below."

A notable article of costume in the reigns of the Tudors and the Stuarts, both with men and women, were the starched ruffs, with which the portraits of Elizabeth and her courtiers have made everybody familiar. These were often set upon a frame of wire and edged with the richest point-lace; nor without their bravery did any gallant think himself complete. Thus, in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," Lovewit says to Surly:

"Good faith now, she does blame you extremely, and says,
You swore, and told her you had taken the
pains
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your
face,
Borrowed a suit and ruff, all for her love."

Mrs. Anne Turner, a woman of splendid beauty but abandoned character, introduced, in the reign of James I., the fashion of yellow starched ruffs, and for a time these were all the vogue. But Mrs. Turner having compassed, with Sir Robert Carr and Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset, the foul murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and being sentenced to death by Lord Chief Justice Coke, he ordered that "as she was the person who had brought yellow starched ruffs into vogue, she should be hanged in that dress, that the same might end in shame and detestation." The strange order was carried out, and Mrs. Turner was hung at Tyburn in yellow ruffs, the hangman being similarly decorated. The fashion straightway sank into disrepute.

"Yellow" was certainly a favorite col-

or with our ancestors, and it is the hue generally attributed to the tresses of their lady-loves by the mediæval poets. When wigs first came into fashion they were all flaxen, for the light-complexioned, sanguine Franks could not affect the raven tresses of the "swarthy beauties" of Spain or Italy. Most of our early queens had yellow hair; Elizabeth Woodville's streamed down her back "a shower of rippled gold." Queen Elizabeth had yellow hair—with, perhaps, a suspicion of red about it—and the ladies of her court accordingly dyed their hair of the royal color—an instance of loyalty which now-a-days would astonish even the enthusiastic admirers of the fair Princess Alexandra. The readers of our Elizabethan dramatists do not need to be reminded of their numerous allusions to tawny and orange velvets, and satins shimmering with golden luster. In "Every Man out of his Humour" Fungoso wears a "pink'd yellow doublet." In "Cynthia's Revels" Amorphus describes his mistress as ribboned in green and yellow.

Silk stockings came into use in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, under circumstances which Stowe describes with his usual quaintness: "In the second yeere of Queen Elizabeth," he says, "her silk woman, Mistris Montague, presented her majestie for a new yeere's gift, a pair of black knit silk stockings, the which, after a few dayes' wearing, pleased her highness so well, that she sent for Mistris Montague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more; she answered, saying: 'I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majestie, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' (quoth the queene,) 'for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings'—and from that time unto her death the queene never wore any more cloth hose, but only silke stockings;* for you shall understand that King Henry the Eighth did weare only cloath hose, or hose out out of ell-broade taffety; or that by great chance there came a pair of Spanish silk

* In James I.'s reign, 'the gallants would wear their woollen stockings in the country, and, as Stephen says, in "Every Man in his Humour," "have a pair of silk against winter," (that they went "to dwell in the town."

stockings from Spain. King Edward the Sixth had a payre of long Spanish silk stockings sent him for a great present."

The variations in the matter of the beard have been astounding. At one time it has streamed like a meteor from the lip and chin; at another the chin has showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home. The Normans did not encourage the hirsute appendage, but among the French it was held in great esteem; and when Louis VII., in compliance with the exhortations of his bishops, curtailed his long locks and shaved off his beard, he unwittingly got rid of his wife, for Eleanor, disgusted with his effeminate appearance, took the law into her own hands and soon provided her husband with sufficient grounds for a divorce; whereupon she married Henry II., (then Count of Anjou,) and bringing him as her dowry the rich provinces of Guienne and Poitou, stirred up the long wars between France and England that endured for three centuries of bloodshed. The beard came into fashion again in the reign of Henry VIII., who wore it short and round, but closely cropped his hair. The introduction of Spanish fashions with the introduction of a Spanish husband to Queen Mary lengthened the beard, and encouraged the growth of those long locks which give so noble an appearance to our Elizabethan worthies. The mustache, at the same time, grew in favor, either curled round each side of the mouth in the shape of a crescent, or worn thick and bushy upon the lip, or drawn out into thin spiral ends like that of Napoleon III. An old poet says of one of his heroes:

"He'll borrow money on the stroke of his beard,
Or turn of his mustaccio!"

The beard was usually worn peaked, like an inverted pyramid, as you will see it in Vandyck's and Zuccherò's portraits;* but in Charles II.'s reign it began to give place to a sleek and bushy "imperial," or "tuft," which in due time vanished altogether, leaving the chin once more free from hair. This latter fashion prevailed for upwards of a century, whiskers being the only adornment of the face; but within the last few years the mustache and

the beard have again sprung into a noble popularity, and are countenanced, we are told, on "physiological principles." The beard protects the throat, the mustache the lips—the latter a natural "respirator," whose advantages should be shown by a decrease in bronchial affections. Both, however, have fought a hard fight with prejudice, and especially has the mustache run the gauntlet of every little wit. It was "snobbish," "coxcombical," "unmanly," "outlandish." Certainly on the lips of quiet city clerks and pallid shopmen it loses its grace and fitness, but the gentleman and the soldier may well be content to wear it, if there be any truth in the dictum of a writer on education in the seventeenth century. "I have a favorable opinion," he says, "of that young gentleman who is curious in fine mustachios. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is no lost time, for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish and be animated by masculine and courageous notions!" Which admirable axiom I commend to the consideration of the Volunteers of England.

Certain revelations anent a certain Madame Rachel have made known to the curious public that the art of beautifying beauty—gilding refined gold and painting the lily—is not yet extinct, and that women of fashion can still be found to disgrace themselves with enamel and the use or abuse of half a hundred filthy cosmetics. But these are hardly likely to revive the mania for pomades, perfumes, oils, tinctures, and quintessences which possessed the ladies of the sixteenth century. The roses and lilies, which the old poets praised in their mistresses, were but painted daubs after all. A lady's toilet was a complete system of painting, essencing, and bathing. Ben Jonson thus details the process:

"To-morrow morning
I'll send you a perfume, first to resolve
And procure sweat, and then prepare a bath
To cleanse and clear the cutis; against when
I'll have an excellent new facus made,
Resistive 'gainst the sun, the rain, or wind,
Which you shall lay on with a breath, or oil,
As you best like, and last some fourteen hours."

Ninon de L'Enclos, the famous French beauty, like Poppæa, the mistress of Nero, is said to have preserved her loveliness unimpaired to a mature age by the daily use of a bath of asses' milk. The

* Like the beard of Hudibras:

"In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile."

fair queen of Scots bathed in wine; and the Earl of Shrewsbury, when acting as her custodian, complained bitterly of the expense she entailed upon him by this luxurious custom. It was white wine the ladies thus employed for the purposes of the toilet, and it was mainly used by those of "a certain age," who desired to remove their wrinkles; young beauty contented itself with a bath of milk. Did the effeminate Clarence bathe in wine, and was King Edward's order that he should suffer death by drowning in a butt of Malvoisie a cruel satire on his womanish weakness? According to Strutt, if you wish to obtain a bright and sanguine complexion, you must first use a hot bath until you perspire, and then wash the face with wine until you become marvelously fair and ruddy.

A wine-bath was assuredly much to be preferred to the flesh of capons fed with vipers, by which the beautiful Venetia Digby, wife of the eccentric Sir Kenelm, endeavored to improve her complexion. Sir Kenelm is also supposed to have made his lady feed upon the great snail, or *helix pomatia*, washing down the unsavory repast with a draught of viper-wine, for the preservation of her beauty. No wonder that she died in her thirty-third year, and that only "a small quantity of brains" was found in her head! Ladies in those days, and down to the reign of the second George, ornamented—or disfigured—their faces with an abundance of black patches, which they cut in the most fantastic forms—owls, rings, suns, moons, crowns, stars, crosses, and even a coach and horses. The widow in "Hudibras" refers to this grotesque fashion:

"She that with poetry is won
Is but a desk to write upon;
Some with Arabian spices strive
To embalm her cruelly alive;
Or season her, as French cooks use
Their *haut-gouts*, *bouillies*, or *ragouts*;
Others make posies of her cheeks,
Where red and whitest colors mix;
In which the lily and the rose
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
The sun and moon, by her bright eyes
Eclipsed and darkened in the skies,
Are but black patches that she wears,
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars."

A curious story anent these patches is told by the Sir Kenelm Digby already referred to. A young wife of his acquaintance having given way to this reprehensi-

ble practice, he considered it his duty to remonstrate with her. "Have you no apprehension," he said, "that your child may be born with half moons upon its face; or rather, that all those black patches may assemble in one and appear in the middle of its forehead?" This lecture was not without effect, but the mischief was partly done, and the lady's child was actually born with a mark on her forehead as large "as a crown of gold."

Of these and other mysterious additions to a beauty's toilet Pope has made exquisite use in "The Rape of the Lock:"

"And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent
adores,

With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering
spoils.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the
white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux."

Patches came into England with Charles II.; and his sister, Henrietta of Orleans, who had learned the art in Paris, was the first to wear them in public. The fashion instantly spread. Even Pepys—gossiping but shrewd old Pepys—allowed his wife to adopt it. "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty," he says, "but my wife, standing near her, with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, seems to me much handsomer than she." Which I take to be a very proper conclusion on the part of Master Pepys. These patches were so arranged as to attract the eye to what was considered the best feature of the face. Happy the beauty who boasted of a dimple, a becoming smile, or a rosy bloom! The patches, like finger-posts, indicated its position and fascination to the admiring observer.

According to an anecdote related by the learned author of the *Britannia*, there existed among our ancestors as absurd an imitation of the dress and habits of the great as the little minds of our own

day are prone to affect. "Sir Philip Calthorp," he says, "purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich, in the time of King Henry VIII., of the proud humour which our people have to be of the gentleman's cut. This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said taylor's, and seeing the knight's gown-cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same intent, and further bade him to make it of the same fashion that the knight would have his made of. Not long after the knight, coming to the taylor's to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the taylor whose it was. Quoth the taylor, it is John Drakes', the shoemaker, who will have it made of the self-same fashion that yours is made of! 'Well,' said the knight, 'in good truce be it. I will have mine made as full of cuts as thy shears can make it.' 'It shall be done,' said the taylor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas Day, for serving his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown. Perceiving the same to be full of cuts, began to swear at the taylor, for the making his gown after that sort. 'I have done nothing,' quoth the taylor, 'but that you bid me; for as Sir Philip Calthorp's is, even so I have made yours.' 'By my latchet,' quoth John Drakes, 'I will never wear gentlemen's fashions again.'"

A signal illustration of the cyclical character of fashion—of its tendency to repeat itself—is afforded by the expansive "crinolines" which so excite the horror of Dr. Lankester, and stimulate the humorous fancy of John Leech. "There is nothing new under the sun;" not even hoops! Pope speaks of "the sevenfold fence"—

"Stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;"

But our modern fair ones have improved upon the devices of their fore-mothers and use light bands of steel, which are not only expansive but compressible. The extravagant amplitude in which the leaders of the mode indulged some few months

ago was not, however, more offensive than the indecorous scantiness of attire affected by the beauties of the second George's reign, when the waist was pushed up to the very arm-pits, and tight, close-fitting habiliments revealed without improving the female figure. Fancy a damsel thus attired, with an old Oldenburg bonnet thrusting out its peak a foot or two before her, half-a-dozen patches upon her face, her hair powdered and frizzled, her shoes red, with enormously high heels; and to her, as the old play-books say, let there enter a "buck" or "macaroni" in a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves, a pair of tight Manchester stiff breeches, clouded silk stockings, hair drawn back from the forehead, plastered, powdered, and pendent behind in a long queue, and the whole surmounted by a hat too small to cover one's head, and too large to put in one's pocket. You have then an *à-la-mode* Strephon and Chloris, fit to warble the melodies of Della Cruscan poets and language over the inanities of the novels of the Minerva press.

The skirt and petticoat first became aggressive and exuberant in the reign of that imperious *arbiter elegantiarum*, Queen Elizabeth, who appears to have thought it necessary, in her character of the Virgin Queen, to keep off the male sex by a *noli-me-tangere* fence of whale-bone—the vardingale or farthingale of the old dramatic poets. It is worth while, perhaps, to endeavor to realize to ourselves a portrait of an Elizabethan belle. The hair, then, is either curled, frizzled, or crisped to a portentous height, and lest the wonderful work of art should topple, is supported with a fabric of wire, ornamented with curiously-wrought wreaths of gold or silver, while upon the top of the "stately turret" stands a French hood, hat, or kerchief, probably of velvet. Our Amoret or Sacharissa has also a silk scarf cast about her face, and fluttering in the wind, with lappets of gold or silver at each end, and when she rides abroad conceals her beauty from the curious gaze by a mask of velvet, with holes in it, whence the radiant eyes dart swift and sunny glances. A pocket looking-glass hangs at her side, and a fan is clasped in fingers loaded with precious stones; the fair soft wrists also gleaming with lambent pearl or flashing diamond, and golden rings falling

from the delicate ears. Round the snowy neck protrudes an enormous four-fold ruff, of lawn, "stiffened" and made "inflexible" with the new invention—starch, and moreover, "a certain device made of wires, crested for the purpose, and whipped all over either with gold thread, silver, or silk." From the half-revealed bosom descends a long protracted stomacher, on each side of which horizontally projects the enormous whalebone farthingale. As for the gown—how shall the pen of a writer unlearned in the language of millinery describe it? Is it of silk, stiff as buckram? Of program or taffeta? Is it not overwhelmed with broad bands of lace, with sleeves low-trailing to the ground, and fluttering with love-knots of yellow ribbon? The petticoat is silken, and fringed about the skirts, and the stockings, at which we venture to permit ourselves a cursory glance, are of the newly-introduced kind patronized by her majesty, of knitted silk,* and purchased, we dare be sworn, of Master Thomas Burdet, at the foot of London Bridge, opposite the church of St. Magnus. Lastly, the dainty foot of our ideal beauty is encased in pantoufles of yellow velvet, "stitched with silk, and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot, with other gewgaws innumerable."

The farthingale continued popular throughout the reign of James I.; and a curious story is told of Lady Wych, who accompanied her husband, Sir Thomas Wych, on his embassy to the Grand Signor. The Sultana received her at a private interview. Lady Wych and her attendants all appeared in protuberant farthingales, whereat the astonished and loose-zoned Sultana inquired if that extension of the hips was the natural peculiarity of an English-woman's figure, and it cost Lady Wych no little trouble to unfold the mystery. In the troublous times of Charles I. the farthingale still maintained its pride of place,

"Now calls she for a boisterous fardingal;"

but towards the close of the Protectorate it began to decrease in size and offensiveness. The ruffs also disappeared, and the hair fell in long curls upon the exposed

shoulders. Free manners and loose morals necessitated loosely-flowing robes and ringlets floating to the breeze. With the more decorous habits of the court of William and Mary returned a more decorous style of dress. The white round arm was hidden in a tight sleeve, the bosom veiled by the intrusive stomacher, and the farthingale assumed something of its pristine rotundity. The gown and petticoat were so covered with flounce and furbelow that Addison compared a lady of fashion to "one of those animals which in the country we call a Friesland hen."

The hooped petticoat rose upon the startled town about 1711, and at once swelled out to an extraordinary amplitude of dimensions. Sir Roger de Coverley declares that "the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart." It maintained its size, but sometimes changed its fashion, for several generations. In 1735 it projected all round, so that the figure seemed to rise above a semi-cone; ten years later it diminished in front but extended at the sides, and in 1760 it returned to the shape of the Elizabethan farthingale. It met with a formidable enemy, however, in George Prince Regent, and under his severe frowns sank speedily into nothingness, to be revived by the luxurious taste of the court of Eugénie of France.

Such have been some of the curiosities of fashion in the matter of dress. And here we pause in our enumeration, not from lack of material, for a goodly folio might easily be compiled on a subject of such infinite variety, but because we have reached the end of our tether. Our notes have been desultory, but not wholly valueless, if our lady readers shall learn from their suggestiveness the folly and bad taste of extremes, and, pondering upon the absurdities of their grandmothers, (and themselves,) take to heart the admirable counsel of rare Ben Jonson:

"Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes but not my heart."

* We suppose our imaginary belle to have flourished about 1580. Twenty years later William Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, invented the stocking-frame.

From Bently's Miscellany.

A F T E R T H E B A T T L E .

It is an old but never thoroughly recognized truth that man in no instance displays greater ingenuity than in the art of destroying human life, and that the most savage beasts of the forest and the desert in their most terrible contests with each other, or against weaker creatures, do not attain nearly such a pitch of ferocity and horror as has been seen during thousands of years in the human butcheries of the battle-fields of the most enlightened and moral nations. How often has it been said that the sight of a battle-field, with all its unmentionable horrors spread over it, must overcome the boldest ambition, the wildest craving for conquest, and the coldest contempt of human life, and at the same time arouse in the man who caused the war an unconquerable horror of any continuation or repetition; but history teaches us that the greatest commander of our age was not turned from his fiendish plans by the terrors that surrounded him in forms innumerable on his retreat from the snows of Russia, but was even able to brood over new campaigns amid the corpses of his recklessly destroyed soldiers.

We may think as unfavorably as we please about the exertions and dubious success of humanitarians, but still the description of a great battle, and even more the description of a field after the battle, with all its consequences, can not but arouse all our human feelings and render us disgusted with war. We felt this ourselves on perusing not long ago a very interesting work by J. Henri Dunant, called *Un Souvenir de Solferino*. The author was engaged in 1859 in a tour through Upper Italy, and arrived in the vicinity of Solferino at the time when the sanguinary battle that derives its name from that place was about to commence. He followed at a distance the frightful development of the drama, and at its close took a walk over the battle-field and its vicinity: what he saw and experienced there forms the contents of his volume.

In our present article we only give a slight sketch from it, which is far from being the most horrible of those contained in it, and yet we apprehend that this description will arouse sufficient sorrow and horror in every unhardened mind.

The first sunbeams of the 25th illumined one of the most frightful scenes that could be gazed upon. On all sides the battle-field was strewn with the corpses of men and horses: on the roads, in the ditches, streams, and bushes, on the meadows, dead men lay every where around, and the neighborhood of Solferino was overcast with them in the literal sense of the term. The fields were desolated, corn and maize trampled down, the garden and field inclosures destroyed, the meadows plowed up, and every where larger and smaller pools of blood were visible. The villages were deserted, and every where displayed traces of musketry, cannon-balls, rockets, and shells: the walls were torn down by balls which opened wide breaches, the houses were gutted, and the walls, shaken in their foundations, revealed wide rents; the inhabitants, who had been concealed for close on twenty hours, were beginning to leave the cellars one after the other in which they had shut themselves up without light and provisions; their dazed appearance proved the terror they had been suffering from. In the neighborhood of Solferino, and especially in the churchyard of that village, were piles of muskets, cartouche-boxes, gaiters, shakos, foraging-caps, kepis, belts; in a word, every variety of accoutrement, and among them were torn and blood-stained articles of clothing and broken weapons.

The unfortunate men who were picked up during the day were pale, with pinched features, and utterly exhausted: some, and especially those who were badly mutilated, looked on in apparent unconsciousness; they did not understand what was being said to them, their eyes were fixed on their saviors, but still they were not unsusceptible to their pain. Others

were restless ; their entire nervous system was shaken, and they quivered convulsively. Those with open wounds, in which gangrene had already set in, were raging with pain : they demanded an end to their sufferings by a quick death, and writhed in the last death-struggle with frightfully contracted features.

At other spots lay wretched beings who had not only been struck by bullets and splinters of shells, but whose limbs had also been crushed or cut off by the wheels of the guns that had been driven over them. The conical musket-balls split the bone in every direction, so that the wound caused by them was extremely dangerous, but the fragments of shell produced equally painful fractures and greater internal injuries. Splinters of every description, pieces of bone, bits of clothing, accoutrements or boots, earth and lumps of lead, rendered the wounds more dangerous through the inflammation they caused, and thus heightened the agony of the wounded men.

The man who walked over this extensive theater of the previous day's action found at every step, and amid an incomparable confusion, inexpressible despair and wretchedness in all its forms.

The want of water constantly became more felt ; the ditches were dried up, the troops had at the best only an unhealthy marshy fluid to quench their thirst, and sentries were stationed at every spot where there was a well with loaded muskets, because the water was to be reserved for the wounded. At Cayriana twenty thousand artillery and cavalry horses were watered for two days at a swamp that contained pestiferous water. Those riderless horses, which ran about the whole night wounded, now dragged themselves up to the groups of other horses, as if they wished to request assistance of them, and they were at times killed with a bullet. One of these noble animals, splendidly caparisoned, came up to a French detachment: the portmanteau, which was still securely fastened to the saddle, contained letters and other articles, proving that the horse belonged to the brave Prince von Isenburg. A search was made among the dead, and the Austrian prince was at length found among the dead bodies, wounded and senseless from loss of blood ; but the French surgeons succeeded, after great exertion, in recalling him to life, and he was able to

return to his family, when the latter, as they had received no news of him, had already put on mourning.

On the faces of many of the dead soldiers an expression of peace was perceptible ; it was with those who fell dead at the first shot ; but a great many bore traces of the death-struggle, with their stiff outstretched limbs, bodies covered with lead-colored spots, their hands dug into the ground, their mustaches standing up like a brush, and a dark smile playing round their lips and clenched teeth.

Three days and three nights were employed in burying the dead who lay on the field of battle ;* but on this extensive plain many were hidden in the ditches and furrows, or concealed by bushes and other irregularities of the ground, and could not be found till afterwards, and all these corpses, as well as the dead horses, had impregnated the atmosphere with poisonous exhalations. In the French army a certain number of men per company was told off to seek and bury the dead, and, as a rule, the men of the same corps did so for their comrades in arms: they recorded the number found on the effects of each slain man, and then, with the help of hired Lombardese peasants, laid the body, dressed as it was, in a common pit. Unhappily, it may be assumed that in the haste with which this operation was accomplished, and through the carelessness or callous neglect of these peasants, a living man was now and then interred with the dead. The orders, money, watches, letters, and documents found on the person of the officers were removed from the dead, and eventually sent to their families: but, with such a number of corpses as was buried here, it was not always possible to perform this duty faithfully.

A son, the darling of his parents, whom a tender mother had brought up and fostered through many years, and who had been terrified at his slightest attack of illness ; a smart officer, beloved by his family, who had left wife and children at home ; a young soldier, who had bidden adieu to his bride at home, and all these men who had a mother, sisters, or aged

* Three weeks after the 24th of June, 1859, dead soldiers belonging to both armies were still found at different spots on the battle-field. The assertion that the 25th of June sufficed to carry away and place under shelter all the wounded is utterly false.

father at home—here they now lay in the mud, in the dust, and bathed in their blood, their masculine handsome faces not to be recognized, for the enemy's bullets or saber had not spared them; they suffered and died, and their bodies, so long the object of affectionate care, now blackened, swollen, and mutilated, were thrown just as they were into a hurriedly dug grave, only covered with a few shovelful of lime and earth, and the birds of prey will not spare their hands and feet when they peer out through the washing away of the mould. True, the workmen will come again to pile up the earth or erect a wooden cross, but that will be all!

The French hospital staff continued to have the wounded collected, and they were removed to the field lazarettos on mules, in litters, or on cacolets; thence they were transferred to the villages or hamlets nearest to the spot where they had fallen, or had been found. In these villages temporary field hospitals had been made in the churches and convents, in the houses, on the public squares, in court-yards, in the streets and promenades, in short, at every convenient spot. In this way a great number of wounded were provided for at Carpenedolo, Castel Geffredo, Medoli, Guidizzolo, Volta, and all the surrounding villages, but the great majority was at Castiglione, whither the less severely wounded had already crawled on foot.

Thither proceeded a long train of vehicles belonging to the hospital staff, loaded with soldiers, non-commissioned officers, and officers of every grade, and in a strange medley of cavalry, infantry, and artillery; they were all blood-stained, exhausted, ragged, and dusty; then came mules at a smart trot, whose restless movements drew shrieks of pain from the unfortunate sufferers at every step. One had a leg smashed, which seemed almost separated from the body, so that the slightest jolting of the wagon caused him fresh agony; another had his arm broken, and supported it with the other unbroken one; the stick of a Congreve rocket had passed through a corporal's arm, he drew it out himself, and using it as a crutch, attempted to crawl to Castiglione. Many of these wounded died on the road, and their corpses were laid by the side of the road, where they were ultimately buried.

From Castiglione the wounded were to be removed to the hospitals of Brescia,

Cremona, Bergamo, and Milan, where they would find more regular attention, and amputations would be undertaken. As, however, the Austrians in their retreat had seized all the vehicles belonging to the country people, and the French means of transport were not equal to the number of wounded, they were obliged to wait two or three days before they could be carried to Castiglione, which place was already crowded. This whole town was metamorphosed into one spacious improvised hospital, both for French and Austrians; during the Friday the head-quarters lazaretto was prepared here, the lint cases were opened, and apparatus and surgical instruments were got in readiness; the inhabitants readily gave up all the blankets, sheets, paillasses, and mattresses they could spare.

During the 25th, 26th, and 27th, the death-struggles and sufferings were awful. The wounds, rendered worse by the heat, dust, and want of water and attention, constantly grew more painful; mephitic exhalations poisoned the atmosphere, in spite of the laudable exertions of the hospital staff to keep the localities converted into lazarettos in good condition; the growing want of assistants, nurses, and servants grew every moment more evident, for the baggage-trains arriving at Castiglione brought fresh loads of wounded every quarter of an hour. However great was the activity displayed by a surgeon-major, and two or three other persons, who organized the regular transports to Brescia with carts drawn by oxen; however praiseworthy the zeal of the inhabitants of Brescia, who came with vehicles to fetch away the sick and wounded, and to whom the officers were chiefly intrusted, fewer trains left than arrived, and overcrowding was continually augmented.

On the stone floors of the hospitals and convents of Castiglione, people of all nations, French and Arabs, Germans and Slavons, were laid down side by side; many of the persons temporarily placed in the corner of a chapel had not the strength left to move, or could not stir in the confined space. Curses, imprecations, and yells echoed in the sacred buildings. "Ah, sir, how I am suffering!" one of these wretches said to the author. "We are given up, we are left to die in misery, and yet we fought so bravely." In spite of the fatigue they had endured, in spite

of sleepless nights, they could not now enjoy rest; in their desperation they appealed for the help of a surgeon, or struck out wildly around, until tetanus and death put an end to their sufferings.

Although every house had become a lodging for the wounded, and every family had quite enough to do in nursing the officers they had taken in, M. Dunant succeeded, on the following Tuesday morning, in collecting a certain number of women, who did their utmost in helping to nurse the patients; amputations and other operations were no longer the sole object; it was necessary to give food and drink to men who would otherwise die of hunger and thirst, bind up their wounds, or wash their bleeding bodies, which were coated with mud and vermin, and all this must be done amid poisonous exhalations, the cries and moans of the sufferers, and in a stifling heat. The nucleus of such a body of volunteers was soon formed, and the Lombardese women hurried to those who yelled the loudest, although they were not always the worst. M. Dunant, for his part, tried as far as was possible to organize the assistance in that quarter of the town where it was most needed, and took special charge of one of the churches of Castiglione, situated on an eminence on the left hand as you come from Brescia, and called the Chiesa Maggiore. Upwards of five hundred soldiers were collected here, and at the least one hundred more lay in front of the church, on straw and under clothes, which had been put up to keep off the sunbeams.

The nurserywomen went about from one to the other with their jugs and pails, filled with clean water to quench thirst or moisten wounds. Some of these improvised hospital attendants were pretty young girls; their gentleness and kindness, their sweet sympathizing tear-laden eyes, as well as their attentive care, effected much in, at any rate, raising the moral courage of the patients. The town-boys came and went, carrying to the church pails, jugs, and watering-pots full of water from the nearest well. This was followed by a distribution of broth and soup, large quantities of which the hospital staff had to supply. Enormous bales of lint were set down here and there, so that every man might take what he wanted, but there was a sad want of bandages, linen, and shirts: the resources of the small town, through which the Austrian army

had marched, were so reduced that it was impossible to procure the most trifling articles. Still M. Dunant contrived to obtain some few clean sheets by the help of the worthy women, who brought in all their linen, and on the Monday morning he sent off his coachman to Brescia to procure a fresh stock. He returned a few hours later with the entire carriage loaded with sheets, sponges, linen, ribbons, pins, cigars, and tobacco, camomiles, mallows, elder-flowers, oranges, sugar, and lemons, which rendered it possible to give the wounded a much-desired and refreshing glass of lemonade, to wash their wounds with an extract of mallows, to put on warm poultices, and change the bandages more frequently.

During this time the volunteer corps had been reënforced by several recruits. An old naval officer and two English tourists came into the church through curiosity, and were retained there almost per force; two other Englishmen expressed a wish to assist, and distributed cigars principally among the Austrians. In addition to these, an Italian abbé, three or four curious travelers, a journalist of Paris, who eventually undertook the management of a neighboring church, and, lastly, several officers of the division left in Castiglione, lent a hand in waiting on the patients. One of these officers, however, was soon taken ill through the awful effect of the scenes, and the other volunteers gradually retreated, because they could not endure the sight of these sufferings, which they were so little able to alleviate; the abbé also followed their example, but returned, in order, with a very polite attention, to hold aromatic herbs and smelling-salts under the nose of the workers. A young French tourist, affected by the sight of these human remains, suddenly burst into tears; a merchant from Neufchâtel during two days bandaged the wounded, and wrote the last letters for the dying to their relatives: it was found necessary for his own sake to moderate his zeal, as well as the sympathizing excitement of a Belgian, which attained such a pitch that fears were entertained lest he should be attacked by fever, as was the case with a sub-lieutenant who came from Milan to join his corps, and was taken ill in the church.

Several soldiers belonging to the division left in the town also expressed their readiness to attend on their comrades, but

they, too, were unable to endure a scene which bowed down their moral courage and so greatly excited their imagination. A corporal of the engineers, who had been wounded at Magenta, and returned to his corps before he had recovered, having two days of his furlough still left, accompanied M. Dunant to the wounded, and assisted him, although he fainted twice. The purveyor sent to Castiglione at length permitted the convalescent and their Austrian surgeons to wait on the patients. A German surgeon, who had purposely remained on the field of battle in order to bandage his wounded countrymen, offered similar services to the enemy's army, and in recognition of his services he was allowed to rejoin the Austrians at Mantua three days after.

But enough of these horrors. Let us

mention in conclusion, however, that the highly respected author adds to his affecting descriptions some very sensible advice as to the better provision for the wounded. We have no space here to enter into this portion of his work, but we confidently recommend it to the attention of all the army and navy surgeons, and trust that the initiative taken by M. Dunant may lead to a fuller investigation of this most important subject. Such information seems to be much needed at the present time in America, if we may believe what we read in the papers about the wounded after the battle of Gettysburg, and which is perhaps only inferior in atrocity to the report given us of the field of Solferino, for which we are indebted to the philanthropy of M. Dunant.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

IN consequence of the falling away of the Spanish colonies in continental America from the mother country, the way was, at any rate, cleared for the emancipation of the native and mixed races in the newly-established republics, even though it was not at all thoroughly carried into effect. The tradition of centuries disturbed every where the execution of the consequences of the new political principle; so that, as far as was possible, the old inherited practice as regarded colored people strove to retain its ground by the side of the new theories. What, however, had been impossible under the Spanish rule, was now, though in proportionately rare instances, conceded as an exception to the rule—namely, that descendants of the oppressed races were enabled to raise themselves to the highest dignities of the state. While in the Spanish period, out of one hundred and sixty viceroys, only four were Creoles, and of the six hundred and two captain-generals, only fourteen, and all the others Spaniards by birth, who regarded the Indians as unreasoning and scarce responsible beings, we find, since the cessation

of the Spanish rule, colored men here and there favorably regarded in the field and council. We may remind our readers that Morcos, one of the heroes of the Mexican revolution, was an Indian, and his comrades mulattoes, while the Cura Hidalgo who first revolted against the Spaniards was a half-breed. From this elevation of natives to the highest offices, we can either draw a conclusion favorable to them, or else are compelled to form an unfavorable opinion of the state which allows them to attain such a station. Either they are prominent characters, peculiarly gifted men, who know how to conquer the obstacles opposed to them, and to convert them into means with which to obtain their object, or else their elevation is a symptom that the state to which they belong is gradually sinking in the scale of civilization.

Benito Juarez, the present president of the republic of Mexico, whose life we purpose to shortly record here, indubitably belongs to the first class of colored parvenus. Juarez is descended from the Indian tribe of the Zapatécos, a once power-

ful race, which forms, with the *Mistécos*, the principal population of the state of Oajáca, and occupies about the center of it. He was born in 1807, in a village near Istlan, the chief town of the department of the same name. His birthplace was afterwards given the name of Villa Juarez. Growing up in poor circumstances, he at an early age entered the service of a rich family of Oajáca, who took such an interest in the striving lad, that they paid for his education, and gave him the means to carry on his legal studies. In the practical exercise of his profession as a lawyer, he distinguished himself so greatly that he rose from the post of a magistrate, which he first held, to that of chief justice in Oajáca. As member of the legislative assembly of his native province, he at the same time found an opportunity to play an active part in politics, and from the outset he displayed liberal tendencies, and has remained unchangeably true to them—a praise which is difficult to gain in Mexico, and very rarely granted.

In 1846 Juarez was elected a deputy to the congress of the republic, which assembled at Mexico. This was the period when the unfortunate war with the United States broke out. In order to collect the money required for the war expenses, a loan was forced from the extraordinarily wealthy clergy. Juarez took a prominent part in carrying this measure, which is known in Mexico by the name of *manos muertas*, or mortmain. From 1848 to 1852 he acted as governor of his native state, Oajáca, and during this period, as the intestine tranquillity was not disturbed to any great extent, he turned his attention to the introduction of important improvements. Thus, he formed new roads, increased the number of national schools, and repaired the financial injuries to such an extent that, on resigning his office, he left a considerable sum in the public treasury, although in 1849 there had been a deficit of 17,022 *pesos* in the budget of Oajáca. Santa Anna, who had just returned from exile at Cartagena, and was again invested with the dictatorship by the clerical party, however, regarded Juarez as his most dangerous opponent among the liberal party. He was, therefore, banished from the country in 1853, and proceeded, first to the Havana, where he remained for a short period;

thence he went to New-Orleans, in which city he resided till May, 1855.

In the mean while the savage Indian general, Alvarez, who always contrived to secure an independent position for himself, had pronounced against Santa Anna, who was seeking to crush him. Alvarez was enabled to hold his own against the dictator and his troops, and continually extended his authority. Juarez, consequently, went to Acapulco, which city had been in Alvarez's power for a number of years past, joined that general, and accompanied him to Cuernavaca, to the south of Mexico. Here he represented the state of Oajáca in an assembly which was empowered by the insurgent provinces to elect a provisional president of the republic. Alvarez was appointed to this office, and Juarez became his minister of justice. While holding this post, he carried the measure abolishing the privileges of the clergy and the army, which was called after him "*ley Juarez*." When Alvarez retired from the presidency in December, 1855, and nominated Comonfort his representative, Juarez and all the other ministers resigned office. Comonfort appointed Juarez once again governor of Oajáca, which office he accepted, although the revolution which had broken out there rendered it extremely difficult for him to perform his duties. Still he succeeded not only in soon restoring peace to his province, but was enabled to send off troops to establish tranquillity in other parts of the land. After his temporary administration was put an end to by the introduction of the constitution of 1857, he was again confirmed in his post, until, in November of the same year, Comonfort appointed him secretary of state, and eventually president of the supreme court of justice.

When Comonfort was deposed by Zuluaga early in 1858, Juarez became, by virtue of his office, and according to the constitution, legitimate president of the republic. Hence, on January 19th, he established the seat of his government at Guanajuato, attempted to assemble a congress, in which he failed, and then retired to Colima, in consequence of the disasters his party had suffered in the struggle with Zuluaga. After this he took ship at Acapulco, and went, *viâ* Panama, to Vera Cruz, where he arrived on May 4th. Thus, then, the republic had two govern-

ments and two capitals. While the reactionists occupied the center, the liberals held the west, the north, and the extreme south. The decrees of the former party emanated from Mexico; of the latter, from Vera Cruz. The former lived on the treasures of the clergy, on plunder, and forced loans; the latter, on the customs dues of the valuable port of Vera Cruz. The former enjoyed the blessings of the church, while the latter were supported by public opinion. It is true that the reactionists were the victors in most of the engagements, but the liberals were more abundantly supplied with means by which to cover their losses. Juarez's government, moreover, acquired a moral support through its recognition by the cabinet of Washington. The anti-president Miramon, the successor of Zuluaga, tried in vain to get possession of Vera Cruz. He not only failed in this, but was defeated by the opposition party, and was obliged to give up his cause and leave the country as a fugitive. This enabled Juarez to make his entry into Mexico in January, 1860, and to remove the seat of his government to the capital, where it was recognized by the foreign envoys.

A congress summoned by Juarez granted him the presidential dignity definitively, which had hitherto been only conceded provisionally to him as the substitute of Comonfort. On June 1st, 1861, he was established as the constitutional president of the republic. Still he succeeded as little as his predecessors in restoring energy to the state body, which was crippled in all its members and functions. He was compelled to expend his energies and waste his means in negative activity, in guarding against impending, and checking present, dangers. Under such circumstances it was impossible for him to introduce any ameliorations. Through the incessant contests which desolated the republic, and in which only private interests of the most scandalous character were consulted, the patriot's temper became embittered, and he looked with contempt on the men whom yet he could not dispense with as the instruments to carry out his ends. In this way Juarez lost his equanimity, and passion and obstinacy took the place of self-conscious energy, leading him unfortunately in his actions beyond the bounds of wisdom and political cleverness. His very first measure after entering Mexico indicated this altera-

tion. Most of the bishops were banished, and with them the Papal nuncio and the Spanish envoy, Pacheco, because they had misused their position, and aided, as far as in them lay, to drag out the civil war. Civil marriage was introduced; the small property still left the Church was entirely taken from them, and the estates of the clerical communities let to farmers on a payment of twelve per cent. While Juarez thus strove to carry out with inexorable severity the consequences of the constitution of 1857, he at the same time rendered the breach with the powerful Church incurable, and most deeply insulted the Spanish pride. As if this were not enough, Juarez offended England and France by issuing the decree of June 17th, which suspended all state payments to its creditors for two years. In consequence of this decree, which created the greater anger because it was asserted that the government had just raised twenty millions of pesos on the Church property, the English and French ministers broke off diplomatic relations with the republic until the law was recalled. It will not surprise us to find that many of the men who had a voice in public affairs could not, or would not, follow the president in his impetuous career. His opponents in the congress, fifty-one in number, gave expression to their want of confidence in an address dated September 7th, 1861, which invited the president to resign office. But on the very day when Juarez received this summons, he also received a petition, signed by fifty-two members of congress, begging him to retain office.

It would have been the duty of the government to dissolve by force of arms the guerilla bands still surviving from the civil wars; to restore the dried-up resources of the state; and to force the provinces into obedience to the chief. But time was not allowed for such internal changes, for only a few months after Juarez's entry into his capital, he was obliged to concentrate all the available resources of the republic, in order to oppose an invasion decided on by the European powers. The incessant civil wars, and the utter confusion of the finances which followed in their train, had rendered it impossible for the Mexican governments to carry out their obligations toward the creditors of the state. This circumstance, as well as the repeated attacks on the life and property of foreigners, continually

offered the European governments an opportunity for interfering in the internal affairs of Mexico. It was principally owing to the North Americans that this interference had been hitherto restricted to diplomatic notes, but, with the outbreak of civil war in the Union, the time seemed to the European states remarkably favorable for making a decisive attack on the internal affairs of the Mexican republic.

Hence England, France, and Spain signed, on October 31st, 1861, the convention of London, for united action against Mexico. Spain certainly did not do this without a desire for conquest, and rekindled reminiscences of her old colonial power. France, too, doubtless acted with a view of being able more easily to derive advantage from the confusion in the United States by an occupation of a portion of Mexico. England possibly connected herself with the two powers partly because she desired to recover something for her merchants who had speculated in Mexican bonds, and partly because, as a great naval power, she could hardly stand out. In this critical position Juarez did not lose his head, but took with bold decision those measures which appeared to him the most suitable. On December 15th, 1861, he was empowered by a special decree of congress to do every thing he thought proper to oppose the invasion of the foreigners. Many joined the legitimate government, to which, if they had not hitherto been hostile, they had regarded with indifference. The willingness for a union, if only of a temporary nature, was the greater with many because a fanatic hatred of all foreigners rendered them blind to other interests at stake. Early in November the formation of three corps d'armée was decreed, which were eventually christened the armies of the north, the reserve, and the east. On December 17th, 1861, the Spaniards, who, contrary to the agreement, had stripped their allies, landed at Vera Cruz, which city the Mexicans had abandoned as untenable. On the 18th Juarez issued a proclamation, in which he strove with dignified calmness to prove the groundlessness of the Spanish complaints, and warned his countrymen to forget their private hostilities, and with a spirit of sacrifice arm against the common danger, and defend their common fatherland with their last shilling and last drop of

blood. In order to collect the requisite resources, Juarez was compelled to have recourse to forced loans, and voluntary ones contracted on the most unfavorable terms. That he behaved in the same arbitrary way as his opponents and many of his predecessors, was rather the necessary result of the traditional administration of the finances than his own fault. A cautious policy would have infallibly led to anarchy and the utter dissolution of the state.

Naturally enough, Juarez sought to avoid any collision with the European troops. Hence he proposed, in January, 1862, that negotiations should be commenced at Orizaba, but that previously all the foreign troops go aboard ship, except two thousand men, who would accompany the plenipotentiaries of the allies, as a guard of honor, to the place for the conference. This condition, however, was rejected by the allies. How earnestly Juarez meant it with the defense of the republic was proved, in addition to his large preparations for war, by the decrees which he issued early in 1862. The penalty of death was the punishment for every crime against the independence of the nation. Among these crimes was reckoned an armed invasion by foreigners or Mexicans, or by the former alone, without a previous declaration of war by the nation to which they belonged; and the same penalty was incurred by any invitation offered by Mexicans or foreigners settled in the republic to the subjects of other nations to invade the national territory with hostile purpose, or in order to alter the form of government. Those persons who did not surrender their arms would, if Mexicans, be punished with death, if foreigners, sentenced to hard labor in chains for ten years. All men between the sixteenth and sixtieth years were expected to take up arms in defense of their country, or would be declared traitors. Courts-martial were established in the place of the ordinary courts, a state of siege was declared in the capital, and the town commandant was empowered to dispose as he thought proper of the persons and property of all Mexicans residing in it and within a circuit of two leagues. The governors of provinces also received authority to confiscate private property on behalf of the state. By virtue of these laws the Mexican general Robles (whose private character is said

to have been most honorable) was seized on the road to the French camp, and shot as a traitor without ceremony.

Before any decided action could take place in the field President Juarez succeeded in getting rid of at least two of his enemies. His plenipotentiary, General Doblado, concluded with the allies, on February 19th, 1862, the preliminary convention of Soledad, which was to pave the way for further negotiations. The French government rejected the convention, and when the English and Spaniards retired from Mexico in consequence, resolved to carry on the expedition at its own risk and peril. The Spaniards, who had built their hopes on the clerical party, were deceived in their expectations, for they every where found, instead of attachment, the bitterest hatred. The English, who from the outset had never entertained any very extensive designs, refused to mix themselves up further in an affair whose cost would stand in no ratio to the advantages possibly to be derived. President Juarez then held out a prospect of the guarantee of the United States for the payment of the debts owing to the subjects of the three powers, and in fact the Washington cabinet had made such a proposition, which was, however, thrown out by congress through political considerations.

In January, 1862, came up the idea, emanating from France, to abolish the republican form of government in Mexico, and place the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, on the newly-established throne. To realize this prospect, however, there was required not only the assent of the not yet conquered Mexicans, but also that of the prince who was proposed as candidate for the throne. In the mean while, the reactionary party, not without the assistance of the French, set up an anti-president, with dictatorial authority, at Vera Cruz, in the person of General Almonte, but the election was only supported by one

hundred and fifty votes. Like the Spaniards, the French had a decided predilection for the clerical and reactionary party, and while, on the one hand, through their negotiations with Juarez, they recognized his government as representing *de facto* and *de jure* the republic, on the other, the French minister, Dubois de Saligny, was on the best possible terms with Almonte, Padre Miranda, Haro, Tamaris, and other Mexican reactionists.

The defeat which the French corps that started on May 5th, 1862, for Mexico, suffered from Juarez's forces, under Zaragoza, before the gates of Puebla, sufficiently proved that the president possessed both courage and means for resistance. The behavior of the Mexicans during the advance of the French, and the way in which they treated Almonte's tempting offers, also showed that the mass of the nation is not opposed to Juarez, but, on the contrary, disposed to support him. The president, at any rate, gained through his victory, which was unimportant in itself, a seasonable delay, as the French were compelled to fall back on Orizaba, and await reinforcements in a safe position. How the fate of Mexico may turn, and what part Juarez will play in it, can alone be decided by events. The result of the crisis in the United States will also have a material influence on the eventual destiny of Mexico. Still, it would be unjust were we to estimate President Juarez solely by his successes. If we wish to treat a Mexican president fairly, we must never forget how low the nation has sunk which he has to rule and render happy. That Juarez is one of the most remarkable men who has appeared in the history of Spanish America, can not be gainsaid, when we reflect that he has raised himself from a wretched Indian hut to the highest position in the state, not, like his predecessors, through military rank and military successes, but solely through the influence of his personal abilities.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

W H A T I S I N S T I N C T ?

M. FLOURENS has added to the long list of books bearing his name one on Instinct and Intelligence,* in which he reviews with some care the opinions of all the great authors who have written on the subject, and supplements those opinions with suggestions and deductions of his own. We can not award M. Flourens any high praise, either for originality or profundity, but we would be content to gather from his pages any useful items of information, and thank him for obtruding upon our attention a most interesting subject, could we do so without suffering the vexation of seeing logic superseded by sophistry, and truth made the slave of human pride. But M. Flourens follows very faithfully the example set him by the authors he reviews. It is perhaps a hazardous proceeding to utter a general condemnation, but we fear it is but too true that the only honest writers on this subject are those who take the most ridiculous views of animal instinct and intelligence. For instance, Descartes, in his *Discours sur la Méthode*, denies animals the power of thought, on the ground that they do not possess the faculty of speech. He says: "Although beasts do many things as well, and perhaps better than one of us, they infallibly fail in many others," by which, he says, it may be inferred that "they do not act from knowledge, but only by the disposition of their organs." "It is a remarkable thing," he says, "that there is no man so stupid, excepting only the insane, who is not capable of arranging together divers words and composing a discourse; but, on the contrary, there is no other animal, however perfect, that can do the like, and this not only proves that beasts have less reason than man, but that they have none at all."

Buffon is equally honest, and almost as absurd. He admits that brutes have sense and feeling, and also that they have

a consciousness of their actual existence, but not of their past existence; they have sensations, but no power to produce ideas. Upon these grounds Buffon denies that animals are capable of thought, reflection, and memory, yet he avoids the extreme view of Descartes, that they are merely vitalized automata. "Condillac is right," says M. Flourens (p. 41), "when he says if beasts invent less than we, if they perfect less, it is not that they fail entirely in intelligence, but that their intelligence is more limited. But he is wrong when he says that it is by a sort of invention, that is to say, because he compares, judges, and discovers, that the beaver builds his cabin, or the bird constructs his nest, and therefore all his theory upon the faculties of animals is vicious, because he confounds the things which are essentially distinct, namely *instinct* and *intelligence*." The most entertaining of all the disquisitions on this subject is undoubtedly that by Lord Brougham, in the *Dialogues on Instinct*, wherein he takes care to put down all the sage remarks to his own credit, and makes Lord Spencer responsible for statements most easily refuted. In this delightful book numerous examples of (so called) instinctive operations are described and analyzed; but in spite of the noble author's manifest desire to be liberal and just, it is but too evident he is influenced by what Smellie, in the fifth chapter of his *Philosophy of Natural History*, designates "mistaken notions concerning the dignity of human nature." To sum up this bibliographic note, without reference to many less distinctive opinions, we must notice two other attempts to solve the riddle of instinct, if only for the purpose of showing what opposite opinions may be entertained of the same subject. Father Bougeant, a learned Jesuit, in a tract called *A Philosophical Amusement Concerning the Language of Birds and Beasts*, affirms boldly that animals are capable of thought and reflection, and to escape all the difficulties arising out of "mistaken notions

**De l'Instinct et de l'Intelligence des Animaux.*
Par P. Flourens. Paris: Garnier Frères, 6 Rue de Saint-Péree.

concerning the dignity of human nature," contends that the actions of animals are entirely the result of the influence of evil spirits, that in fact the brute creation is under the dominion of the devil. On the other hand the great Newton considered that all animals were under the immediate operation of the Deity, and that consequently their instinctive and intelligent actions were alike the expressions of divine impulses.

The definition of instinct commonly subscribed to is that it is a blind impulse, that it acts without knowledge either of the means employed or the effect to be produced. With all their professions of dissent from Descartes, the majority of definers, with Lord Brougham for leader, have concurred in his opinion that animals are like clocks, the Creator has wound them up, and they must continue as long as their races last, accurately, unchangeably, and ignorantly, in the course of action first appointed them. Brougham classes instincts as physical and mental. Physical instinct, he says, is independent of mind altogether, and mental instinct is independent of reason altogether. The example generally chosen is unquestionably the most difficult, no matter what prejudice we lean to, or however perfect may be our freedom from bias of every kind. We are called to examine the work of the honey bee. Here are hexagonal cells, which afford a maximum of strength and consume a minimum of material. They terminate in rhombic dodecahedrons, they incline at an uniform angle, so that the liquid they are constructed to hold shall not escape, and they are arranged in the hive so that between every double set of cells there is sufficient space for traffic between them. There can be no dispute as to the general accuracy of the work, and as to the fitting together by proper relationships of all the events and operations incidental to the life and industry of the hive. But we may reasonably dispute the fairness of instancing the work of the bee as an example of blind, untaught, objectless instinct; for this simple reason, that all the evidence for such a view is of a negative character. Brougham sums up the matter thus: "Laying aside those actions of animals which *show a glimmering of reason*, and confining ourselves to what are purely instinctive, as the bee forming a hexagon without knowing what it is, or why she

forms it, my proof of this not being reason, but something else, and something not only differing from reason in degree but in kind, is from a comparison of the facts, in a word, from induction. I perceive a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the expertness gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about, for example, making a cell and furnishing it with carpets, and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen a grub, and knowing nothing of course about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use, perhaps any use at all, is ever to be made of the work she is about. . . . In all this she differs from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught; who works with knowledge of what he is about, and who works intending and meaning, and in a word designing to do what he accomplishes. To all this may be added, though it is rather perhaps the consequence of this difference than a separate and substantive head of diversity, the animal works uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike; whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay, any two times alike. Of all this I can not indeed be quite certain, as I am of what passes within my own mind, because it is barely possible that the insect *may have some plan or notion in her head, implanted as the intelligent faculties are*; all I know is, the extreme improbability of it being so." Now although this theory of instinct has been generally assented to, we do not hesitate to challenge it, in the belief that we shall be able to prove that it is of the same species of sophistication as the quibble of Zeno, that a man can not walk a mile.

First, we will submit it to a test which may always be applied with fairness, that is, we will apply the author's conclusions a little more extensively than he has done himself. The bee makes a hexagon without knowing what a hexagon is, or what it is for, though she herself is to fill it with honey or pollen, and seal it up when filled. Ergo, the bee visits a flower without knowing it is a flower, she extracts honey without knowing it is honey, or that honey

is her proper food. She flies through the air to some distant place without any expectation of finding there the flowers that yield honey, and she goes to a place she has much frequented, and which abounds with flowers which yield honey plentifully, without knowing she has been there before, and in fact without intending to go at all, and without any idea what she will do when she reaches her destination. She returns to the spot she started from without knowing that is the spot, or that she is a member of a community, or that her interests are identified with the bees composing that community, or that there is a community or any such thing as another bee in the world besides herself. Indeed, we do not see that she need know even of her own existence, if she is so fatefully mechanical as to build and furnish a cell without knowledge of what it is, or any forecast of its future uses. If we accept the first hypothesis, we can not refuse the second; if we invent premises, we must follow them to their ultimate consequences. It is not long since we heard a schoolmaster argue thus: "Brutes have no soul, therefore they can not reason. The elephant is a brute, therefore it is only a vitalized machine; it can not reason."* We can scarcely avoid classing the excercitations of Lord Brougham with those of our syllogistic friend; in fact, of the two we prefer the latter, because the sophistry is delightfully apparent.

Now as to the proofs. Who can say that the bee does not know why she forms a hexagon? When we observe that bees quickly select the best honey-producing flowers, as, for instance, mignonette, spargula, bramble, Dutch clover, salvia, nemoralis, etc., etc., to the neglect of others which furnish little honey, we applaud their sagacity, and say nothing about blind impulse. We know of no impulse to direct bees to lime trees in such numbers that their humming oftentimes alarms the passer-by, nor do we know how mere instinct should cause them to neglect the garden, when they have choice of the more odoriferous flowers of the moorland. She is allowed to know what honey is, and to distinguish between good and bad honey; she is granted the faculty of dis-

tinguishing a rose from a cabbage, and the bee master from an intruder, of detecting a robber bee upon the threshold, and of recognizing the presence or absence of the mother of the hive; but when her work intrudes upon the domain of mathematics, we are startled from our propriety, and at once forget our former conclusions of the capacity of the bee to observe, remember, and reflect, and suddenly insist that she is doing something in utter ignorance of what she is doing, or that she is doing anything at all. The researches of Maraldi and Torre on the work of the bee have literally nothing to do with the question of instinct, for it can not be contended that because the work of the bee is mathematically perfect, that therefore she must be as ignorant of her own work as a clock is that it is recording the true time.

"I see her working without any experience," says Brougham. It is a gratuitous assumption that the bee has no experience. It is quite possible that bees inherit experience as man does, for it must be remembered there is an experience of the race as well as an experience of the individual. But let us look at the facts. Dr. Bevan and other authorities concur in the opinion that the worker bee lives from six to eight months. Mr. Taylor, the author of the best book on bees, adopts this view. In the course of twenty-one days from the laying of an egg by the queen bee, the egg has been hatched, and the worm has completed its last metamorphosis. An individual bee, therefore, may witness the birth of *nine or ten* successive generations of workers in the course of its lifetime, and transmit the experience gained thereby to those successive generations by a process of teaching. But putting aside the possibility of teaching, here, at least, is experience, which it is so essential to deny on the theory of instinct being a blind, objectless impulse. But this is not all. Mr. Desborough, of Stamford, set himself to work out a solution to the question, how long does the queen bee live? and the writer of this saw all the apparatus used by Mr. Desborough, and believes in the soundness of the conclusion arrived at, that the same queen continues active and fertile during a period of *four years* at least; how much longer she endures Mr. Desborough was unable to ascertain with certainty. It is surely as reasonable to con-

* The person whose words are quoted above enjoys an enviable fame as a trainer, and has been most successful in his vocation; that is, measuring success by the number of his pupils. It would be cruel in this connection to publish his name.

clude that the experiences of bees are of use to the community as the experiences of men, and seeing that they have abundant opportunity for acquiring experience, we prefer to believe that they work by knowledge rather than adopt a theory which derives no support from observation.

It is equally an assumption that the bee works uniformly, as it is almost a falsity to say that men work diversely. If a hexagon fulfills the conditions of a given case, and there is no other form that will fulfill those conditions, then there must be a hexagon whether the worker be bee or man. A broad view of human affairs will show that man is as much the slave of impulses and blind instincts as the bee, if we are to admit impulses and instincts at all as separate from actual knowledge. The philologist tells us that all languages are easily reducible to a few elementary forms. The ethnologists say that there is very little diversity in the fashion of human habitations, and our present experiences tell us that in all our works of art we draw upon the past, and are much more occupied in repeating what has been done than in inventing things unattempted yet! Even in the domain of literature there are but few primary ideas: all the Greek epics and tragedies were framed out of the same half-dozen stories, and at the present day there is no nobler form of verse known than that in which Homer sang. Granted that men do work diversely, though to a much less extent than is generally supposed, so does the bee. A newly-hived swarm works with more vigor than the population of a well-stocked hive. If the work of the bee be interrupted, there is an immediate adaptation to the new circumstances of the case, and when a disaster happens there is a speedy resort to new methods of procedure, either to avert its worst consequences or to repair the damage the community has sustained. As to the alleged perfection of the works of the so-called blind instinct, that is the most gratuitous assumption of all. The work is not uniformly perfect, but frequently very imperfect, and in this respect exactly parallel to the occasional aberrations of acknowledged intelligence. For instance, bees will sometimes collect pollen in such prodigious quantities as to prejudice their own well-doing, and lack honey for their own use while heaping up bread superfluously

for a small progeny of young. What becomes of the theory of instinctive perfection in the face of such a fact as this? Yet it is very like the occasional mistakes of men, as when a ship laden with leather boots puts into a port where the people are starving for want of bread, or, as in the case of the Crimean war, green coffee was sent to men who had neither fires to roast nor mills to grind it. Were the instincts of bees so perfect as they are represented, we should never witness examples of the queen dropping eggs at random, because there are no cells to receive them, nor should we see in honey boxes that the first combs were often so badly placed that in the end the bees had to fill up odd nooks and corners with twisted and triangular patches, which are at any time significant comments on the theory of instinct infallibility. Probably Lord Brougham and many other learned writers on instinct never had to shift a few stocks of bees from one place to another in a garden, or to hive swarms, or take boxes of honey, else we might have heard much less about the alleged uniformity of procedure and invariable perfection of results. What is the instinct which prompts bees to a savage exercise of their powers to wound and poison when molested?—do they not know what they are doing? and have they no object in pouncing on the marauder? If they sting the man who takes the harvest so carelessly that they discover the trick before it has succeeded, is it not fair to conclude that they know they are being robbed, and avail themselves of the means of punishment with which nature has furnished them?

We have argued this case on the basis of the mathematical theory of bee economy. Respecting this theory, there are two things to be said. First, it is not true; secondly, it demands so much of the bee that it compels the adoption of a false theory of instinct. Error and folly are boon companions; the supposed mathematical accuracy of the angles of cells required us to believe that the bee had learnt, without teaching, what a large proportion of human beings could not learn with teaching, or to account for the whole affair by supposing the insect to be under a mysterious power, the attempt to define which made it more mysterious. Notwithstanding Brougham's remark, that "there is no bee in the world that ever made cylindrical cells," it is very certain

that the bee makes nothing else, and that hexagons and rhomboids are alike the result of pressure, and represent the angles of equilibrium between the pressure and the resistance, just as the orbits of the planets are the midway lines between centrifugal and centripetal forces. The insect is not such a mathematician as has been generally supposed, and, therefore, when it is demanded for bees that they know somewhat of the nature of their work and its intended uses, all that is asked is to allow them as much intelligence as is needful for the construction of simple cylinders of the same size as their own bodies. It is true we have not now accounted for the fact of their working to a common plane, or for the ordinary disposition of cells on either side of that plane, by which a double comb is produced. These certainly appear to be instinctive operations, but they are of that kind which Brougham admits "show a glimmering of reason," and if there be a glimmering any where, we know for a certainty that there somewhere near at hand light is to be found. In the *Annals of Natural History*, of June, 1863, will be found an analysis of the mathematics of the beehive, by the Rev. S. Houghton, in which the theory of the bee forming hexagonal cells is completely overthrown. We owe it to our friend Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier that we were long ago convinced that bees make cylindrical cells, and as we have seen those cells in formation and can generally find some in the outer portions of removed comb, there is no other course left us but to ascribe to the laws which control inanimate matter the mathematical wonders which have been made the basis of a sophistical theory of instinct.

We have spoken decisively as to the utter ignorance of the bee in mathematics, and the difficulty of the hexagonal cells is annihilated. We have room to say that the alleged economy of material is as great a delusion as the other. We owe it to Mr. Houghton that our attention has been called to the investigation by mathematicians of the relation of expenditure of material to the mathematical requirements of connected cells of given dimensions, and of a form adapted to the uses to which they are to be put. L'Hullier, in 1781, using MacLaurin's method, arrived at the conclusion that the economy of wax referred to the total expenditure is one

fifty-first, so that the bees can make fifty-one cells instead of fifty, by the adoption of the rhombic dodecahedron. But L'Hullier maintains that mathematicians can make cells of the same form as those of the bees, which, instead of using only a *minimum* of wax, would use the *minimum minimorum*, so that five cells could be made of less wax than that which now makes only four, instead of fifty-one out of fifty. But suppose, again, that we grant the alleged economy of wax, we only get out of one difficulty to encounter a greater, the moment the theory of a mathematical instinct has been propounded for general purposes. Say the hive bee has attained to perfection in her work, what, then, of the humble bee? Is she to be shut out from a participation in this wonderful instinct, or shall we grant her the higher faculty of reason, and so account for her abuse of the laws of geometry, as we see in humble bees of the human race, who frequently waste timber, stone, and other materials, through ignorance of leverage and the nature of strain in constructive operations? Certain it is that the humble bee uses, proportionately, more than three times the amount of material in the construction of cells that is used by the hive bee; and if the hive bee is so far from attaining to the ultimate possibility of perfection in the economy of wax, how should the humble bee excite our pity and give occasion for the theorists to lament that facts are against them! Nature has not commissioned these insects to teach men mathematics, nor has she commissioned men to deny them a share of the same intelligence which, in human affairs, vindicates its existence in a great measure by its errors.

But this will suffice, perhaps, for the present about bees. We have said so much only because this is the favorite example of the theorists who contend for a mental instinct, and limit it by boundaries furnished out of their own imaginations. M. Flourens institutes a categorical inquiry into all the mental qualities of animals, and, up to a certain point, very satisfactorily. Let us, adhering to his method only as far as may be convenient, glance at some of these qualities as we see them manifested. It is admitted, even by the automatists, that animals have a consciousness of their existence, but then they say they have no power of thought. "How," asks Flourens, "can they have

consciousness without knowledge, and knowledge without thought?" What is consciousness but knowledge, and what is knowledge but retained impressions and ideas? "They have *no memory*. What! this dog, which *distinguishes*, that is to say, *recognizes* the places he has lived in, the streets in which he has run; who has been corrected by chastisements, who seeks for the master he has lost, who goes and dies upon his tomb—this dog has *no memory*!" It is a smart jump, from the bee to the dog, and it is a jump we make, and not M. Flourens. But when we are confined to a brief summary of arguments, extreme cases are best, and the bee offers an example of the extreme one way and the dog the other. Now let us compare them. They have no speech, says Descartes, and there are foolish people of the present day who join with him. Then the whine of a dog at the door on a cold night does not imply that he wishes to be let in. The deep bay of the mastiff when there is a sound of a strange footstep at night is not to be understood either as a warning to the master, or a threat to the thief, or an expression of the dog's suspicion that all is not right, it is only a fortuitous sound, the result of purely physical causes, and may rank with any of the sounds produced by inanimate nature. But perhaps there will be no dispute as to the speech of the dog; but it will be asked has the bee speech also? We answer *yes*. The writer of this has had bees under his observation daily for a period of over fifteen years, and could bring forward examples to illustrate every requirement of a theory of insect intelligence were it needful, and would space permit. But one instance will suffice. A bee, whom we will call A, is entangled in a spider's web; he has been liberated and placed on the floor-board in front of the hive. Another bee, whom we will call B, approaches, and exchanges with the victim of Arachne a few passes of the antennæ. B immediately enters the hive, and presently returns with two others, C and D. B, C, and D then commence cleaning A of his entanglements, and in so doing get somewhat entangled themselves with the glutinous threads. Every now and then there is a pause, and all of them engage in bringing their antennæ into mutual contact, and occasionally after one of these conferences a new method of cleaning is tried; and the end of it is, that the

object of their solicitude, A, is at last purified of his spidery pollutions, and all enter the hive together, and we see no more of them. The observer concludes that they made communications to each other on the subject of A's troubles, and by mutual agreement determined on his release from bonds, and the cleansing of their own persons of the defilements he had unavoidably fastened upon them. If a man were entangled with ropes, and his comrades consulted how to release him, and eventually succeeded, we should not describe the act as the working of a blind impulse, or of an instinct which neither knew what it was doing, nor what was the object of its labors; why then should we degrade the bee by denying that she has knowledge, or attempt to prove her deficiency of knowledge by hazarding the assertion that she is incapable of speech?

What is instinct? We could not attempt to answer this question until we had first done something towards clearing away the absurdities of theorists who trusted more to syllogisms than to observation, and to fancy rather than to fact. What are called physical instincts are no doubt very often, but not always, "independent of will or mind altogether." About these we will not raise a question. But mental instincts appear to be of the same nature as reason, directed with intensity in a narrow channel. It is an instinct of the bee to collect honey. We must grant that it knows what honey is, and what honey is for, and by so far the act of collecting is the act of reason. But it is pursued with such ardor that it becomes the fixed habit of the insect, and a habit may be followed so mechanically, that it may on a superficial view appear to be but a blind impulse, and to be performed without knowledge. But no matter how strong the force of habit, if, initially, it is the result of an act of reasoning and the expression of a *motive*, and is followed for a *purpose*, then it can never be separated from mind; though when the habit is fixed, it makes little or no demand upon the mind until some exigency arises demanding a deviation from habitual rule. Let the reader reflect upon any habit of his own, as that of reading without noticing the individual letters of words, without thinking at all of the rules of punctuation and pronunciation, without perceiving at all the minute relationships of words to each other, and occupying the mind only

in following the thoughts of the author, and the act of reading will appear to be purely instinctive. Yet we know it is not, and have never considered that men were machines simply because of their capacity for literary pleasures. Test the comparison by reference to any other act which is performed habitually, as the motion of the foot in turning the lathe when the mind is wholly directed to the action of the cutters, and how much like what we call instinct in animals is the effect of habit in ourselves. How the bee first acquired the art of extracting honey from flowers, and building comb from wax, we know not; the inquiry into that matter must have its place in the general inquiry as to the beginnings of all things; but we much rather believe that her work is the result of intelligence and performed with knowledge, and capable, up to a certain point, of improvement by experience, and, in a word, the result of reason modified by habit, than an ignorant and, so far as she is concerned, purposeless endeavor to accomplish an end which she neither foresees nor has any care about.

It may be said that after all we have only exchanged one word for another. Such is not the case. We have no objection whatever to the employment of the word Instinct, provided it be no longer considered as something independent of mind. We would rather regard it as the proof of mind, and as something impossible, except as a mental product, or, as we have said above, the work of mind rendered tolerably uniform by habit. Let us illustrate this.

Every distinct breed of dogs has peculiar instincts. A thorough-bred shepherd's dog will take to sheep with scarcely any teaching, but a dog of any other breed will require very careful training to be able to take care of sheep, and then be but a bad sheep dog. The instinct to protect sheep is initial in the individual sheep dog, but if all dogs are from the same stock, it must be a habit transmitted, not an aboriginal instinct. In fact, so far as we understand the dog, its pure instinct would lead it always to worry and never to protect sheep. There is no breed of dogs that will follow game by scent with the steadiness of the hound; but if the following be an instinct, why is the pointer deficient of it? The answer seems to be, that in the first instance the hound has been taught, his mind has been

informed, and the knowledge gained thereby is transmitted to his offspring, just as Sir John Herschel has inherited from his father a taste for astronomy, and has followed it by the light of reason and not by the light of instinct. Terriers and spaniels will hunt by scent, but they will not *pack* as hounds will, and hounds undoubtedly pack because they run at large game, and one individual would be insufficient to cope with it. A well-bred pointer will point at game the first time he sees it, and need scarcely any teaching beyond such as is necessary for obedience to calls and such like minutiae. Sir John Sebright, in his *Observations upon Instinct*,* expresses an opinion that "the greater part of the propensities that are generally supposed to be instinctive are not implanted in animals by nature, but that they are the result of long experience, acquired and accumulated through many generations, so as in the course of time to assume the character of instinct." Whether we accept this opinion as sound, or reject it altogether, we must tacitly consent to it whenever it is our object to produce a breed of animals required for any active purpose; and in dogs especially the breeder will prefer cleverness before beauty, and in choosing a sire ask first about his performances, in the full expectation of a progeny capable of exhibiting superior ability.

All our knowledge is relative, and it is therefore vain to seek for a perfect theory of the intellectual powers or a definition of instinct utterly unassailable. But it is not difficult to perceive, that in harmony with the development of form, so is the development of mind—there is least of both in zoöphytes and insects, and most of both in man. But it is a violation of the law of harmony in creation to consider the mind of the brute as in any way different in kind from the mind of man. The difference is in degree only, and in man we find all the powers of all animals combined, instincts included, some scarcely discernible, others prominent in his character; but they are all there, and it is this combination that gives him command of all the elements as the master of the world. We may seek in man for illustrations of all the mental and physical qualities of animals, and perhaps do better by

* Published by Goseling [and] Egley, New Bond-street, 1836.

reasoning upon facts associated with experience, than upon facts removed from the range of experience. Thus, instead of inquiring what is the nature of purely physical instincts in brutes, let us ask what is their nature in man. The beating of the heart, and the peristaltic motion of the intestines, are called physical instincts; they are performed involuntarily, and are ordinarily independent of the will. But what is the act of swallowing? It is a voluntary act, yet for the most part it is performed without a thought; and while engaged in an animated conversation at the dinner-table, we swallow without knowing it, and sometimes without having knowingly experienced any sensation of pain or pleasure from the flavor of the food which has been passed to the stomach. A deliberate act of deglutition is certainly the result of mind in action—the will is operative, and we know what we do, and why we do it; but an unconscious act of swallowing is instinctive, and the first act of swallowing by a newly-born infant just put to the breast is an instinctive action. Without certain of these aboriginal instincts, animal life would be impossible; but their range is limited, and they are all physical in their nature, and it is manifestly erroneous to class them with actions that imply choice, and that are evidently the result of some kind of calculation based upon experience. Whenever the action is elective and conditional we assume the existence of mind, and see signs of its activity. From such instances as these we may trace the gradations upward to the highest attainments of reason, but we must never forget that we are tracing a gradation and not passing from one category to another, from

one kind of reason to another kind of reason, any more than we would dare to assert that there are two kinds of matter, knowing, as we do, there is but one.

Through not keeping these principles in view, M. Flourens has gone quite astray from the truth in his amusing but superficial essay. He says, "the cry of an animal can reveal an idea, but is not the produce of an idea;" as if he had for some time lodged in the brain of a brute, and had satisfied himself of its destitution of ideas. "Animals," he says, "have no language, their cries are not known signs, they have their natural voice, but they have no speech," as if for the purpose of communicating information and ideas by vocal sounds, which from every day experience we know they do, it were necessary for them to frame grammars and write epics. "Reflection well defined," he says, "is the knowledge of thought by thought. And this power of thought upon thought gives us all an order of new relations. As soon as the spirit sees, it judges; as soon as it can act by itself, it is free; as soon as it is free, it becomes moral. Man is only moral because he is free. The animal follows the body; in the midst of this body, which is enveloped in matter, the human mind is free, and so free that it can, when it wishes, even immolate the body itself." We have a parrot which occasionally sings:

"I am perfectly free
To climb up a tree,
But I can't get out of my cage."

We fancy M. Flourens, with all the freedom he accords to man, is himself very much in the condition of our parrot.

AN AMERICAN ASTRONOMER.—The Lalande prize of the Academy of Sciences at Paris has been awarded to an American astronomer, Mr. Alvan Clark, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, for his discovery of the companion star of Sirius. Mr. Clark has other merits besides skill in observation. The object-glass, eighteen inches in diameter, with which he made his remarkable discovery, was his own manufacture. It was intended for the University of Mississippi, but, in consequence of the strife between North and South, was never delivered, and has recently been sold to the Astronomical Association of Chicago for eleven thousand dollars. It is highly

creditable to the State of Illinois that such a purchase should have been made for its busiest trading city, and we may anticipate that the observatory of Chicago, which has already done good work, will achieve a reputation in the higher branches of astronomy.

AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN.—It is reported that the Princess Alexandra, when asked by the Prince of Wales for her hand in marriage, proposed to grant it for twenty-five shillings, which, said she archly, is equal, you know, to one sovereign and one crown in England.

From Chambers's Journal.

A D E A T H - B E D P R O M I S E .

FROM the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death." Buoyed up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature and unlooked-for bitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise me this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, and for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free-will to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark, beseeching, dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition: he promised. Nay, she begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife: and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father

many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton, walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery. His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was too heavy of heart to heed any thing except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operation, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster-mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after a while, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been any thing but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gayety in keeping with the scene. This gayety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation, and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his somber hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special rea-

son beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. Pshaw! glances indeed! Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not over-estimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit, a matter which curiously interested him; and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve

inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wanted and welcomed guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged, pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her memory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, over-valued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton, too, and, unacquainted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty for self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant intelligent intercourse he sought; was it manly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger? Honor Westwood was nothing to him: he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change, and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this estrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fascination which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was paltering with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed

to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now house-keeper,) to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. "The motherless children were slighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stourton—should not swallow up home duties; and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which showed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tryed fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, forbade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils.

There came a time, however, when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered that before they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy, of course. Poor Philip Stourton!

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it

were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor he endeavored to escape self-examination, indemnifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After a while the marriage-day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's housekeeper; but strangely enough that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were any thing but placid, to judge from her stormy face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked: "By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to show you."

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said: "I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain any thing, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip."

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the letter."

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned evidently by an illiterate person, and ran thus: "You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said: "Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?"

Honor trembled a little; but after a

short pause smilingly said: "Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath?" said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears. "What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel to tempt me so far for this. I can not marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offense, conscience reasserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By-and-by he got up hastily, unlocked a secretaire, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and

absent eyes toward the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife, earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end for ever to his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from every thing connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offense. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman was the gainer — and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than be-

cause he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. Oh! Philip, had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition. "You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. "I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger. I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her. She has been a most faithful servant."

The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

"I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued; "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen: I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she

died, she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered."

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on: "Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish, and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me."

"Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are

so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?"

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow and drew it forth. Philip took it and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage-peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—PROGRESS OF CRITICISM.

I.—THE SUBLIME.

LONGINUS's Treatise on the Sublime—the most splendid and eloquent fragment of ancient criticism which has escaped the fire of the barbarian and the oblivious shadow of time, may, in its present state of imperfection, be compared to one of the ruined temples of Palmyra, in which city it was composed: a few columns still stand in marble majesty, a few Corinthian

capitals, broken and defaced, strew the ground;—a temple in which, while the superb workmanship is in parts worthy of the spirit to whom it was erected, we perceive here and there, on some shattered illustrative pediment, that the artist's judgment was less sound than his imagination was bright and inspired. Though the sublime has hitherto escaped accurate definition, that of Longinus realizes its ideal as fully as any attempt made by subse-

quent writers to determine its nature; namely, that it elevates the soul above itself, and swells it with a transport and noble pride, as though what it heard was the product of its own invention. Its sources, he says, are, firstly, boldness and grandeur of thought, and the power of producing pathetic effects through the passions—both of which depend on natural genius; secondly, on the skillful application of figures of sentiment and language—such as Demosthenes' invocation of the heroes who fell at Marathon; thirdly, in a noble and powerful manner of expression; and fourthly, in dignity of composition, grandeur of periods, etc. This is far from a complete definition of the various phases and requirements of the sublime, for he altogether overlooks terror, which Burke considered as one of its chief sources; and in limiting its effects on the passions to the pathetic, has displayed but little insight into the capabilities of their sphere—some of the inferior and all the nobler passions, when utilized by the conceptions of great imagination, being capable of being rendered sublime. Longinus was, indeed, a man of finer imagination than perceptive æsthetic judgment; hence his criticism is inferior to his eloquence, and images—such as those in which he compares the genius of Homer, as displayed in the *Iliad*, to the rising, and in the *Odyssey*, to the setting sun, which having lost its meridian glow, still retains its grandeur; that of Plato, always divine, though sometimes vague, to the ocean and starry firmament, majestic and eternal, though often obscured by clouds; that of the grand and concise oratory of Demosthenes, to the thunder-rolling tempest; that of the grand and diffusive oratory of Cicero, to a spacious conflagration raging on all sides with a sustained splendor. While, however, several of his illustrations realize the idea of the sublime as expounded by him, others well-nigh lead to the belief that he had no accurate conception of its true manifestations. Thus he instances Sappho's ode. As a description of the conflicting emotions of love, nothing can be more animated and natural than this poem; but it is not sublime, as it merely depicts the agitations of a soul conquered by the passion; whereas, if she had portrayed love as outlasting sorrow, death, and time, it would have been so. Longinus follows the method of the philosophers and rhetoricians

in attempting to describe the art of the sublime; the art consists in great imagination and great nature.

Burke's Essay on the Sublime, which belongs to the Boileau and Du Bos school, is, in several respects, an advance upon that of Longinus, inasmuch as he numbers terror among its chief elements; but even as a specimen of didactic criticism, it is, nevertheless, very defective. Metaphysicians gifted merely with the analytic faculty make indifferent critics when they do not superadd synthetic perception to analytic distinction. The elements of the sublime, according to him, are—terror, vastness, magnitude, obscurity, infinity; as, doubtless, they are. When, however, he says that "whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of *pain and danger*, that is to say, whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime," one recognizes in part a truth, but at the same time the limitation and falsity of his definition. Neither pain nor danger are in themselves sublime, as the effect is to depress, not elevate, the mind and passions. Milton, indeed, portrays the pains endured by Satan; but the description of such agonies, the result of his overthrow, could not have been sublime, had he not in connective contrast therewith depicted the immortal courage, "the mind and spirit invincible" of the spiritual being by which they were vanquished. The fire of ambition and revenge with which Satan is inspired annihilates that of the hell in which he is plunged; and with him, as with the other rebel angels, it is the power of exercising their spiritual faculties in the midst of inconceivable torture which renders them sublime. Thus the recuperative logic of the inferior angel, Moloch, kindles hope from the last extreme of ruin:

"What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss,
condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of inextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably and the torturing hour
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus
We should be quite abolished and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to increase
His utmost ire? which to the height enraged
Will either quite consume us, or reduce
To nothing this essential."

Several of Burke's remarks on the effect of obscurity, power, light, etc., are full of acumen, but he sometimes confounds the merely grand or magnificent, as in his instance of Vernon's description of Prince Henry in Shakspeare—"all burnished, all in arms," etc.—with the sublime; and would frequently have had a difficulty in discovering illustrations in nature and literature for some of the principles he advances in his treatise.

His examination of the elements of the sublime, however, is marked by much more truth and originality than those which refer to the sources of beauty.

Any object, thought, emotion, or conception which conveys a sense of surpassing greatness, is sublime. In physical nature its sense arises from magnitude, vastness, infinity; in moral and intellectual, from the sense of power, intensity of emotion, from conceptions or combinations of imagination exalted into supernatural power by the expansive inspirations of passion. Before, however, proceeding to exemplify this element, so difficult to define, from literature, let us give a few illustrations from life. When Scipio Africanus, on the occasion of his being subjected to an accusation by the Tribunes, appeared in an assembly of the people, and disdained any other defense than by saying: "This day, twenty years ago, Romans, I vanquished Hannibal, and captured Carthage; let us proceed to the Capitol and offer thanks to the gods"—he was sublime. A priest once narrated the Biblical story of God commanding Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac, to a woman, upon which the latter said: "God would never have ordered a mother to make such a sacrifice;" here we have an instance of the sublime of maternal sentiment. Darius offered Alexander half Asia and his daughter in marriage. "Were I Alexander, I would accept his proposals," said Parmenio. "And so would I, if I were Parmenio," said Alexander, to whose extravagant ambition the declaimer referred in the hyperbole: "Eundem fortuna victoriæ tue, quem natura, finim fecit." This and Cæsar's remark to the terrified captain of the vessel: "Nihil timeo, Cæsar et ejus fortuna vehas," are instances of the sublime in character. When, in the famous passage in *Tacitus*, Agrippina exclaimed to the centurion, whom her son, Nero, had sent to murder her, as he advanced with drawn sword: "Ventrum

feri," we have an instance of the sublime of despair. The following anecdote illustrates one of its phases. A lion once escaped from the menagerie of the Grand Duke of Florence; all the people fled before it. Among them was a woman with an infant in her arms; in her terror and hurry she let it fall; the lion rushed towards it, and seized it in his paws. Suddenly the despairing mother cast herself on her knees before the terrible animal, and with deep and dreadful cries implored him to restore her child—impelled by love, and nature victorious over reason—by an instinct of anguish, which led her to believe that nothing could be inexorable under such circumstances. Her position at that moment was sublime, and what ensued no less; for the lion paused, regarded her fixedly for a moment, then, without injuring the infant, laid it gently on the ground and strode away. She had but a moment—her only weapon a cry; but that cry of despairing affection conquered hunger, fury, death; raised the monster to the level of humanity, and made him by its influence sublime.

The power of producing sublime effects in literature depends, of course, on that of the genius, his mastery and treatment of his subject; but we are inclined to think that the general idea, that its chief source is the terrible—an idea, indeed, derived from the greatest poets hitherto, from Homer's battles, Dante's and Milton's hell—admits of much limitation. The higher the passion, the higher the degree of sublimity of which it is capable when treated by a great genius of this rare order. Let us suppose one with an imagination equal to that of Milton, who instead of depicting the passions of hatred, despair, revenge, would throw his conception into an epic in which the passion of love would constitute the principle of action. Let us suppose an epic founded on the love of an immortal spirit for a lost being, whom he would follow through a series of imaginative trials, adverse circumstances, terrible regions and events, and beings whose influence would be calculated to destroy its divine inspiration, yet who still conserved its faith with courageous constancy; such a story, worked out with Miltonic power, would surpass his poem as a manifestation of the supreme ideal of the sublime.

The sublime, the highest emotion of which the mind is capable, and which has

its cognate, but lower phases, such as what we call the grand, majestic, etc., is best illustrated from poetry, in its dramatic and picturesque departments. Before presenting instances of the latter, in which it may be recognized better than in any definition, let us present some of its aspects. As an instance of grandeur of thought, take the lines in which Virgil announces the destiny of the Roman people:

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Of the contemplative sublime, Pascal's Thoughts present some majestic instances, such as in those chapters on the nature and position of man, placed between the two abysses of infinity and nothingness, whose very consciousness of misery is a proof of his greatness, of whom he says: "L'homme n'est qu'un roseau le plus foible de la nature; mais c'est un roseau pensant. Il ne faut pas que l'univers entier s'arme pour l'écraser: une vapeur, une goutte d'eau suffit pour le teur. Mais quand l'univers l'écraserait, l'homme serait encore plus noble que ce qui le tue; parce qu'il sait qu'il meurt; et l'avantage que l'univers a sur lui, l'univers n'en sait rien. Ainsi toute notre dignité consiste dans la pensée. C'est de là qu'il faut nous relever—non de l'espace et de la durée." His estimate of the three orders of spirits, of power, genius, and goodness, in the chapter on Christ, is impregnate with his reflective grandeur. "Les grands génies ont leur empire, leur éclat, leur victoires, et n'ont nul besoin des grandeurs charnelles, qui n'ont nul rapport avec celle qu'ils cherchent. Ils sont veus des esprits, non des yeux—mais c'est assez," etc. The following passage from Tillotson's Twelfth Sermon is noticeable for the moral grandeur of its ideas, and as an instance of the figure of amplification, where each thought rises above the other to a climax:

"'Tis pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others. 'Tis pleasant to grow better and better, because that is to excel ourselves. Nay, 'tis pleasant even to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory; and to command our appetites and passions, holding them within due order, and within the bounds of reason and religion—for that is empire."

As Milton's "Paradise Lost" is the finest exemplification of the union of the picturesque and dramatic sublime, let us select therefrom a few instances of the power of this imaginative passion. The description of hell in the first book is the most transcendent instance of the picturesque sublime in poetry. In this dungeon of limitless fire, whose flames shed no light, but rather a darkness visible, that serves but to discover sights of woe, regions of sorrow, where peace can never dwell, hope never comes—the first view of Satan, hugely stretched on the flood, confounded, but immortal, raising his head above the main "with eyes that sparkling blazed," and his resurrection from the ocean of fire, is a powerful imaginative vision:

"Forthwith, upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires,
and rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale."

The effect of an imaginative image, in heightening our sense of magnitude, is seen in the following lines:

"He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,
Etherial temper, massy, large, and round,
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb,
Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
At evening on the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

The following passage, in which the standard of hell is raised, is a fine instance of the united magnificence of picture and sound:

"That proud honor claimed
Azazel at his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
Th' imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luster rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.
At which the universal host up sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frightened the reign of Chaos and old Night."

All Milton's images are remarkable for

imaginative combinations, and, when chosen materially to illustrate a material object, they are so managed as to expand our conception of it by some spiritual relation or inference. Such is that in which the ruined archangel, in whom "the excess of glory obscured" is compared to the sun new risen, that

"Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

The description of Satan's exploring flight around the frontiers and up the firmament of hell, where his form is compared to a fleet descried far off at sea, hanging in the clouds—of Death (the sublime of obscurity and terror)—of his combat with Satan—of the course of the latter through Chaos—of its throne and vast unsubstantial ministers—Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded *name* of Demigorgon—are wonderful conceptions. As instances of the imagination for the picturesque sublime, the following passages, the first chiefly, have no parallel in any literature. Satan, surprised in the Garden of Eden, is preparing to battle with the angel sentinels:

"Th' angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
To hem him round.
On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved;
His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp
What seemed both spear and shield."

And again, in the battle in heaven, when Satan is struck down by the sword of Abdiel:

"Ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee,
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from its seat,
Half sunk with all its pines."

It would be easy to illustrate by comparison the vast superiority of Milton's imagination for the picturesque-sublime to all poets, Dante included, whose spirit seems to have influenced Keats, when he drew the following image of the overthrown giants, in his "Hyperion":

"Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways, like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The heaven itself, is blinded throughout
night."

Keats's genius, when he composed "Hyperion," was still influenced by his predominating and supernatural sensuousness, as a glance at the lines previous to the above will show. He is speaking of the giants:

"Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving with pain, and horribly convulsed
With sanguine, feverous, boiling gurge of
pulse," etc.

Unhappily this bright genius died just as he was ascending the Alp of imaginative power, on whose summit that of Milton reigns supreme.

Addison defines grandeur of manner, judicious selection of capital objects; but the last instances from Milton, above given, could never have resulted from the prevision of the understanding. They were, like all his mighty pictures, worked out in the visionary trance of the soul, in which, the power of the imagination predominating over, unconsciously eclectised the judgments of the understanding. Vernon's description of Prince Harry, in Shakspeare's "Henry IV.:"

"All furnished—all in arms—
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind,"
etc.,

is an instance of grandeur of manner, as distinguished from the sublime.

The dramatic sublime depends on conceptions of scene and character, under the influence of the highest degree of passion. What may be called the material, as opposed to the spiritual sublime, is found in several descriptions of tremendous events—such as Barbieri's picture of the burning of Moscow; Schiller's burning forest in the "Robbers," etc. The power of producing sublime effects of pathetic passion is, perhaps, the highest and rarest gift of nature and imagination combined. In transcendent conceptions of this description Shakspeare surpasses all poets. The finest touches in Racine appear commonplace before many of those in "Lear," but especially that sudden, agonized appeal made by the forsaken, aged king to the heavens:

"Oh, Heavens !

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience—if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause. Send down and take
my part," etc.

As an illustration of the profoundest pathos, the sudden retrospective thought of Macduff, in the scene where he learns that Macbeth has murdered his wife and children, is unrivalled—

Macduff. My children, too ?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants—all that
could be found.
Macduff. And I must be from thence !
My wife killed, too ?
Rosse. I have said.
Malcolm. Be comforted.
Let us make medicines of our
great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macduff. *He has no children !*"

As a burst of passion—of sublime grief inflamed into rage—that which Shakespeare makes old Northumberland utter, when he hears of his son Percy's death, appears to us unapproached by any of the superior poets, epic or dramatic :

"Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ruggeddest hour that time and fate can
bring
To frown upon enraged Northumberland.
Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's
hand
Keep the wide floods confin'd ; let order die !
And let the world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act ;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms ; and all hearts being
set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead !"

Instances of the sublime in character abound in Milton's portraiture and dialogues of the rebel angels, and in Eschylus' "Prometheus." Among images which produce a similar effect, one of those mentioned by Longinus, as occurring in one of the lost dramas of the great Greek tragedian, deserves allusion—that of the ghost of Achilles, who is seen, a gigantic shadow, mournful and grand as heroic death, resting on his tomb, silently surveying the Greeks departing for the scene of their ten years' warfare, in which they had lost their bravest chiefs. The sublime partakes of the sentiment of infinity, cognate with the broad if somewhat vague vision of the highest imagination, as

compared with the reason, the faculty of defining limits and clear limited relations ; and by striking, inflaming, and filling the soul, it expands the being above its accustomed self, as with a sense of godlike potency and inspiration.

II.—THE BEAUTIFUL.

BURKE defines beauty (he confines himself chiefly to its physical aspect) as consisting of the quality or qualities of bodies which cause love, or some passion similar to it, and adds that perfection is not its cause—an idea which Apelles, when painting his Venus, did not entertain. Love is, indeed, the source of the sense of beauty, whether physical or psychical, of which there are many varieties ; but whether objective or subjective, in each perfection must be an element arising from the highest description of characteristic beauty. Thus, for instance, that human face is the most beautiful which unites the greatest number of harmonious perfections of form, color, and expression, while the sense or emotion of beauty in the objects of external nature springs from the sympathy their qualities, dispositions, and relations create, and the harmonies they produce on the imagination. In some cases, according to the nature of the object, love is the result—in all, delight. The sense of beauty, whatever be the object by which it is created—a human face or form, a landscape, a sunset, a strain of music, a thought or sentiment—is the sense of the divine.

As no poet possessed so wonderful an imagination for character as Shakespeare, his conceptions of ideal beauty in character are the most perfect in literature ; and it is from love their beauty is derived. Thus, Miranda in the "Tempest," Helena in "All's Well that Ends Well," Perdita in "Winter's Tale," and Juliet, charm by the simple beauty of their natures ; and while Cornelia in "Lear," and Rosalind in "As You Like It," illustrate beauty in connection with sorrow and joy, Imogen and Ophelia, similar in type, are rendered still higher examples of this element, from the deeper interest attaching to the development of their characters and their destinies in their respective dramas. The Beatrice of Dante—angelic womanhood—though an exquisite conception of beauty in its ideal, in some of the scenes in which she appears has been frequently rendered

somewhat *outré* by being made the exponent of the poet's theological views—at one time breathing the divinest love, at another talking like Thomas Aquinas. Dante's conception of beauty, however, is finer and more spiritual than that of Milton, and where it deals with character, as natural as Shakspeare. The latter, for instance, could not have surpassed the simple natural beauty of Francesca's account of the origin and progress of her love for Paolo (*Inferno*, cant. 5) :

"Amor ch' al cor gentil ratto s' apprende
Prese costui *della bella persona*
Che mi fu tolta, e' l' modo ancor m' offende.
Amor ch' a null' amato amar perdona,
Mi presi del costui piacer si forte
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona.
Amor condusse noi ad una morte," etc.

Majesty was the attribute of Milton's genius; to this his sense of beauty was subsidiary. How inferior, for example, is his Paradise, arranged in the luxuriant order of an Italian garden, to his Pandemonium, as instances of the picturesque, beautiful, and sublime. How much more imaginatively, judging from his poetry, would Keats, had his genius matured, have painted that land of the dawn, that Orient region of light and love, where earth and heaven commingled! Even Milton's Eve, drawn with the noble chastity of poetic imagination and reason, would have been more attractive, as a work of beauty in character, had the poet made nature predominant in the conception—idealized in Shakspeare's way. The Paradise and Eve of Milton, however, though inferior, as we have said, to his grander pictures, are superior in the noble unity of their treatment to those of any other epic poet. Tasso is the nearest parallel, but his gardens of Armida and his enchantress are, from the nature of the subject, less poetically noble and interesting.

Without alluding to the several instances of beauty connected with character, which may be found scattered through the dissolving scenes worked out by rich pagan genius, displayed in the "*Metamorphoses*" of Ovid, to some of those conserved in Percy's collection of English, in the Spanish, and other national ballads, and to the "*Una*" of Spenser, we may, glancing over the literature of France, point to St. Pierre's "*Virginia*," (which, however, is derived from the pas-

toral of Longus,) to the "*Consuello*," and some other sketches of Sand, and to the "*Columba*" of De Musset, as illustrations. As instances of ideal beauty, the few attempts of the French stage poets are more dramatic than natural; and when Hugo conceives a character of this order, —as Esmeralda—his ungovernable imagination for impossible combinations and strong contrasts always hurries him into extravagance. In this brief reference to the element of beauty embodied in character, we may also mention the Margaret and Mignon of Goethe, and the Little Nell of Dickens. Poetic conceptions of idealized nature, such as those, are among the rarest achievements of the imagination.

As Keats excelled all poets since Shakspeare in the natural sense of beauty, in the sensitive imagination, which was the chief characteristic of that divine genius, which vanished like a meteor just as it was ascending into the domain of power and art, we will extract a few passages from his poems, chiefly as instances of sensuous and picturesque beauty in description, premising that his gift of spontaneous imaginative language was supreme. First, with respect to pure sensuousness :

"Here is wine
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple. Taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona. Here is cream,
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam;
Sweeter than that nurse Amalthæa skimmed
For the boy Jupiter. And here, undimm'd
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums,
Ready to melt between an infant's gums.
And here is manna, picked from Syrian trees
In starlight, by the three Hesperides."

In the "*Eve of St. Agnes*," in which he displays more art than in "*Endymion*," from which the above is taken, there are similar passages, among them the following, with its incomparable line; he is describing the dainties which Porphyrio brings into the moonlit chamber of Madeline, who sleeps an azure-lidded sleep, in blanch'd linen, white and laundered :

"He from the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon."

Exquisite is the picturesque beauty of the following stanza from the same poem, both in object and painting :

"A casement high and triple-arched it was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-
grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger moth's deep damask'd
wings;
And in the mid'st, 'mong thousand her-
aldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood
of queens and kings."

The conception and painting of objec-
tive beauty is here perfect. The follow-
ing verse, however, descriptive of sleep
falling on Madeline, with its image, is of
a higher order of poetic beauty :

"Soon trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress-
ed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims
pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud
again."

We may add here that Keats' line :

"*The music yearning like a god in pain,*"

unites grandeur and beauty more than any
other which has appeared in poetry since
Milton. The "Ode to the Nightingale,"
and "To a Greek Urn," are perfect speci-
mens of the richest and purest modern
meditative and Greek imagination. Keats
frequently describes the effect of sound ;
but, with the exception of the above line,
not with such rich and beautiful imagery as
Milton, such as the lines from "Comus :"

"At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose, like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wished she
might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displaced."

But this is even surpassed by the rare
beauty of the following image of the effect
of a strain of music in darkness :

"How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
*At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.*"

Burke notes the sublimity of the lines
in which Virgil describes the components
of the thunder as formed by Vulcan :

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ,
Addiderunt, rutili tres ignis et altis austri
Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque, metum-
que
Miscebant operi, flamisque sequacibus iras."

This passage, the sublime of abstract
combination, is equaled, if not surpassed,
by the abstract combination of beauty, as
seen in Tasso's description of the cestus of
Armida. The idea is derived from Homer :

"Tenri sdegni, e placide e tranquile
Repulse, cari vezzi, e liete paci
Sorrisi, paroletta, e dolce stille,
De pianto, e sospir tronchi, e molli baci,
Fuse tai cose tutte, e poscia
Ed al foco tempo di lente faci," etc.

Tennyson's sense of beauty, perhaps,
not originally so intense as that of Keats,
has reached the highest perfection through
culture. Beauty is the characteristic of
his genius, and the numerous passages in
his works infused with its spirit are per-
fect in form, color, tone, and harmony.
As an instance of picturesque beauty,
arising from the association between a
scene and a state of mind, take the lines
in which the Lotus Eaters describe their
feelings in the lovely evening land of
oblivion :

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward
stream
With half-shut eyes, ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream !
*To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
That will not leave the myrrh-bush on the
height.*"

Or from the "Princess," the following
beautifully imaginative image :

"Breathe upon my brows :
In this fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts, mist-like, into this bright hour, and this
I scarce believe, and all the rich to come
*Reels, as the golden autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning leaves.*"

Tennyson excels most poets in his pow-
er of painting female beauty—as in

"Elionore," "Adeline," etc., and the lines in the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights:"

"Then stole I up and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent lidded eyes,
Amorous, with lashes like the rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony."

Shakspeare abounds with examples of every species of beauty—that of ideal sympathetic description, as where Perdita speaks of flowers, or Iachimo's description of Imogen; gorgeous, as in the picture of Cleopatra's barge; contemplative, as in Hamlet's meditation on man; heroic, as in the shadowy description of the English host the night before Agincourt; picturesque in many places, as in the dialogue between Lorepzo and Jessica; emotional, whether pathetic or joyous, as in the last scenes of "Lear," and "Antony and Cleopatra," in "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Cymbeline," etc.

CRITICISM.

As modern European literature took its rise from the classic, the first critical treatises were based on classic principles. Thus the works of Vida, Du Bos, Boileau, etc., contain but expansions of those laid down by Aristotle, Longinus, Horace, Quintilian; and even the criticisms of Bayle, devoted chiefly to ancient authors, or others antecedent to his period, despite an occasional flash of new light, belong to the same category. In England critical works date from the age of Pope, who, in his "Essay" eclecticised its rational rules with still more succinct clarity than his French forerunner. Such poetic treatises, however, were but comments on the art, not illustrative expositions; and it is from the time of Addison (for the swarm of writers of the Denis class, whose maxim was, "Il faut que je vive," are unworthy of notice) that we must date the origin of serial criticism. Addison, indeed, deserves credit for having introduced Shakspeare and Milton to the notice of the British public after the oblivion in which they had remained during the preceding age. His criticism on Milton's "Paradise Lost"—a good specimen of that of the age in which he lived—belongs entirely to the didactic species; it is

merely explanatory of the subject, abounds with parallels, and exhibits throughout a total want of imaginative appreciation as regards the conception and passages of the poem. It would be endless to give examples, but we may adduce a few. Alluding to Milton, who attributed the invention of artillery to the rebel angels—one of the few conceits which can be found in the work, and more worthy of Ariosto than Milton—he says: "It was, certainly, a very bold thought in an author to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels. But such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors; so it entered very properly into the thoughts of the being who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders that in all poetry, sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up of the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former," etc. It is unnecessary to point out how much Milton, by that false passage, lessened the power of the spirits:

"The least of whom could wield
Those elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions."

Again, in commenting on the passage descriptive of God creating the universe out of chaos, he selects for praise the only ridiculous idea which it contains. "The thought of the golden compasses," he says, "is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description." It is also amusing to glance at the passages he selects as illustrative of the highest efforts of Milton's genius in the departments of the sublime and the beautiful, contrasted with those he overlooks. Altogether, the Addisonian papers on Milton are good specimens of the spirit of criticism as it existed in the artificial age of Queen Anne.

The criticism of Johnson, as displayed in the "Lives of the Poets," though distorted here and there by his surly prejudices, is, upon the whole, a great advance on that of the preceding age, being full of acumen and rational, if not imaginative, appreciation. Nothing can be sounder, for instance, than his dissertation on Milton's genius, as displayed in the structure and characters of "Paradise Lost." The

greatness of Milton's, as of Shakspeare's poetry, however, had to await recognition with the rise of the German æsthetical school.

It is unnecessary to say that the French have cultivated the art of criticism with greater assiduity and success than the English, as the eulogies of the Academy, and the long range of writers who have taken a survey of general literature, from La Harpe to St. Beuve, Planche, and Villemain, testify. Despite, also, the occasional excellence of the literary criticisms of the English Quarterlies, the *Revue des deux Mondes* still maintains its superiority in this department of writing. It is to Coleridge, whose mind was deeply imbued with the principles of Lessing, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, that the merit attaches of having exploded the old didactic style, and introduced that æsthetic spirit, and those enlarged views of the art, whose effect is noticeable in the late and current essay writing of England. From being badly reported, his lectures on Shakspeare, valuable as they are in parts, are but the skeleton of those orally delivered; though possibly in those of Hazlitt, who derived his critical views from Coleridge, the larger proportion of his principles and reflections have been conserved.

Up to the present time poetic criticism has been, for the most part, perceptive rather than sensitive; governed by the rules and precepts of old treatises, and presenting the judgments of the reason rather than of the imagination—in a word, it has been more analytic than synthetic. And yet it admits, like all other arts and sciences, of suggestion and creation, as well as retrospection—of originating new laws, principles, and views, with respect to the different classes of composition which take the form and pressure of the time—which represent the progressive spirit of an intellectual age. Though a few of its fundamental rules must retain a perpetual applicability, yet, as nature is always fresh and inexhaustible to the creative mind, these admit of superior

modifications and additions. Thus, just as the Gothic has exceeded the classic imagination in depth, amplitude, and variety, and as modern poetic criticism has advanced beyond that of Aristotle in sympathetic judgment and synthetic appreciation, so may it exhibit a proportional progress in future as a directive and a suggestive influence, wielded by cultivated minds, to produce new forms of creation, new styles of composition, and a more perfect original literature.

The true spirit of criticism involves the union and action of sympathy and meditative justice dealing with the expression of truth, beauty, and power in literary compositions, according to their special character and degree; it illuminates excellence, indicates error, suggests improvement. The soul of the true critic, governed by conscience and truth, and impregnated with the spirit of the highest works of the human mind, of whose beauties and defects, arising from the genius of the individual or his age, he is intelligent, contemplates a work as a whole before he adjudicates on its parts, judges it by the laws of intellect and morals, whether its object be that of utility or delight; and of its art, creative and executive, by the principles of æsthetics. The effect of the critical mind—perceptive, sympathetic, and suggestive—on literature, is hardly less important than that of the poet's; the sphere of reflection is not less limited than that of creation. Poet and critic are necessary adjuncts, and the influence of their respective works correlative in the world of literature and on its future aspects; the one judges and indicates, the other utilizes his views and ideas of art in production, and attains perfection by his rules; and while the creative soul naturally advances with spiritual freedom into the unknown ocean of inspiration—to new regions of truth, grandeur, and beauty—the critic, like the astronomer, discovers and verifies the artistic laws which regulate the course of his genius, and which guide him securely on his way.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

THE current of events in the present year has brought the name of this imperial personage into high prominence in the political world. The governments of Europe are deeply interested in the decision of the Archduke Maximilian in regard to his expected acceptance of the crown of Mexico, offered to him by the Emperor of France. The government and people of the United States are no less observant of the progress of things in this direction. His acceptance of the crown of Mexico, if that should be his actual decision, and if he should become *de facto* the Emperor of Mexico, and ascend the throne, will form an era in the history of this Western Continent of very grave importance. While the public eye on both sides of the Atlantic is turned with watchful interest to the name of this imperial personage, we have presumed there would be no ordinary curiosity to look upon an accurate portrait likeness of this expected Emperor of Mexico, and to know somewhat more of his personal history. We have obtained from Vienna a fine portrait of Maximilian, which is a truthful likeness of the Archduke. It has been admirably engraved for this number of the *ECLECTIC* by Mr. George E. Perine, with which we hope our patrons will be well pleased, whatever may be their views and opinions of the expediency of his acceptance of the Mexican crown.

Living and moving near the imperial court of Austria, of which he is an important member, he has remained out of sight of the American public, and his name has been seldom recorded in the annals of current periodical history, till the Emperor of France, for some reason best known to himself and his far-reaching policy, held up before the eyes of this distinguished member of the house of Hapsburg, the dazzling crown of Mexico. But the Archduke, however politely he may treat the offer, and return sincere thanks to his Imperial Majesty of France for the high honor he intends, yet, if not a match for the cunning and far-reaching policy of Napoleon, is a personage, we believe, of too much sagacity and good sense to be

led into danger and difficulty on the throne of Mexico, from which he might find it impossible to extricate himself. Of this, time, in a few months, will doubtless furnish the revelations of facts in the case. In regard to his family and personal history, we record the following as a matter of interest and information to our readers, in connection with the portrait :

The Archduke Maximilian is a lineal descendant of the ancient and illustrious house of Hapsburg, which has given to the world a large number of the most eminent and powerful sovereigns on historical record, and which in the male line became extinct by the death of Charles the Sixth, on the 20th of October, 1740.

By the Pragmatic sanction, the succession to the throne was transferred to the female branch of the family, for want of male heirs, and Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of Charles the Sixth, who had espoused Francis, Duke of Lothringen, on the 12th of February, 1736, became empress of Austria, and the descendants of the two houses of Hapsburg and Lothringen have since occupied the throne of the Austrian empire.

The Archduke Maximilian was born on the 6th of July, 1832, and is therefore now in his thirty-second year.

The Archduke is vice-admiral and commander-in-chief of the Austrian navy, and has been governor of Lombardy and Venice.

The Archduke is the brother of the present Emperor of Austria, and second son of Archduke Francis Charles, the brother of the Emperor Ferdinand, who now resides in Prague, in Bohemia, and who abdicated the throne in 1848 in favor of his nephew, the present emperor, and of the Archduchess Sophia, the daughter of Maximilian the late King of Bavaria.

The Archduke Maximilian was married on the 27th of July, 1857, at Brussels, to Princess Charlotte, daughter of Leopold, the present King of the Belgians. There is no issue to this marriage up to the present time. At the demise of the present Emperor of Austria the Archduke would be the regent of the empire during the

minority of the crown prince. The Archduchess Sophia, mother of the Archduke Maximilian, is considered one of the most enlightened and talented ladies in Europe, who exercised a very powerful influence on the development of the minds of her children, and instilled in them principles adapted to the present progressive age. The greatest care and attention was bestowed on the education of the princes, her sons, and there is no branch of science, literature, and art of which they do not possess a thorough knowledge.

The facility of acquiring and speaking languages is hereditary in the members of the Hapsburg dynasty, and there is none of the numerous tongues in use in the empire of which the princes are not perfect masters. The other leading European languages are spoken by them with equal fluency.

The Archduke Maximilian may be considered as the founder of the Austrian navy, which at this moment takes a very respectable position among the navies of the world. All the modern improve-

ments have been introduced in the Austrian navy, and the most important works of the empire for marine purposes have been constructed under his fostering care.

There is no department in naval architecture of which the Archduke does not possess consummate professional knowledge. His administrative talents are unsurpassed, and his popularity throughout the empire among all classes of people can not be excelled. During his governorship of Lombardy and Venice, he surmounted the numerous obstacles in his way at that very trying period with a great deal of tact, and secured to himself the esteem and admiration of the people under his government. The Archduke is regarded one of the most liberal-minded princes in Europe, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times.

This brief sketch of the Archduke will enable our readers to form an intelligent opinion of his character and talents, and of his capacity to fill any station which he may judge it wise and prudent to accept.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

THE CAVE OF BELLAMAR.

Of late years caves have been explored rather upon palæontological grounds than physical, and those which have yielded bones to the naturalist have ranked higher than that more numerous group, the stalactitic and stalagmitic, products of which only enrich the cabinets of the mineralogist. But if palæo-zoölogists have a special greeting for bone-yielding caves, the interest of the physical geologist remains fixed upon those larger caverns, formed by various agencies in the material which envelops the ball of the earth. Some have resulted from chemical forces, like those subterranean caverns upon Etna, formed, as Sir C. Lyell has taught us, by the induration of the lava during the escape of great volumes of elastic fluids; and others from phenomena of ice-and-water action, as exemplified in

the "ice-vaulted wildernesses" described by Dr. Wallich as lying beneath a glacial covering in Greenland, wherein we may fancifully suppose Necks, and other genii of the thick-ribbed ice, have their abiding place. Or, again, we have the better-known class of caverns typed by the marble grotto of Antiparos, the now smoke-dimmed glories of which appear to be far eclipsed by the wonderful beauty of the newly-discovered cave to which I am about to direct attention. This cave is situated in a limestone hill two miles from the bridge of Bailen on the San Juan river, near Matanzas, in Cuba. No reliable intelligence as to the geological age of the rock has reached England, but the hill is probably a point in the range southwest of Matanzas, described by the Baron von Humboldt as a compact lithographic

limestone, and called by him "Calcaire (Jurassique?) de Guines," an adoption, probably, of its local name.

Cuba is almost a *terra incognita* to the naturalist; perhaps, with the exception of Madagascar, no country has been so little studied; yet it must be a very paradise for beauty, and for the number and variety of its natural productions. No less than 374 species of ferns are met with upon the island, and in molluscan and zoöphytic fauna its shores are exceedingly rich. Scarcely any description of these has yet been attempted, and until the Spanish government places greater facilities in the way of traveling naturalists, we can hardly expect to hear much of its natural wealth. Perhaps the most important geological observations upon Cuba are those contained in a paper by Mr. R. C. Taylor, (*Phil. Mag.*, July, 1837). In describing the Savana in the north-east part, he speaks of some "white limestone mountains," which may be of older geological age to the rock which contains our cave. The Savana is dotted with what appears to be "snow-white basaltic pillars," formed however of this limestone, and shaped of course by water-action. The effect of these, says Mr. Taylor, shooting up like enormous crystals among the dark green foliage of a tropical forest, is equally grand and singular. This limestone forms massive hills in the eastern part of the island, and exhibits extensive fissures, which afford hiding-places to the numerous wild dogs which infest the country. The most remarkable of these hills is the one called La Silla, a honey-combed mountain of white limestone, a bare and nearly perpendicular rock, about 1200 feet high, which rises like a huge group of snow-white crystals. About 150 feet below the summit is an extensive suite of caves, which were explored to the depth of 300 feet by Mr. Taylor and his party. The interior of one is said by him to resemble an Anglo-Norman crypt, having a heavy groined roof, and pillars of constantly-increasing stalactite. A thick layer of "cave earth" concealed the floor, and was found to be mainly composed of the exuvæ of bats, mixed with myriads of land-shells. This was fast hardening into a bed of shelly carbonate of lime, being aided in the process by the stalactitic droppings from the roof. Elsewhere in the mountain, fissures were seen by Mr. Taylor to be entirely filled up with

an analogous deposit of more ancient date, but which contained the same genera of land-shells and some bones of the cave-rat, being, in fact, an osseous breccia, nearly allied in appearance to those of Gibraltar and Malta.

Similar caverns to those of La Silla, though of younger geological age, have been described by Captain Nelson (*Proc. Geol. Soc.*, vol. ix. p. 205) as occurring in "coralline crag rock" at Long Cay and Rum Cay, in the Bahamas, and as containing like organic remains. Basset's cave also, in the Bermudas, which extends inland from the sea-wall for nearly a mile, is of the same recent origin; and so, too, was the pretty little cave at Tucker's Island, with its sparry-fretted ceiling, which had to be destroyed, as it lay in the line of works ordered for the Bastion. From another cave in the Bermudas, having no apparent entrance, a Mr. Anderson obtained specimens of a breccia, made up of bird-bones and land-shells, cemented by stalagmite, which are now in the foreign collection of the Geological Society.

The cave of Bellamar, which, if the accounts given are reliable, must certainly be the queen of West Indian caverns, was accidentally discovered by a quarryman opening up a deep well-like rent in the rock, which proved to be the entrance.

The little guide-book published by Señor Manuel Santos Farga, owner of the property, gives the following description of it: "The first, or entrance hall of the cavern, has been named the Gothic Temple, from its vast and severe beauty, reminding one of the solemn nave of some ancient cathedral. It is 900 feet in length by 240 wide; in parts the roof is 60 feet in height. Magnificent stalactitic pillars adorn it, drooping from the roof to the floor; the largest of these measures 60 feet in height, and has a width varying from 8 to 21 feet. The stalactitic droppings have simulated in it the appearance of a giant mantle, with stately and capacious folds. Beyond this immense chamber lies the Gallery of the Fountain, a corridor 2400 feet in length! In the center of it is seen the spring which gives its name, hemmed in with the loveliest stalactites. Walls, roof, and floor are alike invested with a crystal robe of the purest and most glittering white. At the end of the long gallery the traveler comes to a fine arch called the Devil's Gorge, a few

yards beyond which the stalactites and stalagmites are commingled so as to form one vast screen of transparent alabaster. One of the gems of this charming group is called the Embroidered Petticoat, being a beautiful hollow stalactite, as smooth as marble, three feet in height, and having a symmetrical edge, six inches wide, made up of large crystals. But perhaps the most dazzlingly beautiful of these cavern-halls is the smaller one named the Hall of the Benediction, which lies still farther from the cave's mouth and deeper in the mountain. It obtained its name from a blessing having been pronounced upon it by the bishop in a moment of enthusiasm. This is a chamber of unsurpassed beauty. Floor, walls, and vault are alike of the purest white; slender columns of stalactite covered with thousands of small crystals form aerial vistas, or droop pendent from the roof like the most fanciful combinations of Eastern art. One of the most striking of these, a large stalactitic mass, which falls like a transparent cascade with an undulating surface, has been named the Mantle of the Virgin. From beneath it issues a stream of water, the source of which lies deeper among the yet unexplored recesses of the cave. Still farther we come to the Gallery of the Lake, remarkable for the stalactitical mass called the Snow Drift, and this is at present the terminal point reached. The Lake of the Dahlias, which hides some marvelous crystallizations in the form of those flowers, stops farther progress. Returning through the Hall of the Benediction to the

Gallery of the Fountain, the visitor turns into a side passage near its center, and traverses Hatuey Gallery, named in honor of an Indian chief, famous in the early history of Cuba, by reason of a slender, well-proportioned stalactite, which stands like a chieftain's lance, beneath a high vault. Here is also a lovely group of these fairy-like productions, called the Closet of the Beautiful Matancoeras; and another resembling a canopied niche of the richest Gothic tracery. Many of the stalactites possess the property of double refraction, and occasionally the crystallizations are tinted with the delicate hues of the violet or rose, or shine with the rich luster of gold."

The cave of Bellamar runs from west to east, and attains a maximum depth of 360 feet. The temperature is in no part beyond 80 deg. Fahr. As may be expected, it has become, from its proximity to the wealthy and populous city of Matanzas, a place of great resort, and the owner evidently reaps no small advantage from the show. The entrance fee charged is a dollar for each person. For this guides and lights are provided; in addition to which the visitor finds good paths through it, fixed lights at the chief points, and small bridges thrown over places which need them. An excursion through it takes from two and a half to three hours. I have not heard that any natural communication with the surface exists, but no scientific exploration of it appears yet to have been made.

. From the London Intellectual Observer.

EXCAVATIONS AT ROME.

DR. DEAKIN writes: "I have just been to see the progress the excavators are making in the site of the Palace of the Cæsars. You will remember that this palace is situated upon, and in fact entirely covered, one of the seven hills of Rome, viz.: the Palatine, and that in its present state it is about one and a half miles in circumference; the whole hill is now a

mass of brick-work, broken up into ruins of endless form, and in some parts covered up twenty feet beneath the present surface with broken fragments of brick-work, various kinds of marble columns, shattered slabs of marble which encased the walls, cornices, and mouldings of various designs, some of them most elegant, and their angles as sharp as though the workmen

had only just finished them; but they are all so broken up that it is rare to find portions larger than a truncated column; it is known, however, that these ruins have been a vast store-house, as it were, from whence materials were taken for the erection of other buildings, and that even in the time of Sixtus V. he had materials from this ruin, and probably from the Colosseum, to assist in building St. Peter's, and how many other churches and buildings have been erected from these ruins it is impossible to know; it is therefore not to be wondered at that the remaining mass which covers up the foundation of the building should be as it is found, chiefly plaster and cement, mixed with only small portions of marble and comparatively few bricks and stone. No statues of any importance have hitherto been found, and it is probable that there are not any left that have escaped former excavators. There is, however, great interest attached to these excavations, as it is hoped that they will enable us to make, from the existing foundations, plans of the ancient palace and other buildings attached to it, and as the Palatine is the hill upon which Romulus, the founder of Rome and the Romans as a nation, first established himself.

"The first object of attention upon examining the excavations is a portion of public road which leads up to the palace, and was a branch of the *Via Sacra* from the *Summa*, the spot where the Arch of Titus stands, and, like the rest of the road, it is formed of large irregular-shaped blocks of volcanic stone; one of these at the top of the ascent is about eight feet long and four wide; near this are the foundation of brick walls forming small compartments; in other adjacent parts are numerous long, lofty, arched passages, branching off into numerous others, and into small apartments, some of which it appears were dark, as there is no appearance of apertures

for the admission of light; some look as though they had been baths, the walls encased in marble, and the ceiling adorned with frescoes representing dolphins, etc., emblematic of the sea or water. Many of these paintings are almost as fresh in color as though they had been only lately painted; the walls and arches, which are very massive, are all built of bricks, but on the eastern side of the hill overlooking the site of the *Circus Maximus*, some structures have been laid bare formed of large squared blocks of tufa placed upon each other without cement between them, in the form of large pillars, about sixteen feet high, supporting arches; these it is thought are some of the earliest structures in Rome, being built at the period of the Roman kings—that is, between the years 753–510 B.C. They are of Etruscan architecture, and very similar to the *Cloaca Maxima* and the walls of the *Mamertine* prisons; these ancient foundations formed the substructure upon which Augustus built his imperial palace, and the remains of what was the celebrated *Palatine Library*, an academy which had three or four elevated seats round it in the form of an amphitheater; besides these, the traces of other spacious halls may be seen, as well as the foundations of what is supposed to have been a portico, formed of numerous lofty columns. All these buildings were made of massive brick-work, and encased with marble slabs, some portions of which still remain, as well as part of the marble pavement. Much, however, must still be done in the way of excavations before we can form an idea of what the buildings erected here were; indeed the difficulty of forming any accurate plan is very great, as the remains of former buildings which have been destroyed have been made use of as the foundations for others, and these again altered, and other portions added by various emperors at different periods."

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

METHODS OF STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY. By LEWIS AGASSIZ. Pages 319. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THE contents are indicated by sixteen chapters in the varied departments of natural history, or rather a commentary to the professor's classification. The name and renown of Professor Agassiz, as the most accomplished naturalist of the age, will at once commend this volume to the attention of all lovers of this department of learning. We have often listened to the lectures of Professor Agassiz with interest and wonder at the extent of his knowledge of the animal world. The various tribes of the ocean would seem as familiar to him, and their nature and forms and modes of existence, as if he had been brought up among them. Intelligent minds can hardly fail to derive interest and instruction from a perusal of this learned work.

OUR OLD HOME. A Series of English Sketches. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Pages 398. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THE contents are 1. Consular Experiences. 2. Leamington Spa. 3. About Warwick. 4. Recollections of a Gifted Woman. 5. Litchfield and Utttoxeter. 6. Pilgrimage to Old Boston. 7. Near Oxford. 8. Some of the Haunts of Burns. 9. A London Suburb. 10. Up the Thames. 11. Outside Glimpses of English Poverty. 12. Civic Banquets. Under these several topics the author has spread out a rich and agreeable literary feast to all the lovers of English scenes, manners, and customs, comprising a large and generous fund of information.

GALA DAYS. By GAIL HAMILTON, author of "Country Living and Country Thinking." Pages 436. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

BEAUTIFULLY printed on tinted paper, with that air of neatness and good taste which is characteristic of all the publications of this eminent house. *Gala Days* is a very appropriate title as expressive of the contents and language of this book. The mind of the author seems on a holiday excursion over green fields and meadows, among all kinds of attractive and beautiful things, scenes and objects, animate and inanimate, with graphic allusions to persons and places innumerable. The chapter on *Side Glances at Harvard Class Day*, is a sharp caustic on some of the customs of the occasion, and her allusions and descriptions of the dance, in the waltzing modes of it, should be read by all lady lovers of that "profane and vicious dance," as Gail Hamilton justly calls it. It is a severe and just rebuke of the practice, though the gifted authoress was severely criticised by some wounded pen for her strictures on the custom.

FREEDOM AND WAR. Discourses on Topics Suggested by the Times. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Pages 445. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THE contents embrace eighteen discourses, on varied topics suggested by our present national

struggle. All admirers of Mr. Beecher's peculiar style of language and power of thought, and force of illustration, will find in this book an ample source of gratification. Few minds possess such resources of thought and diction, and fertility of illustration and ornament, as Mr. Beecher, when his mental laboratory is in full blast and working order. It is like a mental steam furnace.

MEDITATIONS ON LIFE AND ITS RELIGIOUS DUTIES. Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Pages 384. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

THIS is a rich and choice volume of ripe and mellow fruit, which we cordially and heartily commend to all serious readers, who prefer pure gold of permanent value to the tinsel of sentiment, which has only the worth of whip sillabub of momentary pleasure, leaving no salutary impression behind. Human life is a serious thing. No wise or thoughtful mind will trifle with its immeasurable interests. The mental food treasured up in this volume is appropriate, nutritious, and healthful.

LEVANA; OR THE DOCTRINE OF EDUCATION. Translated from the German by JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER, author of "Flowers," etc., etc. Pages 400. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

ALL who are acquainted with the name and character of this eminent man and able writer will need no persuasions or inducements to read this volume. The subject is one of primary importance. Education, as it concerns the children and youth of the rising generation, stands at the head of the list of human responsibilities. There are vast mistakes on some points of true and wise education at the present day. The foundation of much that is called education will fall and crumble in after life and present melancholy ruins of all that is dear in human existence. This volume is rich and valuable in educational instruction.

PETER CARRADINE; OR, THE MARTINDALE PASTORAL. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO. Pages 400. New-York: Sheldon & Company, 335 Broadway. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1863.

THE contents are comprised in forty-five chapters. This neat and pleasant pastoral is from the graceful and facile pen of Caroline Chesebro, whose descriptive talents have often been employed for the gratification of the reading public. While the scenes are found in a good degree among home life in the country, there is much to interest the mind and mend the heart. The moral of the book is worthy of notice. It will be found pleasant reading. The book makes its appearance in an attractive form, in keeping with all the issues of this well known and enterprising publishing house.

BROKEN COLUMNS. Pages 558. New-York: Sheldon & Company, 335 Broadway. 1863.

THIS volume appears without the name of the author, or without literary parentage. But somebody

wrote it who wielded an able and powerful pen. Along many pages of the book may be seen numerous traits of human life and character cropping out, some quaintly and quietly, others in bold relief. Peter Bayne, the essayist, says of it: "I have complied with your request and read *Broken Columns* carefully through. I do not hesitate to pronounce it, in my judgment, superior to *Adam Bede*. The plot is admirable, and the execution is a singular nearness to perfection. I am confident where it is read and known it will have an extensive sale."

THE GREAT STONE BOOK OF NATURE. By DAVID THOMAS ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.S., etc. Late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Honorary Fellow of Kings College, London. Illustrated with cuts. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, 630 Chestnut-street. 1863.

This is a very valuable and instructive book. It rests on a strong, deep foundation. No man save one of eminent talent and long and patient research can go down into the deep foundations of the earth and read there the ponderous volumes of Nature's vast library, but when the book is translated, and printed as this book, it is a volume rich in instruction. We love to read the rocks, and we advise all who can to buy this book and read it also.

CAPTAIN BRAYTON AND A GOBLET OF GRATITUDE.—Our veteran friend Captain Brayton, of the noble steamer *Empire State*, of the Fall River Line, has just shown us a splendid embossed silver goblet, lined with gold, good enough for an imperial monarch to drink out of—to the health of all creation, if he were so benevolently disposed. This goblet was the spontaneous and hearty gift of gratitude from the colored crew of the *Empire State* to Captain Brayton, for his brave and generous protection during the late disgraceful, terrible riots in New-York, when he stood between them and the deep peril of their lives, and made his steamer their castle of defense and safety. This goblet gift is alike honorable to Captain Brayton and the grateful givers. The goblet will long remain a treasured memorial in the family of Captain Brayton.

VALUABLE BOOKS CHEAP.—Literary and professional men, and those wishing to enrich their libraries at a small comparative cost, will do well to call in at the cheap Miscellaneous Book Store of A. Lloyd, No. 111 Nassau-street, New-York, where they will find treasures of literature in various departments—historical, theological, biographical, and philosophical. Mr. Lloyd has a fine assortment of books, and will be able to satisfy those who may please to call upon him.

MISS AIKIN'S SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.—We take pleasure in making an emphatic commendatory mention of Miss Aikin's Seminary for Young Ladies, at the beautiful city of Stamford, Connecticut, ninety minutes' ride by railway from the city of New-York. We speak from personal knowledge, claiming a daughter as one of the pupils. The seminary building—a few steps separate from the large commodious dwelling and dormitory rooms for Miss Aikin, her lady professors, and the young ladies—commands a fine and extensive view of Long Island Sound, exerting an expanding influence on the minds of the young ladies, and offering to their lungs a most salubrious atmosphere

for vigorous study and healthful recreation. Miss Aikin presents a well balanced programme for mental culture and physical education, with rare qualifications to conduct young ladies through a course of intellectual training, in the various branches of appropriate knowledge, in the formation of female character. The musical training, both vocal and instrumental, is in full keeping with all the rest. For all these advantages Miss Aikin's terms are quite moderate and reasonable.

LA VIE DE CÉSAR.—The *Journal de Geneve* contains the following from a Paris correspondent: "'*La Vie de César*, par Louis Napoleon,' is printing at this moment. There can be no further doubt about it, and I am in possession of information from the Imperial printing-office to the effect that a first impression, consisting of 100 copies, has been struck off, in which the necessary alterations are being made at this time. Workmen have been selected for this purpose who have been employed in the office for many years, and they have been told that on the slightest indiscretion on their part they will lose their places. After the printing of each leaf in quarto every form is secured with three chains and three locks, the keys of which M. Petitin, the director of the printing-office, takes with him. As soon as the printing is completed the sheets are taken into the emperor's cabinet; then the *collaborateurs* set to work correcting the press or altering such passages as the emperor wishes to see redone. You see that measures are pretty well taken against any information reaching foreign papers—a subject of great dread with the author. The work, it is further said, will appear in a few months—and in two editions—one printed at the Imperial printing-office, the other at Plon."—*The Reader*.

THE COMMERCE OF THE WORLD.—The commerce of the world requires 3,600,000 of able-bodied men to be constantly traversing the sea; of this number, 7500 die every year. The amount of property annually moved on the water is from fifteen hundred to two thousand millions of dollars; and the amount lost by the casualties of the sea averages twenty-five millions of dollars.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN 1862.—A parliamentary return states that during the year ending Dec. 31, 1862, there were 216 persons killed and 600 injured in consequence of railway accidents, of which 24 deaths occurred in Ireland, 42 in Scotland, and 160 in England and Wales; the number of miles of railway open in each division respectively being 1598, 1777, and 8176. During 1861, when the total number of miles of railway open in the United Kingdom was 10,833, the number of lives lost by accident was 284, and the number of persons injured 883. Of the 216 deaths in 1862, 26 passengers and 20 servants of contractors or the companies were killed from circumstances over which they had no control, and 9 passengers and 89 servants from want of caution on their part; 49 of the remainder were trespassers, including 7 cases of suicide.

FOOLSCAP PAPER.—In Charles the First's time all English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, among other indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the "fool's cap and bells" be sub-

stituted. These, in their turn, were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament journal still bears the name of "foolscap."

A RICH farmer's son, who had been bred at the University, coming home to visit his father and mother, they having one night a couple of fowls for supper, he told them that by logic and arithmetic he could prove those two fowls to be three. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why, this is one," cried the scholar; "and this," continued he, "is two; two and one you know make three." "Since you have made it out so well," answered the old man, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep to yourself for your great learning."

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.—The climate of Egypt is feverous, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks: "How do you perspire?" "Have you eaten? Is your stomach in good order?" asks the Chinaman—a touching solicitude, which can only be appreciated by a nation of gourmands. The traveling Hollander asks you: "How do you go?" The thoughtful, active Swede demands: "Of what do you think?" The Dane, more placid, uses the German expression: "Live well?" But the greeting of the Pole is best of all: "Are you happy?"

THE IDLER.—Every thing within us and about us shows that it never was intended that man should be idle. Our own health and comfort, and the welfare and happiness of those around us, all require that man should labor. Mind, body, soul, all alike suffer and rust out by idleness; the idler is a source of mental and moral offense to everybody around. He is a nuisance in the world, and needs abatement for the public good, like any other source of pestilence.

CELIBACY, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their ruler, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

TIME.—Be avaricious of time; do not give any moment without receiving it in value; only allow the hours to go from you with as much regret as you give to your gold; do not allow a single day to pass without increasing the treasure of your knowledge and virtue. The use of time is a debt we contract from birth, and it should only be paid with the interest that our life has accumulated.

A WOMAN of genius, who has the sagacity to choose a perfectly true man as her companion, shows more of the divine gift in so doing, than in her finest talk or her most brilliant work of letters or of art.

MIGNARD, the painter, was no less famous as a courtier than as an artist. He possessed the talent of flattery in a superlative degree, which in Louis

XIV.'s court was any thing but an impediment to his advancement. He painted the *grand roi* ten times. "Mignard," said the monarch one day, while sitting for his last portrait, "you must find me grown very old!" "Sire," replied the painter, "I only see a few laurels the more round your majesty's brow." Shortly after Mignard entered the academy, and was received on the same day professor, rector, director, and chancellor.

WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children?—Parents.

WHY are makers of the Armstrong gun the most dishonest persons in her majesty's service?—Because they rifle all the guns, forge all the materials, and steel all the gun-breeches.

REPRODUCTIVE POWERS OF PLANTS.—In the propagation of the Fuchsia, or any other plant, we observe that the buds of plants have the power of developing roots if removed from the parent, and may thus form a completely independent structure. It is by separating the buds, and placing them in circumstances favorable to their growth, that any particular variety of plant may be propagated more certainly than by seeds. The limits which have been set by the Creator to the duration of the life of each being that exists at any one time on the surface of the globe, would cause the earth to be speedily unpeopled were not a compensation provided in the faculty of reproduction, or of the formation of a new being similar to itself, possessed by every kind of plant. This power of creating, as it were, a living structure, with all its wondrous mechanism, seems more extraordinary and mysterious than any which we elsewhere witness; yet it is not so perhaps in reality. The processes which are constantly taking place during the life of each being, and which are necessary to the maintenance of its own existence, are no less wonderful and no less removed from any thing we witness in the world of dead matter. When the tree unfolds its leaves with the returning warmth of spring, there is as much to interest and astonish in the beautiful structure and important uses of these parts as there is in the expansion of its more gay and variegated blossoms; and when it puts forth new buds which by their extension prolong its branches over a part of the ground previously unshaded by its foliage, the process is in itself as wonderful as the formation of the seed that is to propagate its race in some distant spot.—*Hibberd's Gardeners' Magazine*.

STRENGTH OF CHARACTER.—Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them. Now we all very often mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake—because he has his will obeyed and his own way in all things, we call him a strong man. The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong; he, mastered by them, is weak. You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those that subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury, and

then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand, as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked and yet restrain himself and forgive—he is the strong man, the spiritual hero.

THE LILY.

Slowly out of a summer grave

A pure white lily grew,
Its root was red in the heart of the dead,
Its cup held tears of dew.

Blanced as white as a first day's snow,
It sprang by a mossy stone;
An angel's smile turned into a flower,
And it blossomed there alone.

It sprang from a maiden's broken heart—
'Twas the purest thing on earth;
Yet its fibrous roots were deep in a grave,
And death had given it birth.

It fed on sunshine and on showers,
It drank the warm, bright air;
There was never a flower at Eden's gate
Grew yet more pure or fair.

White and pure as a virgin's soul,
Soft as an angel's wing,
It rose to hear the birds above
Of heaven in raptures sing.

I could not think but it was a sign
Of happiness and rest,
For it seemed to whisper to us who're left:
"Your Alice is with the blest."

LIFE AND EXISTENCE.—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT MANILLA.—The following is from the *Straits Times Overland Mail* of the 21st of June: "On the 3d inst., at half-past seven in the evening, a circumambient flame was seen to arise from the earth and gird the city of Manilla, and at the same time a most terrific quaking of the earth took place. It lasted scarcely a minute, but in that short space nearly the whole of fair Manilla has been reduced to a heap of ruins. The abomination of desolation has taken possession of her palaces, her temples, and her dwelling-places, and death and destruction have ridden triumphantly over the land. We believe that upwards of a thousand have been killed, and many thousands wounded, but it is impossible to say or to estimate. Scarcely an edifice has escaped without dead or wounded. The good priests, their choristers and sacristans, and the faithful who were hearing the vespers of Corpus Christi, have been nearly all buried and suffocated under the ruins of the cathedral and other

churches. The only church that has escaped wholly is San Augustin, the same that withstood the tremendous shock of 1845. The palace, and nearly all the public and private as well as commercial edifices, have either been thrown down or shaken from their foundations. Thank God! not a single foreigner has been killed, but two, we hear, have been seriously hurt, though not dangerously. The Rodrigues property, left to the British nation, and where the British Consulate was, has been entirely destroyed, and is nothing but a mass of ruins. We must felicitate Spain on the conduct of her subjects here of all classes during this great and sudden trial; they acted admirably. The governor-general and the archbishop set a brilliant example, which has been copied nearly by all, of calmness, fortitude, resignation, and energetic sympathy. The city is deserted nearly, for the edifices threaten to fall suddenly, and there may be (though heaven forefend it) a repetition. Before the earthquake took place sulphurous odors were perceived, rumbling like the firing of ordnance, and then like the approach of an immense locomotive and train. The flame that surrounded the city was seen from the bay to ascend toward the sky; and another, a tripled snake one, came from the land over the water to the shipping, and threw them up at least two or three feet; while on shore the earth has every where sunk at least two feet. God help us! we are all sick and nervous, and require all our faith and confidence to sustain us."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Mr. Cyrus W. Field returned from England last week in the China. He brought with him a specimen of the new Atlantic cable, which is the best submarine cable ever made, and is far superior to the one that was first laid. It is about three fourths of an inch in diameter, composed of seven small copper wires, strongly pressed together till they look almost like one, surrounded by gutta-percha about one third of an inch thick, and then by ten strong iron wires twisted rope-fashion. These wires are wrapped in the best Russian hemp. All the materials are of the first quality, and a section of the cable presents an appearance of great solidity and strength. Glass, Elliott & Co., the contractors, have commenced the manufacture of the cable, and will prosecute it with the utmost energy and dispatch. They will receive about \$3,000,000 for making and laying the cable, and turning it over in complete working order to the company. Glass, Elliott & Co. have never entertained the slightest doubt of the entire practicability of the Atlantic Telegraph as a scientific undertaking and a commercial venture, and illustrate their faith by accepting a large part of their pay in stock. The entire arrangement and conduct of the expedition is devolved upon Glass, Elliott & Co. It is thought that they will try to charter the Great Eastern, which could easily carry the cable, and would ride over the waves with the desirable steadiness. The distance between the two coasts is about sixteen hundred and forty nautical miles, but Glass, Elliott & Co. will make two thousand miles of the cable. The laying is to be done in June, July, or August, of 1864.

PRAYING GENERALS.—General Meade is a man of earnest piety. While this is not an inseparable concomitant of good generalship, it is a quality not to be despised. There have been great captains who did not believe in God; but we can hardly re-

call an instance in which the leader of an army whose mission it was to defend liberty, was not as devout as brave. Cromwell was a "praying man." So was William Tell. So was Gustavus Adolphus. So was Washington. Among generals of lesser renown, piety has gone hand in hand with valor. Havelock was at once the hero of the Indian Rebellion and the idol of a Christian church. Stonewall Jackson divided his time between the labors of the camp and the exercises of the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting. The virtues of the Christian rivalled the genius of the soldier in our own gallant Mitchell.—*Albany Journal*.

INDUSTRIAL SCIENCE.—It is to industrial science we must look, not as the sole means, undoubtedly, but as an indispensable means toward the development of a higher civilization. There is a slavery which we all understand, which we all denounce, which we all seek to do away with—that of man to man. But there is another kind of servitude, less bitter, indeed, because not created by the tyranny of man but of circumstances—the servitude of those whose whole existence, from dawn to darkness, from youth to age, is an incessant struggle to supply their daily wants. What is the first step to raise these—even now they are not few—to a better and sounder position? Law can do nothing; charity can only do what is worse than nothing. What they need is to have a portion of their drudgery taken off their hands—to have slaves to do their work for them—not human slaves—God forbid!—but to summon to their aid those hidden powers of nature which it has pleased our Maker to subject to the control of man's intelligence and will. That is the first condition of genuine social progress.—*Lord Stanley at Liverpool*.

THE PNEUMATIC DISPATCH.—The report to be presented on this Saturday, to the third ordinary general meeting of the company, having referred to the removal of the experimental tube and machinery from Battersea, and its having been laid underground from the Euston Station of the London and North-Western Company to the district post-office in Eversholt-street, a length of six hundred yards, states that on the 20th of February last the post-office authorities discontinued their street conveyances, and intrusted the company with the transmission of the mails, and that the service of the district had since been entirely performed by the company. Thirty trains per diem (Sundays excepted) have been dispatched, with perfect regularity, and upward of four thousand trains have run without impediment or delay. The time occupied in the transmission has not exceeded seventy seconds. The daily cost of working has averaged £1 4s. 5d.; and five times the number of trains could have been conveyed without any appreciable increase of expense. Confirmed in their views by this result, the directors proceeded to carry out the decision of the last general meeting, by the issue of a capital sufficient to enable the company to lay a main line of tube, fifty-four inches in diameter, with the necessary stations, appliances, and machinery, from the Euston station to the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and forward to Gresham-street. This capital having been subscribed, the directors entered into contracts with Mr. Barrow, of Stavely; Messrs. James Watt & Co., and Messrs. John Aird & Son—the gentlemen who constructed the original work,—for its completion. The length of this tube will

be nearly two and a half miles; and the entire costs so far as can be foreseen, including the laying, station accommodation, and the necessary apparatus and pumping-engines, will be about £65,000. The whole route has been carefully examined and definitely determined, and from the active measures taken by the contractors in the preparation of the tubes and engines, the directors hope to commence laying the line at an early date. A considerable portion of the further issue of shares has been taken up by the original proprietors and the contractors, and the remainder has been allotted among seventy-six new shareholders.

THE COAL PROSPECT.—Sir William Armstrong's inaugural address (before the British Association) was by no means open to the charge of taking coals to Newcastle. On the contrary, it undermined the future hopes of Newcastle in coals as much as the coal-miners themselves undermines its soil. He said that England was now raising 86,000,000 tons yearly, and that recently the yearly rate of increase had been 2,750,000 tons per year. If the increase were now forever to cease, and the coal-income to be henceforth only 86,000,000 tons, the English stock would be exhausted to the depth of 4000 feet in 930 years; but if the increase of 2½ millions annually were to continue it would be exhausted in only 212 years. Moreover, he scarcely thought that at present the coal could be worked so deep as 4000 feet. The bottom of Monkwearmouth colliery (only 1800 feet deep) shows a temperature of 84 degrees, and a degree rises for every 60 feet of depth. This would give 120 degrees for the depth of 4000 feet—a dreadfully hot climate to mine in, and most exhausting to the strength.

On the whole, Sir W. Armstrong thought that in a century or two the United States, which possess coal-fields thirty-six times as extensive as ours, will supply the world with coal; but the meeting was not apparently depressed by this prospect for their posterity, probably thinking that something might turn up, even for Newcastle, as good as coal itself. Sir W. Armstrong then discussed also the source of coal in the sun's heat, and gave a very striking picture of Mr. Nasmyth's solar "willow leaves," which are each one thousand miles in length and one hundred in breadth, and, says Sir William, "perhaps organisms." We hope not; crowds of involved, bright, hot caterpillars creeping over each other, each one hundred thousand square miles in area, are not a pleasant (or very probable) idea; but Sir W. Armstrong's speech was the ablest and far the most popular of recent years.—*London paper*.

THE PERILS OF MOUNTAIN ASCENTS.—A letter from Vleg, in the canton of Valais, (Switzerland,) states that as two English gentlemen (whose names are not given) were last week crossing a dangerous pass of the Simplon by the glaciers of the Fletschhorn, accompanied by two guides, one of the latter fell into a deep crevice. The gentlemen immediately sent the other guide to Saas, a distance of about three leagues, to fetch ropes for the purpose of extricating the poor fellow, who recovered sufficiently from the effects of his fall to speak to the Englishmen several times during the other guide's absence. Owing to the depth of the crevice and the darkness of the night, nine hours elapsed before the man was drawn to the surface, and he expired from exhaustion a few minutes afterwards.—*Gazette*.

SCIENCE WELL SUGARED.—Science begins reaping its annual harvest before the farmers have done. The British Association met at Newcastle on Wednesday, and owing to the popularity of Sir William Armstrong, who is the president of the year, two thousand new members were enrolled in the association, two thousand annual subscriptions annexed. Besides the sectional papers and discussions there are to be much more important amusements. To-day there will be a trip to Sunderland, where adventurers may descend the Monkwearmouth colliery, eighteen hundred feet deep. On Monday Mr. Coxwell and Mr. Glaisher are to make a scientific ascent, and we trust, also, unlike the unfortunate man at Nottingham, a scientific descent, and Mr. Glaisher is to lecture on his own achievement on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday next Sir William Armstrong will shoot off 12-pounder breech-loading and shunt guns for the amusement of the association, and to illustrate the highly destructive powers of his time and percussion segment shell. Balls, concerts, and entertainments of every description are to be crowned with a regatta, in which Green, the Australian champion, Kelly, the champion of the Tyne, and Chambers, the champion of the Thames, are to measure their skill. So the science will be well sugared, and the sugar may prove, perhaps, as nutritious as the science.—*Examiner*.

FATE AT THE HELM.

Oh! let no tear-drop dim thine eye
When stormy tempests blow;
The Fate that guards our peaceful home
Doth steer where'er I go;
Till Fate hath piped all hands aloft,
Small danger there can be;
I'm safe amid the storm, my girl,
As when at home with thee.
So let the wild wind pour its blast,
And lash the roaring sea;
I'm safe amid the storm, my girl,
As when at home with thee.

It oft hath been my lot to brave
The tempest in its might;
But they who trust are stronger armed
Than warrior armed for fight;
A sailor's courage mounts, as mount
The strong waves from their bed;
He fearless braves the wildest storm,
Though seas dash o'er his head.
So let the wild wind pour its blast,
And lash the roaring sea;
I'm safe amid the storm, my girl,
As when at home with thee.

'Tis true the deep may be my bed,
The billows rock my breast,
But if with thee I may not be,
What matter where I rest?
If He above hath willed my grave
To be on holy ground,
The ocean shall respect my form,
And harmless roll around.
So let the wild wind pour its blast,
And lash the roaring sea;
I'm safe amid the storm, my girl,
As when at home with thee.

J. W. THIRLWALL.

DRESS AND DISEASES.—There is no truth more firmly established among medical men than that dis-

eases follow fashion as much as bonnets do. When thin shoes prevail, consumption is the prevailing epidemic with females in every fashionable community of the country. When low-neck dresses are in the ascendant, sore throat and quinsy are the raging maladies. When "bustles" and "bishops" make their appearance, spinal affections become "the ton." The reign of corsets is denoted by collapsed lungs, dyspepsia, and a general derangement of the digestive organs. Indeed, so intimately are dress and diseases connected, that a doctor says that all he needs to determine what a majority of the women are dying of, is to have an inventory of their wardrobe handed to him.

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—A curious phenomenon was observed in HARRY on Wednesday last. In the forenoon, and in a clear blue sky, when the sun was shining bright, the half-moon was as distinctly visible in the north-west as if it had wanted an hour of dawn. The moon had by no means that dim, faint, wasted appearance which she presents when seen by day, but she seemed absolutely to be shining in silver radiance. Although the sky appeared beautifully clear, there might, in all likelihood, be some peculiarity in the atmosphere which gave the moon such unusual distinctness in daylight.—*Orkney Herald*.

SINGULAR CASE OF REANIMATION.—An interesting fact in a physiological point of view has just taken place at Kenezew, in the palatinate of Plock. A detachment of one hundred Cossacks had just invaded the village, and were preparing to pillage the chateau. At the same time Mme. Wiwerska, wife of an ex-colonel of the Polish army, and mother-in-law of the proprietor, M. Wosinski, was apparently about to breathe her last, and the family, with the death wax-light in their hands, surrounded her bed. At the cry of the Cossacks, who had come to lay hold of her son-in-law, the dying woman sat up, then got out of bed, and with the most perfect presence of mind gave such orders as were necessary under the circumstances. The danger to which her children were exposed reanimated her departing spirit. She is still alive, but has frequent hysterical attacks.

An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

MODESTY.—Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence—the richest gem in the diadem of their honor.

LORD ERSKINE once reproved a brutal fellow for shamefully beating a horse. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own. Mayn't I use it as I please?" and as he spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of his beast. Lord Erskine, with a stout walking-stick, basted the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, quite cowed, asked what business he had to touch him with the stick. "Why," replied Lord Erskine, "the stick's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

'Tis the fancy, not the reason of things, that makes us so uneasy. It is not the place nor the condition, but the mind alone, that can make us happy or miserable.

SOMEBODY'S CONFESSION.

If I'd a hundred hearts, I fear
Not one with me would stay;
For beauty such attraction hath,
They'd all be charmed away;
The piercing glance of each dark eye
Would lessen still my store,
And every melting eye of blue
Would make one truant more.

Sweet ladies fair, who list to me,
My crime you can't forgive;
Ah! constant I have never been,
And may not whilst I live:
And yet such tender breasts might frame
Excuse on me to fall,
And grant some pity with the blame
To him who loves you all.

Then have you all so constant been,
That faithless I alone;
And will those lovely, loving lips,
All roving thought disown?
I dare not doubt—what mortal dare,
Though ye deceive the while?
Such charms might wake a buried world,
And all the saints beguile.

J. W. THIRLWALL.

MODERN NOVELS.—Carlyle's characterization of modern novels is odd but appropriate. He calls them "tales of adventures which did not occur in creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the sum of nothings; which, nevertheless, obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers."

OVERWORK.—The majority of the fatal diseases arising from overwork are now discovered. Give a human being overwork and deficient food, and he is the victim of diarrhoea and dysentery. Give him overwork and bad air and bad food, and he is the victim of typhus. Give him overwork and bad air, and he is the victim of consumption. Give him over mental work, with whatever air and whatever food, and he is the victim of brain disease, and of one or other of its sequences—insanity, paralysis, premature death in any case, death by suicide not unfrequently. Give him overwork purely physical, with air, with food, and the laboring heart, trying to keep up against its weariness, succumbs.

The following pithy story is told of Hallam and Rogers: "How do you do, Hallam?" said the poet. "Do what?" said the other. "Why, how do you find yourself?" "I never lose myself." "Well, how have you been?" "Been where?" "Pshaw! How do you feel?" "Feel me and see." "Good morning, Hallam." "It's not a good morning," Rogers could say no more.

There is gold and silver enough in Nevada to pay all the war debt, if it should amount to two thousand millions of dollars. There is silver enough to give each soldier after the close of the war a musket of silver instead of one of iron, and to plate our monitors with silver thicker than they were ever plated with iron. In California the mines may finally become exhausted and less valuable, but in Nevada there are no signs of exhaustion. The deeper the

mines are explored the richer they get. Such a prize of wealth never was a matter of contest on earth before.

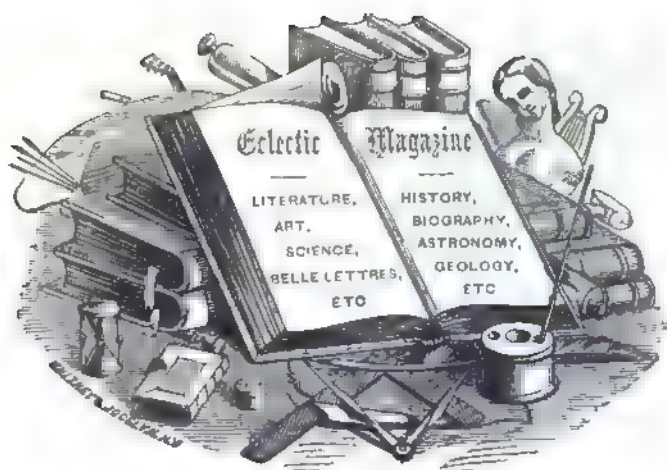
READ not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

THE DIAMOND MARKET.—The *Independent's* commercial article thus describes the condition of the diamond market in this city:

"Our diamond dealers say they have not done a larger or more profitable business than during the past two years, but it is extremely difficult, from the very nature of this most concentrated form of all earthly wealth, to arrive with any degree of certainty at the aggregate value of the importation of diamonds into the country, for they are so easily smuggled, that even the very low duty of five per cent. on unset precious stones does not prevent their surreptitious introduction into the country. A few days since a diamond merchant entered at the custom house a single brilliant, which was invoiced in Paris at forty thousand francs—the cost of which, after paying the duty of five per cent, would be about fifteen thousand dollars. The duty on diamonds is so small that there is hardly a temptation to smuggle them, yet the greater part of the precious stones imported here doubtless come in free of duty. The custom house books exhibit but a very small number of diamond entries; but the importations of the past two years through the custom house show a considerable increase over any previous year. The total amount of gems and precious stones, not set, entered at our custom house in 1861, was but \$46,513, while for the first quarter of the present year it has been \$97,246, and in 1862 it was \$188,821. So that in the second year of the war the importation of diamonds increased four-fold on the previous year, and the third year bids fair to double on that. We doubt if there have been any diamonds or unset gems imported into the Confederate States since the rebellion commenced."

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S APARTMENTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.—A noble suit of apartments is being prepared and fitted up with great magnificence in the York Tower, which is situated on the south side of the castle, facing the "Long Walk," for the reception of their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales when residing at Windsor. In addition to these, other apartments are being fitted up for the same purpose in the "Keep," to be used by the prince, it is stated, as governor of the Round Tower. Here, in the olden times, the governor of the castle resided, the "Keep" being provided with an extensive armory, but of late years the various chambers have been used for the accommodation of the equerries and visitors to her majesty. The apartments now alluded to face the lower ward of the castle. Within the "Keep" of the fortresses, David, King of Scotland, and the Earls of Surrey and Lauderdale were immured as state prisoners at different times. There are, it is understood, several privileges attached to the position alluded to above, and among these are, we believe, the right of visiting and residing in the "Tower" without an express invitation from the queen, and of hoisting the "Union Jack" over the "Keep," the royal standard being, of course, reserved only for the presence of the sovereign.—*Times*.





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DECEMBER, 1868.

From the North British Review.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY—GRAVE AND GAY.*

FROM end to end of our long gallery of national portraits of British authors, ranging through five hundred years, from Chaucer to Tennyson, we shall not pause before a more interesting group than that of the great writers who lived in the opening of our nineteenth century. Only one other group is more remarkable—the starry constellation of Elizabeth—by virtue of the loftier reach, and wider range, and towering majesty of Shakspeare and Bacon. Here is Wordsworth, little suspected as greatest amongst many great by his earlier cotemporaries, with head slightly bowed, and look of solemn thought,

plodding along his most cheerless way, smiling at times with a consciousness of the "all hail hereafter" that he should yet live to hear; but doing his work dutifully while it was day, no matter though he should go to sleep without his fame. Coleridge, the "noticeable man with large gray eyes," in which there glittered the spirit of Eld, and glorious brow, and face as of an angel. Byron, darkly passionate and miserably peevish, with the taste of his own life bitter in his mouth; speaking his new decrees to the world of poetry in the name of a capital "I," and fulminating like a live crater on those who would not bow and believe; eager to storm the heights of Parnassus, but unwilling to take his seat there, unless he reigned alone; pursued all his upward way by the gnawing consciousness that every step

* *The Collected Works of Thomas De Quincey.* Author's Edition. Fifteen volumes. With Portrait Illustrations. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1868.

which lifted him higher over the heads of men only served to expose his poor lame foot! Lamb, with that quick keen face, gleaming eyes, and stammering tongue; with a deep dark tarn of tears in his heart, for all that sunny sweetness overflowing the face; hiding his secret skeleton with all sorts of flowers and queerest quips of frolic and fun; his Quaker primness giving such piquancy to his sly jests; his tender insertion of the hook into his victim, as old Isaac advises respecting the worm, "as though you loved it." Sydney Smith, with his rare, honest, hearty English presence, and ringing mirth into which he put his whole heart; turning his humor to useful purposes, with all the jollity of Mark Tapley under difficulties. Tom Moore, gay and glittering: a very humming-bird of song, fluttering from flower to flower, sipping their sweetness, and repaying them with a tiny music; all sparkle, and color, and motion; caught amongst the strings of Erin's harp, and making melody with the touch of wings rather than with the cunning fingers of some mighty bard who crowded his life into his play. Southey, all dignity and distance to strangers, with an air of lofty regard, and a look as though his spirit had reined back the head, like a horse thrown on its haunches. Honest Walter Scott, every inch the Laird, with his strong Border physiognomy; no *nimbus* round his brow, but a head and shoulders that can bear a world of toil and trouble; a healthy, stalwart man. Shelley, the beautiful *Dæmon* "unconditioned;" with eternal youth in his look; a spirit of good in the presence of suffering humanity; a fair fiend with a foul tongue in the presence of that holy Saviour whose earthly form he could not recognize. Godwin, stately and cold as a Greek bust; "all was picture" as he passed his eyes over the map of life; there was nothing real for him but that which is to be. Christopher North, a man of larger mould, with the head of a hero and heart of a lion; a form that might have stood first as the live figure-head of the Norseman's war-ship; moving into the fight chanting some old runic rhyme, with fire in eye, and foam on lip, and battle-axe in hand; large in look, ruddy and radiant with life; a commanding spirit that rode as on wings over the buoyant animal forces, which reared and plunged "like proud seas under it," and

bore it on to many victories. Keats, leaning his chin on hand, and luxuriating in his languorous sense of beauty; looking on external nature with the large eyes and clinging love of those who are not long for this life. Talfourd, youthful and in listening attitude, with looks made radiant by reflected light. Hazlitt, gloomy and defiant, ever standing on guard ready to defend Napoleon.

Many other striking faces attract us in this group; but there is one that just now holds our attention more than all the rest—the portrait of a small man with a large brain, oppressive in brow, and peering out of eyes that have seen much sorrow. The head shows a want of animal force behind. The mouth is drawn down noticeably at the corners. The eyes look out of two rings of darkness. A spirit of singular temper and strange experience! This is Thomas De Quincey. Let us look at his portrait a little further; it is that of a man to know more about.

Although De Quincey has not written one of the world's great works—not having finished his *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*—he has left us in possession of a vast and delightful body of writings, unique in character and supreme in kind. He was a man very aptly and richly endowed for a historical critic, and as a writer of narrative from personal or national history; one of those writers, rare in kind, who, like Mr. Ruskin, possess the better half of the complete critic nature, having the creative intellect. If a hundred of the world's best authors had to be named by us publicly, De Quincey should be one. Privately, we place him amongst the first fifty!

De Quincey was yet a young man in the great dawn of new life that rose over the world with the French Revolution, touching with strange glamour the eyes of the young, till they saw apocalyptic visions; touching the faces of men, till many caught a glimpse of the coming universal brotherhood, in what seemed a millennial light; touching the lips of common men with fire, till they too shared in the general inspiration, and prophesied; touching the old world with such a gleam of glory, it appeared as though the new heavens were already beginning to arch over the new earth. Yet in that time, when humanity seemed marching to a nobler music, towards a splendid future, and "triumphant looks" were the "common

language" of all eyes, De Quincey was not carried away to the same height as the rest of his cotemporaries. He, too, was young, and had the heart that could leap with the new life; but he had also the brooding thought, and the serene eye that could take a wide survey over the empires of time and change. He knew that the world was not thus awake and ready when the real Saviour came in the person of that blessed babe of Bethlehem; and he waited to know what this new-born babe of liberty should prove, as it grew in stature and in years, before he went far from his way to bend the knee, or lift up the "All hail." So that, when his cotemporaries came back from their jaunt in the land of splendid phantoms, they found De Quincey standing on the ancient ways, holding fast by the deeper foundation of things, and silently communing with his subtle sense. To be sure, it must be admitted that he had been making a phantom-world of his own to dwell in, with the aid of opium, to pass some of the time away, being very lonely. Nevertheless, his nature had a certain firm rootage in all that is most enduring, which kept it from being swayed by the tricky tendencies of the time, as many were; and when the strife and conflict moved over the face of the great deep of revolution in France and political life at home, his life-blood was instantly drawn to the heart of his own country; his first thought was to wonder what it all boded for her; and thenceforth he stood sentinel in her cause. Speaking of the way in which the foundations of his moral being were laid, he says: "Were I to return thanks to Providence for all the separate blessings of my early situation, I would single out these four as worthy of special commemoration: That I lived in a rustic solitude; that this solitude was in England; that my infant feelings were moulded by the gentlest of sisters; finally, that I and they were dutiful and loving members of a pure, holy, and magnificent church." His steadier footing and surer eye in a time of tumult were undoubtedly one result of this early life. He loved England devotedly, and was English, soul and body. His sense of the gorgeous in sound, which held solemn revel in the processional pomp of his noblest prose, was fed by the lofty strains of a grand church music. His dwelling in solitude calmed and enlarged his mental life, and em-

powered him to give us the following description of a child's sense of solitude:

"God speaks to children also in dreams, and by the oracles that lurk in darkness. But in solitude, above all things, when made vocal to the meditative heart by the truths and services of a national church, God holds with little children 'communion undisturbed.' Solitude, though it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a little child has a dread, whispering consciousness that if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse would be allowed to lead him by the hand; nor mother to carry him in her arms; nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child—all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has already passed, and of another solitude, deeper still, through which he has to pass: reflex of one solitude; refiguration of another."

This passage brings us naturally to the life De Quincey lived, and to that early portion of which he has written so eloquently. He was born on the 15th of August, 1785, at "The Farm," a country house near Manchester. He came into the world, as he tells us, on the happiest tier in the social scaffolding for all good influences; his family position being neither too high nor too low; neither too rich nor too poor; high enough to see models of good manners, of self-respect and simple dignity, and obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes. A happy state enough, but one into which sorrow and death would come!

Thomas de Quincey was a small sensitive child, with a big brain, and a nervous system not sufficiently well covered in by the robust *physique* which insures so much immunity in the happy unconsciousness of strong, healthy childhood. He appears to have been born with a liability to that "weird seizure" spoken of by Tennyson in "The Princess." Many persons, especially poets, have felt this "weird seizure," whereby some echo-life of a world not realized seems to break in upon this life suddenly, and in the midst of men and things, as well as in solitude. De Quincey lived this echo-life mentally all through his pilgrimage; but we imagine it must have been very strong on him during his early years. He symbolizes this experience for

those who have never felt it, in his way of writing any given subject dually—first the reality, and then the far-off echo in spirit-world. In him this is connected with a tendency to trance, and we find him in his sixth year struck down in a trance by the side of his little sister, who lay all in white; dead in the glorious summer weather; and one of his many noble prose poems is written as the echo of this experience, occurring twelve years after the real affliction:

"Once again, after twelve years' interval, the nursery of my childhood expanded before me; my sister was moaning in bed; and I was beginning to be restless with fears not intelligible to myself. Once again the elder nurse, but now dilated to colossal proportions, stood as upon some Grecian stage with her uplifted hand, and like the superb Medea towering amongst her children in the nursery of Corinth, smote me senseless to the ground. Again I am in the chamber with my sister's corpse; again the pomps of life rise up in silence; the glory of summer, the Syrian sunlights, the frost of death. Dream forms itself mysteriously within dream; within these Oxford dreams remoulds itself continually the trance in my sister's chamber, the blue heavens, the everlasting vault, the soaring billows, the throne steeped in the thought (but not the sight) of 'who might sit thereon,' the flight, the pursuit, the irrecoverable steps of my return to earth. Once more the funeral procession gathers; the priest in his white surplice stands waiting with a book by the side of an open grave; the sacristan is waiting with his shovel; the coffin has sunk; the dust to dust has descended. Again I was in the church on a heavenly Sunday morning. The golden sunlight of God slept amongst the heads of his apostles, his martyrs, his saints; the fragment from the litany, the fragment from the clouds, awoke again the lawn beds that went up to scale the heavens, awoke again the shadowy arms that went downward to meet them. Once again arose the swell of the anthem, the burst of the hallelujah chorus, the storm, the trampling movement of the choral passion, the agitation of my own trembling sympathy, the tumult of the choir, the wrath of the organ. Once more I, that wallowed in the dust, became he that rose up to the clouds; and now all was bound up into unity; the first stage and the last were melted into each other as in some sunny glorifying haze. For high in heaven hovered a gleaming host of faces, veiled with wings around the pillows of the dying children. And such beings sympathize equally with sorrow that grovels and with sorrow that soars. Such beings pity alike the children that are languishing in death, and the children that live only to languish in tears."

One trait which De Quincey relates of his mother sheds a vivid light on his own character. He says she thought much less of her own children than of other people's, and had a shy timidity on the subject, as though she half apologized to the world for having produced them. He largely inherited this feeling, and labored under its influence right through life; more especially as he came in contact with that wonderful brother of his who tyrannized over him so naturally, by sheer force of character. If De Quincey remained a dreamer to the end, it was not his brother's fault. If his spirit never worked its way fully into the world of action, through the gateways of the senses, to flash out in dilated eye and nostril, corded sinews, clenched hands, and great deeds, it was not because this resolute brother spared any effort to make a man of him, in his way of bringing him up to the mark. A great contrast to little Thomas was this sturdy cloud-compeller, who loved to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, and who had a genius for mischief, an absolute inspiration for creating the chariot on which he was to ride, the storm he was to drive, or say storms, for he could have driven tempests four-in-hand. He despised the younger sensitive plant of the family, and was frank enough to show it on all occasions and in all possible ways. For a time the younger brother courted his contempt, as his only means of finding refuge and repose from the storm and strife of the turbulent soul who would otherwise try to force him into a seat at his side on his whirlwind journeys.

"O heavens! there is no saying how far the horrid man might go in his unreasonable demands upon me. I groaned under the weight of his expectations; and if I laid but the first round of such a staircase, why, then, I saw in vision a vast Jacob's ladder towering upwards to the clouds, mile after mile, league after league, and myself running up and down this ladder, like any fatigued party of Irish hodmen, to the top of any Babel which my wretched admirer might choose to build."

De Quincey's narrative of life with his brother, and their fights with the factory boys, is one of the choicest bits of writing in all his works. Over the surface of a deep, quiet stream of knowledge, and wise thinking, and kindest feeling, there run the most delicious ripples of humor,

touched with a rare radiance. The origin of the quarrel might be thought incommensurate with the length of the war. It began by a factory boy shouting derisively as the two brothers passed by: "Holloa, bucks!" But, as De Quincey remarks, the uninitiated that think so will be wrong. "The word 'dandies,' which was what the villain meant, had not then been born. 'Bucks' was the nearest word at hand in his Manchester vocabulary; he gave all he could, and let us dream the rest." But in the next moment he discovered that the brothers wore boots, which was unpardonable to his democratic sense, and so he consummated his crime by saluting them as "Boots! boots!" "My brother made a dead stop, surveyed him with intense disdain, and bade him draw near, that he might give his flesh to the fowls of the air." The boy declined to accept the invitation. A shower of stones followed, and war was proclaimed. The younger De Quincey did not see that they had suffered an unpardonable offense in being called "bucks," while the fact of the "boots" was patent to everybody. His brother, however, soon rectified his views, and impressed him with "a sense of paramount duty to his brother, which was threefold. First, it seems that I owed military allegiance to *him*, as my commander-in-chief, whenever we 'took the field.' Secondly, by the law of nations, I, being a cadet of my house, owed suit and service to him, who was its head; and he assured me that twice a year, on *my* birthday and on *his*, he had a right, strictly speaking, to make me lie down, and to set his foot upon my neck. Lastly, by a law not so rigorous, but valid amongst gentlemen—viz.: 'by the *comity* of nations'—it seems I owed eternal deference to one so much older than myself, so much wiser, stronger, braver, more beautiful, and more swift of foot." And so the battles raged day by day, sometimes twice; and Rome's immortal three men never kept the bridge of old more valiantly than the two brothers kept the bridge at Greenhays, save on those occasions when they exercised the undoubted right, guaranteed to every Briton by Magna Charta—to run away. Once the younger brother was taken prisoner, and seen, to the intense disgust of the elder, in the arms of the female enemy, being kissed breathless. Upon which he showed clearly, in his orders of

the day, that frightful consequences must inevitably ensue if major-generals (as a general principle) should allow themselves to be kissed by the enemy. In this campaign the elder brother showed his great capacities for command. If he had lived, there can be little doubt that his qualities would have given the world assurance of a remarkable man, and made a similar impression on the minds of others to that which he produced on the mind of his young admiring slave. He would have made a great man of action, being immeasurably active, able, aspiring, confident, and most fertile in resources. Books he hated, except such as he had written himself, and these were on all subjects known, and various unknown. "On necromancy," says De Quincey, "he was very great; witness his profound work, though but a fragment, and, unfortunately, long since departed to the bosom of Cinderella, entitled, 'How to raise a Ghost; and when you've got him down, how to keep him down.'" Then he had a startling and wonderful speculation, with which he would thrill the hearts of his young auditory, on the possibility (not at all unlikely, he affirmed) that a federation, or solemn league and conspiracy, might take place amongst the infinite generations of ghosts against the single generation of men at any one time composing the garrison of this earth. He would explain the phrase for expressing that a man had died, "he has gone over to the great majority," until his hearers easily comprehended the appalling state of the case, and saw that should the ghosts combine, we should be left in a fearful minority. He was thoroughly beaten himself, however, on one subject, much to the joy of the youngsters, though he personally would never own to defeat. One of the family had been admiring and envying the flies for their powers of walking on the ceiling. "Pooh!" he replied, "they are impostors; they pretend to do it, but they can't do it as it ought to be done. Ah! you should see *me* standing upright on the ceiling, with my head downwards, for half-an-hour together, meditating profoundly." Sister Mary remarked that she would like to see him in that position. "If that is the case," he said, confident as some Norse Skrymner, "it's very well that all is ready, except as to a strap or two." Being a good skater, he had fancied that something might be done on that principle. He tried, but finding that he

could not get sufficient impetus to start, he gave it up, or came down, explaining that the friction was too retarding from the plaster of Paris; the case would be different if the ceiling were coated with ice. So he changed his plan, and made an apparatus for getting himself launched like a humming-top. He would then "spin upon his own axis, and sleep upon his own axis—perhaps he might even dream upon it;" and he laughed at "those scoundrels the flies" that never improved in their pretended art, nor made any thing of it." The apparatus, however, would not work; a fact evidently owing to the stupidity of the gardener. There was nothing now, if he clung to the top principle, save being kept up by incessant whipping; but that, of course, no gentleman should submit to.

"It was well," remarks De Quincey, "that my brother's path in life diverged from mine, else I should infallibly have broken my neck in confronting perils which brought neither honor nor profit."

De Quincey remembered little of his father, who was an Indian merchant. The one sole memorial which restored his image to him, was the memory of the night on which he came home to die. The listening during long hours for the sound of wheels and horses' feet—the sudden emerging of horses' heads from the gloom of the lane—the glory of the dying day, followed by the stillness, and white pillows, and white face of the dying man—these things made an impression for life, and created countless shadowy pictures and endless echoes in dreamland. We shall not be able to follow De Quincey on his entrance into the world of strife during his early school-boy years. His family removed from Manchester to Bath, at the Grammar School of which town he made enemies by the quality of his Latin verses. At fifteen years of age, he accompanies a young friend, Lord Westport, with his tutor, to Ireland. In this chapter of the book of his life, which he has entitled, "I enter the world," he receives his first revelation of womanly beauty or girlish loveliness, as first seen in the dawnlight of love, which became another force in what he calls his premature manhood. This was under peculiar circumstances, in which a sister of the Countess of Errol had taken his part:

"Heavens! what a spirit of joy and festal pleasure radiated from her eyes, her step, her

voice, her manner! She was frisk, and the very impersonation of innocent gayety. Like Spenser's Bradamant, with martial scorn she couched her lance on the side of the party suffering wrong. Never, until this hour, had I thought of women as objects of a possible interest, or of a reverential love. Now it first struck me that life might owe half its attractions and all its graces to female companionship. This was, in a proper sense, a *revelation*; it fixed a great era of change in my life; and this new-born idea being agreeable to the uniform tendencies of my own nature—that is, lofty and aspiring—it governed my life with great power, and with most salutary effects."

All readers of De Quincey's works will return again and again to this first volume, with its pathetic or humorous episodes of the beloved sister so early "wede awa;" the stalwart brother, who was also doomed to an early death; and "Poor Pink," whose bones have lain for many and many a year at the bottom of the Atlantic; and its account of blind guardians and stupid pedagogues, who chafed the proud young spirit into a more morbid sensitiveness.

Next we find him at Laxton teaching Greek to Lady Carbery, so that they might make their own translation of certain Bible words, regarding which our precocious commentator was deep in speculation. This picture of learned boy and learning beauty is pleasant to us, as undoubtedly the task was to the youthful tutor. He had got into paradise, lighted by the smile of kindness, goodness, and loveliness. Alas, not for long! Those persecuting guardians summoned him forth, and stood waving their infernal fiery sword over the gate of his garden of Eden. Just as he seemed getting so near to the perfect light, they would hurl him into the utter darkness. They sent him back to school; so much they could do. But they could not keep him there. His spirit had become too enlarged for the old bonds, through its late experience; he could not stand them now, and so he ran away. On the last night, we find him again overcome by the tendency to trance. The "weird seizure" takes him, and the echo-life breaks in, in shape of a memory of St. Paul's Whispering Gallery. What echo-voices, at the *other* end of the life-gallery, would repeat, in eternal thunders, the consequences of that deed done so silently in the quiet summer dawn? He knew not, but prayed, and went on.

It was in 1802 he set out for a walking-tour through Wales, with very small means of subsistence. Sometimes he slept in first-class hotels, sometimes in the heather on a hill-side, fearing lest, "whilst my sleeping face was upturned to the stars, some one of the many little Brahminical-looking cows on the Cambrian hills, one or other, might poach her foot into the center of my face; sometimes he dined for sixpence, sometimes for nothing on the berries off the hedge; sometimes his dinner was earned by writing letters for cottagers, and love-letters for sweethearts. Gradually he drifts into London, to suffer that strangest of all written experience of life in the great city. His sufferings were self-inflicted. He had plenty of friends, as the world goes, but from these he shrank. He was heir to a considerable fortune. He had learning which might have been turned into money. But he was under his "burden of the Incommunicable," and he suffered in silence. He drank to the dregs of that bitterness which it is to be homeless, friendless, foodless in that wilderness of life, wealth, and human habitations. The gnawings of hunger, the torments of the money-lenders, the pangs of a proud spirit, preyed on him for months of famishing days and shivering nights. The trial of cold seems to have struck him more than the horror of hunger. A more killing curse, he says, does not exist for man or woman, than the bitter combat between the weariness that prompts sleep, and the keen searching cold that forces you to wake and seek warmth in weary, weary exercise. However, an asylum from the open air, even without bed or blankets, was better than a stone door-step. And a strange asylum was his, in that forlorn large house, whose tenants were chiefly rats. There he lay down at night with the poor forsaken child; a bundle of law papers for a pillow; the little one creeping close to him for warmth and protection against the ghosts which she dreaded so much. Poverty brought him into companionship with strange bedfellows, and made him acquainted with the wandering children of night. The account which he gives of "poor Ann" will make all tender hearts yearn with a prayer that some ministering spirit of God may have seen her soul's immortal jewel amidst the mire and mire of London, and saved it, to shine in a heavenly setting. To the wearing pain of

this period De Quincey attributes in great part his incentive to opium-eating. The unnatural state produced morbid desires. The calamity struck root so deeply into his physical constitution as to grow there, and spring up, overshadowing his life to the end. What a revelation it seemed, that first taking of opium! What an immortal and beneficent agent of exalted pleasure! A panacea for sorrow and suffering, heartache and brainache—exemption from pain and human woes. You swallowed a little of the dark drug, and lo! the inner spirit's eyes were opened—a fairy ministrant had burst into wings, waving a wondrous wand—a fresh tree of knowledge had yielded its fruit, and it seemed good as it was beautiful! There was indeed a discovery. "Happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket; portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle; and peace of mind sent down by the mail."

De Quincey is eloquent upon the pleasures of opium, and is careful to point out the difference between its effects and those of alcohol. It does not make the *spirit* of a man drunk nor rouse the animal passions. It produces a lull in the action of the lower human faculties, and leaves the divine part free and paramount; "the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and high over all the great light of the majestic intellect." The spirit reigns as it were gathered up and suspended from the work of its ordinary bodily functions, while the brain in its trance is still left with sufficient consciousness of what is taking place in spirit-world to give us a glowing report. But, in consequence of this suspension of the ordinary intercourse of mind and matter—this partial disintegration of soul and body—we find that the opium-eater can not bring his visions—"brighter than madness or the dreams of wine"—home to us who are left standing on our earth. The mind was too far divorced from the executive powers of the brain. The dreaming brain was *not sufficiently* conscious to become a perfect mirror of the waking spirit, and so there can be no full and steady revelation of the beauty which the spirit may have seen. There only remains the *dase* of some unremembered brightness—hauntings of the memory, shadowy, dim, and perplexing. The magnificent imagery of the night, that rose to music in cloud-

towers, and fairy palaces, star-crowned, so that angel-forms might step down to earth by them, are all gone in the morning like a mirage of the desert, and the bright creations have left their beholder all the darker in the shadows which they throw behind them. De Quincey maintains that his opium-eating arrested the early workings of pulmonary disease, which we think not at all unlikely. So far so good—arrested disease means returning health—if opium can do this on a small scale, as we know it does, why should it not on a large scale? Let it have full credit. But for any mental inspiration, we denounce it not as a gross, but most ethereal, humbug!

That Duke of Norfolk who was the partisan friend of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, used to say, "Next Monday, wind and weather permitting, I purpose to be drunk." In like manner, De Quincey used to appoint his days of festal joy in the opium-eater's paradise. He has left us one transfixing picture of himself opiatized, and listening to Grassini singing. "Shivering with expectation I sat, when the time drew near for her golden epiphany; *shivering I rose from my seat, incapable of reel*, when that heavenly and harp-like voice sang its own victorious welcome in its prolusive *threttánelo, threttánelo*." De Quincey's opium-eating, or rather laudanum-drinking, rose at one time to eight thousand drops a day. He conquered his habit more than once, but found he could not live without his drug. We get a curious glimpse of the effect of his constant habit of taking laudanum on the mind of his little one in later years. She had lifted wondering and longing eyes many a time as the dose was swallowed, and her inquiries had to be answered. She was told that her father took it to make him better in health, over which she pondered in her wise way, until her belief in its power was worthy of the child of such a father. One day the house was thrown into a little flutter of excitement about a wounded bird. No one appeared to know what medical treatment to adopt. Little M—, on going to bed, flung her arms round her father's neck, and whispered that he was to "mend" the bird with "yoddonum."

Our author has left as eloquent a record of the pains of opium as of its pleasures. Troubled by the phantoms of departed powers to attempt the work that was

never to be done—his visions of the night thronged with dreadful faces and wrathful terrors—his persistent old enemy the Malay, and the leering oily eyes of that accursed crocodile, always in full pursuit—he now found there was hell as well as heaven in his land of dreams. His description culminates in one of his most splendid passages of impassioned prose:

"Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and like that, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was traveling through all its stages—was evolving itself like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams, where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrys to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells; and with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!"

With this picture—sublime as the Last Judgment of Tintoret—we close our notice of what the writer calls "that impassioned parenthesis in my life."

De Quincey, who had the gift of a gen-

nine insight wheresoever he turned his eye, had been one of the earliest to recognize in Wordsworth's poetry a new dawn of promise. Not one of those false auroras that mock the world, which thinks a new dawn has streamed up the east, when it is only some reflected flush of a great sunset of poetry going down in the west. He felt this was the genuine thing, quite as much by the cold, bracing breath of a robust health, as by the colors that it painted on the clouds. Such was his admiration of the new poetry, which few people knew or cared any thing about, that on two occasions he went as far as the head of Coniston Lake, on his way to Grasmere. But such was his awe of meeting with the new poet, that once he looked up to the pass of Coniston-head, not daring to enter the mountain-gates; and once he went forward to the gorge of Hammerscar, where the vale of Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the eye in all its surprising beauty; saw the little white cottage of Wordsworth gleaming from amidst the trees; had not heart to proceed; sighed, and went back again, feeling foolish. Years later, however, he gathered courage to make his way into the poet's presence, and thought his head and face like a portrait of Milton; his form was not the gainliest, having stooping shoulders; nor were his legs sightly to look at, but rare good ones to "go," if De Quincey's calculation be right that they had carried their owner some one hundred and seventy-five thousand to one hundred and eighty thousand miles. The expression of his face was winningly sweet when he smiled, and his eyes at times wore a solemn spiritual radiance. Clarkson said of Wordsworth's wife, that she could only say, "God bless you," and De Quincey found her presence a silent blessing; her manner simple, frank, gracious; herself a "perfect woman nobly planned" to carry out the divine meaning of a wife. He has also made a striking portrait of Wordsworth's sister, "impassioned Dorothy," with her face of "Egyptian brown," her wild eyes, glancing quickness of motion, and the subtle fire of heart and mind burning within her and glowing through her! What a wife she might have made for the chosen man who should have been worthy of her!

It was in the year 1809 that De Quincey first saw Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey. Learning that Coleridge was

in straitened pecuniary circumstances, he generously presented him with £500 out of his own patrimony, which was small. After leaving Oxford he went to live in the lake country, taking possession of Wordsworth's cottage in Grasmere. There he dwelt for many years. He married in 1816, and published his "Confessions" in the *London Magazine* in 1821. He lived to the age of seventy-four, and died at Edinburgh, December 8th, 1859.

What De Quincey says of Charles Lamb, in respect to his literary position, applies in a large measure to himself. His works belong to a class that is doomed to be for ever unpopular, and for ever interesting. They attract the few by the same means as they repel the many. They have special charms for the initiated; special qualities of affinity and claims on kinship. The loud world does not hear their shyest appeals, and lowest, sweetest voice. Their wisdom is too profound for the surface-skimmer. Their inspired self-communion, and nearness to nature, are equally remote from the life of the world in general. Many readers will set out with De Quincey on some subject, who will leave him shortly, very weary and disgusted. They were in search of the sensational. He does not keep up with their mental movements. He was born before railways, and still prefers going afoot. He is not the man to do their business; he is not a business-man. He does not hurry, sweating and toiling along the dry and dusty highway, with the view of reaching the goal in the directest route and shortest space of time, as though there were not a minute to live. There are such things as green lanes to turn down, and turf to cool your feet on, and stiles to mount, and nuts to crack by the way; such things as flowers to catch the eye, and brooks and birds to fill the ear, and many other things to make you linger. Railway cuttings may lie in straight lines, his way does not. He moves and wanders according to the De Quincian line of beauty. He will go round and round a subject, and loiter from point to point, making what the hasty reader thinks the most unseasonable remarks in the most provokingly cool way. And this will be the crowning charm with those who are *en rapport* with the personality and character of the writer. There have been critics so dull and prosy as to wonder what was the meaning and

intention of the "English Mail Coach," and the "Glory of Motion." Men, doubtless, with immortal spirits, but their wings were not yet grown, or the flesh was too superabundant for them to be exalted to the proper ethereal height. What to them was the ride of a young man on the top of a coach, though that coach was the Royal Mail, though its motion was of the swiftest, and the night memorably solemn? They could not flap their wings in exultation at the flight, or see a vision of sudden death in an accident that never happened! Their nerves were not strained to the point at which we see by spirit-sight—they could not follow the glorious dreamer into his enchanted land of dreams, where the thoughts and feelings of day become the glorified apparitions of the night, and walk in spiritual attire and splendor. But to De Quincey that mail-coach was alive—alive with the news it carried, the story of Talavera—he rode on it as borne between the wings of a mighty victory flying by night through the sleeping land, that should start to its feet at the words they came to speak. He tells us that it was worth five years of life to ride on the coach that bore to the heart of the country such spirit-stirring and world-shaking news as that of Trafalgar or Waterloo, and see the face of England lighted up, rich and poor, with one heart, one pride, one glory. They bear laurels in token of those that have been so painfully won; and all eyes dance with new life at the sight, as the coach rolls along in the calm summer sundown. Heads of all ages at every window, and lusty cheers of greeting; smiling women wave their handkerchiefs; men throw up their hats, and lame beggars their sticks; the boys and the dogs run from end to end of the village. Is it nothing to sit on that coach and see such a sight, and be the bearer of such tidings? At one village where the coach stopped, a poor woman, seeing De Quincey with a paper in his hand, came to him. It was the news of Talavera. She had a son there in the Twenty-third Dragoons. This regiment had made a sublime charge that day, and came back one in four! De Quincey told her of the victory, but "I told her not of the bloody price that had been paid. I showed her not the funeral banners under which the noble regiment lay sleeping. But I told her how those dear children of England, officers and privates, had leaped their horses over all

obstacles as gayly as hunters to the morning's chase. I told her how they rode their horses into the mists of death, (saying to myself, but not saying to *her*,) and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England! as willingly—poured out their noble blood as cheerfully—as ever, after a long day's sport, when infants, they had rested their wearied heads upon their mother's knees, or sunk to sleep in her arms. Strange it is, she seemed to have no fear of her son's safety. Fear was swallowed up in joy so absolutely, that, in the mere simplicity of her fervent nature, the poor woman threw her arms round my neck, as she thought of her son, and gave to *me* the kiss which secretly was meant for *him*." Such was the passionate heat of the time, such the glamour of eye and quickness of feeling, when De Quincey rode his famous ride, and had his "vision of sudden death." A thousand times did he see the image of the young girl within the shadow of dreadful and inexorable ruin; now in a pleasure-boat about to be run down by some tremendous hull at sea; now sinking in quicksands, with only one fair white arm lifted in vain to heaven. "A thousand times, amongst the phantoms of sleep, have I seen thee entering the golden gates of the dawn—with the secret word riding before thee—with the armies of the grave behind thee; seen thee sinking, rising, raving, despairing; a thousand times in the worlds of sleep have seen thee followed by God's angel through storms; through desert seas; through the darkness of quicksands; through dreams, and the dreadful revelations that are in dreams—only that at the last, with one swing of his victorious arm, he might snatch thee back from ruin, and might emblazon, in thy deliverance the endless resurrection of his love."

In his Essay on War, De Quincey writes that which is calculated to startle all devout believers in the peace-at-any-price principles. His first proposition is, that war can not be abolished, and his second, that it ought not to be abolished. We quote its solemn conclusion:

"A great truth it was which Wordsworth uttered, whatever might be the expansion which he allowed to it, when he said that

" 'God's most perfect instrument,
In working out a pure intent,
Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
Yes, Carnage is his daughter.'

There is a mystery in approaching this aspect of the case which no man has read fully. War has a deeper and more ineffable relation to hidden grandeurs in man, than has yet been deciphered. To execute judgments of retribution upon outrages offered to human rights or to human dignity, to vindicate the sanctities of the altar and the sanctities of the hearth—these are functions of human greatness which war has many times assumed, and many times faithfully discharged. But behind all these there towers dimly a greater. The great phenomenon of war it is—this, and this only—which keeps open in man a spiracle—an organ of respiration—for breathing a transcendent atmosphere, and dealing with an idea that else would perish—viz.: the idea of mixed crusade and martyrdom, doing and suffering, that finds its realization in such a battle as that of Waterloo—viz.: a battle fought for interests of the human race, felt even where they are not understood; so that the tutelary angel of man, when he traverses such a dreadful field, when he reads the distorted features, counts the ghastly ruins, sums the hidden anguish, and the harvests

“ ‘Of horror breathing from the silent ground,’

nevertheless, speaking as God's messenger, blesses it, and calls it very good.”

Yet, although he can not see “as in a map the end of all” war, De Quincey recognizes signs that the enthusiastic may interpret, in that direction, dawn-gleams of the day that is to be. While enlarging the means of war, we have really been narrowing the ground. We have agreed to put down the coarse brutalities of the battle-field; war is now carried on with much less degradation of the moral nature; and thus is likely to make nations less blind to its horrors, and cause them to shrink from it, unless it be the last resort, and inspired from outraged righteous feelings. Looking back along the past, with its battle-fields by the way, we can not help knowing that war in our time has a less savage aspect, a quicker conscience, and a clearer eye. We have amended it. Civilization has the power of rendering war less frequent, for it brings more light and skill to bear upon the untying of national knots such as used to be blindly cut by the sword, in the dark. It has the power of impanneling a larger jury than of old, instead of allowing a couple of kings to order two nations a bath of blood at will. And here we can not help remarking how right and natural is the instinct of nations that rises up in revolt, alarmed at the resurrection of Bo-

napartism, which means war at the will or necessities of one man, uncurbed by the checks and safeguards of constitutional government. It often needs the arresting hands of many, the wisest and best, to prevent nations rushing into unrighteous war; human nature can not afford to leave such momentous issues to the madness, despair, or willfulness of one; whether it be Bonaparte or Romanoff. So long as there are self-elected emperors and czars crowned with unlimited and irresponsible power, so long will unrighteous wars be possible and righteous war necessary; because so far civilization does not bring into action all its possible means of restraining war. This is a question of national nature and the state of society; but we know instinctively, that so long as there are Napoleon dynasties in this world, the only chance for the lamb lying down peacefully beside the lion will be inside of him after being eaten. The battle of right and wrong will go on, and take shape on trampled fields, and the dark cloud of war will blot out of human faces all the lineaments of common brotherhood. And so long as war will not be ignored on the side of wrong and despotism, it can not, must not, be ignored on the side of progress, freedom, and right.

We spoke of De Quincey as a great master of narrative art. This is especially manifest in his account of the *Spanish Military Nun*, and the *Flight of the Tartars*. The first, written with his brightest and most felicitous touch, is a marvelously graphic story of Kate or Kitty or “Pussy,” who was the child of some Spanish hidalgo. Placed in a convent, she grew up all force, and fire, and fun; ran away; made herself a suit of male clothing; became a page; slew a man in a sword-encounter, and only escaped hanging by consenting to marry a lady who had fallen in love with her; escaped from the marriage, and became a trooper in the regiment commanded by her own brother, to whom she was unknown; killed her own brother unwittingly in a duel in the dark; made a long and ghastly journey over the Andes; killed another man or two in fair fight, and was again saved from the scaffold by another woman who had fallen in love with her; came home; was received in the arms, clasped to the heart of pope and king; made her peace with the church, but found no rest for the sole of

her foot; and wandered out into the world once more, to disappear, no one to this day knowing how. A most singular narrative of events that occurred two hundred and fifty years ago, rendered with the true dash of delight, and a great gusto of power. Here is one scene from the heights of the Andes. Kate had stood on many a peak of peril, but never on one more appalling. She and two poor starved deserters are trying to make their way home:

"Upon the highest rock Kate mounted to look around her, and she saw—oh, rapture at such an hour!—a man sitting on a shelf of rock, with a gun by his side. Joyously she shouted to her comrades, and ran down to communicate the good news. Here was a sportsman, watching, perhaps, for an eagle; and now they would have relief. One man's cheek kindled with the hectic of sudden joy, and he rose eagerly to march. The other was fast sinking under the fatal sleep that frost sends before herself as the merciful minister of death; but hearing in his dreams the tidings of relief, and assisted by his friends, he also staggeringly arose. It could not be three minutes' walk, Kate thought, to the station of the sportsman. That thought supported them all. Under Kate's guidance they soon unthreaded the labyrinth of rocks so far as to bring the man in view. He had not left his resting-place; their steps on the soundless snow, naturally, he could not hear. Kate hailed him; but so keenly was he absorbed in some speculation, or in the object of his watching, that he took no notice of them, not even moving his head. Coming close behind him, Kate touched his shoulder, and said: 'My friend, are you sleeping?' Yes, he was sleeping—sleeping the sleep from which there is no awaking; and the slight touch of Kate having disturbed the equilibrium of the corpse, down it rolled on the snow: the frozen body rang like a hollow cylinder; the face uppermost, and blue with mould, mouth open, teeth ghastly and bleaching in the frost, and a frightful grin upon the lips. This dreadful spectacle finished the struggles of the weaker man, who sank and died at once. The other, after one spasm of morbid strength, also died without further struggle. And Kate stood alone amidst death and desolation, far above the region of eternal snow."

De Quincey says there is a portrait of his "bonny Kate" in existence. A few years ago one was to be found at Aix-la-Chapelle. If so, the publishers of his works ought to get a photograph. We should like to see how the magnificent "Pussy" looked.

The *Revolt of the Tartars* is a subject equally remote and is successfully brought

home to us. We know of nothing in all history more affecting than this flight of a people from Russia to China, marking every step of the way across the pathless deserts of Central Asia with wreck and ruin—unrolling for thousands of miles one vast panorama of calamity—hurrying on with famine in front and a fierce foe close behind—falling by tens of thousands to the frost and sword—emerging at last from the dreadful desert of Kobi with staring eyes and lolling tongues, and rushing altogether, pursuers and pursued, into the lake of Tengis, the waters of which were soon incarnadined with blood as the wild Bashkirs took their valedictory vengeance on the poor fugitives, who had at length reached the shadow and shelter of the Great Wall. Six hundred thousand had started; but only two hundred and sixty thousand arrived in the land of promise.

De Quincey's slow, sustained, pursuing, long-continued method of following a subject attains its climax in his power of dealing with the feeling of terror. He has the faculty of skillfully moving a horror with all the success of Webster. He has learned a strange secret in his world of dreams. The fascination he exercises belongs to dream-world, and the only resemblance we can name occurs to us only in dreams. We suppose that most persons have some time or other been followed by the fixed deliberate look of such eyes as can magnetize us in dream-land—slow, but certain as death; and knowing we can not escape, they triumph in our terror, creep along our blood, and, with their cold glitter, grasp us by the very heart till life stands still to listen. With such a potency of quiet power can De Quincey arrest us, body and soul, and make the blood run cold, the nerves prick, the hair take supernatural life; and the hotter we get, the more coolly and quietly will he proceed with his story. Any thing more horribly interesting than his description of Williams, and the murder of the Marrs, never froze the blood or held the spirit petrified in terror's hell of cold. It was not life-blood, he tells us, that ran in his veins, such as could kindle into a blush of shame, but a sort of green sap. His eyes seemed frozen and glazed, as if their light were all converged upon some victim lurking in the background. Yet the oiliness and snaky insinuation of his demeanor counteracted the repulsiveness of his ghast-

ly face. If you had run against him in the crowded street, he would have offered the most gentlemanly apologies. With his heart full of a hellish purpose, he would have paused to express a hope that the mallet under his coat, his hidden implement of murder, had not hurt you!

We know of no romance that can curdle the blood, or quicken the flesh into goose-pimples, as does this terrible reality in the hands of De Quincey, whilst he follows him through the crowded street on his way to kill, decked out in long rich cloth coat with silk linings, nearing his victims surely and unconscionably as doom; it being Saturday night, and to-morrow the day of rest—their day of rest! Fearful is the picture he draws of the happy home of the Marrs—the ruddy husband bustling about the shop working cheerily for wife and child—the wife young, lovely, and loving—the child asleep in its cosy cradle—and their murderer watching opposite on the dark side of the street, like the devil watching Eden with all hell in his heart; for Marr had been Williams' successful rival. Terrible the picture of life and death, with the servant breathing hard on the outside of the door; the murderer, red from his bloody work, breathing hard on the inside—both listening all they can—she having a presentiment that a murderer is the only living being then in the house of her master and mistress. Still more harrowing is the scene of the murderer at work in the parlor of Williamson's public-house, with his intended victim watching him on the stairs, the two only thirteen feet apart. Then the horribly silent race for a life betwixt the murderer, almost jubilant amidst the blood and gold below, and the journeyman working hard in the bed-room above to make a rope-ladder whereby he may save himself and the child—"pull journeyman, pull murderer"—the rope not quite finished when he hears the murderer creeping up stealthily towards him through the darkness. And all the little light touches which De Quincey puts in to show the fiendishness of Williams, as an epicurean of murder, with a perfect artistic taste and a voluptuous sense of satisfaction when his work was thoroughly done. It is a page from a dreadful book, written in characters that glow frightfully vivid as they are freshly illuminated by the light which the writer so deliberately

and searchingly throws into the dark places of a most devilish nature.

We are no great admirers of the essay on Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts. Humor only serves to make the subject too ghastly. Our readers will, however, perceive that there is plenty of the sensational in De Quincey's narratives; sensational in subject, though not in style. Indeed, the three we have dwelt upon beat most of the novelists in thrilling interest. Without pretending to follow our author over the wide range of his writings, we must make mention of one or two more of his essays before closing our account.

As Christians, we owe him our best thanks for his exposure of the myth of the Essenes as fathered by Josephus, and adopted, without further inquiry, by Strauss in his *Life of Jesus*. De Quincey shows conclusively enough, that if the Essenes were not Christians in disguise, then there was a Christianity before Christ; and we all know what that means. But he also shows as conclusively, that they were Christians who bowed the head while the fury of the storm passed over, as soldiers may lie down to let the shower of grape go by; and shut themselves up into a secret society to nurture the young life of the new faith; and that so successfully as to blind their cotemporaries with a change of name. Josephus is condemned out of his own mouth; the doctrines which he puts forth as those of the Essenes are proved to be those of Christ's followers, and none else. Such a sect as this supposed could not have existed contemporaneously with Christ and his disciples without the one hearing of the other, and yet there is not even the mention of their names in the New Testament. So far as Josephus could obtain his glimpse from the outside, they were one in doctrine and character. He tells us they "have a greater affection for one another than the other sects have." "They are despisers of riches, having one patrimony among all the brethren." "They have no certain city, but many of them dwell in every city." They travel without scrip or purse; and when they come to a strange city, they go in to such as they never knew before. Their piety towards God is very extraordinary—praying in the morn while it is yet dark. They are eminent for fidelity, and are the ministers of peace. They

avoid swearing, but whatever they say is firmer than an oath. And, although tortured, "yet could they not be made to flatter their tormentors, or to shed a tear, but they smiled in their very torments." In all these traits, and in others, we see the early Christians living their life to the letter. But where can any other sect be found that we can identify? The Christians had to baffle, and they did baffle, even Josephus. *He* did not recognize them, but *we* do, by the very signs which he gives us. We know better than he the meaning of his report. We have the key of the lock which he could not pick.

We must give one specimen of De Quincey's subtlety in criticism. It is from the famous paper on the "Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth:"

"All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction. Now, apply this to the case of Macbeth. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed'; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested, laid asleep, tranced, racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced, the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish, the pulses of life are beginning to beat again, and the reestablishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first make us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that has suspended them. O mighty Poet!"

We are tempted to add, "O great and surprisingly subtle commentator!"

De Quincey was a wonderful talker, as those of our readers know who ever had

the good fortune to sit with the "old man eloquent," by winter fire-light or summer twilight, in his Lasswade home, and who have seen the grief-worn face grow glorified, the immortal spirit within the thin, weak, mortal form kindling its clay, soaring for a while triumphant over all the suffering and the pain. Strange light would stream through the rents of ruin; strange music come from unknown sources, till the listener felt himself caught up into an enchanted place, where the touch of transfiguration had fallen on both. He was not a talker like Coleridge, who, as Hazlitt said, consented at any time to lose the ear of posterity for the sake of a chance listener. In his early years he had quite neglected the power of conversation, and looked upon it, he tells us, as one of the dull necessities of business. He thought the world talked too much already for him to swell the hubbub. Yet, as it was vain to try and persuade the world into adopting his view of the matter, he re-studied the subject on principles of art. A new feeling dawned on him, of a secret magic lurking in the life, quickness, and ardor of conversation, quite apart from any which belonged to books, arming a man with new forces, and not merely with a new dexterity in wielding old ones. "I felt that, in the electric kindling of life between two minds, there sometimes arise glimpses and shy revelations of affinity, suggestion, relation, analogy, that could not have been approached through any avenues of methodical study. Great organists find the same effect of inspiration, the same result of power, creative and revealing, in the mere movement and velocity of their own voluntaries, like the heavenly wheels of Milton throwing off fiery flakes and bickering flames." Having fathomed the secret capabilities of conversation as an art, he looks round for the great artist, but does not find the perfect master. He shows felicitously enough why Dr. Johnson must have been for ever maimed as a great conversationalist:

"He had no eye for the social phenomena rising around him. He had little interest in man; no sympathy with human nature in its struggles, or faith in the progress of man. And the reason that he felt thus careless, was the desponding taint in his blood. It is good to be of a melancholic temperament, as all the ancient physiologists held; but only if the melancholy is balanced by fiery aspiring quali-

ties, not when it gravitates essentially to earth. Hence the drooping, desponding character, and the monotony of the estimate which Dr. Johnson applied to life. We are all, in *his* view, miserable, scrofulous wretches; the '*strumous diathesis*' was developed in our flesh, or soon would be; and but for his piety, which was the best indication of some greatness latent within him, he would have suggested to all mankind a nobler use for garters than any which regarded knees. In fact, I believe that but for his piety he would not only have counseled hanging in general, but hanged himself in particular. Now, this gloomy temperament, as a permanent state, is fatal to the power of brilliant conversation."

De Quincey could not find his great artist, we say; others will fancy they found such an one in himself; for he felt the necessary interest in man, all his hopes, as well as fears. He talked from the heart as well as the head; and his conversation sprang like a fountain of earnestness. He never talked without having something to say; nor was he afflicted with what Coleridge called the "mouth diarrhœa;" neither was his conversation an apotheosis of self-assertiveness. In whatsoever direction he turned, whether to speak or write, he had the power of vitalizing with new life, and enriching all he looked upon. No matter into what solitude or wilderness he penetrates, there will be the movement of new life at once visible, and a glow as of dawn in the desert. He has a shrewd eye for "keeking" into corners, and the patience of spirit that can wait long in ambush to pounce on the error as it passes by. No shepherd ever better knew the face of a particular sheep that he wanted from the flock, than De Quincey knows the lie that is trying to pass muster for truth. He has an eye almost Shakspearian for detecting the true features of a man who may stand afar off, half-hidden under the veil of distance. He has a sure grasp of reality, and can estimate at their true value the glitter and graces, the tinsel and powder, and fluttering affectations of the "teacup times." Pope feels hollow in his grip. And although a genuine Tory, De Quincey could judge between Milton and Johnson, and assign to each his proper pedestal. He had no favorites merely because of their politics, nor were his own politics of the kind that forms a science of expediency. He loved England, and all that was genuinely English. That was the tap-root of his Toryism. He was not a

Tory through blindness, but because the tendencies of revolution in his time aroused all conservative instincts. He belonged to a class of thinkers in politics who dwelt apart from the tumult of party warfare, and do not contend for its prizes in the arena. But they silently influence their own circles, each in his own way, and send forth ripples of power that go to the outermost edge of society. They are as springs of healing, watering the roots of the national life; sooner or later they bring the world round to them, and mould its final thought and feeling. The practical efficiency of their creed can not be gauged on the surface of things; down in the deeps we may see it constitutes just the element that enriches our country beyond all blessings of a purely democratic form of government, and is of more value than the eternal see-saw of Whig and Tory which is popularly supposed to preserve the balance of power.

De Quincey has been falsely charged with a proneness to attack old friends when he was only *biting playfully*. For example, speaking of Wordsworth's great good luck and felicitous fortune, he says: "So true it is, that just as Wordsworth needed a place and a fortune, the holder of that place or fortune was immediately served with a notice to surrender it. So certainly was this impressed upon my belief as one of the blind necessities, making up the prosperity and fixed destiny of Wordsworth, that for myself, had I happened to know of any peculiar adaptation in an estate or office of mine to an existing need of Wordsworth's, forthwith, and with the speed of a man running for his life, I would have laid it down at his feet. 'Take it,' I should have said; 'take it, or in three weeks I shall be a dead man.'"

In conclusion, we have done no justice to our author's learning or humor; to his conjectural audacity and hypothetical felicities; or to his estimates of antique character. But we trust that we have written enough to make his works more widely known. In a time when we have so much sham brilliancy and false vivacity, deadliveliness, and forcible-feebleness—when the penny-a-liner sits in the high places of literature—we turn to these books with a pleasant sense of relief. We are heartily sick of the smell of Cockneydom; its slang and smartness; its knowingness and insincerity, and find it delightful to renew acquaintanceship with the style of a writer

who is not smart nor fast, but always an English gentleman, with a stately touch of the school in which manners are a sort of surface Christianity. He can be playful without losing his own dignity, and natural without forfeiting our respect. By his innate nobility of thought and chivalry of feeling, as well as by his wealth of learning, he is the very man to lead us into the lofty society of the good and great—poets and patriots; fit to

exalt the deliverer Joan d'Arc, or abase the pretensions of a Parr. Accordingly, we welcome him as one of the great leaders in literature, and, instead of regretting what he has not done, we rejoice in what he has bequeathed to us, and would have others share in our joy.

We owe the first edition of De Quincey's collected works to the perseverance and research of Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE INFLUENCE OF RAILWAY TRAVELING ON HEALTH.

A LITTLE brochure* has lately been published, which goes far to charge upon the railway system of this country cerebral diseases, nervous affections, and spinal and visual weakness to an extent of which few but those of the medical profession can have had the least notion. It would appear from this little book, that medical men have often been asked whether they consider railway traveling prejudicial to health; it was found that "there had been gradually gaining on the public mind a suspicion of dangers from railway traveling, widely different from those apprehensions with which the thoughts of travelers were at first uneasily burdened; and, in consequence of this state of feeling gaining ground, a medical commission was for some time engaged in an extensive inquiry, and the result is here set down.

As might be expected, however, the evidence, as well as the results arrived at, are sometimes very conflicting. From cases stated of two persons afflicted with the same disease, one is able to endure a long railway journey with ease: the other suffers so much from the same journey, that she does not recover for several days. A "leading physician" gives evidence that the season-ticket holders on the Brighton line "appeared to him to grow old with a rapidity which amazed him,"

and, on account of his observations, had discountenanced daily railway journeys as much as possible. And yet the commission appear to have ignored altogether the class of commercial travelers, who as a rule travel more, and are healthier and longer lived than their predecessors who went their journey in coach or gig. In the course of the inquiry, the case of the traveling *employés* of the post-office is frequently adduced; and it would be impossible to obtain better or more conclusive evidence on the subject than that which is here afforded. Hundreds of post-office officials are making long railway journeys almost daily in post-offices fitted up like railway saloon carriages, where the work of sorting letters is performed previous to the arrival of the train at the different stations. The result of the inquiry made in this department establishes the fact of a positive benefit to be derived from railway traveling, by persons in the enjoyment of good health. The postmaster-general in his ninth Report, the last issued, (May, 1863,) states that the sickness and mortality among the traveling officers is certainly not greater than that among the officers of stationary post-offices. Dr. Waller Lewis, the medical officer on the establishment, supplies us with a number of cases which have come under his immediate notice, where incessant, and in fact excessive traveling, does not seem to have been at all prejudicial to the health of those so

* *The Influence of Railway Traveling on Health*, reprinted from *The Lancet*. Hardwicke, London.

engaged. "One of our best officers," says Dr. Lewis, "states that he has no doubt that during the period of twenty years that he has been engaged in railway duties, he traveled on an average a hundred miles a day. All this time, he not only enjoyed most excellent health, but he was stouter and stronger than he has been since leaving that duty." Dr. Lewis sums up the conclusions to which his experience in the matter has led him as follows, viz.:

1. Railway traveling has little, if any, injurious effect on healthy, strong, well-built persons, if the amount be not excessive, and if they take moderate care of themselves.

2. Persons who take to habitual railway traveling after the age of twenty-five or thirty, are more easily affected than those who begin earlier.

3. Weak, tall, loosely-knit persons, and those suffering under various affections, more especially of the head, heart, and lungs, are very unsuited for habitual railway traveling.

Mr. Whyte Cooper says, that daily experience convinces him "of the injurious consequences to the *eye-sight* in railway traveling, in the strong inducements to read during the journey." Another physician considers it "very injurious to allow the eyes to rest on external objects near at hand, such as telegraph poles or wires, near trees or hedges, etc., whilst the train is in motion." Here, again, the case of the "flying post" officers may be adduced to settle the matter. Dr. Lewis does not find that among these officers, "much mischief is occasioned to the eyesight."

Dr. Angus Smith (pp. 30-32) gives the result of experiments made on the temperature of railway carriages. A closely-packed third-class carriage showed a very small amount of pure air indeed, and in the number of cubic inches exactly corresponded with the amount which his own laboratory exhibited "when the strong smell of a sewer entered it." Third-class carriages are of course the worst in respect of fresh air; but "in very hot weather the woolen coverings of first-class carriages are hurtful."

Many suggestions of great practical importance are made in this little book; and notwithstanding the doubts and difficulties which are left unsolved, the facts stated can not fail to make it most useful to all habitual travelers. Railways, we

are told, especially lead to excitement; they induce mental disorders; and when a passenger, by late or hurried arrival, is over-heated, he is apt to indulge in open windows, "which, however pleasant," says Dr. C. B. J. Williams (pages 33-5) in his valuable evidence, "induce catarrhal affections of the respiratory organs, sore throats, headaches, toothache, and particularly, amongst various forms of rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica." "Many serious and fatal cases of pulmonary disease have dated their origin from colds caught in a railway carriage." The plurality of English folk love fresh air, and have a horror of closed windows; they prefer being chilled to the notion of being suffocated. Foreigners on the continent, on the contrary, even with slower trains, commonly go to the opposite extreme. The best way, as a rule, adds Dr. Williams, is to keep the windows shut when the train is in motion; open, when standing at the different stations. In cold weather, when traveling quickly through the air, the passenger stands in much more risk of chill from open windows, than of any hurt from closed ones. Each carriage is furnished with ventilators, (or should be,) which are generally sufficient to keep the air fresh. "When the outer temperature is above 40°, and the carriage is full, an inch or two of one or both the windows open may be permitted with safety. In fast trains, with the outer temperature below 40° Fahr., there is circulation sufficient to keep the air pure, with even six or eight passengers, without any windows open. It is surprising how small an aperture suffices for ventilation and free circulation of air when the train is in rapid motion."

Undoubtedly the most serious evil in the relation of railway traveling to health is in its effects on the muscular system, and its influence on the cerebral and spinal centers. "The immediate effects of being placed in a vehicle, subjected to rapid, short vibrations and oscillations, is that a considerable number of muscles are called into action, and maintained in a condition of alternating contractile effort throughout the whole journey. The more violent movements of the carriage call into action the various sets of muscles in the back and chest: and it is only by an incessantly varying play of muscular contraction and relaxation that the body is preserved in a tolerable state of equilib-

rium, and that the passenger combats with success the tendency to be shaken into a most unpleasing variety of shapes and positions." The frequency, rapidity, and peculiar abruptness of the motion of the railway carriage, are thus said on all hands to keep up a constant strain on the muscles; and to this must be ascribed a part of that sense of bodily fatigue, almost amounting to soreness, which is felt after a long journey. With regard to the effect of these influences on the brain or spine, *in the milder form*, "they lead up to diseases which, remaining for a long time latent, may still ultimately end in paralysis;" whilst these concussions occurring in a *serious and marked degree*, tend, according to Dr. Forbes Winslow, to annihilate the functions of these organs. In railway traveling something like twenty thousand slight concussions per hour are experienced, and, as the result of these joltings or concussions are more or less disagreeable and dangerous, recommendations are made in the book for reducing the unpleasant effect of the sensations experienced. The great remedy is, of course, elasticity. The stuffing of *first-class* carriages is a recognition of the principle. The well-padded and springy seats of these carriages do much to obviate the mischief of these concussions, for those who can afford to travel by them; while on the other hand, *third-class* passengers, who are condemned to hard boards, which transmit without mitigation the shocks of which we are speaking, are compelled to submit to one acknowledged source of evil influence on health. Therefore, when we find that of all classes of passengers *third-class* travelers form above sixty per cent. of the whole number, it becomes a matter of simple justice, that, under the

above circumstances, railway companies should to some extent alter their inhuman arrangements, and begin to consider more the health and comfort of this increasing and important class of travelers. Reverting, however, to existing arrangements, elastic cushions for the seat, and caoutchouc or honeycomb mats for the feet, are highly spoken of as likely to lessen the inconvenience occasioned by the oscillation of the carriages. Dr. Williams states, that especially for weak persons or invalids, a small horse-shoe air-cushion round the neck of the traveler, and another of large size around the loins, will wonderfully intercept the noise and the jarring motion of the carriage.

To sum up all, we think we gather from the investigation, that *healthy* persons receive a positive benefit from the stimulus given to the circulation, the respiratory organs, and to muscular activity by a railway journey; while to the *weak* and unhealthy, or those unused to travel, the headaches, dizziness, and weariness of which we hear so much are only natural symptoms. The evils arising from the oscillation of the carriages, the hurry and excitement so often felt before getting into the train, and the risks from cold afterwards, may be said to be the chief perils to which the railway traveler is liable. The dust and smoke, the grinding, rattling, whistling, are the prices we pay for the gain in time and all the other advantages the railway system affords. And really, when we come to think how many of the same, or perhaps worse, inconveniences we should have to encounter, with the loss in time, were we to choose some other mode of conveyance, we can scarcely judge the bargain a bad one or the price too dear.

ENGLISH WOMEN AS SMOKERS.—The custom of smoking by women has lately been introduced in England, and according to the *Court Journal*, is likely to "become very prevalent." That authority says: "Fashion holds such a tyrannic way over society that we need never be surprised at seeing the most astounding changes of manners, customs, and dress brought about through its magic influence. High waists, short waists, no waists at all, chimney-pot bonnets, flat bonnets, powdered hair, disheveled hair, rouge, patches, enamel, hoops, farthingales,

crinoline, high-heeled boots, sandals, high dresses, décolleté dresses, have had their day; we have lived to see the time when duellists and four-bottle men no longer exist, and when every man, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, indulges in the German and Dutch luxuries of the short pipe and mild Havana. But a more startling change is likely to come over the spirit of our dream; ladies belonging to *la crème de la crème* of society have introduced cigarettes. Many of England's aristocratic daughters now openly indulge in mild Latakia."

From the North British Review.

THE ANCIENT WORLD OF AMERICA; OR WILSON'S PREHISTORIC MAN.*

THE most valuable department of Mr. Blake's collection of Peruvian antiquities embraces the entire contents of a family tomb, including the mummies of a man and woman, and the partially desiccated remains of a child. The male mummy is that of a man in the maturity of life; the head is of the common rounded Peruvian form, with retreating forehead, high cheek-bones, and prominent nose. The hair, which has undergone little or no change, is "*brown in color, and as fine in texture as the most delicate Anglo-Saxon's.*" The hair of the female is somewhat coarser, but fine when compared with that of the northern Indians, and it is of a *light brown* color; the hair of the child is very fine, and of a *dark brown* color. In the same tomb also were found a bag, woven of woolen threads of varied-colored pattern, containing locks of human hair, apparently belonging to the surviving members of the family, each secured by a string tied with a peculiar knot; and the hair of all these locks is of fine texture and of various shades, varying from black to *fine light brown*. On another embalmed Peruvian head, evidently belonging to a man of rank, and exhibiting an unusually fine cranial development, the hair is brown, slightly tinged with gray, is of a remarkably fine texture, and waved in short undulations, with a tendency to curl. No such hair is now to be found any where in America, nor indeed in any continent of the world save Europe. "No feature of the modern Indian," says Dr. Wilson, "is more universal, or yields more slowly to the effacing influences of hybridity, than the long, coarse black hair which so strikingly contrasts with the short woolly covering of the negro's head. I have repeatedly obtained specimens from Indian graves, as from the Huron graves near Lake Simcoe, the most modern of which can not be later than the middle of the seventeenth century. In all these the hair

retains its black color and coarse texture, unchanged alike by time and inhumation; and in this respect it corresponds with that of the modern Indians of South America, and also of the Chinese and other true Mongols of Asia," but is totally different from the soft wavy brown hair of some of the ancient Peruvians. The archæological researches of the New World are still so lamentably imperfect, that it would be sheer presumption as yet to base upon them any precise theory. Nevertheless, this light brown hair, fine as the most delicate Anglo-Saxon's, found in those old Peruvian tombs, touches the imagination, and points to interesting inferences which future researches may yet establish as facts. We think of Prince Madoc and the tales of expeditions from ancient Britain towards the Islands of the West. We are reminded, too, of the Aztec traditions of Quetzalcoatl, the divine instructor from a strange country, who taught their ancestors the use of the metals, agriculture, and the arts of government. Amidst the glowing fancies with which tradition has surrounded that golden age of Anahuac, there is a curious definiteness in the description given of the personal appearance of this ancient benefactor of the race: tall of stature, with a fair complexion, long dark hair, and a flowing beard. This remarkable tradition was accompanied with the belief that, after completing his mission among the Aztecs, he embarked on the Atlantic Ocean for the mysterious shores of Tlapallan, with a promise to return. That Quetzalcoatl was no myth, but a real personage, and that tradition has correctly preserved the description of his appearance, we entertain no doubt. But who was he? whence did he come? And is not the Inca race, who gave its old glory to Peru, likewise attributable to a citra-oceanic origin?

It is to be remarked that in Peru, where alone the remains of the ancient race are abundant, there seems no reason

* Concluded from page 285.

to doubt that the cranial differences actually indicate the coëxistence of two different people. The light-haired family disinterred by Mr. Blake belonged to the round or short-headed type, the length of the head being about equal to its breadth. Of the other type, or elongated head, Dr. Wilson says: "Fully two thirds of the cavity occupied by the brain lies behind the occipital foramen, and the skull, when supported on the condyles, falls backward. Compared with the brachycephalic (short-headed) skulls, the forehead is low and retreating; the temporal ridges approach near each other at the top of the head—a much larger space being occupied by the temporal muscles between which the skull seems to be compressed. The zygoma is larger, stronger, and more capacious, and the whole bones of the face are more developed. The superior maxillary bone is prolonged in front, and the incisor teeth are in an oblique position. The bones of the nose are prominent, the orifices larger, and the cribriform lamella more extensive. The substance of the skull is thicker, and the weight greater." Compared with these elongated skulls, the face of the globular or short-headed type is small, and its outlines more rounded. Mr. Blake also found that the distinguishing traits between the two classes of ancient Peruvians are not limited to the crania, but may be discerned in other features of their physical organization. In quoting his conclusions on this point, Dr. Wilson, we think, makes a slip of the pen. The passage stands thus in Dr. Wilson's book: "In describing the traits of the rounded or brachycephalic type of cranium Mr. Blake adds: 'The bones of the latter struck me as larger, heavier, and less rounded than those of the former, (the elongated crania,) and in the larger size of the hands and feet they also present a noticeable difference. The remarkable narrowness and delicacy of the hands, and the long and regularly formed finger-nails of the former, are strong evidence that they were unaccustomed to severe manual labor, such as must have been required for the construction of the great works of which the ruins remain.'" Dr. Wilson's book was printed in Scotland, and had not the advantage of the author's revision, and we can not but think that the interpolation in their parenthesis of the words "elongated crania," is a slip of the pen, which makes Mr. Blake's remarks apply

to the long instead of the round type of head. If this be not the case, we can not understand the passage, for it is at variance with Dr. Wilson's statement already quoted, in which he says that the bones of the short-headed type are lighter and more rounded than those of the elongated or dolichocephalic type. It is also at variance with the established fact that the elongated type belongs to the pre-Incarian population of Peru, and that the short-headed skull was a characteristic of the dominant Inca race. History, still more than osteological evidence, shows that the Inca race were of separate origin from the mass of the ancient Peruvian population, and jealously preserved the purity of their blood by intermarrying only in their own class, which constituted the nobles as well as the royal family of Peru. Mr. Blake mentions the fact that in all the cemeteries which he examined, wherever skulls of the rounded form were found, those of the elongated type were found along with them. Upon which Dr. Wilson observes, that as "the sepulchral rites of the royal and noble Inca race were commonly accompanied by the same human sacrifices traceable among so many semi-civilized as well as barbarous nations, it is in no degree surprising that the crania of the two distinct classes, noble and serf, should be found deposited together in the same tomb."

The Red Indian tribes of North America exhibit both of these cranial forms—some of the tribes having rounded, others elongated skulls; but it appears from Dr. Wilson's observations that the elongated type is on the whole the more prevalent, and certainly distinguishes all the eastern tribes who formerly occupied the country between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic. The Mexican terra-cottas demonstrate that the Aztec conquerors of Mexico belonged to the Red Indian stock, though rising into a better development. The old mound-builders of the valley of the Mississippi, on the other hand, whose reign came to an end apparently before the Aztecs arrived on the Mexican plateau, belong to the other or rounded type, and the skulls found on the mounds exhibit the highest cranial development of any that have come down to us from the prehistoric times of the New World. The Scioto Mound skull, which is so globular in form that the longitudinal, parietal, and vertical diameters are almost equal, pre-

sents the remarkable anterior development of a cranium whereof two thirds of the cerebral mass was in front of the *meatus auditorius externus*; whereas in the elongated class of Peruvian skulls this proportion is exactly reversed, two thirds of the brain lying behind the *meatus auditorius*. There are reasonable grounds for conjecturing that the Toltec race, which preceded the Aztecs in Mexico, were a cognate people to the mound-builders, and the rounded form of head appears to have prevailed also in the adjoining region around the northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The ancient Peruvians, perhaps in consequence of their lesser stature, were a smaller-headed race than any of the preceding. The average internal capacity of the Peruvian skulls is only seventy-three cubic inches—that of the Toltec skulls, including those of the mound-builders, seventy-seven—that of the barbarous tribes, eighty-two; the average of the native American races being seventy-nine. So that the extraordinary anomaly is presented of larger brain being possessed by the barbarous tribes than by the nations who achieved no mean degree of civilization in Central America and Peru. The average European skull, we may observe, is ninety-three cubic inches in bulk.

If the ancient Peruvians were a small-headed race, they were also remarkable for their small hands. In the case of the mummies in the possession of Mr. Blake, the breadth of the male's hand is only two and a half inches, and of the female's only two inches. We mention this fact, because it has some connection with the singular phenomenon of what the Spaniards call the *mano colorado*, which is met with over so large an extent of America. The outer wrappings of the Peruvian female mummy were marked with the impress of a hand in red paint; and such marks, we are told, are of common occurrence on Peruvian mummies. This fact, taken in connection with the smallness of the Peruvian hand, forcibly recalls the prints of the red hand which Stephens observed on the ruins of Ux-mall: the impress of a living hand, but so small that it was completely hidden under that of Mr. Stephens or his companion. It afterwards stared them in the face, he says, on all the ruined buildings of the country; and on visiting a nameless ruin beyond Sabachtsché, in Yucatan, Mr.

Stephens remarks: "On the walls of the desolate edifice were prints of the *mano colorado*, or red hand. Often as I saw this print it never failed to interest me. It was the stamp of the living hand. It always brought me nearer to the builders of those cities; and at times, amid stillness, desolation, and ruin, it seemed as if, from behind the curtain that concealed them from view, was extended the hand of greeting. The Indians said it was the hand of the master of the building." Irving in his *Astoria* says that some of the Arickaree warriors had the stamp of a red hand painted across their mouths—a sign that they had drunk the life-blood of a foe. Catlin found the same symbol in use as a decoration, and as the actual sign-manual, among the Omahaws and Mandans, to the west of the Mississippi; and Dr. Wilson "repeatedly observed the red hand impressed both on the buffalo robe and on the naked breast of the Chippewas of Lake Superior." The prevalence of this singular custom certainly denotes a relationship or intercommunication of some kind among the native races of America; while the smallness of the hand alike in Yucatan and Peru seems to denote a cognate origin on the part of the ancient population of those countries.

The practice of artificially distorting the head furnishes another evidence of inter-relationship among a large portion of the American nations, and even indicates the quarter of the globe from which they originally emigrated. Although arbitrary fashion and caprice have doubtless something to do with the practice, yet we believe that the original design of artificial cranial distortion was to imitate and exaggerate the shape of head peculiar to the people which had recourse to it. The elongated distortion of the Peruvian skull was made in imitation of the short-skulled people who preceded the Incas, and who at all times formed the bulk of the nation; and Garcilasso de la Vega produces proof to show that the custom is more ancient than the Inca dynasty. In Central America, as appears from the monuments of Palenque, the cranial distortion was of a conical form. Among the Chinook and other tribes west of the Rocky Mountains, the practice prevails in several forms: some tribes compressing the head both from before and from behind, so as to reduce it as far as possible to a disk; others depressing the forehead, and throwing

back the whole skull, so as partially to resemble the elongated heads of the Peruvians; while among the Nawatees of Vancouver's Island, a conical shape is given to the head, resembling the similar distortion practiced in ancient Yucatan. This cranial distortion is regarded by the tribes which still practice it as the badge of aristocratic descent, and, where slavery is practiced, as the mark of the dominant race. These flat-head tribes of the Pacific coast are in the constant habit of making slaves of the neighboring Indians, but these slaves are not allowed to imitate the superior race by flattening or modifying the form of their infants' heads. "It is an important fact," says Dr. Wilson, "that excepting on the Gulf of Florida, where the north-west tribes, as they extended southward, overlapped the mountain range which divides the Pacific from the Atlantic regions of the New World, and there only to the west of the Mississippi, the traces of artificial moulding of the head are slight and quite exceptional; whilst along the regions that border on the Pacific they reach beyond the most southern limits of ancient Peru." This strange custom was not confined to America; indeed, there is reason to believe that it was imported into the New World by emigrant tribes from the Old. Similarly distorted skulls have recently been found in Europe. The first discovered of those was found at Grafenegg, in Austria, in 1820; another was found in the vicinity of Vienna; another in some ancient cemeteries near Lausanne; and others were discovered at the village of St. Romain, in Savoy, and in the valley of the Doubs, near Mandeuse.

A close resemblance is said to be traceable between these skulls and the distorted crania found in the Crimea, described by Rathke and Meyer, and destroyed by the allied soldiery during the sack of Kertch. These distorted crania of the Crimea are evidently relics of the Macrocephali of the shores of the Euxine, first described by Hippocrates five centuries before our era. Hippocrates says of that people that they considered those most noble who had the longest heads. Strabo speaks of a tribe in Western Asia who anxiously strove to give themselves a long-headed appearance, and to have foreheads projecting over their beards—a form of distortion precisely the reverse of that practiced in Peru. Cranial distortion

appears to have been common, in classical times, among the migratory tribes of Western Asia, and especially among the tribes around the shores of the Black Sea. It was practiced also by the Huns of Attila, for the purpose, says Thierry, of giving a Mongolian physiognomy to their children. The followers of Attila were a miscellaneous horde, including Goths as well as Scythic nomads; but the aristocracy of his army consisted of the black Huns from the Siberian steppes, whose Mongolian physiognomy naturally formed the ideal of ethnic beauty. After the death of Attila, the Huns retired from their western conquest to the country between the Volga and the Black Sea, where they were conquered by the Avars in the latter half of the sixth century; and thereafter, called Huns or Avars indiscriminately, they settled in Pannonia, and thence extended their ravages wherever the spoils of more civilized nations tempted their cupidity. Their name became a synonym for inhuman monster (German *Huna*, Russian *Obri*, French *Bulgar* or *Bougre*, and English *Ogre*) in almost every country of Europe; and it is the obliquely depressed skulls of that people which are believed to have been now discovered in Switzerland, Germany, and the Crimea. The cranial distortion which they practiced is thought to have been derived from the steppes of Mongolia; and it is to be observed that Dr. Charles Pickering, the ethnologist of the American Exploring Expedition, groups the American with the Asiatic Mongolian, as presenting the most characteristic physical traits common to both. Moreover, as an extraordinary and unexpected link connecting the two races, we may add that when Dr. Tschudi, the celebrated traveler in South America, saw the artificial compressed skull discovered at Grafenegg, he maintained that it was not an Avar skull at all, but one of the distorted crania of Peru which had been brought to Europe in the seventeenth century, when both Austria and Peru were embraced in the far-reaching empire of Charles V. That Dr. Tschudi was mistaken is now fully established, but his mistake adds a curious link to the chain by which ethnologists are now connecting the population of the New World with that of the Old.

Of the general movements and comminglings of the native American population at successive times, Dr. Wilson thus writes:

"The seats of ancient civilization, both in Asia and Europe, were confined, through all their earliest historic ages, to the fertile and genial climates and warm latitudes of the south. The north contributed the hardy barbarians to whom, in their degeneracy, they became a spoil and a prey. It is only in very modern times that Transalpine Europe has given birth to a native northern civilization, while in Asia its northern latitudes still remain in the occupation of wandering hordes descended from the spoilers who ravaged the elder empires of Asia, and shared with the barbarians of Europe in the dismemberment of decaying Rome. It is not from a mere accidental coincidence that we are able to recover traces of a nearly similar succession of events in the New World. Civilization took root for a time in the Mississippi Valley, whether self-originated, or as an offshoot from the more favored scenes of its mature development; but the great plateaus of Mexico and Peru were like well-provisioned and garrisoned palaces and strongholds, where the spontaneous fertility of tropical climates relieved the wanderers who settled there from the all-absorbing struggle which elsewhere constitutes the battle with nature for life; and the physical character of the country protected them alike from the temptations to wander, and the instability of settled communities in a nomad country. Yet they could not escape the vicissitudes which have befallen every nation, whose wealth and luxury have so far surpassed the acquisitions of its neighbors as to tempt the cupidity of the barbarian spoiler; and the beautiful valleys of Mexico, the ancient Anahuac, appear to have experienced successive revolutions akin to those which render the ethnology of Italy's equally smiling soil and delightful climate so complicated and difficult. There are vague traditions of Olmecs, Miztecas, and Zapotecs, all highly-civilized precursors of the ancient Toltecs, whose entry on the plateau has been dated by most authorities about A.D. 600, and whose independent rule is supposed to have endured for nearly four and a half centuries. Then came the migration from the mythic Aztalan of the north, and the founding of the Aztec monarchy. The details of such traditions, with their dates and whole chronology, are valueless. But the general fact of the successive intrusion of conquering nations, and the consequent admixture of tribes and races, can not be doubted. The civilized countries beyond the southern isthmus may have contributed some of them, and the dispersed mound-builders of Ohio may have been the intruders of other centuries; while the regions immediately surrounding the high valleys more frequently furnished the invading spoilers.

"The traditions of the Mexican plateau pointed to the comparatively recent intrusions of the fierce Mexican on older and more civilized races; and various independent observers have

at different times been tempted to trace associations between the ancient mound-builders of the Ohio, the elder civilized race of Mexico, and the Peruvians whose peculiar remains are recovered from the tombs around Lake Titicaca. That the predominant Mexican race, at the era of the conquest, belonged to one of the great stocks of the Red Indian tribes of the northern continent, appears to be demonstrable by various lines of independent proof."

Of these old civilized or semi-civilized nations—Peruvians, Toltecs, Aztecs, and mound-builders—none now remain as distinct elements of the American population. The barbarous Red Indian stock, of which the Aztecs were an offshoot, alone exist in their original condition. And, year by year, they too are passing from the scene. It has been reckoned, or supposed, that the native population of North America in the time of Columbus amounted to about sixteen millions; but the events of the four centuries which have elapsed since then have more than decimated their numbers, which do not now amount to a single million. Their decrease, it is true, has not been all caused by the intruding races of Europe. A deadly pestilence—as if to make room for our earliest colonists—had almost extirpated many of the New-England tribes immediately before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. And the internecine wars which the Red Indian tribes have ceaselessly waged upon one another, have made still greater ravages in the native population. The powerful Iroquois confederacy especially made frightful havoc among their neighbors; and long after its power had declined the cry of "A Mohawk!" sufficed to drive the remains of the discomfited and almost extirpated tribes still further into the wilderness. Even the tribes of the terrible confederacy are now only represented by less than three thousand souls, living in scattered settlements, and are likely soon to lose their distinctive existence. They are surrounded, and all but submerged, by the wave of European immigration, which is gradually bringing destruction even upon their fellow-tribes of the far west. Having rolled over the Alleghany Mountains, and descended into the great central basin of the continent, that mighty wave has already overpassed the line of the Mississippi, and is advancing breast-high—like the stream-tides of the Solway—over the upland prairies of the far west. Even the

shores of the Pacific are now being peopled by the overflows of Europe—so as to cut off the retreat of the tribes which are receding before the ever advancing array of the pale-faces from the east. A single tribe of Indians require a large area for their existence—vast hunting-fields, where the herds of buffalo may graze at ease in the solitude, and furnish food for the uncivilized and apparently unreclaimable Red Men. Already the best part of the prairies has been occupied by the intruding white race; and the Red Men and the herds of buffalo are being pushed westward upon the comparatively arid uplands which adjoin the base of the Rocky Mountains; and ere long there will be no more vast areas of grassy prairie for the haunts of the buffalo, and the existence of the Red Men must cease with that of the herds which supply their food.

This approaching extinction of the Indian tribes has long been regarded as an inevitable event by every one who has considered the subject. They will not—apparently they can not—become civilized. They are the least pliable of any barbarous race of which we have had cognizance; and, moreover, they are placed in circumstances the least favorable for the gradual adoption of civilization. They, the wildest and most nomadic race on the globe, are brought into direct contact with the highest civilization which has arisen among mankind. No affinities whatever, either of blood or usages, exist between them and the European intruders. A Niagara separates the level of the one race from that of the other. The Indians can not rise by a leap to the civilization of the white men. It would require centuries of gradual contact for them to do so, if at all; whereas the wave of European settlement presses rapidly upon them, urging them into sullen strife, and intensifying their natural antipathy to a race and civilization with which they have no points of affinity. They are wasting away in ceaseless attacks, bloodily retaliated, upon the European settlers; and they are necessarily wasting away also, in proportion as the area of the grassy prairies is reduced by the steady advance of their white supplanters. Are they to vanish utterly, like the beaver and the wild buffalo? The answer to this question, which has been given by all writers on the subject, has hitherto been an unhesitating affirmative. Dr. Wilson, however, presents us with a new and,

we must say, more acceptable view of the case. The Red Men, he says, will indeed disappear, but not wholly by extinction. The diminution of their numbers is being affected, to a considerable extent, by absorption into the race which is supplanting them. This is an entirely new view, and a very important one. Dr. Wilson demonstrates that it is also a true one. We do not know whether it first occurred to him as a happy conjecture, or whether it was forced upon him as the result of his general researches. But whatever may have been the origin of the idea, he has demonstrated its correctness by irrefragable statistics, obtained by the aid of the officers of the Indian department of Canada. Once the truth has been demonstrated, it seems strange that no one thought of it before; for the partial absorption of the Indian into the Anglo-American race is a natural result of the manner in which the two races have for centuries been in contact. Dr. Wilson says:

“At every fresh stage of colonization, or of pioneering into the wild west, the work has necessarily been accomplished by the hardy youths, or the hunters and trappers of the clearing. Rarely indeed did they carry with them wives or daughters; but where they found a home amid savage-haunted wilds, they took to themselves wives of the daughters of the soil. To this mingling of blood, in its least favorable aspects, the prejudices of the Indian presented little obstacle. Henry, in his narrative of travel among the Cristineaux on Lake Winipeg, in 1760, after describing the dress and allurements of the female Cristineaux, adds: ‘One of the chiefs assured me that the children borne by their women to Europeans were bolder warriors and better hunters than themselves.’* This idea frequently recurs in various forms. The patient hardihood of the half-breed lumberers and trappers is recognized equally in Canada and the Hudson’s Bay territory, and experience seems to have suggested the same idea relative to the Esquimaux. Dr. Kane remarks, that ‘the half-breeds of the coast rival the Esquimaux in their powers of endurance.’† But whatever be the characteristic of the Indian half-breed, the fact is unquestionable, that all along the widening outskirts of the newer clearings, and wherever an outlying trading or hunting-post is established, we find a fringe of half-breed population marking the transitional borderland, which is passing away from its aboriginal claimants. I was particularly struck with

* *Henry’s Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories*. 1760–1776; p. 249.

† *Kane’s Arctic Explorations*, 1853–55, vol. i. p. 246.

this during a brief residence at the Sault Ste. Marie, and in the immediate vicinity of one of the Hudson's Bay forts, in the summer of 1855.

. . . . At all the white settlements near those of the Indians, the evidence of admixture was abundant, from the pure half-breed to the slightly marked remoter descendant of Indian maternity, discoverable only by the straight black hair, and a singular watery glaze in the eye, not unlike that of the English gipsy. There they were to be seen, not only as fishers, trappers, and lumberers, but engaged on equal terms with the whites in the trade and business of the place. In this condition the population of all the frontier settlements exists; and while, as new settlers come in, and the uncivilized Indians retire into the forest, the mixed element disappears, it does so purely by absorption. The traces of Indian maternity are gradually effaced by the numerical preponderance of the European; but, nevertheless, the native element is there, even when the faint traces of its physical manifestations elude all but the observant and well-practiced eye.

"Nor are such traces confined to the frontier settlements. I have recognized the semi-Indian features in the gay assemblies at a Canadian governor-general's receptions, in the halls of the legislature, among the undergraduates of Canadian universities, and mingling in the selectest social circles. And this is what has been going on in every new American settlement for upwards of three centuries, under every diversity of circumstance.

Two diverse processes are apparent in such intermixture. Where the half-breed children remain with their Indian mother, they grow up in the habits of the aborigines; and, intermingling with the pure-blood Indians, are reabsorbed into the native stock, where the tribe survives. But when, on the contrary, they win the regard of their white father, the opposite is the case; and this occurs more frequently with the Spanish and French than with British colonists. In Lower Canada, half-breeds, and men and women of partial Indian blood, are constantly met with in all ranks of life; and the traces of Indian blood may be detected in the hair, the eye, the high cheek-bone, and the peculiar mouth, as well as in certain traits of Indian character, where the physical indications are too slight to be discerned by a casual observer."

Nowhere is this remarkable process of intermixture and absorption seen on so great a scale as at the Red river settlement, where there is a settled population of mixed blood amounting to about seven thousand two hundred souls, who intermarry freely with the white population, and share with perfect equality in all the rights and privileges of the community. No similar statistics have yet been ob-

tained by the American government; but the personal observations of Mr. Morgan and others show that a partial intermixture of the two races is likewise taking place in the territories of the United States. The facts thus established by Dr. Wilson are highly important both from an historical point of view and from their bearings upon ethnological science. In the *Varieties of Mankind*, in which the doctrine of the unity of mankind is denied, it is maintained by Dr. Nott that opposite races, such as the Red and the White, can not amalgamate, for the offspring of such intermarriages always is feeble and dies out. No such hybrid race, he says, can be permanently established; and the Red Men, in his opinion, were doomed to extinction without leaving a trace of their existence. The facts brought to light by Dr. Wilson entirely refute these opinions. They moreover, by a reasonable inference, throw important light on the manner in which comminglings of races have taken place in past times. When the curtain rises upon the historical times of mankind, we find that every nation has already changed, or is in process of changing, its seats; and in the course of these universal and ceaseless migrations, nation has come into contact with nation, each becoming more or less altered alike in blood, language, and civilization. If the proud and unbending white race of England at the height of its civilization has mingled its blood with that of the Red-skins of the American prairies, we may be very sure that a similar commixture of blood has taken place wherever nation has hurtled against nation in the past. The old races disappear, but they leave traces of their blood to affect the organization, character, and career of the nations which have supplanted them.

Remarkable as are many of the phenomena presented to us in the New World; the most remarkable, as it seems to us, is the extraordinary commingling of diverse races which is being accomplished on its soil. Navigation has now so bridged the ocean, that from every country in Europe settlers have reached the American shores; and railways have so facilitated locomotion by land, and so quickened the movements of social life, that these diverse peoples from Europe are shaken together and amalgamated in the New World till the original distinctions disappear, and a new national type is formed. Moreover, as we

have seen, these White Americans are blending to some extent with the native Red stock of the continent. Within a century from the present time we may expect to see the separate existence of the Red Man and his hunting-grounds swept away, and an ethnographically composite yet socially homogeneous population existing all over North America. The intermingled white blood of Europe will here and there be tinged with the native red blood of America. Nor does the strange commixture of population stop here. Not only Europe and America, but Africa, and in a lesser degree Asia, will be represented in the new race which is growing up in the New World. The Chinese settlers in California are the vanguard of a more numerous emigration which will ere long take place from the crowded fields of China to the American shores of the Pacific. And it must not be forgotten that among

the contingencies, we might say certainties, of the future, is to be reckoned a rupture of the constitution of society in the American States, which will destroy the impassable barrier which at present separates every one tinged with African blood from social union with the rest of the population. It is the institution of slavery, with its accompanying brand of inferiority, which makes the line of separation to be at present so sharply drawn. But slavery in its present form is doomed to extinction, and the milder form of predial service, which it will ere long assume, will pave the way for greater changes; and the four millions of people with African blood in their veins will ultimately add one element more to the composite population which already exists in a state of legal and social equality on the North American continent.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

QUETELET ON SHOOTING-STARS.

M. QUETELET devotes a chapter of his *Physique du Globe* to "Shooting Stars," and the following passages contain the most interesting information in a condensed form. He tells us that the first efforts to observe these bodies in a scientific way were made by two students at Göttingen, Brandes, and Benzenberg, who began their labors in 1796, and published their first researches at Hamburg in 1800. Olbers and Chladni encouraged these young men, but attention might not have been generally excited to the subject if Humboldt and Bonpland had not astonished the world by their account of the splendid shower of falling stars which they observed in America on the 15th of November, 1799. In 1824 Quetelet took up the study of these bodies at Brussels, especially with a view to determine their heights, velocities, and trajectories—subjects on which the two young Germans had previously labored. In 1837 Benzenberg addressed a long letter to Quetelet, describing the investigations in which he

had been engaged. He considered, with other authorities, that shooting stars were stones ejected by lunar volcanoes, and circulating round the world by millions. Having this notion he called the moon an "inconvenient neighbor."

In 1836 M. Quetelet informs us that only five cases existed in which the velocities of shooting-stars had been calculated, and in the following year he invited a general concurrence of observers in various countries. The 13th of November was ascertained to be the date of the annual recurrence of the phenomena on a large scale in America, while the 10th of August had been found prolific in Europe. In six cases M. Quetelet computed the velocities of falling-stars, and obtained an average of five leagues, each equal to a twentieth of a degree, per second. Various opinions were given as to the number of these meteors on ordinary nights, and Sir John Herschel thought a single observer might reckon upon seeing sixteen per hour, and would not consider the

night extraordinary if he did not see twice as many. The pupils of the observatory in Paris, each looking to one half of the sky, had noticed forty to fifty per hour, but Arago reckoned twelve to fifteen as a mean quantity. In America, Mr. Herrick spoke of fifty or sixty an hour between three and six o'clock A.M., and about twenty-five from six to ten P.M., as being about the total number visible. M. Quetelet remarks: "I will not insist upon the quantity a single observer may see, but there is an important distinction to establish, which is, that the latter part of the night offers double the chance of the beginning. This, if proved, would be a strong argument in considering the probable origin of shooting-stars."

During their passage, shooting-stars sometimes emit a series of sparks, or leave behind them a luminous train, the duration of which varies. Their color likewise differs, and sometimes changes during the passage of the same meteor. The straight course which they generally appear to take is not invariable, for in some cases a sensible curvature is noticed, and on rare occasions one may be seen to deviate abruptly from its primitive direction.

So far back as 1762 Musschenbroek observed in his *Treatise on Physics*, "that shooting-stars were often seen in spring and autumn," and in another passage he specially indicated their appearance in the month of August. This appears to have been forgotten when Humboldt published his account of the showers of these objects which he witnessed in America.

In an article published by Schumacher, in his *Year Book*, Olbers observed that an immense quantity of planetary corpuscles, forming shooting-stars, appeared to move in orbits round the sun, and traverse the earth's orbit between eighteen and twenty-one degrees of Taurus. The orbits of the bodies were approximated and nearly parallel, and they furnished routes for myriads of infinitely small asteroids, whose revolution, he considered, was completed in from three to six years. Moreover, they appeared to be very unequally distributed, being densely accumulated in some portions of the orbit, and thinly scattered in others. M. Quetelet remarks that it "must be observed that the group of shooting-stars of the 11th and 12th of November has been scarcely noticed for ten years," and he

asks "whether it has actually disappeared, or whether there is a certain periodicity in its returns." He adds, during the last century the months of August and November were already noted for the frequency of shooting-stars; and that the idea of singling out the 10th of August was suggested not by Musschenbroek, but by his own researches, and it seems that a quantity of these meteors was observed on that day in the years 1800, and in 1801, '6, '9, '11, '13, '15, '18, '19, '20, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26, '27, '28, '29, '30, '31, '33, '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39, '40, '41, '42, '44, '45, '47, '49, '50, '52, '53, '55, '56, '57, '58, '59, and '60.

After M. Quetelet had pointed to the 10th of August, a manuscript of a work in the last century was shown to him, in which the same date was associated with *meteorodes*, and Mr. Forster, in his *Pocket Encyclopædia of Natural Phenomena*, stated that the Roman Catholics of Ireland had a tradition representing the shooting-stars of this period as the burning tears of St. Lawrence, whose *fête* was on the very day. *Silliman's Journal* also cites a Thessalian belief that the heavens opened on the night of the transfiguration, 6th of August, and permitted the celestial *candles* to be seen. M. Biot likewise is of opinion that the appearances of shooting-stars in August and November are the same as the phenomena which are made to figure fifteen days later in Chinese catalogues.

M. Coulvier-Gravier has put forward the opinion that the meteoric appearances of August tend to grow less every year; but the records of observation do not indicate any law of decrease, and in some years, such as 1843, '46, and '51, the weather was extremely unfavorable at that date. In addition to the November and August periods, M. Quetelet finds the nights of the middle of October, and those of the 7th of December and 2d of January, prolific in shooting-stars.

M. Quetelet gives an elaborate table of the chief appearances of shooting-stars, from the earliest records down to 1860, and it is not surprising to find that superstition had often connected their movements with "wrath to man." In 1726 one of the most brilliant star-showers appeared in Europe, and at eight o'clock in the evening of the 19th of October, an observer at Liege states that for two hours the sky was inflamed by these meteors, so

that it was easy to read or distinguish objects.

Arago remarks that falls of aërolites, appearances of bolides, and sporadic shooting-stars are much more numerous from July to December, than from January to June. "The earth," says this philosopher, "meets with a much greater number of cosmical meteors in proceeding from its aphelion to its perihelion, than when moving from the perihelion to the aphelion."

Concerning the origin of shooting-stars M. Quetelet remarks that opinions have varied most among those who have devoted most attention to them. They have alternately ascribed to these meteors a cosmic or an atmospheric origin, and the cause of the hesitation appears to be "insufficient and false notions of the constitution and height of our atmosphere." Moreover, "they have not on any single occasion been able to see or touch the substance of a shooting-star." Up to the present time M. Quetelet says it has been admitted without contradiction that our atmosphere is of uniform composition from the earth's surface to its greatest height, estimated at sixteen or twenty leagues, and its movement has been supposed coincident with that of the globe. But, he asks, are these assumptions true? "If," he proceeds to observe, "the action of other bodies in the neighborhood of the earth was *nil*, the atmosphere, under the sole influence of its weight, would remain adherent to the globe, and uniformly partake of its movements as we suppose. But during the day the air is unequally heated throughout its height, and particularly near the earth, where it is dilated by the direct rays of the sun, and by those reflected from the soil. This double heating is the more felt in proportion as the layer which it affects is denser than those which are above it." Then, as explained in our last number in the article on *Atmospheric Electricity*, the atmosphere is divided into two portions, the one uppermost *stable*, and the other lower and *instable*. The height of the latter will vary according to the season, and the amount of heat acting upon it. In the lower or instable region, rain is prepared and storms burst forth; while in the higher and calmer region, M. Quetelet considers that the phenomena of auroras, shooting-stars, and the "great magnetic changes which manifest themselves by diurnal and monthly variations of the

needle occur." The elements of this higher medium, destitute of moisture, are not "essentially" the same as those of the instable atmosphere, which, being constantly moved, is nearly identical in all its parts. It is difficult to estimate the height of the boundary which separates the two portions, but an approximation may be made by noticing cirrous clouds, which often stop at the base of the stable division, and which seems to be at least twice as high in summer as in winter. Similar indications, as explained in the article just alluded to, are given by electrical actions, which show that in winter the stable atmosphere, which from its dryness is a bad conductor, approaches nearer to the earth.

The stable part of the atmosphere differs, according to M. Quetelet, very widely from the ideas generally formed of it. Its height is three times what is supposed, and its composition may differ from that which is assumed. The best mode of studying it he considers to be by noticing its effects upon bodies passing through it like shooting-stars. These bodies become visible at elevations which may be estimated at fifty or sixty leagues; as they come nearer to the earth, their luster increases, and they disappear completely as they approach the regions from whence we observe them, "as if they no longer found the elements necessary for them—as if they had passed into a medium which precluded their conservation." The instable atmosphere has its elements constantly mixed by motion and other causes, the stable atmosphere may permit them to separate according to their gravity. We may also ask whether the diurnal movement of the earth exactly corresponds with that of the atmosphere, and if the times of their revolutions are equal. This may be doubted, especially if we consider that the upper portion, which ought to have this movement, presses on the lower portion, which is continually agitated in an opposite direction. "Their movements of rotation ought naturally to differ, as in the planet Saturn the two portions of the ring have a rotary motion separate from each other, and from that of the planet. The rotation of our upper atmosphere differs in like manner, according to our view, from that of the rest of the globe, and thus affords a sufficient explanation of the displacement of the magnetic poles, and of other phenomena that

would be difficult to account for in any other way."*

"If the atmosphere is regarded as described, it is not surprising that shooting-stars would traverse its upper regions, and be extinguished as they reach the lower portions in which we live. We also can imagine that auroras would generally arrange themselves along the boundary which separates the stable from the instable atmosphere, which is also the limit in which direction are found the magnetic forces that agitate our globe. These phenomena, which occur at moderate altitudes, may, by the same causes, be made to operate all over the northern hemisphere, and exhibit themselves with nearly equal intensity in Europe, and in the northern parts of Asia and of America."

M. Quetelet observes that shooting-stars are so common that no attentive observer will wait an hour without seeing one, although the latter half of both year and night are most prolific, and North America usually exhibits more than are seen in the "climates of Europe or Asia." These facts have not, he considers, been studied with the attention they deserve, although they seem likely to lead to the knowledge whether shooting-stars are produced in our atmosphere or enter it from without.

* "We have seen," says M. Quetelet in a note, "that with us the magnetic declination will pass from a maximum to 0 in about one hundred and twenty-five years, which gives a mean of two hundred and fifty years as the interval between the maximum and the minimum instant, or five hundred years as the period of the declination's needle's return to the same magnetic position. We suppose in this calculation a regular movement of the needle, which does not vary in the course of centuries. Does this movement take place because the magnetic pole is effectively above the earth, or does it arise from the influence exerted upon the atmosphere in general by a magnetic pole placed in the interior of our globe, and having a proper motion? This last hypothesis appears the most probable."

The great outburst in August is followed by a striking diminution in September. In October there is a rise in the curve, which reaches its extreme winter range in November. In April, the curve reaches its spring elevation, which is much lower than that of the winter. In June the lowest period is reached, and with recurring August the shooting-star power once more culminates.

M. Quetelet noticing that shooting-stars appear to be confined to the upper and stable portion of our atmosphere, asks whether we are to ascribe to them some peculiarity which keeps them away from the earth, or to regard them simply as instances of ignition, the light of which can be seen from certain elevations, and becomes extinguished as the bodies approach our denser and perhaps different atmosphere. Shooting-stars must, he considers, be regarded as of a different nature from *aërolites*, *bolides*, and falls of dust.

Aërolites he considers as strangers to our globe, and, unlike shooting-stars which have never been touched, have frequently undergone chemical investigation, and present a tolerably uniform composition. *Aërolites* and *bolides* are very rare, as compared with shooting-stars.

Bolides are described by Arago as "globes of fire which appear suddenly, and vanish forthwith, after spreading around them a brilliant light, which lasts for some seconds. Their form is circular, and they exhibit an appreciable diameter. They illuminate the horizon with a light usually rather weaker than that of the moon. They often leave a train behind them visible for longer or shorter time. Sometimes they burst into pieces, which continue their course, and are soon extinguished, and their fragments form the *aërolites* found on the surface of the earth." Dust-showers of materials similar to *aërolites* are much more rare, and appear to be of similar origin.

A HIGH STANDARD.—An educated man ought to know three things: First, where he is—that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is; what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what it is made of, and what may be made of it. Secondly, where he is going—that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; what seems to be the nature of that other world. Thirdly, what he had best do under these circumstances—that is to say, what kind of fac-

ulties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has his will so subdued in the learning of them, that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, is an *educated* man; and the man who knows them not is *uneducated*, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.—*Ruskin*.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE DECAY OF CONVERSATION.

THERE are sufficient reasons for concluding that the ancient art of talking is falling into decay. It is, we believe, an ascertainable fact, that, in proportion to the increased population, the aggregate bulk of conversation is lessening. People nowadays have something else to do but talk; not only do they live in such a hurry that there is only leisure for just comparing ideas as to the weather, but they have each and all a gross quantity of reading to do, which puts talking out of the question. If persons remain at home they read; if they journey by the rail, they read; if they go to the sea-side, they read; we have met misguided individuals out in the open fields with books in hand; young folks have been seen stretched underneath trees, and upon the banks of rivers, poring over the opened page; on the tops of mountains, in the desert, far within forests—every where men now pull printed sheets from their pockets, and as the earliest, latest, highest occupation of this life, they read.

What did people, before books were multiplied to this frightful extent, do with all the time now filled up in this manner? Did they, in palace, castle, and hut, sit with eyes cast down in solitary, silent meditation? Principally, we make answer, they talked. The fact is incontestably true, that modern men and women are reading themselves into a comparatively silent race. Reading is the great delusion of the present time; it has become a sort of lay piety, according to which the perusal of volumes reckons as good works; it is, in a word, the superstition of the nineteenth century. Monastic institutions, both male and female, might well be created for its more undisturbed pursuit; let there be Brethren of the Diurnal Journal, and White Sisterhoods of the Novelline Orders. It is high time that it should be announced that Reading is not the *summum bonum* of this mundane existence. Why, in the very act, reading is unsocial. Look at the person so engaged. He re-

tires from his fellows into a corner, or makes for a distant window; and there, either head propped up on hands, or else half recumbent, is altogether withdrawn from sociality. It is an incipient kind of later barbarism, and having discovered its imminence, we hereby proclaim it.

Conversation means a commerce of the eye and lip, as well as an interchange of ideas. Talk is the fence of the wits; it is the chivalry of intellect—there is thrust and parry, nimble brain-shiftings, quick movements of the fancy, retreats upon the memory, strategic advances of the argument. Are not conversations combats of that which is immortal in us, and why, when successfully carried on, might they not, excepting for mere weariness of body, be prolonged perpetually? People nowadays laugh at the fine disputations of the subtle dialecticians upon such a topic as—How many thousand angels could dance upon the point of a needle? Yet that was a splendid instance of the possibilities of argumentation. It is a mistaken notion which says it is possible to tie the human intellect into a knot, and for ever after call it by the name of a doctrine. Controversies, properly handled, ought never to be concluded. If two clever disputants could so marshal reasons as that one should pin the other into a verbal corner, from out of which there was not a word more to be said, talk would be endangered, silence would be impending. Forbid it, all ye powers of utterance! It is requisite, as making provision for the carrying on of social life, that one compliment should always admit of another—if the second person is subtle enough to appreciate its drift—that any retort, however severe, gives an opening for another—and that no possible argument should quite seal up a dispute. The writer of this paper confesses that, in his unripe, younger days, he was often puzzled to conceive why the interminable theological, metaphysical, and other controversies of the scholastic disputants, were permitted to

form part of the mundane scheme. Such matters as they generally discussed did not then appear to him to have any direct, practical bearing upon human-life in this sphere. O the foolishness of youth! He is happy to state that he has long since grown wiser; he now sees that those ancient controversies, as well as the modern disputes happily at present raging, were permitted, and indeed it may be, were designed to furnish men with talk—to keep the world's tongue wagging. Long, long may they survive! Is it not a splendid spectacle—if the spectator be not a client, which, of course, disturbs his impartiality, and prevents his quiet enjoyment of the scene—to attend the law-courts, and there witness the advocacy of trained talkers? It is calculated to enlarge the human intellect, and purify mortal charity, to see how much is possible to be said on both sides of any matter. One is tempted, on such occasions, in view of the sublime mystification of the juries, to advise that verdicts should only be considered momentary adjournments of the inquiry, founded only on the accident of the last speech or the latest deposition, the adjournments to be carried on through interminable appeals. To suppose that truth, either as to facts or in opinion, is so absolute that it is possible to reach a stage where talking on one or the other side must cease, is most alarming. Our whole social system is endangered by such a supposition, for talk is at an end. Of course, these latter observations apply to disputes carried on by writing or printing, as well as by talk; but how immensely more attractive is oral disputation than the other! It may also be mentioned as a great advantage, that while book-arguments have sometimes been ended, debates carried on by the lips scarcely or never are.

Reading, however, implies writing on the part of some one, and it may be as well to say a word or two upon that dangerous art. If reading is unsocial, and threatens a new barbarism, what is to be said of writing? The very posture is ignoble: look at the man crooked up, his limbs all twisted, at desk or table; it is an unmanly attitude; while the process is calculated to warp the intellect, even if not to corrupt the heart. Is it rashly asked how? We answer that a man when writing is removed from the controlling influence of the eye and lip of his fellow, and therefore it is that lies edge them-

selves into print which could never be spoken. Excepting as jottings to assist a defective memory, or as an arithmetic of logic for extracting remote conclusions, writing, it must be admitted, is cowardly. A man so engaged has it all his own way, he is opposed only to himself. But a cumulative evil is springing up from the excess of writing and printing in modern times, which it is our duty to indicate—speech is becoming woefully enervated. A distinction has already long been made betwixt our language written and spoken. Discussing this alarming prospect with an intelligent friend, and casting about for a remedy, he suggested that it would be some abatement of the evil—since we could not hope to remove it wholly—if printed matter, and especially, as he well urged, newspapers, were issued in a language other than the native. It was recommended that the Hebrew should be chosen, on account of there being a fine uncertain latitude for the vowel points, which would be likely to deter the commonalty. Is not this huge disparity between our language written and spoken sufficiently apparent to strike any one? Words and phrases which constantly appear in books, no sane man introduces into conversation, and endless instances of phraseology occur in talk that never are given in print. In the long run, however, by virtue of the superiority of stolid persistence fools have over sane men, the books will beat the tongues; and, indeed, already, as we have stated, conversation is becoming emasculated. The friend whom we have already quoted ably argues, that, if you wish to hear a real dialogue, you must go to the lower classes, among whom books have the least spread. He informs us that the faculty of speech, which has partially perished in our *salons* and drawing-rooms, fortunately still survives in pot-houses, and notably among tap-room companies. Preference is, however, given by him to a group of navvies at a new railway cutting; though, he says, a fragment or two of the native tongue can occasionally be caught up in a third-class railway-carriage on market-days. These, it would seem, are now the only chances left of hearing the English language spoken with fluency and vigor, full expression being given to the natural feelings. Parliament is often instanced as being an institution for talk. What passes there, however, excepting on the few

happy occasions when a minister is baited, or the house becomes impatient, and introduces imitations of rustic cries, is not conversation—it is rather that worst of worsts in this matter, beyond which the imagination refuses to advance—printed matter spoken: the speeches made are designed to be reported, and a newspaper fate, even in the moment of delivery, weighs heavily upon them. We, however, as the ultimate resource in the impending dreariness of universal silence, would cling earnestly even to parliament; the lips at least are put in motion, and the forms of talk are observed, if the genuine spirit be no longer there.

If the warning of the present writer as to the insidious decay now creeping over conversation alarm the public, he will be contented. He is conscious of not having exhausted the topic, and especially in its relation to woman; but that part of the subject may be separately attended to hereafter in a quarto volume. There are

reasons for fearing that the sex is itself losing volubility, for they are more and more addicting themselves to reading. But of this separately. It has just alarmingly occurred to us, that our objections against writing have themselves been written, and that in issuing them in type, a request is implied that people should read. But that the writer is naturally a silent person, he would have something to say in explanation upon these points. Shaking, however, such trivial paradoxes from him, he again avows his admiration for talk; it is the final end of life—every thing has reference to it; people perform great achievements simply to set others talking, for talk of you is fame granted; it is the last thing always remaining to be done: after the battle is won, after the city is built, when the statue and the painting are finished, you have still one unending duty to discharge—to talk.

From the London Intellectual Observer.

THE ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES WHICH EXIST AMONG THE TYPICAL RACES OF MAN, by Robert Dunn.—The author maintained that genus *homo* was distinctly defined, on the ground that in man's moral and religious attributes the inferior animals do not participate, and it was this that constituted the difference between him and them. The barrier was thus, he considered, impassable between man and the chimpanzee and gorilla; and that wherever man with his erect attitude and with his articulate voice is found, his claims to our common humanity must be immediately acknowledged, however debased the type may be. His conviction was that there was proof of a general unity exhibited in all the races of the great family of man, inasmuch as they were all endowed with the same intellectual faculties and mental activities, however much they may vary in degree. It had, he thought, been fairly argued

that all the races of the human family form but one species, from the physiological fact that they are all capable of fruitful union. Believing the brain to be the material organ of the mind, the author considered the study of the cerebral organization and development in the various typical races as one of the most effectual means of better understanding and elucidating the psychological differences which characterize them. This subject, however, was one that yet required to be worked out; and ethnic psychology was still a desideratum. The author then reviewed what had been done by anatomists and ethnologists, and pointed out that the lower savage races, such as the Sandwich Islanders, made progress in the early part of their education, and were so far as apt and quick as the children of civilized Europeans; but at this point they stopped, and seemed incapable of acquiring the higher branches of knowledge. The

Sandwich Islanders have excellent memories, and learn by rote with wonderful rapidity, but will not exercise the thinking faculties; they receive simple ideas, but not complex ones. In like manner it was found practically that negro children could not be educated with white children. In all these cases, as well as in the minor ones continually occurring among ourselves, of inability to understand subjects and reasonings of a certain order, the true explanation is that the cognate faculties have not reached a complexity equal to the complexity of the relations to be perceived; as moreover it is not only so with purely intellectual cognitions, but it is the same with *moral* cognitions. In the Australian language there are no words answering to justice, sin, guilt. Among many of the lower races of man, acts of generosity or mercy are utterly incompre-

hensible; that is to say, the most complex relations of human action in its social bearings are not cognizable. This the author thought was in accordance with what *a priori* might have been expected to have resulted from organic differences in the instruments of the higher psychical activities—or, in other words, in the nervous apparatus of perceptive and intellectual consciousness. The leading characters of the various races of mankind were simply representatives of particular stages in the development of the highest Caucasian type. The negro exhibits permanently the imperfect brow, projecting lower jaw, and slender bent limbs of a Caucasian child some considerable time before the period of its birth. The aboriginal American represents the same child nearer birth; the Mongolian the same child newly born.

From the British Quarterly.

THE ETHICS OF PERIODICAL CRITICISM.*

It is only a natural consequence of the revolution by which the press has become by very far the most potent of all ruling powers, that periodical criticism should have become the chief of its ministers. We discuss constitutions, not in quartos, but in broadsides. We inaugurate an almost universal change in social usage or political opinion by articles in a morning newspaper. Even on the most intricate and important questions of theological science and biblical criticism, we have disquisitions ranging through all degrees of flippancy and incompetence to all degrees of ability and elaboration, in journals that are cried at every street-corner for a penny, and are served to the cabman with his breakfast for nothing. If a ministry is to be hurled from power, a throne to be shaken, a nation to be libeled, a man to be flayed, a book to be damned, a cause to be pleaded, an enemy to be stung, are there not scribes whose name is legion,

whose ink is abundant, and whose pens are sharp, to sing, plead, damn, flay, libel, shake, hurl, *ad libitum* and *ad infinitum*? What would you have, then? You pay your money and take your choice. Take your choice, we say. For if you do not like a paper which, though not venal, is at least corrupt, you may find even such. There are honest and faithful critics as well as critics profligate. There are journals in which ability is *not* in extraordinary contrast with integrity, as well as journals in which ability and integrity seem to be to each other in inverse ratio. If one batch of critics is to be hired in almost any inn, court, square, street, lane, or alley within a mile of Temple Bar, as well as in many pleasanter places, ready for any sort of literary ruffianism, there are perhaps almost as many to be found not far from them who are gentlemen notwithstanding their poverty, who are scholars in spite of pawn-tickets for their books, and who are men of honor and virtue through all temptation to take better pay for dirtier work.

Because, however, our periodical criticism is not altogether what the periodical critics choose to make it, we think it very advisable to call attention to the subject. It is one of at least as great importance as most of those now occupying the public attention, and not a whit the less so because it so very generally escapes observation and reflection. For, much more nearly than we often think, it concerns both the convictions which govern our conduct and the moral integrity which it most behooves us to keep pure. It contributes no mean quota to the making of life itself, developing in it the germs of all that is noblest and best, or fostering its meanness, hiding its poverty, and creating a complacency in that lack of knowledge which has more than once caused a people to perish. Surely, then, we can not do much amiss in challenging attention to the matter. If the briefest consideration will convince us of the immense influence of such criticism, almost as little will be needful to show how that influence is frequently abused. The practical effects of such abuse we hope in some small measure to counteract by a mere exhibition of its facility and of some portion of its arts. Find out the *modus operandi* of an enemy, and you may, in most cases, do a good deal towards preventing his devices from becoming an *opus operatum*. Two things we have to premise. First: that while we insist on the exceeding objectionableness of much of our current periodical criticism, we readily acknowledge a belief that the press was never in a better condition than it is now. If we have more of evil, we have also more of good, and this not only as to the total and gross issues of the press, but as to the proportions which the two parts bear to each other. The improvement has been great, though greater and more radical improvements still wait to be carried out. Second: let no man expect such a condition of journalism as shall leave nothing to be desired. It were folly to suppose it would ever be attained. We have heard it questioned, indeed, whether there is a single periodical in the country, from the quarterlies down to the dailies, which, on *all* subjects it discusses, displays in any full measure the prime qualifications of candor and ability. And judging by a very high standard, probably the doubt was just. Where we are most anxious to do well, we sometimes fail through lack of power to do other than

ill; and where we would willingly sacrifice all else in order to be just, we are sometimes thwarted in our aim by a partiality which is inseparable from conviction, or by affections of which it is impossible to get rid. But not only if we take a standard so high that it would be vain and useless to try and reach it, but with a standard that might very justly be set before us and striven towards, there are to be found almost all degrees of approximation and departure. And what we hope for, and have a right to demand, is not any fancied perfection on the part of the periodical press, but such endeavor and resolve to be at once and in all cases just, as shall exculpate the judge even when his judgment is erroneous, and shall give weight to his decisions by showing that he hears both sides alike.

These things premised, the kind of criticism we would expose and protest against is that which is either willfully unfair and dishonest, or which does injustice through an ignorance and incompetence for which the critic is without excuse. Which of them is the more mischievous it might be difficult to decide; for ignorance is almost as notable a source of power as knowledge is. That an utter misconception is disgraceful to the man who has formed it, in no way prevents him from holding it in good faith, or publishing it to others, and is certainly no obstacle to the confident eloquence either of vituperation or of eulogy which he will lavish on the man or the idea, the facts or the measure, he has so grossly misconstrued. Indeed, in every case of this kind the sincerity of the critic but aggravates his offense by increasing his ability to do wrong. No voluntary indignation can rival that which is involuntary. It is simply a case of fighting in the dark. We assail friends and allies with all the more vigor because, mistaking them for foes, our blows have the immense additional force derived from an outraged sense of justice, and from the conviction that we are fighting for whatever is best worth fighting for. Had we waited for more light, or, possibly, had we only made good use of the little we possessed, we might have been saved from so miserable a delusion, and from effecting results we would have done all in our power to prevent. Ignorance and blindness accomplish in some cases the work of hostility and malice.

But lamentable as are the criticisms of

ignorance and incompetence, those of unprincipled talent are yet more worthy of reprobation. It is the authors of these who, above all other men, are traitors to the common weal. They are not perhaps directly paid to do wrong, or to make the worse appear the better cause or reason, but they find a highly spiced pleasure in so doing, and not a little profit. "Newspaper editing," says Mr. Carlyle, in somewhat too unqualified fashion, but in so many words, if we remember rightly, "is the California of the spiritually bankrupt." They who have made it so are the accomplished and fluent critics who will argue any brief with equal readiness provided only the fees be good. Put away all conscience, and what sensations can be more agreeable than those of the man who hires himself to write sensation articles? His vanity and vulgarity are gratified as he writes by anticipating the effect he is certain to produce. They are gratified when he has written by seeing his fellows all wonder, astonishment, and curiosity. They are gratified when the astonishment is over and the curiosity has been appeased, by his reminding himself what an extremely clever person he always was; how great was the influence he possessed; how he smashed Jones, and dissected Smith, (not *post mortem*), and beat poor Robinson into very little pieces. The extent to which writing of this kind obtains is very much greater than is known out of circles in which literature as a profession has no representatives. To men of letters themselves it is only much too familiar. They can not help it, indeed, that a profession which ought to rank and which probably one day will rank with the highest and most sacred, includes some of the worst men along with some of the best. There are scoundrels, liars, and truculent slanderers in the other and recognized professions; and it need not, therefore, be wondered at that there are the infamous and profligate among journalists and authors by profession. The one comfort which the case admits of is to be found in considering one of the principal sources of the power of such writers. It is the ignorance of their readers. And just in proportion as knowledge takes the place of that ignorance, is their power diminished and the limit of their influence curtailed.

Till we have been taught otherwise by observation and experience, we assume

that no man tells willful lies, and that no man would wittingly be guilty of detraction. Especially do we put confidence in whatever appears in print. The newspaper is regarded as an infallible authority, both for opinions and facts. Of *canards* we have never heard; and we should be utterly scandalized to think of any thing which had pleased us as being merely *bien trouvé*. Alas for the day that undeceives us! What a shock to find that the printer is as fallible as the pope, to see the newspaper convicted of ignorance, an editor charged with falsehood and incompetence, our favorite magazine exalting this and defaming that with motives and for reasons very different from those with which we have been accustomed to credit it.

But we have still much to learn. Long after those days of unsuspecting childhood are passed, we continue to be more or less imposed on by the purveyors of our mental *pabulum*. The genuine article, as the shopkeepers have it, is not even now discriminated from the genuine article adulterated. We are in possession of no satisfactory tests by which to discern and decide on the differences between the two. If we read a review it is an exceptional case not to credit the reviewer with an approach to omniscience, and the most perfect integrity. If he happens to write "knowingly"—the most thoroughly vicious and offensive of all styles known to us—we imagine it is only because he is so very much better informed than the author from whom he has borrowed all the little he displays, and whom he affects all the while both to criticise and commend. If he passes stern censure it is not from any innate love of oburgation and abusive words, but because he is constrained by a turpitude it is forbidden him to spare. Does he praise? It is simply because he has discovered what is praiseworthy, and not in the least because he would oblige a friend or propitiate a loan. And that his work is usually and for the most part like that of a policeman who detects and apprehends, and of the magistrate who tries and hangs, is attributable solely to the fact that there is so much more wickedness than virtue in the world. Had you the shadow of a doubt as to the strictly honorable and necessary, though confessedly painful nature of his functions, it would be instantly dispelled by his reminding you that "the judge is condemned when

the guilty is acquitted," and that even the author of the *Areopagitica* himself has said there are books to be apprehended and condemned just as there are criminals of whom the magistrates take note.

A little later we read less to believe than to see on what grounds a writer challenges our faith. We endeavor to form our own judgment, without being unduly biassed by another's. We will consider not so much the critic's verdict on the case as the case itself—stated by him, as appears, with all the fullness and impartiality of a judge committing to the protection of a jury the interests of private men or public right. Alas for us, virtuous persons that we are, refusing to accept the critic's judgment and resolute to form our own! Why, it is long odds that we have never been in possession of the critic's judgment; so we are certainly in little danger of accepting it. See him alone and ask, Is that truly and honestly your deliberate conclusion on the matter? and he laughs us to scorn. We will form an independent opinion on the case. By all means. But first let us see to it that we have hold of the case. "Why, here it is. What are you about?" cries our friend, whose inner man at least is still with verdure clad. Nay; here precisely, of all places in the world, it is not. This is, no doubt, what verdant persons are intended to suppose is the case; but show such version of it to any man who can compare it with a certainly authentic copy, and you will find that your critic is as little to be trusted as the Liverpool Simonides. Show your "portrait" to one who knows the original, and you may find not only that the resemblance is not striking, but the features are in no way recognized. Persist, however. Write underneath it, "This is M—— or N——, and exhibits a full, true, and particular description of himself, of his book, of his opinions, of his character." Then may an odd trait here or there be doubtfully recalled and admitted to be not wholly unlike, though, taken as a whole, the "portrait" shall be denied to be any portrait at all, or to be even a decent caricature. Your own most mystified expression of face will only occasion smiles at your most edifying and instructive simplicity. Well for you if you keep your temper when you discover a seeming conspiracy between men who, however hostile to each other, can apparently forget their enmity to

laugh together at yourself, who are at any rate no fool. It is even so. We most of us have to go through the process—and a painful and humiliating process it is—of disenchantment. And provided it be not too early begun, the sooner it is completed the better. Like sundry inevitable corruptions of the blood, these hallucinations of the judgment are easiest worked through in early life.

The devices by which most of the misrepresentations of the less scrupulous of the critics are produced, are so exceedingly simple, that if they were once considered, even that invaluable person known as "the ordinary reader" would much less frequently allow himself to be misled. The nice distinctions, evading all attempt at definition, by which experience will distinguish between honest and able and dishonest and incompetent criticisms, will have a better chance of being perceived and felt. Let him know right well that his author may perchance be a mere special pleader, that he may possibly be writing with motives directly hostile, or that he may have before him no other earthly object than to earn a pecuniary acknowledgment, no matter how, and the reader will then seek other things than pretentious argument or vigorous speech to guide the judgment he is wishful to form. He will need no one to caution him again, that prejudice, whether for or against, may, with almost no trouble at all, produce perversions at once the most scandalous and the most plausible of facts and of truth.

Suppose, for example, there is a popular preacher to be attacked. If the critic can do it well, he will amuse some portion of the town, will sell the paper, and add to his influence with some wretched editor. A case of five-and-thirty years since will answer equally well for illustration with any of the present day; and to avoid all risk of personalities that might offend the living, we shall turn to Edward Irving. As yet he knows nothing of those strange "manifestations" which all good men deplored: he is simply what one of his biographers has described him, "The Orator for God." He preaches at the Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden, and can not help it that he has become the fashion. Have at him, then, O critic! The higher the quarry, the wider the fame if you can wing a shaft that will bring it to earth. How high the quarry was in this case

may be judged from a description we transcribe from Mr. Wilks :*

"In the first quarter, it is recorded that the seat-holders at the Caledonian Chapel had increased from fifty to fifteen hundred. A little later, and the rank and intellect of the land were crowding there Sunday after Sunday. The occasional sermons in London of Robert Hall, or Dr. Chalmers, did not attract the crowds which now pressed to Edward Irving's weekly services. The Duke of York repeated his visit, and carried with him other members of the royal family. Brougham took Mackintosh, and Mackintosh, by repeating at a dinner-table a beautiful sentence he had heard from Irving in prayer, drew Canning. The parliamentary leaders of both sides, and even the Tory Premier Lord Liverpool, (much to Lord Eldon's horror,) the judges, and barristers of every degree, fashionable physicians and medical students, duchesses, noted beauties, city madams, clerics and dissenters, with men and women who rather followed the fashion than made any pretensions to either intellect or religion, besieged the doors and were jammed together in the aisles. Carriage panels were cracked in Cross-street as in Drury-lane, and the preacher was every whit as much the rage as ever Kemble or Kean. It was found necessary, for the prevention of accidents, to admit the seat-holders by a side-door, and to limit the miscellaneous attendance by the issue of tickets, for which application was made by letter during the week. Even then, the preacher had to make his way up the pulpit-stairs covered with ladies glad to obtain that rude accommodation."

Here manifestly, then, most sapient and omnipotent critic, is game that will repay the following. You have as fine an opportunity as you could wish for publishing a sensation-article. Every thing is ready, is even inviting. Envious men will welcome your detraction and second your insinuations; bad men will not be sorry if you prove that Irving is no better than themselves; mere worldly men will have no objection to your playing pander to their amusement; and unpopular and unsuccessful men will draw comfort from your reminding them that success and popularity are at least no test of worth. Of course your case is an utterly bad one as to its proper merits, but that will not much matter. You may possibly do injury that nothing can atone for, may inflict a wound that only death can heal; but what then? True, you can at best

deserve only the contempt and disgust of honorable men, that, like a viper, you sting the heel of a giant, or that, like the foulest of Spenser's beasts, you would cast filth and slime that may take years to wash away, on as noble and devoted a worker as our sorrow-stricken world has had in it. But what of these things? Every man to his trade; and yours is—what?

In the execution of your purpose, the enthusiasm of all classes of the people to listen to Irving you may at once set down as one of the most extraordinary insatiables that ever seized upon a community calling itself intelligent. Inferences as to the character of the audience may easily be drawn from the facts that the attendance of the police had become indispensable, that the public had to be publicly warned against pickpockets, and that there were brawls and broken panels among the coachmen who drove their mistresses to hear this vociferating Scotchman, as among the coachmen who picked up and set down at the theaters. That members of the peerage are sometimes found in this man's conventicle will simply be an instance of the strength of a folly which, not content with making ridiculous the common people, has found votaries even among the aristocracy. These, however, you will scarcely know whether you should more pity or blame. They have declined the verb *s'ennuyer* through all its moods and tenses, and now, at last, heaven's mercy has sent them a new sensation. Yet, no! it is not altogether so. They are not like men of obscure station, who can forget both themselves and their duties without any but their immediate connections being the worse for it: *these* owe a duty to their order and their country, a duty which neither you nor they are at liberty to forget. As to Mr. Irving himself, you may say that it will scarcely be expected you should waste either your own time or that of your readers by showing how meager are his abilities, or how carefully studied have been the arts by which his notoriety has been gained, a notoriety which your readers might be perfectly certain must be very short-lived, and whose subject would soon be as little remembered as the last successful clown at Ducrow's, or the last discarded fashions in dress. *Populus vult decipi, et decipitur*. Indeed, but for a sense of duty overcoming an easily understood reluctance to meddle with

* Edward Irving: an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. London. 1855.

such persons or such topics at all, you would infinitely have preferred to allow matters to take their course. There are exceptions, however, and this is one. And now that you have warmed to your work—though you don't need tell the public that—you proceed with less caution, and discharge your unwilling office in terms something like the following :

"Things of this sort, it has usually been said, die soonest by neglect. We have always been accustomed to think so ; and we certainly have not so read the history of the church as to be unaware that persecution has sometimes kindled into life both faiths and follies that were previously near death. Without, however, wishing to persecute Mr. Irving, or to brand him with the indelible mark of public scorn, not thinking him, indeed, of half sufficient consequence for either fate, we do challenge public attention both for himself and his teaching. He has made himself a nuisance, he may possibly become a pest, and he must take the penalty. We find in his discourses sentiments which all true Englishmen must reprobate, and doctrines which are not more injurious than out of place. Surely we did not a few years since visit on the Cato-street conspirators the last penalties of their country's violated law to have sedition sown broadcast in Hatton Garden ! Why put us to the enormous expense of banishing the less important coadjutors of those miserable men, if under the thin disguise of preaching on human equality and the common origin of mankind, this politico-Calvinistical sciolist is to utter language which he must be perfectly aware will be misapplied, and which must necessarily tend to reduce to the dead-level of a democracy those distinctions among different ranks which have been recognized among us from time immemorial, and which are essential to the very existence of society ? When it comes to this pass, it is surely time to speak. Nay, even in treating topics not radically inappropriate to this conveticle, there is the greatest room for improvement. The most solemn and mysterious dogmas of theology are obtruded so frequently, and in terms so objectionable, as must, if carried to their obvious and logical consequences, land all who receive them either in the extravagance of presumption and spiritual pride, or in the kindred extravagance of misery and despair. We hope,

however, that the town may very soon cease to be insulted with these impious absurdities. Their author might, probably enough, have been respectable in the comparative obscurity for which Providence designed him, but, unhappily for himself, he has been unable to resist the temptation to prostitute the few talents he possesses to a miserable hankering after passing fame. Strange he should not know how worthless is the bubble he pursues, yet whose pursuit by others he has the artifice and shamelessness not seldom to condemn. Yet we do not greatly wonder at it. Let no man look for consistency in a person who has taken such pains to convince us that, in any tolerable fashion, he can neither reason nor think. Incapable of logic, blind to the distinctions by which genuine eloquence is distinguished from genuine rant, utterly devoid of taste, and addicted to language which any where but in a church would be accounted blasphemy, Mr. Irving must soon have had his day, and will speedily be relegated to the oblivion and contempt he so richly deserves."

Nothing could be much easier than this sort of calumny and abuse. Such, too, was the style of criticism which came at the time from a large portion of the public press. And it is obvious that, if properly presented, it would be sufficiently adapted to impose on many readers who were ignorant of Irving's real qualities and character. And it is to be remembered that when such "smashers for Irving" were written, Irving, though widely popular, was little known ; just about as little and as much as would give color to the pretext on which the articles affected to be written, and would facilitate the reception of the slanders they contained.

And this sort of thing is done still, has been done to the dead, and is done to the living as gratuitously and dishonestly in some instances, and as ignorantly and recklessly in others, as it was done to Edward Irving. If Mr. Spurgeon is not now banished to obscurity and neglect, it is simply because critics of this class have not been able to banish him. He has proved himself stronger than they. If Mr. Gladstone is now confessed by all but his personal opponents to belong to the first rank of financiers and of statesmen, it is certainly not for want of having been scores of times denounced as reckless, incapable, and sophistical, to an unheard-of degree. If Sir Walter Scott is acknowl-

edged king of novelists, it is for no want of its having been long since demonstrated that he could neither develop a character nor weave a tale. Keats is now regarded as one of the most exquisite of English poets; yet the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood* convicted him, triumphantly in their own opinion, of being little better than a fool. If Byron is now admitted on all hands to have been a man of prodigious mental force, as well as a poet of no lower than the second rank, he at least owes no thanks to the men who said that he had combined in his verse the simplicity and insipidity of youth, together with its want of culture and its rashness. What writer on Art is worthy, on the whole, of being compared with Ruskin? Yet we have been assured, over and over and over again, that Art is precisely the one subject of which Mr. Ruskin knows nothing. To him, and to his direct and indirect influence, the country is being indebted for a positive Art regeneration; yet the critics screeched themselves almost into hysteria, protesting that it could come to no good, that Pre-Raphaelitism was trash, and that Ruskin was mad. What woman has written such poetry as Mrs. Browning? Is it possible to conceive any one more completely and purely a poet? Yet her *Aurora Leigh* lives—both lives and sells—because foul words could not blast it, nor stupid wickedness strangle it. What of Macaulay, whom the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker, of the *Quarterly Review*, of the House of Commons and the Admiralty, deliberately made up his mind must be “put down,” and whom, as all the world knows, he formally and elaborately put down accordingly? What of Wordsworth? Did he not drivel? What of even Bacon? Were not various of the critics of his time most surely persuaded that he himself was “a fool, that his philosophy was as bad as his law, and his *Instauratio Magna* the silliest of printed books?” What of almost any man who has nobly striven and nobly achieved, if we are to take our opinion from not a few of the critics who have presumed to judge them? It is common nowadays to describe Lord Brougham as a Nestor. It is admitted that his long life has been usefully and honorably passed; that his indubitably great powers have been seconded by great and indomitable industry; that he has largely promoted popular education and legal reform; and that both

out of Parliament and in it he has so lived and wrought that he must one day bequeath a name which his countrymen will not willingly let die. We remember the time when his enemies regarded him as a firebrand, and convicted him a hundred times over, in their pages and over their wine, of about every species of infatuation and quackery of which one could dream. His consummate knowledge of the Greek and Roman orators was fifth-form learning. The speeches by which he could stimulate both to resolute action and to wise forbearance the thousands of his countrymen who were all but ripe for revolution, because they could not get reform, were mere clap-trap and vociferation. His great and various stores of knowledge were confidently described as smattering and superficiality. Because he was most successful at the bar, we were assured that he was profoundly ignorant of law. That he was familiar with the English and Italian poets only proved him the possessor of a mind to which jurisprudence and statesmanship must be eminently foreign. That at the age of only sixteen he was by far the first mathematician of his university and had distinguished himself by original investigations in that science, merely showed that he had in more than average measure a kind of ability which, it was notorious, was consistent with almost perfect stupidity in every thing else. A political incendiary, a clap-trap orator, a smatterer in knowledge, “Jack-of-all-trades, good at none”—Merciful Powers, at least let us have done with this Brougham!

The pamphlet placed at the head of this article was published in Oxford some years since. It consists of instructions from a veteran critic to a junior in the service, and lays down the rules deemed necessary to success. The neophyte is never to forget that what he writes must be something *that will sell*. Only as people can be induced to buy and read, can a review become a power; and all considerations must be subordinated to becoming a power. To this end, also, it will be important to *follow* the public taste in place of attempting to *direct* it. Such is the function of the reviewer, writes the gray-beard, that—

“Instead of vainly aspiring to the gravity of the magistrate, I would advise him when he sits down to write to place himself in the imaginary situation of a cross-examining pleader. He may comment, in a vein of agreeable irony,

upon the profession, the manner of life, the look, dress, or even the name of the witness he is examining. When he has raised a contemptuous opinion of him in the mind of the court, he may proceed to draw answers from him capable of a ludicrous turn, and he may curve and garble them to his own liking. This mode of proceeding you will find most practicable in poetry, where the boldness of the image or the delicacy of the thought will easily be made to appear extravagant or affected, if judiciously singled out, and detached from the group to which it belongs. Again, since much depends on the rhythm and the terseness of expression, both of which are sometimes destroyed by dropping a single word, or transposing a phrase, I have known much advantage arise from not quoting in the form of a literal extract, but giving a brief summary in prose of the contents of a poetical passage, and interlarding your own language with occasional phrases of the poem marked with inverted commas. These, and a thousand other little expedients by which the arts of quizzing and banter flourish, practice will soon teach you."

Counsels to this effect are followed by "a specimen of the art," in which these rules are brought into play. The work reviewed is entitled, "*L'Allegro: a Poem. By John Milton. No printer's name.*" Having shown how nearly every couplet of this production teems with the commonplace, the frivolous, or the laughable, and hinted something about "the laxity of Mr. Milton's amatory notions," the critic thus concludes:

"Of the latter part of the poem little need be said. The author does seem somewhat more at home when he gets among the actors and musicians, though his head is still running upon Orpheus and Eurydice, and Pluto and other somber gentry, who are ever thrusting themselves in where we least expect them, and who chill every rising emotion of mirth and gayety.

"He appears, however, to be so ravished with this sketch of festive pleasures, or perhaps with himself for having sketched them so well, that he closes with a couplet which would not have disgraced a Sternhold:

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

"Of Mr. Milton's good intentions there can be no doubt; but we beg leave to remind him that to every compact of this nature there are two opinions to be consulted. He presumes, perhaps, upon the poetical powers he has displayed, and considers them as irresistible; for every one must observe in how different a strain he avows his attachment now, and at the opening of the poem. Then it was:

"If I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew."

But having, it should seem, established his pretensions, he now thinks it sufficient to give notice that he means to live with her because he likes her.

"Upon the whole, Mr. Milton seems to be possessed of some fancy and talent for rhyming, two most dangerous endowments, which often unfit men for acting a useful part in life, without qualifying them for that which is great and brilliant. If it be true, as we have heard, that he has declined advantageous prospects in business for the sake of indulging his poetical humor, we hope it is not yet too late to prevail upon him to retract his resolution. With the help of Cocker and common industry, he may become a respectable scrivener, but it is not all the Zephyrs, and Auroras, and Corydons, and Thyrsuses, aye, nor his junketing Queen Mab, and drudging Goblins, that will ever make him a poet."

Such is the mode in which the critical art may be applied to poetry; but game hardly less attractive may be found in other departments. Voyages and travels are not barren ground. The pupil is reminded that he should seldom allow a number of his review to go out without an article of that description:

"If you wish to run down a book of this sort you have only to play off these two parts [the light and descriptive, or the instructive] one against the other. When the writer's object is to satisfy the first inclination, you are to thank him for communicating to the world such valuable facts—as whether he lost his way in the night or sprained his ankle, or had no appetite for his dinner. If he be busied about describing the mineralogy, natural history, agriculture, trade, etc., of a country, you may mention a hundred books from which the same information might be obtained, and deprecate the practice of emptying old musty folios into new quartos to gratify that sickly taste for a smattering about every thing which distinguishes the present age."

So in biography, whatever conception the author may have had in the execution of his task, "it will be the signal for you to launch forth in praises of its opposite, and continually to hold *that* up to your reader as the model of excellence in this species of writing."

But, according to our Mephistopheles:

"Tables of contents and indexes are blessed helps to a reviewer; and more than all, the preface is the field from which his richest harvest is to be gathered. In the preface the author usually gives a summary of what has

been written on the same subject before; he acknowledges the assistance he has received from different sources, and the reasons of his dissent from former writers: he confesses that certain parts have been less attentively considered than others; he points out many things in the composition of his work which he thinks may provoke animadversion, and endeavors to defend or to palliate his own practice. Here, then, is a fund of wealth for the reviewer lying upon the very surface: if he knows any thing of his business, he will turn all these materials against the author, carefully suppressing the source of his information, and writing as if drawing from stores long ago laid up in his own mind."

It is quite certain that personal criticism, especially when adverse, may be made unusually interesting. It has the advantage of the greatest possible definiteness of subject. It brings us into almost immediate relations with both the critic and his victim. It is as true now as it was when *Æschines* made his last speech to the Athenians, that men listen to invective and reproaches with pleasure. Provided only you have the right sort of nerve, there is no anatomy to be compared with vivisection. The "subject" may be done to death, indeed, as it is said poor Keats was; though his case, it may be hoped, has had no parallel. In general, honest workers are no doubt content to work and wait.

The effect of such criticism on the minds of its readers is, we believe, a much more important question than its effect on those who might, at first, seem the chief sufferers from it. It brings us into contact with mean passions, with censoriousness, and with disingenuousness. Shall we probably be the better for that? We are amused by the cleverness of the critic, perhaps, and can not but admire the rapid dexterity of his work. Could we possibly be amused if for a moment we reverted from these to the motives which have prompted the exhibition of them, and to the moral bearings of the subject which has called them into play? Let no one remind us that there is no harm in combining truth with amusement. *Quamquam ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?* For it is no such combination we are speaking of. There is neither so much truth in the world, nor so much laughter, but one should give double welcome to him who brings both. To make malice diverting, and falsehood pleasant, is a very different employment, and is the one

to which we mainly object. We know the proverb about touching pitch: and just as little can a man become familiar with what is dishonest, contemptible, or essentially depraved, and retain that delicate moral sensibility, and that joyous healthfulness of heart, without which his perfect manhood can never be attained.

We have stated, as one of the reasons for calling attention to this subject, that periodical criticism is not altogether what the periodical critics choose to make it. Seriously as we must blame them, we must, with scarcely a less degree of urgency, insist that they are in no very great degree more culpable than others. It is convenient to have some men for scapegoats, and according to our present fashion of doing things we could not very well get on without them. Hence, when we lose patience with the tone and quality in which so much of our current criticism is written, we come down with almost unmeasured vehemence on men whom we belabor all the more vigorously that, under the shield of their anonymity, our blows are almost unfelt. Is it not worth while to consider whether a large part of the blame does not rest upon others? Whether they who demand should not take shares in the punishment of those who supply? It appears to us to be so. The difference between the guilt of the public and the guilt of the dishonest or malicious critic is, that the public is bad enough to offer an almost splendid recompense to the man who will gratify it, and that the critics provide gratification accordingly. They trade upon our weakness, our jealousies, our depravity, our ignorance. If this be so—as we assuredly maintain it is—there needs nothing further to justify the assertion that the condition of our periodical criticism depends not altogether on the critics, and it becomes perfectly obvious that a large part of the remedy is in the hands of those who, like ourselves, complain of the evil. Improvement in public criticism can never take place alone. Professional writers of that class occupy, or ought to occupy, one of the front ranks in the general advance of a nation towards whatever goal may be in store for it: they will never be its advanced guard, much less its pioneers. The average author and *littérateur* is simply an average man *plus* discourse. Make the average man better, and the discoursing man will participate

in the amendment. We have heard it said that periodical literature is for the most part a species of dram-drinking, the portions of it which are most successful being, like the commodities of a popular gin-shop, considerably above proof. And so long as the political rancor, the religious bigotry, and the Yankee sort of recklessness so far prevalent among us shall be what they are, the case will so be. The common stimulant will be often displaced by something beyond the common. To a fair statement of the case, however, as between the critics and the public, there needs to be added two other considerations, one in favor of the critic and one against him. In his favor, or at least in mitigation of our judgment on him, there is to be said this: that we have allowed him to become indispensable; that the public is in some respects a hard master, and demands a full quota of all the forms of journalism and criticism, though there may be matter for barely half. It is the old story of demanding bricks without straw. But Pharaoh is, in this case, at once an imperiously exacting and tyrannical Pharaoh, and a profusely liberal and munificent one. If the critic were thoroughly honest, he would sometimes present but half a tale, or would mould some of the bricks not according to the patterns which Pharaoh most affects, and Pharaoh would send him to the dogs straightway. Knowing this, he sometimes mingles with the solid clay a good deal of mere dry sawdust and rubbish. It is his compromise between a conscience he can not afford to keep and a master who will not long keep him. Pharaoh speedily detects the ruse, and if there is no improvement he starves the wretch to death *pour encourager les autres*. And mightily they are encouraged. Every effort is put forth both to complete the daily or the hebdomadal tale, and to let it be of precisely such quality and fashion as the task-master will approve. Here and there

a sturdy slave receives the nod of royal approbation, and there is promotion to stewardships, to honors and riches abundantly. But he is still a slave, though the fetters are of gold. He must still toil at the execrated task; but at least he has good pay. If he continues to do well, Pharaoh even jests with him, pats him on the back, praises him, builds houses and buys carriages for him, does all for him but say, "Be a man and free." Shall we greatly wonder, then, that some of the brick-makers resort to very strange devices when the honest straw runs short? that they often insist on calling straw, and on treating as straw, some materials which are not straw? And what does Pharaoh say then? Why, instead of saying any thing, he merely laughs; and provided only the brass-lunged knaves call loudly enough, and lie impudently enough, he is pleased rather than vexed with the bare-faced cheat. When Pharaoh mends his ways, probably enough the brick-makers may mend theirs also.

But against this is to be set another consideration quite as damaging to the critic as the preceding one ought to be for the public. Though the average journalist and critic is only the average man *plus* discourse, that *plus* is a very large and weighty one. To discourse, one must know, think, and reason. And to know, think, and reason so well that the public shall be willing to pay for one's discoursing, implies the possession of more than average powers of mind. He belongs to a priesthood whose functions, though they may not supersede, are indispensable to supplement the functions of another priesthood yet more venerable and perhaps more sacred. How can he be content to pander to the worst and meanest part of a nature he should be doing his best to exalt and correct? Could any task be nobler than his lawful one? can any be baser than the one in which too frequently we find him engaged?

From the London Intellectual Observer.

ADMIRAL FITZROY ON THE WEATHER.*

Few men have done so much practical good with so little pretence as Rear-Admiral Fitzroy, whose forecasts of the weather are looked for with eagerness all round our shores. The science of Meteorology being in a very imperfect state, and atmospheric conditions depending upon a great variety of circumstances exerting a highly complicated action, absolute *prediction* is not possible, and is distinctly repudiated by the scientific sailor to whom his own profession and the public owe so much in the way of serviceable warning and useful instruction. In France the Admiral's labors are highly appreciated, and we apprehend the government of that country will find itself obliged to follow the excellent example of our own in the establishment of a "Meteorologic Office," by which the probabilities of coming weather may be made known. A recent number of *Cosmos*, commenting upon our system of weather-signals, observes that "the warnings given by Admiral Fitzroy have saved many vessels from certain disaster, but human cupidity has often neglected his indications." This is no doubt true, but we can not wonder that success should be slower than benevolent desire, as the world is partially governed by conservative instincts, and those who introduce beneficent novelties must move a huge load of rubbish, in the shape of ignorance, prejudice, and obstinacy, before the ground is clear on which they can operate with effect. The unintelligent man desires to repeat to-day what he did yesterday, without the labor of progress, or the trouble of research. The intelligent man takes a nobler view of nature and her possibilities, life and its duties. He feels that to-day should avoid the errors of yesterday, do something to make up its short-comings, and lay the foundation of completer action for the day that

is to succeed. Among the unintelligent class, Admiral Fitzroy may have met with the treatment they habitually accord to benefactors who disturb the equanimity of indolence, or torment the laziness of repose; but the scientific cotemporary we have quoted speaks truly when it says: "The science of which this distinguished man, in spite of sarcasm, is the apostle, is in its infancy. No one is more ready than he to admit this. It may at times deceive us—of this there is no doubt, but we may hope the time will come when it will speak with perfect surety. Even now, when Admiral Fitzroy hoists his alarm signals at the ports a storm is probable, and prudence commands small vessels or weak ones not to tempt the danger of the seas."

It may also be observed that all the existing means of intimating probable weather changes are not yet at the disposal of the Meteorologic Office, and those who have read our notices of the investigations of Father Secchi at Rome, will be prepared to believe that the variations of force and direction in the magnetism of the earth afford indications which are not to be despised.

Admiral Fitzroy has effectively contributed to what we may call the science of weather observation. He collects information from a number of places, chosen with reference to their meteorological position, and this information he interprets according to a theory, which is probably correct as far as it goes, and then publishes, through the newspapers and by signals, the *forecasts* at which he arrives. Occasionally a storm may come not included in his programme, or his danger drum may be hoisted for a tempest that does not appear at the appointed time and place. It would no doubt be more satisfactory if greater certainty could be introduced, and that we may expect at a future date; but it is a grand thing to have got so far as to exhibit all round our coast distinct intimations of *tenden-*

* *The Weather Book. A Manual of Practical Meteorology.* By Rear-Admiral FITZROY. Longman and Co.

cies which are likely to take effect, and thus to establish a probability, according to which a vast number of actions may be regulated with the certainty that, *on the average*, the anticipated result will be obtained. The principle upon which the Admiral works can only be understood by a brief sketch of the causes of atmospheric perturbations, and to them we must devote a few explanatory lines.

The earth's atmosphere is divisible into two portions, lower and upper—the *stable* and the *instable*. It is not meant that absolutely no motion or change takes place in the upper division, but all the phenomena of winds and storms occur in the lower one, as explained in a former number.* Opinions differ as to the total height to which the atmosphere extends. Admiral Fitzroy supposes that “as air, from ten to twenty miles seems a probable total depth,” while about seven miles seems to be the limit in which man can exist. We do not perceive precisely what the Admiral means by the phrase “as air,” but he may agree with the opinion of Quetelet, that the composition of the atmosphere may not be the same at great elevations, where the pressure becomes infinitesimal. However this may be, we do not coincide with his view that the total height is less than is usually supposed, but prefer the opposite supposition of the distinguished Belgian philosopher. Still, so far as relates to weather prognostications, our researches must be chiefly devoted to what takes place within a few thousand yards of the earth's surface; and if the loftier regions—in which miles of elastic matter in the gaseous form contribute next to nothing to the total weight of the atmosphere, as shown by the barometric tube—should ultimately be found to exert a noticeable influence upon the perturbations of the lower layers, it will probably be on account of the magnetic disturbances of which Quetelet conceives them to be the scene. The instable portion of the atmosphere is much lower in winter than in summer; but even when its volume, and consequent height, is enlarged by the action of solar heat, it can not reach much above the highest mountain top. The chief cause of air currents or winds is undoubtedly the action of the sun; but the earth's rotation must not be

disregarded, as it is very important, and the moon probably exerts a tidal influence upon the air as well as upon the water of our globe. If no disturbing operations took place, we should only have hot air arising from equatorial regions, and being replaced by colder streams from the less heated poles. The real facts are, however, in the highest degree complicated, as many distinct forces contribute more or less to excite motion at different heights and in different directions, and a host of circumstances, such as the distribution of land and water, mountain ranges, plains, etc., etc., produce modifications over a wider or smaller range.

Notwithstanding the mobility of air, the commingling of currents of different densities does not take place as quickly as might be supposed, and we are all well aware of the obstinacy with which ordinarily-constructed rooms resist a complete ventilation, and of the amazing change felt by placing ourselves just inside or just outside the lintel of an open drawing-room door, at one of those afflicting ceremonies called an evening party, where the guests largely outnumber the chairs, and demonstrate how little oxygen is necessary for the mere sustenance of human life. These facts must be borne in mind, or the coëxistence of adjacent currents of different densities, each pursuing an independent course for hundreds of miles, will not be understood. Liquids mix with similar slowness, as may be seen if a glass of cold red wine is slowly poured into a tumbler of hot water, and no spoon permitted to accelerate the union of the two. Should the reader think this illustration more domestic than poetical, or object to it upon teetotal grounds, we may remind him of the story of Arethusa, so exquisitely told by Shelley. The startled nymph rushed to the sea to escape the violence of Alpheus, and as she took her flight through the waters,

“Behind her descended,
Her billows unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream.”

The ocean exhibits similar phenomena for thousands of miles. Admiral Fitzroy tells us that, “taking, with Dové, north-east and south-west (true) as the wind poles, all intermediate directions are found to be more or less assimilated to the characteristics of those extremes, . . . and all varieties of winds may be clearly and dis-

* Quetelet, on “Shooting Stars,” No. 13, vol. iii. p. 34.

tinctly traced to operations of the two constant principal currents, polar and tropical—*our* north-east and south-west winds." Polar currents are cold, dry, and positively electrical. Tropical currents warm, moist, and negative. Mixed currents have necessarily intermediate qualities, and continued collisions and conflicts occur between currents of all kinds. The state of affairs on our own coasts is well shown in the following passage from the Admiral's book: "A stream of polar wind traverses the North Atlantic over Ireland and Scotland. As it advances southward, it also moves (or is carried with the whole atmosphere) eastward, so that its effect is first felt in Ireland and Scotland. Advancing southward still, before approaching Norway, it is impeded by Scotch Highlands, four thousand feet, and then affected by Norwegian mountains eight thousand feet. The increasing current of air, (or *wind*,) advancing, widening, and augmenting in momentum, passes round Scotland, between it and Ireland, along the Scottish eastern shores, and urged from behind, while in front checked and deflected by Danish, Dutch, and French coasts, this polar wind becomes more or less *easterly* on our coasts. There is no *true* east wind in our zone that has come from any *considerable distance due east*, moving towards the west. Polar winds deflected by local configuration and the earth's rotation become more or less easterly. When a tropical current is advancing, its extremes intermingle with the yielding or diminishing opposites, (the polar,) deflect them, and (affected also by local configuration of land) become south-easterly before they turn to southerly, and then to south-west." This is the usual order, but retrograde movements may take place, giving rise to squalls. A low barometer, with moisture in the air, as shown by Mason's hygrometer or other instrument, and a warm temperature, are the effects of the tropical current. On the other hand, a high barometer, diminished moisture, and falling temperature are the effects of the polar current. At times, however, the disturbing influences prevail over the normal, and during the last winter south-west winds have occasionally brought frost, while the temperature has risen during the period in which the air currents have been from the north.

These considerations will enable the

reader to appreciate the system of weather forecasts introduced by Admiral Fitzroy, which is founded upon the indications of ordinary instruments, barometers, hygrometers, and thermometers, and upon the ordinary march of atmospheric currents, by which a particular state of weather in one place affords grounds for supposing what will be its state in other places situated so as to receive a similar, though perhaps modified, influence at a later date.

Upon the difficult question of the action of the moon, Admiral Fitzroy has an interesting chapter, and he does not consider that the probability of an important tidal influence is invalidated by the fact that the barometer does not give proportionate indications. He believes that there is "a continuous overflow of air, like that described by Dové and others, which not only prevents much sensible increase of statical pressure or tension, but augments the dynamical forces of the tropical currents of air, periodically by lunar periods, and diurnally also." This theory is probable, and the Admiral states that "recurring periods of about fourteen days, (semi-lunar,) of seven, and of three or four days, have been traced, however masked or irregular, more or less synchronous with the moon's phases, *occasionally*, and then for a few times rather correspondent, therefore evidencing some kind of connection." The Admiral also observes that the consecutive actions of the moon in raising and causing an overflow of a mass of air must give rise to periodical impulses bearing a different direction to the normal currents.

"During the moon's passage from quadrature to syzygy her action on air currents should increase, and conversely, when she has great north declination, it ought to be greater here than when she is far south, and when in perigee greater than in apogee. Tabular records show such are the facts." Abstract reasoning tends to the conclusion that the moon must influence our atmosphere, although forces more powerful than that exerted by our satellite may counteract or conceal her work, but, as we shall see, distinguished authorities adopt conflicting views.

Admiral Fitzroy appears to connect the successive impulses to atmospheric movement given by the moon with the daily changes that occur at intervals of about six hours. Lunar actions may have something to do with these, but they seem

more directly referable to the operation of solar heat and of radiation. Quetelet says: "If we compare the variations of the barometer with that of the thermometer, we observe that oscillations of pressure as well as of temperature are much stronger in winter than in summer;" but he adds that in autumn there is less difference in the barometer and thermometer than might have been anticipated. He likewise observes that the diurnal variations of the barometer, which take place at intervals of about six hours, exhibit peculiar displacements, so that in winter the interval between the maximum and minimum of pressure diminishes a little, and augments in summer.*

Professor Lamont believes that the sun exerts two influences upon the diurnal variation of the barometer, one that of heat, and the other of an "electrical" attractive force; and Professor Plantamour considers that the tidal action of the moon on the air is shown to be insensible, by observations which he carried on through twenty-four lunations. He says:† "I have taken the mean barometric heights, observed at different hours, the day of the syzygy, the day before, and the day after; the day of the quadrature, the day before, and the day after." He then gives the result of one hundred and forty-four days at the syzygy epoch, and of one hundred

and forty-four days at the quadrature epoch, which do not correspond with what might be computed from the lunar-tidal theory. He also gives the hours at which the maxima and minima occurred at syzygies and at quadratures, and remarks, "the second terms (minima) are nearly identical in value, and the time only differs a few minutes; while if the atmospheric tide came from molecular attraction, exerted by the moon as well as by the sun, the time of minimum at the quadratures ought to have changed by six hours, and its value should have been reduced about one third."

We do not presume to decide this very difficult question, and regret that the length to which our remarks have already extended precludes the notice of many important points in the *Weather Book*, a work which will interest and instruct many readers who would be alarmed at the sight of a more formal treatise, and which is illustrated by numerous valuable diagrams, to which the student will be glad to refer. The present edition is a handsome one, and necessarily expensive; but looking to the popular interest of the questions discussed, and the good that would result from placing the Fitzroy philosophy within the reach of seafaring men and agriculturists, we hope the respected firm of Longmans, to which the copyright belongs, will be able to accommodate itself to modern ideas and publish a cheap *Weather Book* without delay.

* *Physique du Globe*, p. 18.

† *Archives des Sciences*, No. 61, p. 72.

A MAMMOTH HOTEL.—The Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, has been completed, and will be opened on the first of October. This is the largest hotel in the United States. It is seven stories high, exclusive of basement. Its height from the sidewalk to cornice is 112 feet. Besides marble flooring and other flagging, 300,000 feet of flooring boards have been laid, requiring 30,000 yards of carpet to cover them. Thirty-two tons of sash-weights were used; 16,000 feet of gas pipe, 120,000 pounds of lead, and 30,000 of iron pipe to supply it with water, besides 87,700 feet of steam pipe for heating it. Thirty-two miles of bell wire are used, and three water tanks, or reservoirs, into which 30,000 gallons of water are taken up and distributed to all parts of the house, rest upon the roof. The actual cost of the building is \$950,000, which with the ground (valued at \$326,000) makes the whole value \$1,276,400—not to speak of furniture, \$200,000 worth of which is now being imported and put in. So that when the house is completed, next month, the whole property will have cost nearly a million and a half of dollars.

GOSSIP TOUCHING ROYAL MARRIAGES.—Now that her majesty has returned it is rumored that the royal visit to Germany will not be altogether unproductive of political consequences, and that the preliminaries of more than one royal marriage were settled on the occasion. Prince Alfred, the second son of her majesty, (now in his twentieth year, having been born on the 6th of August, 1844,) is, it is said, "engaged" to a princess of the House of Oldenburg, while the Princess Helena, the third daughter of her majesty, will not, after all, be the Queen of the Greeks, but is to become the wife of a German prince, the nephew, I believe, of that astute and popular sovereign who rules the destinies of the Prussian empire. It is also asserted that her royal highness the Princess Mary of Cambridge is at length about to change her state, or "settle in life," as it is called, her *fiancé* being a German Protestant prince, sufficiently eligible to form an alliance with the Royal House of England. Her royal highness is in her thirtieth year, having been born in November, 1833.—*London Correspondent of Irish paper.*

From the Popular Science Review.

FRESH AIR—ITS IMPORTANCE.

OF course all the readers of the *Popular Science Review* will feel that a chapter on fresh air is quite superfluous. Sensible and cultivated people are insulted if you hint to them that they are not fully acquainted with the benefits of fresh air. Yet it is so constantly the case that sensible and cultivated people do not ventilate their sitting and bed rooms, do occasionally suffocate their babies in bed, and have children who suffer from all forms of scrofulous disease, and grown-up sons and daughters dying of consumption, that I feel it is not superfluous to write on this subject for them. I want them to reconsider the grounds of their belief in fresh air, and to see whether they have yet arrived at a due conviction of its importance. Have they fully considered the import of the fact that their own life and that of the whole animal kingdom depends on the air in which they live; and that depriving them of it for two or three minutes destroys this life? In the great world into which all are born, God has made ample supply of this air: the waters of the sea are filled with it; and wonderful are the devices for securing a due supply of fresh air to the blood of the fish and the creeping things which abound in all waters. If we could all live in the open air, we should always have fresh air and secure a natural ventilation. But man requires heat. It is economy of food and strength to him to keep himself warm; and in listening to his instinct for warmth he has forgotten to provide, at the same time, fresh air. His warm clothes do him no harm; but directly he hides his head under a covering, whether it be in a mud hut or a palace, his sorrows from impure air begin. Under these circumstances his own breath, which flows away from him in the open air without injury, is retained and breathed again. All the comforts, the luxuries, and necessities of his life are sources of danger to him while he is in his house. His curtains, his carpets, his furniture of every

kind, collect the particles of matter which, rising into the air, render it impure. If the goddess of cleanliness herself were installed in every room of every house, she could not prevent the air from being rendered impure by the constant and unseen action of these dead and living particles of matter.

"But we know all this!" I hear my sensible friends exclaim. Then why do you not act on it? I am writing this by the sea-side, and my house is one of a row that looks on to the sea. Regularly as the sun sets, my friends all retire to their houses, the last of the chicks is put to bed, and then all the windows and doors are duly closed. Last night the temperature was about 65° Fahr.; a gentle south-west wind was blowing from the sea—to be sure it made the candles flicker, but it was delicious to the feelings. I passed along the row of houses: it was truly a melancholy sight. Not a door, not a window, was open! Now houses at the sea-side are not built very durably, and a sea breeze will, no doubt, penetrate the rooms, lock and bolt them as you will. Nevertheless, there is not enough air penetrating these little rooms to take away the close smell of food, and dress, and human exhalation, and, above all, the gases which rush into the warmed house from every drain and dust-heap about the premises. To be sure, the children in these houses are looking well, and the doctor is not often down from the neighboring village; but this I know, my neighbors' children are not so well as they might be. But, "Doctor, do you not think the night air is injurious?" "No, madam, I do not; and if it were, I do not see how your candles and closed rooms are to improve it." "Yes," said a lady to me, a short time ago, "fresh air is so important for poor people; but we who live in large rooms do not require that amount of ventilation!" It was evident she thought what she said; for on examining the sashes of the windows of her splendid

house, not one of them came down from the top. Impure air is, no doubt, a worse thing for the poor than the rich; for the ignorant, perhaps, than for the learned: but it is a bad thing for all. It is no comfort, when you are half-suffocated in Burlington House, at a *soirée* of the Royal Society, to know that the most learned and scientific men in Europe are suffering at the same time with yourself. What every sanitary reformer must feel of the utmost importance is, that sensible people, who talk about fresh air for the poor, should set a good example, and value it for themselves.

Let us, then, go over the foundations of our belief in fresh air, so as to be able to understand thoroughly the dangers arising out of its impurity. The pure air of the atmosphere contains four constituents, two of which are constant and two are variable. The two constant constituents are oxygen and nitrogen gases. They are in the proportion of twenty-one of the former to seventy-nine of the latter. The nitrogen is passive, remaining in an unchanged condition in the air; but the oxygen is ever being consumed and renewed. By its union with carbon, and other elements of the animal body, it maintains life. Just as it unites with the coals of the fire or the carbon of the gas and gives out heat, so it unites with the carbon of animal bodies and heats them, and they live. The result of their life is carbonic acid, which would poison the animal and the air in which it lives, were it not for the agency of the vegetable kingdom. That which is death to animals is life to plants. The carbonic acid enters the plant as a compound of carbon and oxygen; but each cell of the plant is a chemical laboratory, where invisible forces are busily at work, separating and depositing the carbon as future store of food for man and beast, and the oxygen is set free. The oxygen is thus restored to its home in the air once more, again to be conquered by carbon, and once more to be set free from its prison in the plant-cell, when touched by a ray of light from the sun. But not as it enters the lungs of man or animal does oxygen come forth from the plant. It has acquired new powers, and, like a giant refreshed, is more capable of action than before its repose. It has now become *ozone*. It is still oxygen, but oxygen capable of oxidizing more powerfully, of acting more vigorously than it does as

it ordinarily exists in the atmosphere. Ozone is soon lost in the great ocean of air into which it is thrown, by its own activity. It is found on mountain heights, it is found by the sea-shore, and on the sea; but it is consumed by cities, by cultivated land, by forests, and by all agencies which call its vigorous action into existence. But wherever it is found, it acts favorably on the human body. The instincts of the denizens of cities and valleys have drawn them to mountain heights and sea-shores; and the annual migrations of families to our hills and sea-sides have excited the ridicule or the reflection of those who have never attempted to solve its real cause. The air of mountains and sea-sides is doubly fresh air: it is not only pure, but ozonized, which accounts for its curative and exhilarating action on the human body. It is interesting to know that this universal instinct of benefit to be derived from residence in these positions has been confirmed by elaborate physiological experiments on the human body. It is now known as a fact, that those actions of the body which are essential to healthy life are carried on more vigorously in an atmosphere containing ozone. The great practical lesson taught by this knowledge is, the importance of securing as often as possible change from an unozonized to an ozonized atmosphere; and it is especially important to those whose opportunities are limited, that when they are at the sea-side, they should exclude, no more than is absolutely necessary, the action of this beneficial agent on their system.*

Let us now consider the variable constituents of our pure atmosphere. These are carbonic acid gas and the vapor of water. We have seen that carbonic acid is constantly being thrown into the atmosphere by the breathing of animals. There are several other natural sources of this agent. All the putrefaction and fermentation of animal and vegetable substances is attended with the evolution of this gas. There is another natural source, and that is volcanic action, which is constantly supplying this gas. Of the

* In some experiments made at Brighton in 1862, I found in a room with the window open, that while ozone test-paper was readily colored at the open window, it was not changed at all at the back of the room, showing that the impurities of the atmosphere of a room with an open window were sufficient to destroy all the ozone that entered it.

gases which are thrown out from volcanoes, this is most abundant. It is one of those sources of carbon and oxygen to the surface of the earth which will account for a phenomenon not otherwise easily explained, and that is, the constant increase of organized beings on the surface of the earth. When Adam and Eve alone occupied the earth, about thirty-five pounds of carbon sufficed to organize the whole human race; but now we have five hundred million times that quantity in men and women alone. Add to these the domestic animals by which they are surrounded, it will be seen that the demand for carbon upon the atmosphere through the vegetable kingdom has been enormous, and has constantly increased. The never failing supply of this carbon is volcanic action. Thus we see that the increase of man on the earth, and his hope of multiplying in ages to come, is dependent on that action which produces volcanoes and earthquakes. Thus it is that the very phenomena which have sometimes been regarded as proofs of the wrath of God in a fallen world are blessings, abounding with all possible goodness to the human race.

These natural supplies of carbonic acid gas are supplemented by others produced by man himself. He consumes carbon for cooking, warming, and manufacturing purposes, and it has been calculated that a thousand millions of men consume yearly upwards of 2,000,000,000,000 of pounds of carbon. This quantity is again increased by artificial fermentation, by tobacco smoking, by lime-burning, and other sources, to a prodigious extent, when we calculate the real quantity consumed. Yet all this carbonic acid, were it allowed to accumulate, would form but a small quantity in the great ærial ocean by which we are surrounded. In the pure air of the Alps and of the sea it forms but about a fortieth per cent., by weight, of the whole atmosphere. In the neighborhood of towns and districts where this gas is produced, either artificially or naturally, a larger proportion of the gas is found.

The vapor of water is constantly present in the atmosphere. It is present in small quantities in the driest atmospheres, and during rain the atmosphere is saturated with it. In its largest quantities it is not an impurity. It nevertheless exercises a most important influence. The quantity of heat that falls upon the surface of

the earth is regulated by the quantity of moisture in the air. Heat is conducted much more rapidly from the body in a moist than a dry atmosphere. It is, however, in the power that the particles of moisture possess of taking up and retaining organic matter and various gases, that its influence is seen in rendering the air impure. It is in damp states of the atmosphere that poisons most readily traverse its currents, and that all the destructive agents which render air impure are rife. It is the prevailing moisture of the atmosphere of the British Islands which renders their inhabitants more liable to the injurious influences of impurities than in countries where the temperature of the air is greater, but where the prevailing moisture is less. The atmosphere, however, is not rendered impure by the less or greater quantity of moisture it contains.

Having surmised thus much of pure air, we are now in a position to judge of the nature of those impurities which render it injurious to animal life, and are more especially dangerous to human beings. We may divide these impurities into those which are gaseous and those which are solid, and speak first of gaseous impurities.

The first of these which I shall refer to, and which is by far the most commonly injurious, is carbonic acid gas. We have seen what are the sources of this gas, and that in small quantities it exists naturally in the atmosphere. It can not, however, be greatly increased without danger to health. The most common source of its increase is the interior of houses and buildings where human beings are gathered together. Human beings, when placed in rooms, are constantly consuming the oxygen of the atmosphere and throwing into it carbonic acid gas; thus, if means are not taken to get rid of it, it accumulates and takes the place of the oxygen consumed. The system is thus exposed to a diminished supply of oxygen and an increased supply of carbonic acid. Although carbonic acid can be imbibed with impunity in the form of effervescing beverages, as soda-water, ginger-beer, or champagne, there is no doubt of its deleterious influence when inhaled by the lungs. The destruction of English prisoners in the Black Hole at Calcutta is an eminent example. Other instances of the wholesale destruction of human life by confinement in small spaces are well known. Within the last few years the

captain of a sailing packet between Ireland and Liverpool, whilst in a storm, shut down his passengers in the hold of a vessel, and when opened again, a large number were found dead. The inhalation of less quantities of carbonic acid produces a depression of the vital powers of the system, which lead to those diseases known as scrofula and consumption. In the annals of French hygiene the case is recorded of a village in the Pyrenees remarkable as exemplifying the influence of impure air on health. The village was one built in a small valley or depression of the hill, so that there was no ventilation or entrance from the backs of the houses at all, and the doors all opened into a court formed by the houses. Though situated on the mountains and inhabited by shepherds and their families, this village was remarkable for the prevalence of scrofula and consumption, and its great mortality. Providentially, a fire consumed one side of the village, and advantage was taken of this occurrence to build the houses above, on the side of the hill. No sooner was this done than the health of the inhabitants began to improve. The change was so great that the authorities determined on pulling down the other side of the old village, and rebuilding it on the top of the hill. The consequence has been that there is now no healthier village in the district where it is situate.

The case is the same in all our towns and cities: where the population is thickest, and human beings are crowded together, there disease and death prevail most. I might illustrate this assertion by the returns of the registrar-general, and the reports of the medical officers of health for London and the provinces. In the parish of St. James, Westminster, there are three districts, in one of which there are one hundred and thirty persons living on an acre, in the second there are two hundred and sixty on an acre, and in the third four hundred and thirty persons on the same space. In the first district there are eleven deaths only in the thousand every year; in the second there are twenty-two deaths; in the third there are twenty-five. The death in the whole district from consumption is one in every three hundred and forty-four of the population. The death in the whole of London is one for every three hundred and seventy-one of the population; but to

show how fearfully the overcrowding of the third district tells on the life of the community, the death from consumption in the third district is one in every two hundred and eighty of the inhabitants.

Another form in which the direct effects of carbonic acid on life are most fearfully seen is the suffocation of children in bed. Between two and three hundred children are annually found dead in their beds in London. This suffocation occurs in various ways, but in all instances it illustrates how terrible a poison the breath of a sucking babe is, from the carbonic acid it contains. The maternal instinct of the mother leads her to care for her child; but, alas! in her ignorance she too often destroys its life. Frequently the child is found dead on her breast; for while providing for its nourishment she falls asleep, and the fresh air being excluded from the nostrils of the child, it dies from the carbonic acid circulating in its frame. More frequently the child is covered over with bed-clothes to keep it warm, thus preventing the natural escape of the carbonic acid, and it is poisoned as surely as the men in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Even a handkerchief thrown over a child's face is sufficient to prevent the escape of the poisonous air, and children are smothered by the attention which is intended to keep off the flies, or a draught of air.

The evils of an accumulation of carbonic acid gas are very great from the deficient ventilation of our places of public assemblage, and our dwelling-houses. Among public places, churches, chapels, theaters, and courts of law may be named as most exposed to the evils of an atmosphere corrupted by carbonic acid. Our places of worship are seldom constructed with any reference to the dangers that may arise from the atmosphere being contaminated with carbonic acid gas. Every available space is used for sittings, and at night they are lighted with gas, thus adding another source of carbonic acid to that of the breathing human congregation. Large and ample provision should be made in such places to allow of the escape of the noxious carbonic acid and the access of the pure oxygen. It is not the heat of these places which renders them so unpleasant to the large proportion of the audience, and occasionally sends a delicate female or aged person out fainting, or the more healthy to sleep; it is the accumulation of carbonic acid gas. There is, how-

ever, a limit to the exposure of persons to this atmosphere in the necessary conclusion of the religious services, and persons in ordinary health recover the effects of the poisoning before they are again submitted to its influence. It appears to me to be a first duty of church-wardens, deacons, or committees to whom the comfort of these places is committed, to see that persons engaged in the service of religion should not be injured by such service or prevented altogether attending a place of worship from its notorious want of salubrity.

Our theaters are more dangerous than our places of worship. There gas-light always adds its quantum of poison, and people sit for five or six hours without any change of atmosphere. Recently great improvements have been made in many of the metropolitan theaters; but, throughout the country, theaters and other places of public amusement are terribly exposed to atmospheric contamination.

Our courts of law have been perhaps less cared for than any other public buildings. This is almost unaccountable, when it is considered that they are constantly occupied by the members of an intelligent profession, whose health and life are in a great measure dependent on the freedom from impurity of the atmosphere of these places. One would be inclined to recommend, in these cases, government interference, seeing that justice itself may not be unlikely to miscarry when a judge has to sum up or pronounce a sentence with his blood poisoned with the fumes of carbonic acid.

If we turn now to our places of business, our workshops and our factories, we shall find the same crowding and the same lighting and injurious effects much more permanent. In many of our factories children and girls are crowded together, and little or no provision is made for ventilation. It is among the workers in these rooms that the forms of scrofula and the deadly consumption of the lungs are known to spread desolation. Many of our factories and workshops are well ventilated, but the majority are not. No law has yet been passed that will touch them. The workshops not only exist in our manufacturing districts, but in London and all our great towns. Where sedentary trades are carried on, there workmen and workwomen are collected together, almost in every case in rooms too small and with-

out provision for ventilation. An examination of the returns of the mortality of any district in which there are sedentary workers will show how fearfully they suffer from consumption as compared with other classes of the community. There are, no doubt, other agencies at work; but eliminate these, and the great source of the deaths from consumption will be found in the presence of carbonic acid in the atmosphere.

Another class of rooms where ventilation is frequently neglected, to the prejudice of the health of the temporary occupants, are school-rooms. The benefit found to accrue from discharging children every hour for a few minutes does not act more beneficially on their minds than it does on their bodies. The few minutes out of doors gives the children an opportunity to get fresh air, and to the judicious schoolmaster an opportunity of thoroughly ventilating the room.

But perhaps our dangers are as great at home as any where. The sitting-room of the tradesman, the common room of the mechanic, the drawing-room of the wealthy, and the sleeping-rooms of all, are not ventilated. Many of them are not deficient in the means of ventilation; but as a rule, the home of the Englishman is poisoned by the gas exhaled from his own lungs. Let us take sitting-rooms first. To be sure, in very cold days in winter, when fires are in the room, and in very hot days in summer, when the windows are opened, the air is well changed. But there are the warm days in winter, when the fire is let out, and the cool days in summer, when the windows are kept close, and the whole of the spring and autumn months; and at these seasons the Englishman's sitting-room is filled with an atmosphere injurious to his health. If he has a drawing-room, the only set-off to this state of things is found in its size. If he has, however, a drawing-room, he will probably give parties or *soirées*; and perhaps it is on these occasions that his utter ignorance of the worth or value of fresh air will be most obvious. The drawing-room is generally lighted with gas, which is turned on to the highest point, and then the room is crowded with visitors, even on to the stairs. The atmosphere is cruelly oppressive, the guests are almost fainting; but the suggestion of an open window—of a draught—is repudiated as something offensive to the delicacy and

amenities of genteel life, and fresh air is voted by all as vulgar and a bore. I am quite aware of the danger of sitting or standing in a draught, although I believe that is much exaggerated; but rooms are to be ventilated without draughts; and if not, people need not get into them. The colds you take at parties are not the result of draughts, but the very opposite. The majority of colds arise from the want of pure air, and not from cold or cold air.

But we pass from sitting and day-rooms to bed-rooms. It is here that every thing is done to keep in carbonic acid and to exclude oxygen. What with the smallness of some rooms, the destitution of fire-places, and windows that will not open, beds with posts and curtains, and blinds, the bed-room may indeed be called the Englishman's Black Hole. The insane fear of a draught, with the delusion that night air is prejudicial, undoes almost every thing in bed-rooms at night which may be done by open-air exercise or healthful occupations in the day. The sleeping rooms of the rich are frequently kept so close that even domestic animals would suffer, were they compelled to sleep in them, whilst those of the poor are so odious that it is almost a wonder health is ever found amongst their occupiers. This terrible disregard of the purity of bed-rooms is seen every where—in the hammocks of our ships, in the cottages of our laborers, in the barracks of our soldiers, and in the houses of the middle classes and the opulent. The neglect of the ventilation of bed-rooms is as common among sensible people, who flatter themselves they know the value of fresh air, as among the helplessly poor and ignorant of our population.

As for the injury done by other gases, that is so little and so exceptional that I need hardly refer to them. Wherever sulphuretted, phosphuretted, or carburetted hydrogens appear, they are indicative of the presence of other matters in the air more injurious than themselves. I shall not therefore dwell on them, but turn to the solid particles which render the air impure, and with which these gases are often associated. These solid particles are so minute that they can only be apprehended by the microscope, and many of them, even by that instrument, are not sufficiently made out to be easily distinguished. They are derived from organic or inorganic sources. The organic are

derived from living or dead animals and plants. The particles thus given off are exceedingly minute, and appear to be held in suspension by molecules or small particles of water. The emanations of living animals are constant. The epidermis of the skin flies off into the air, as well as particles from the lungs in the breath, so that the air where large numbers of animals exist becomes charged with such exhalations. The human body is no exception to the law. These particles are capable of decomposition, and when taken again into the living system, may be absorbed and lead to febrile disturbance in the system. These particles are given off from diseased bodies in such a state that they generate diseases in other bodies like those from which they have come. It is in this way that zymotic diseases are propagated; and scarlet fever, small-pox, measles, hooping-cough, and typhus, are all conveyed in this way.

Dead animal matter gives off also particles, not equally destructive of life, but which may, nevertheless, produce the most virulent diseases. Typhoid fever is the offspring of decomposing animal matter. The particles which produce it steal up from our drains and cesspools, and make their way into the studios of the scholar and the chambers of royalty; no class or condition of persons are spared the influence of this dreadful poison.

Vegetable matter decomposing emits still more destructive poisons. The malaria of our own marshes, and its deadly representative in the Campagna of Rome, with the miasma escaping from the swamps of Africa and the jungles of Asia, are all of vegetable origin. Plants decomposing in contact with water yield this dreadful agent, which contaminates and renders deadly the purest of atmospheres.

Another set of particles which may come from animal, vegetable, or mineral sources, are those which we call dust. Dust is not only unpleasant—it is dangerous to life. The workers in coal are liable to disease in the lungs, from the particles of coal-dust accumulating in the lungs and producing an arrest of their functions. The same is the case with the knife and scythe-grinders of Sheffield, who get the dust of iron and stone into their lungs. The workers in wool, cotton, linen, horse-hair, or any of the materials that are taken into the air in fine particles, are all liable to consumption, from the accumula-

tion of these foreign substances in the air-passages of the lungs, and the consequent exclusion of oxygen from the blood. Even the dust of ordinary rooms, from carpets, furniture, clothes, curtains, and other things, becomes a source of impurity of air in our houses, and adds to the destruction of health which goes on from the presence of carbonic acid.

One of the most common causes of impurity of air from these particles is the unconsumed carbon in the atmosphere of towns and cities. It is these particles which blacken linen and all white furniture, and the wool of sheep's backs. It exists in such quantities in London, that the air may be filtered through fine muslin, and pure carbon collected in considerable quantities. It is possible to strain the air of a house, and get rid of all these particles. I know one gentleman in the city who uses a steam-engine on the premises for the purpose of forcing the air through metallic sieves before it enters his house. The consequence is, that directly you enter his door, the air has all the purity of that at the sea-side or the mountain-top; and instead of the oppression which all London air gives, you feel invigorated. This shows what may be done, even in the heart of the city. The fact is, air is like water: you may contaminate it by suspending impurities in it; but when these are withdrawn it remains as pure as ever.

The question then comes, if impure air is so dangerous, how are we to render the air we breathe pure? How can we get fresh air? In the first place, every one should be impressed with the fact that the open air must always be more pure than the air of houses, or any confined space whatever. The atmosphere in Cheapside is infinitely purer than any inhabited drawing-room at the west end of London. As far as fresh air is concerned, a party of ladies and gentlemen would be more healthfully occupied in looking at the omnibuses from the curbstones in Fleet-street than in the most elegant dining-room in Belgravia.

The night air of Houndsditch is freer from carbonic acid than the sleeping-rooms of Mayfair. Hence the importance of getting as much into the open air as possible. Children, provided they are warm, can not be too much in the open air. It is a most merciful act to take little children from their close homes into the open parks; and this has been done in London

with the greatest possible advantage. A committee of the Ladies' Sanitary Association has raised funds by which it has been enabled all the fine summer weather to send parties of poor children into the parks. Of the danger of keeping children in-doors I had a good illustration a few weeks ago.

I had occasion to compare the health of two streets, one a street with well-to-do artisans and small tradesmen, the other a tumble-down street where lodged the very poor. To my great surprise, the children of the very poor were less sickly and died less than those of their better-off neighbors. On examining the mothers of these families, I got what I think was a satisfactory explanation. The mothers of the poor children confessed that their children were seldom or never in-doors; but few of them went to school, and they consequently spent their days in the street. The more opulent class kept their children out of the street and sent them to school. Of course, no rule can be laid down as to the number of hours people ought to keep in the open air, but there can be no doubt of the soundness of the advice—"Get as much as you can." Get it for yourselves, get it for your neighbors. Let the government, let corporate bodies, let munificent individuals do what they can to tempt men and women into the parks of great towns and neighboring fields. Above all, let there be attractions sufficient to draw men and women from the public-house, from the dancing-saloon, and other vicious places, where, in addition to the poisoning atmosphere, there is the poisonous drink and poisonous morality. Would that in England a taste for light refreshments could be given to the population, so that tea and coffee, with honest nutritious viands, could be substituted for the present system of drinking beer and gin—a system that annually destroys hcatombs of our hard-working, honest, intelligent artisans. It is especially on those whose occupations are sedentary, and to whom fresh air is most necessary for health, that this destructive habit entails its greatest evils.

A more difficult thing to do is to keep the air of houses fresh. The multitudinous things it involves, and its apparent simplicity, are the great difficulties with which this practice has to contend. We call the act ventilation, and most intelligent people believe their houses are

ventilated. If they did not they could not rest a moment. They would not lie down in their beds at peace one night if they thought the evils I have spoken of as resulting from want of fresh air were coming on their families. Nevertheless, I will put this question to them: Do you believe for one moment that with your closed windows and doors, with your brick drains or your cesspools, with your dust-bins, and your dirty (I mean no ill compliment—it is too true) furniture, that the air of your rooms is pure? The air of London is dirty and impure enough, but what is it as it passes from your window crevices, the key-holes of your doors, and the tiles of your house? Dirtier and more impure than ever. If you say it is not impure, you are wrong; if you know it is impure and talk of the ventilation of your house, it is cant.

I know of no means by which a house can be naturally ventilated without superintendence, or machinery. The system of pumping into public buildings warm pure air, and pumping out the impure air, is to be commended, as it secures by the same machinery both warmth and pure air. Whether any thing of this kind can be done for private houses is at present very questionable. In the meantime, houses ought to be built so that an ordinarily intelligent person, who understands that hot air ascends and goes out at the upper apertures of a room, and that cold air comes in from below, can so arrange that there is a perpetual flow of air through the room without creating cold by draught. This can generally be done in rooms where the window sashes come down from the top in two sides of a room, or in one side where a door opens at the other. But, alas! how many houses are thus constructed? Not one in a hundred in town or country. When they are so constructed, the sashes are not let down from the top. The bed-rooms, which have been closed up all night, are indulged with a small quantity of fresh air by a little opening from below. The consequence of all this closing of doors and windows is sickness. The children are ill in the nursery, the servants are ill in the kitchen, and the master and mistress are ill in the drawing-room. The source of this sickness is easily understood, if you recollect how large a portion of time the inhabitants of houses spend in-doors, and

it is precisely those who take least exercise or go out least that suffer most.

The same arrangements in houses that secure the influx of oxygen from without, and the efflux of the carbonic acid from within, also secure the escape of those solid particles which are so injurious when contained in any considerable quantity in the air. It is a well-known fact, that you may so dilute the poison of various fevers, as they escape from the bodies of those attacked, that no one shall be injured by it. If you place one patient with fever in a large ward, no other patient gets the disease; but if you place several fever patients in the same room, then every person that enters may catch the fever. So it is with the poisons of drains and cesspools. If they be well diluted in the open air nobody suffers, but let them concentrate themselves in a room and destruction takes place. I say safety is secured by ventilation in houses otherwise dangerous, but no wise man would allow his drains or cesspools to leak into his house. But how many men in a thousand see to these things? how many women? how many servants? My experience tells me very few. This accounts for the faint odors and sickening smells that so often salute you in the houses of the rich as well as the poor; of the medical man, who has yet to learn how to apply the laws of physiology to the maintaining the health of his own household, as well as the poor mechanic, who is alike ignorant of the cause of the unhealthiness of his family, and powerless to remove it if he did. And yet, how angry people look if you tell them their houses are "nuisances, injurious to health." They believe in fresh air, they talk of the advantages of fresh air, but they have yet to learn how little they have of it at home, and how much more of it they need if they would secure the health and strength their Creator intended they should enjoy.

But I must bring my sermon to an end. I have thrown these few remarks together as free from technical terms as I could, in the hope of calling the attention of the intelligent readers of the *Popular Science Review* to a subject still greatly neglected. The more I see of the interior of our households, especially in London, the more I am convinced this subject is not fully understood. I have named only a few of the diseases which arise from de-

ficient oxygenation of the blood, or, in other words, from want of fresh air; and it is only when this subject is more thoroughly comprehended by all sections of the community that we shall find the effects of sanitary reform really telling on the health of the community. At the same time, I am not unaware of the danger of treating a subject like this independently of the questions of food, exercise, warmth, and clothing. Fresh air is valueless without food, it will fail without warmth, and from these considerations

the greatest of all practical measures for securing health is the inculcating on the minds of youth those laws by which God regulates the existence of the human body. From every pulpit in the land there issues, once a week, the voice of the preacher inculcating obedience to the moral law of God, and it is to an equally systematic enforcement of the importance of obedience to the natural law that we must look for deliverance from those evils which follow its violation.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE REVIVAL OF SCIENCE.

I.—GALILEO.

As in the history of nations there are critical periods which leave their impress on the whole subsequent life of the people, so it is in the history of science. There are epochs when a new and powerful impetus seems given to the advancement of knowledge, when the minds of men seem all at once to awake from the lethargy of centuries, and to rouse themselves into action, and when an onward movement is made, which for ages afterwards gives shape and direction to scientific progress.

Such an epoch is that which may be nearly fixed as commencing about the year 1582, when Galileo began his scientific inquiries, and extending over the earlier part of the following century. Before this epoch, the two great branches of the natural sciences then known—astronomy and mechanics—had made little progress since the time of the Greeks. The ancient astronomers had invented a complicated system, which to a certain extent was successful in explaining and reducing to fixed laws the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. Already Copernicus had, by placing the sun in the center of the planetary orbits, conceived a system whereby their apparent motions were much simplified. But that system still existed only as a theory, and had yet to receive the demonstrations that were soon to compel

all reasonable men to accept it as a reality. The science of mechanics, until the epoch of Galileo, had made absolutely no progress since the time of Archimedes, about two thousand years before. When Galileo's work was completed, the true laws of motion—at least, the most important of them—were discovered; the Copernican system of the world was established as a reality based on the demonstration of unquestionable facts, and all was prepared for the ceremonial which the latter half of the century witnessed—the marriage of astronomy with mechanics—completed under the auspices of our own Newton. How much in the movement now spoken of was the work of Galileo himself—what other influences contributed towards it—will be the endeavor of the present paper to point out. In the first place, we shall give a slight sketch of the great Florentine and his discoveries.

Galileo Galilei, the inventor of dynamics and the founder of the science of physical astronomy, was born at Pisa, on the 15th of February, 1564. His boyhood, like that of Newton, was remarkable for the display of a talent for ingenious mechanical contrivances. His classical studies were commenced at Florence under no great advantages, owing to the slender circumstances of his family; but even to these studies he applied himself with so much industry as to form the foundation

of an extensive and solid literature, which afterwards bore its fruit in the elegance and purity of his style. His leisure hours were applied to the cultivation of music and drawing, in both of which arts he excelled, and which he continued to cultivate through life. His talents early became so manifest, that at the age of eighteen his father resolved, at whatever sacrifice, to give him the benefit of a university education. He was accordingly entered as a student in the University of Pisa, on the 5th of November, 1581.

Here, besides his studies in medicine, with a view to his profession, he attended a course of the peripatetic philosophy as it was then taught; but to the physical theories of Aristotle, which were then implicitly assented to and taught, he would not bring his mind to consent, without the conviction of reason and experiment. Beginning even then in the academical discussions to combat the firmest supporters of the Aristotelian dogmas, he obtained the reputation of possessing an obstinate and contradictory disposition.

About this period, in the year 1582, Galileo made the first, and perhaps one of the most valuable of his discoveries. Happening one day to be in the metropolitan church at Pisa, he remarked the regular and periodic movement of a lamp suspended from the roof. As the lamp was swinging to rest, after being lighted, he observed the equal duration of its oscillations, whether great or small, and this he confirmed by repeated experiments. He immediately perceived the use to which this phenomenon might be applied for the exact measurement of time, and this idea having remained in his mind, he employed it fifty years afterwards (in 1633) for the construction of a clock intended for astronomical observations. This seems, however, not to have been a very perfect or successful instrument, and the great invention of the pendulum clock, afterwards of such service to astronomy, is due, not to Galileo, but to Huygens. The idea, however, so successfully caught and applied by Huygens, was in his time already afloat, and seems to have been first introduced to the notice of philosophers by Galileo.

At this time Galileo had no knowledge of mathematics, and was first impelled to them by conceiving that they could be of assistance in drawing. But once having entered on the study of Euclid and arithmetic, he abandoned every thing for the

pursuits they opened up to him. Soon afterwards, through the influence of Ubal-di and the reputation his discoveries had already obtained for him, he was appointed to the chair of mathematics in the University of Pisa, though only in his twenty-fifth year.

He then applied himself to the investigation of the true laws of motion by real experiments. He demonstrated that gravity acts on all bodies alike; and that bodies of unequal weights will fall through the same space in equal times, any slight differences being due to the resistance of the air. It was at that time assumed, on the authority of Aristotle, that a body ten times as heavy as another would fall through one hundred yards while the other fell through ten. And though the experiment was tried from the tower of Pisa, and both bodies reached the ground at almost the same instant, (the small difference, as Galileo rightly observed, being due to the unequal resistance of the air,) the witnesses of the experiment were not convinced.

Such was the opposition raised against the new system of philosophy, that in 1592 Galileo was obliged to resign his chair at Pisa and return to Florence. At this time he made acquaintance with two enlightened Florentine gentlemen, Salviati and Sagredo, and through the influence of the latter he obtained the chair of mathematics at Padua, which was conferred on him for six years. It was in gratitude for these benefits that Galileo afterwards gave the names of Salviati and Sagredo to the two interlocutors in his dialogues, who support the philosophical and common-sense sides of the question.

During this time enjoying greater freedom than at Pisa, he wrote several mathematical and mechanical treatises, and made several important discoveries and inventions. He invented the thermometer, and the proportional compass or sector. It was probably, also, during this time that he first became inclined to adopt the Copernican system of the world, in which the discoveries of the telescope afterwards confirmed him, and of which, at a later period, he became so conspicuous an assertor. In 1599 his commission as professor was renewed for another period of six years. In 1604 an unknown star of extraordinary brightness having suddenly appeared in the constellation of Serpentarius, Galileo demonstrated by observations that

the body was placed far beyond what the peripatetics called the elementary region, and that it was more remote than all the planets; contrary to the dictum of Aristotle, who maintained that the heavens are incorruptible, and free from all mutation. Thus again was he brought into collision with the upholders of the school philosophy. The year 1609 was signalized by the invention of the telescope, and its use in surveying the heavens. It appears that the first instrument of this kind was constructed by a Dutchman, Hans Lippershieg, who presented one to Prince Maurice of Nassau. The report of such an invention—namely, of an optical instrument by which distant objects were made to appear nearer—was communicated to Galileo while on a visit at Venice. He immediately applied himself to the consideration of the subject, and the result was the construction of a small telescope, by fixing at each end of a leaden tube two spectacle glasses, one having a convex and a plane, and the other having a plane and a concave side. This instrument magnified only three times; but so popular did the invention at once become, that crowds of the principal citizens of Venice flocked to his house to see the wonderful toy. This instrument was presented to the Senate at Venice, who acknowledged the present by a mandate, conferring upon Galileo for life his professorship at Padua, and raising his salary from five hundred and twenty to one thousand florins. The next instrument of this kind which Galileo produced magnified about *eight* times. "At length," as he himself remarks, "sparing neither labor nor expense," he constructed a telescope so excellent, that it bore a magnifying power of more than *thirty* times.

Although priority in the invention of the telescope must be given to the Dutch, the merit is due to Galileo of having first turned it to a survey of the heavens, and of successfully employing it as the instrument of astronomical discovery. It soon revealed to Galileo the scars and cavities in the moon's surface, the spots in the sun, the phases of Venus—phenomena which finally disproved the Aristotelian doctrine, that the heavenly bodies were perfect and incorruptible, and confirmed to Galileo the truth of the Copernican system, which placed the sun in the center of the planetary system, and made the earth, like the other planets, its moving

attendant. These consequences he publicly maintained and promulgated, adding to the envy and exasperation of his opponents, which soon after brought him into collision with the papal authority and the Inquisition. Perhaps the most important discovery of all, which he made at this time, was that of the satellites of Jupiter. Three of these attendants of that planet were first seen by him through his telescope on the 7th of January, 1610. This was followed by a series of observations, in the course of which he was convinced that these bodies, as well as a fourth, which was obscured by the body of the planet during the first observation, were small planets moving round Jupiter, in the same way that Venus and Mercury revolve round the sun. This discovery of a planet, so important as to be attended by four moons, added a new argument to those already urged, for the comparative insignificance of our globe, and the absurdity of supposing it to be the center of the universe. This discovery had another practical importance which Galileo was the first to point out. As these satellites became from time to time obscured by the vast body of the planet, the moment of their disappearance was a well defined instant, which, when determined and registered beforehand, affords the means, at any place, of ascertaining the exact time, and therefore, by comparison with other observations, enables the observer to calculate the longitude.

Yielding to the wishes and liberal offers of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Galileo had now quitted Padua—where, enjoying the honor and esteem of the Senate of Venice, he was comparatively secure—for Florence, where liberty was scarcely known, and where the personal favor of the prince was insufficient to secure him from persecution. The most certain method of reaching Galileo was to begin by prohibiting the doctrine of Copernicus, of which he was so distinguished a supporter. This was accordingly effected by representing it as contrary to Scripture, and denouncing it to the Holy See. Galileo endeavored in vain to allay the storm by publishing a letter addressed to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, in which he urges that the sacred Scriptures were intended to give mankind the information necessary for their salvation, which is in its nature beyond the cognizance of our senses, but not to inform us upon those matters on

which the right use of our senses and reason ought to be a sufficient guide to us. His expressions on these subjects are worth quoting in some detail. "I am inclined to believe," he says, "that the intention of the sacred Scriptures is to give mankind the information necessary for their salvation, and which, surpassing all human knowledge, can by no other means be accredited than by the mouth of the Holy Spirit. But I do not hold it necessary to believe that the same God who has endowed us with senses, with speech, and with intellect, intended that we should neglect the use of them, nor seek by their means for knowledge which they are sufficient to procure us; especially in a science like astronomy, of which so little notice is taken in the Scriptures, that none of the planets, except the sun and moon, and once or twice only, Venus, under the name of Lucifer, are so much as named there. This, therefore, being granted, I think that in the discussion of natural problems we ought not to begin at the authority of texts of Scripture, but at sensible experiments and necessary demonstrations, for from the divine Word sacred Scripture and nature did both alike proceed; and I conceive that, concerning natural effects, that which either sensible experience sets before our eyes, or necessary demonstrations prove unto us, ought not upon any account to be called in question, much less condemned, upon the testimony of Scripture texts, which may, under their words, crouch senses seemingly contrary thereto."

On the 25th of February, 1615, however, proceedings were instituted in the Inquisition, and with the following result. The doctrine that the earth is not immovable and in the center of the universe was pronounced to be contrary to Scripture and heretical, and Galileo was interdicted from professing in future the condemned opinion.

Galileo returned to Florence in 1617, and, determined to silence if not to persuade his adversaries, employed himself for sixteen years in collecting into a body all the physical proofs of the motion of the earth and the constitution of the heavens. By a combination of ingenuity and address he received permission to publish the work so compiled. It is in the form of a dialogue between Salviati, Sagredo, and Simplicius—the former supporting the scientific views, the second aiding,

with common-sense reflections, doubts, and suggestions; and the third reproducing the arguments of the Peripatetics and judging of every thing by the authority of Aristotle. The work is published with an ironical preface, *Ad prudentem lectorem*, referring to a certain ediot promulgated from Rome, which "some people seemed to think proceeded on a partial view of the argument. The object of the present dialogue was therefore to collect all the arguments in support of the Copernican theory, and to proclaim that they were known at Rome before the promulgation of that sentence; and at the same time to show that from that climate proceeded not only doctrines for the health of the soul, but subtle and sublime inventions for the delight of the understanding."

The publication of this work raised a storm among the ecclesiastics at Rome. The Pope himself appears to have felt warmly on the subject, and is said to have been persuaded that in the character of Simplicius, Galileo had ridiculed the arguments used in private conferences with himself. But however such personal feelings may have been raised up in the matter, they may easily be acquitted of any very material influence upon the result. Galileo was summoned to Rome on the 30th of September, 1633, and, vainly pleading infirmity, age, and ill-health, was obliged, an invalid at the age of sixty-nine, to repair thither.

What passed in the Inquisition is only to be ascertained from the traditional accounts which have been popularly circulated, and from such portions of the records of the Inquisition as have been laid before the public. It is to be regretted that these records have not been given to the public entire. After several vicissitudes, in the course of which they were carried to Paris in 1812-13, restored to the Pope in 1846, placed in the secret archives in 1848, and afterwards presented to the library of the Vatican, they have again been restored to the secret archives of the Holy See, and an incomplete account of them, (*Galileo e Inquisitione*, published in 1850,) by M. Marini, the keeper of the secret archives, is all that has been yet published. The sentence of the court, published on the 22d of June, 1633, commences by narrating the proceedings of the Inquisition in 1615, and the lenient treatment which Galileo then experienced, on condition of refraining in future from

maintaining the heretical doctrines, namely, that the sun was in the center of the world and immovable, and that the earth moved even with a diurnal rotation. It proceeds to specify the offenses which Galileo had committed in teaching heretical doctrines, in violating his former pledges, and in obtaining by improper means a license for the printing of his Dialogues. Galileo is then pronounced to have incurred all the censures and penalties which are enjoined against heresy; but from all these consequences he is to be held absolved, provided that, with a sincere heart, and a faith unfeigned, he abjures and curses the heresies he has cherished, as well as every other heresy against the Catholic Church. But in order that his offense might not go altogether unpunished, and that he might be more cautious in future, and be a warning to others to abstain from similar offenses, it was also decreed that his Dialogues should be prohibited by public edict; that he himself should be condemned to the prison of the Inquisition during its pleasure; and that, in the course of the next three years, he should recite once a week the seven penitential psalms.

On the 22d of June, 1633, Galileo, clothed in a penitential dress, was conducted to the convent of Minerva, and in the presence of, the assembled cardinals

and prelates, the sentence just described was read to him; and he was compelled upon his knees solemnly to abjure the doctrine of the earth's motion, and of the sun's stability. At the conclusion of the ceremony, in which he recited his abjuration, word for word, and then signed it, he was conveyed, in conformity with his sentence, to the prison of the Inquisition. That sentence was not, however, carried out with rigorous severity. After remaining only four days in the prison of the Inquisition, he was permitted to be lodged in the palace of the Archbishop Piccolomini, a friend of his own. In the beginning of December, 1633, the Pope granted Galileo permission to reside openly in the country near Florence. But he remained under the surveillance of the Inquisition, and the treatment he had received made a deep impression on his mind. He still continued, however, his scientific labors, maturing his theories of the resistance of solids, and of the laws of accelerated motion. He also continued to work at his tables of Jupiter's satellites till loss of sight obliged him to cease. He died at the age of seventy-eight, on the 9th of January, 1642, the same year in which his great successor, Sir Isaac Newton, was born.

From Bently's Miscellany.

MYSTERIES OF THE SERAGLIO.

THE Oriental nations have one great obstacle to contend with in their attempts to appropriate European civilization, in the position which polygamy imposes on their wives. We purposely allude to the consequences of the institution, and not to the institution itself, for we are perfectly well aware that polygamy only exists in rare instances. Any married reader can suppose that having several wives must be an extremely expensive affair, especially when the ladies, as is the case in Turkey, expect to be waited on from morn till night, and reckon pearls and diamonds as the first of their wants.

But it is not the question whether no more than one thousand or fifteen hundred Turks in the whole Osmanni empire have a well-filled harem. The decisive thing is the contemptuous idea of wives which the Muhammadan institution of polygamy has produced. Not regarded as a companion of equal rank and helper, but placed on about the same low footing as the husband's favorite horse and favorite weapon, the wife is no moral factor of Muhammadan life. Various other things, to which we need not more particularly refer, produce the total result that the Turkish woman only too often has a most

prejudicial effect on the family and the education of the children. If the Turks were led to lead a happy family life, that reform which is still hanging on thorns and obstacles would be rapidly effected, because in that case they would have attained a higher moral standard. But such a family life is impossible so long as that contempt for women endures from which polygamy originated.

Since Lady Montagu for the first time entered the serai of the Padishah at the extremity of the Golden Horn, the thick veil that lay over the Turkish harem system has been considerably raised. Several European ladies have been able to study the marriage life of their Turkish sisters at their leisure, and have not been at all sparing in their communications. A remarkably pretty narrative of this description, valuable also from the fact that it describes the state of affairs in the last days of Abd-ul-Medjid, and the first days of his reigning highness Abd-ul-Aziz, is offered us by a talented and somewhat realistic French lady, Madame Olympia Audouard.* The lady had the good fortune to be introduced into the harems of an ex-Turkish envoy at Naples and of a pasha, and to form some female acquaintances, through whom she obtained access to the imperial seraglio.

Serai means a large building, or castle. Sérail is the French way of writing it, and hence ought not to be used, or, at least, should not be pronounced in the French way. The serai of the late Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid was Dolma Badje, a palace in the Western style, which borders on the old serai, and communicates with it. It is surrounded by a splendid garden, in which the ladies of the harem can air themselves unseen. On one side this garden is defended by a high wall, on the other by the Bosphorus. The Sultan does not live in the serai, but has several magnificent reception-rooms there and a throne-room, in which he receives the homage of his ladies on New Year's day, during Bairam, and on other solemn occasions. It was formerly the custom for the ladies of the harem to kiss his feet, as they walked past according to their rank. Abd-ul-Medjid altered this custom, in so far that the ladies laid their hand on a scarf lying in the Sultan's lap, whose end

a slave held out to them: this was an equivalent for kissing.

When we say that the number of females in the serai amounts to five hundred, we reckon in the ladies of honor and the slaves appointed to wait on the six legitimate wives, the four favorites, and the ladies of honor. These slaves are girls whom the Sultan purchases, has carefully educated, and gives away in marriage when they have attained a nubile age. According to their talent and inclination they are instructed in singing, dancing, or acting. There are two music choirs in the serai. One has the usual instruments of a brass band, and wears the same uniform as the regimental bands, but with richer embroidery. This choir—composed exclusively of girls—forms the orchestra of the opera, and has also a female conductor; the second choir consists of girls who sing and accompany themselves on some instrument, or who play the pianoforte, harp, or violin. These musicians, when ordered to do so, wait on the Sultan's wives and favorites, and enliven them by acting, singing, and dancing. A large hall is set apart in the serai for theatrical performances, ballet, and opera, arranged like our theaters, and fitted up with unexampled luxury. The performance usually consists of Italian operas or French ballets, and all the musicians, dancers, actors, and singers, are girls. Madame Audouard assures us that the young Turkish girls are first-rate in male parts. Of course no man, save the Sultan, is admitted to this theater. The audience consists of the ladies of the serai, the wives of Turkish noblemen, and European ladies.

The Sultan's six wives and four favorites have each a separate residence, consisting of a bed-room, dining-room, and drawing-room. Each of them has her slaves, carriages, coachmen, (eunuchs,) and a full suite of servants. If she likes, she can shut herself entirely off from the other ladies, but this rarely occurs, save in exceptional cases of jealousy, and the ladies, on the contrary, like to pay each other visits, and send out invitations to dinners and *sotées*. At the present day, at any rate, there is no such thing as imprisonment in the serai. When a Sultana or an Odalisque feels inclined—and this happens very often—to take an excursion to the Sweet Waters, or make purchases at a bazaar, she simply orders her carriage,

* *Les Mystères du Sérail et des Harems Turcs.* Paris: E. Dentu.

drives off, and remains out as long as she likes. The favorites and maids of honor have also each a separate residence, their own servants, carriages, and horses. The female slaves, who have been instructed in an art, are formed into divisions, at the head of which stands a superintendent. Each has her own room. The pin-money of such a slave is five hundred piasters a month, or five pounds ten shillings of our money. The ordinary slaves, who represent our servant-girls, have bedrooms in common, each containing five-and-twenty beds.

As regards the fitting-up of all the rooms in the serai, Madame Olympia says that, although she was acquainted with French châteaux, she was utterly astounded at such luxury. The finest thing is the baths, especially the Sultan's. The first room is surrounded by divans, on which the Sultan seats himself in bathing-dress, and smokes sundry pipes, while preparing for the growing heat of the succeeding rooms. In the second hall all the divans are covered with gold embroidery, the walls lined with splendid Venetian mirrors, and the fairest and rarest flowers are lavishly scattered around. The bath itself is circular, and composed entirely of marble and glass. The dome is formed of the purest mountain crystal, and the water-taps are of massive gold. The Sultan never leaves this bath under three hours.

Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid was kindness itself to the ladies of his harem, but for all that they did not all feel happy. One of his wives, the lovely Ketiras, fell mortally in love with a general whom she had seen at the bazaars and in his kaik on the Bosphorus. Her love did not have the tragic ending which harem adventures assume in romances. No band of Bostandjis broke into the general's house at night, and brought an executioner with them, who laid the lady's head at the feet of her lover; no mysterious bark pushed out in the dark into the Bosphorus, and discharged a sack from which, ere it sank in the waves, a voice gasped: "Soon united with thee eternally." Ketiras received her discharge, when the Sultan learned the state of her heart, and became the general's wife in all honor. The fortunate man, however, had no great cause to rejoice at this union. Accustomed to the luxury of the serai, the lady continued her lavish course, so that, in a very short time, the

creditors brought her husband's house-property to the hammer, and he was forced to request his removal to the cheapest district of the empire. The magnanimous Sultan, however, did not long leave his preferred rival in banishment, but paid all his debts, and established him afresh in Constantinople. Whether Lady Ketiras became more economical after this, our deponent sayeth not.

A lady of honor, of the name of Naura, became entangled in an adventure of a similar nature. The object was a young Greek, one of those thorough scamps who have learned nothing more, and do naught else, in the wide world than turn the heads of simple maidens. The acquaintance commenced with a flirtation, and soon attained a frightfully serious character. One morning a window in the serai looking out on the Bosphorus was found open, and one of the maids of honor, of course Naura, was absent without leave. Her Greek took her to Syra, where the old piece of "love in a cottage" was performed with Greek variations. So long as a small inheritance, on which the lazy lover lived, lasted, matters went on decently, but so soon as the last drachma was gone, nothing was left of the love-fire but the dead cold ashes. Shortly after the Greek disappeared, and Naura, who, in the meanwhile, earned a crust hardly enough with a washerwoman, heard, a few weeks after, that the unfaithful man had found, and hastily married, a rich widow at the Piræus. She was a sensible, brave girl, and instead of dying of a broken heart over the wash-tub, she got together money enough to carry her to Constantinople, and threw herself at the Sultan's feet. The attempt proved successful: she was pardoned, received her situation again, and has since lived right comfortably on her five hundred piasters a month; but she gets out of the way of every young Greek she sees.

This kindness of Abd-ul-Medjid was sadly misused. The ladies of his harem permitted themselves expenses which went beyond all bounds even for Sultanas and Odalisques. Each of their apartments was crowded with those elegant and expensive articles which rejoice the feminine heart, in the shape of pearls and diamonds, bottles and baskets. The good Sultan forbade this enormous outlay at times, but then a universal conspiracy

was formed against him; the ladies pouted, cried, and scolded, and, in order to regain his peace, Abd-ul-Medjid had no course but to give way. In 1858 the mischief had grown so serious that the European diplomatists waited on the Sultan in a body, and earnestly implored him to show himself master of his own house. Abd-ul-Medjid heaved a deep sigh, and issued a Hatti-Humayoun, in which he expressed his dissatisfaction that, apart from the necessary expenses entailed by the marriages of princesses, more debts had been incurred than he was in a position to pay. A commission of officials investigated the debts of the serai, and brought together in a very short period a total of five hundred thousand purses, or two hundred and fifty million piasters. Moreover, it was not the Sultan's fault that these debts were not larger, for he had himself demanded sixty million piasters for the expenses of the last Bairam, and had most reluctantly put up with eleven million piasters, which were advanced by Baltazzi, the banker. During the investigation, great embezzlements and still greater extravagances were brought to light. Many officials were discharged, a sister and four married daughters of the Sultan were placed under guardianship, but in the serai itself matters remained in the old state.

The marriage of princesses, on whose expenses, as the Hatti-Humayoun of 1858 stated, no saving could be effected, deserves special notice. If one of the Sultan's daughters has attained the age at which Turkish girls are generally married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles at his court. If a young man specially please her, he is given the rank of lieutenant-general, nothing lower being ever selected. The chosen man receives, in addition, a magnificent, fully-furnished palace and sixty thousand piasters a month pocket-money; and, in addition, his father-in-law defrays all the housekeeping expenses.

The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being selected. If he be married, he is obliged to get a divorce, he must never have a wife or mistress in addition to the princess; and, moreover, he is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The Sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune, and it is his bounden duty to bow reverentially, kiss the Sultan's feet, and

stammer a few words about the high honor, the unexpected happiness, etc. He then proceeds with a chamberlain, who bears the imperial Hatt., to the Sublime Porte. A military band precedes him, and soldiers are drawn up along the road, who present arms. At the head of the stairs the bridegroom is received by the grand vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled, and the Hatt. is read aloud. This ceremony corresponds to the betrothal.

The marriage ceremony is much like that of the ordinary Turkish nobles. If the bridegroom be rich he himself pays for the trousseau, but, as a general rule, the Sultan sends him the money for it. The presents are placed in gold or silver baskets, on whose lid flowers or billing doves are represented, and consist of diamonds, rubies, pearls, diadems, bracelets, girdles, cups, and a thousand smaller articles in gold, furs, gold embroidered dresses and shawls. The bridegroom receives from his father-in-law a splendid saber, buttons, and a watch and chain, all naturally sparkling with diamonds, and from his bride a rosary of fine pearls and linen of every description. The custom has been abolished of the ministers making presents. The dowry of the princess is most costly. Madame Olympia saw a dress which cost above fifteen thousand pounds. But little of the fine texture was visible beneath the embroidery and pearls.

When the presents have been delivered to the bridegroom, the bride proceeds on the next morning to his house, in order to look at the arrangements. Our authoress was present when the Princess Fatime, the betrothed of Ali Ghalib Pasha, paid such a visit. Accompanied by a numerous suite, the bride drove in a state carriage which had cost £4500, through the densely-crowded streets. She wore a sky-blue silk dress, covered with a mass of pearls and diamonds, and her head was completely veiled in a texture of gold thread. The bridegroom received her on the threshold of his house. He was a handsome young man, but naturally somewhat pale and excited, as he had never seen his future wife, and on this occasion could only notice her outline as she was so overlaid with ornaments. When he had saluted her with a deep bow and led her by the hand into the house, he would away again. This first visit of the bride is intended to enable her to examine the

internal arrangements of her future home without any obstacles or disturbance.

The actual meeting of the new couple takes place on the evening of this day. At nine o'clock the princess proceeds to the state-room of the palace prepared for her, and seats herself on a throne. Two ladies of honor station themselves on either side of her. At the feet of the lady, who is splendidly dressed and covered with a large veil, lies a richly embroidered carpet. The husband has supped in his old residence with his relations and friends, and said his prayers in a mosque. Shortly after nine o'clock he proceeds to the princess, and is conducted to her by two eunuchs, who are awaiting him at the door. The first thing he does is to kneel down on the carpet and offer up a prayer. When this is concluded he approaches his wife, salutes her submissively, kisses her hand, and says a few words that occur to him at the moment. The ladies of honor then remove her veil, and he sees whether he has married a pretty or an ugly woman.

Whether she be pretty or the contrary, a princess will always let her husband feel how high she stands above him. He occupies a room next to hers, and must await her commands there at all hours. Whether he have friends with him or be alone, so soon as one of her eunuchs summons him to her presence he must rise at once, make a *temena*—that is to say, touch the ground and then his forehead with his right hand—and proceed to her apartment. There he is expected to stand until she requests him to be seated. If he wish to pay a visit to her family, or go out on business, he must first ask her leave; and if he remain away unusually late, he must inform her of it and of the cause. His wife never lets him go out alone, some of her eunuchs accompanying him, and would inform her if he were to do any thing naughty.

In such marriages the couple do not take their meals together. His are served up to him in his room without ceremony, while she eats like a princess. At meal-time a handsome carpet is spread in her room, and a large or small table placed upon it, according as to whether the lady dines alone or has invited other ladies.

For her use a large silver salver is brought and covered with fine muslin. Before the meal begins, a young slave, who has no other duty but this, kneels down before her, holds up a golden wash-basin, and pours lukewarm water over her hands from a can in the form of the Greek amphora. Another female slave hands her a napkin of white silk with gold fringe. The kitchen is outside the harem, and all the dishes are brought in in a basket lined with white muslin. This basket is sealed up in the kitchen, and before the princess tastes a dish, a lady in waiting examines the seals to see that they are unbroken. After dinner, during which female slaves perform music, the princess washes her hands again, and then proceeds to another room in order to perform her devotions. After this the evening's amusements commence. Reclining on a divan, she smokes a pipe or cigar, while slaves read or sing to her. If she has invited any lady friends, there is a concert, or ballet, or a theatrical performance, and during it rare fruits, pastry, and coffee are handed round. If the princess desires to see gentlemen, she gives her husband orders to send out invitations to certain persons. Such guests assemble in a room divided into two compartments by a gilt grating. On one side is the princess with her ladies, and hears and sees without being seen; on the other side are the gentlemen, who select such topics of conversation as will amuse her imperial highness.

The husband has no way of escaping his serfdom. His princess can be separated from him at any moment, but he must stick to her. He has no other consolation but the one that his existence costs him nothing, and that he has such a share of the fabulous luxury which his wife indulges in as she allows him. These husbands of princesses must be regarded as the scape-goat which the male sex offers up as a punishment for its contempt of women. At any rate, the prohibition for such husbands having a second and third wife is a Turkish confession how dishonoring polygamy is. The Turks ought to derive from it the moral: "What you do not wish to happen to a princess, ought not to happen to another woman."

From Bently's Miscellany.

S E C R E T S O C I E T I E S .

To the west of Leipzig there extends for miles a splendid wood of old oaks, beeches, and other leafy trees. Most of the townspeople are only acquainted with the small portion which immediately borders the city gates. The "wild valley of roses," as the wilder portion of the wood is called, is not visited by many persons. It is true that various disagreeables are met with here, which are also to be found, though partially, in the tame valley of roses. Wild garlic grows over large stretches of ground, and diffuses too strong an odor, which in spring is unendurable; flies and other nuisances behave in the most impertinent manner after a heavy shower, and among the life-weary of the neighboring city there is an unpleasant tacit agreement to carry out the voluntary closing act of their existence in the valley of roses. It is not every man who can stand going out to pluck snowdrops or campanulas, and unexpectedly come across a hanging body.

On October 8th, 1774, a corpse was lying on the ground in this valley of roses. The man, who had shot himself beneath the autumn-tinted roof of foliage, was well known. He had called himself Colonel von Steinbach, and given himself out to be the son of a French prince; but, prior to his death, it was notorious that the name of Schröpper, under which he had served in a Prussian hussar regiment, and kept a coffee house in Leipzig, was his real name. Was this man, who, after his death, aroused a real enthusiasm in Saxony, an impostor or a visionary; or was he, whether wittingly or unwittingly, an instrument employed by others in order to attain certain political aims? These questions occur to us not merely in his case, but in that of all the adepts of the last century; and hence we must spend a few moments with them.

We will commence with a proposition which, though trite, is indispensable. Every science issues from errors, and remains for a long time in them, like the rosebud in its green sheath. Humanity

never attains any object, without first going astray twenty or thirty times. The best men will often rush into these wrong paths, because the straight road to science is not much more diverting than a highway laid down in a right line, running between poplar trees to a distant steeple. The last century had a special temptation to turn from its philosophic highway sideways into the bushes. Enlightenment not only had something dry and repulsive about it, but its fundamental principles were so simple and self-evident that a clever or vain man could not feel particularly flattered at knowing no more than what the sparrows twittered on the roofs.

To this motive of employing one's self with things unknown to the general public, were added the obscure impulse and feverish restlessness which had taken possession of the century. Men felt that they were marching towards a new era, but had not the remotest idea how they should behave under way or when they reached their destination. Reveling in feelings and forebodings, they awaited, as the whole literature of the age evidences, something great and monstrous: a regeneration, a Messianic movement, a revelation. Many of the new principles had always had partisans, who had been compelled to retire into obscurity before the Inquisition and tyranny; and as in the last century every thing was over-esteemed which did not stand on the tottering foundations of society in that day, the most exaggerated importance was given to the secret societies which the persecuted of former times had formed. Men flocked to join them, some in order to become acquainted with mysterious truths and revelations, which were said to have been brought to Europe, according to the traditions of the secret societies, from the Pyramids through the Pythagoreans, Esenes, and Templars; others, in order to build up in the silence of night a temple of reason, which could be shown perfectly finished to the coming dawn; many,

because they believed that they would form a mystic union with Deity; many, too, because they dreamed of the philosopher's stone, and other useful things; and many, very many, because it became fashionable.

The choice among the existing societies was not a large one. The best known of all, the Freemasons', certainly attracted through its secrecy; but, as a general rule, they did not go beyond the principles of brotherly and human love. In addition to the Freemasons were the Templars, who reconstituted themselves immediately after the cruel execution of Jacques de Molay, and whose grand-masters have existed in uninterrupted succession up to the most recent times. These, and a few smaller societies, were not sufficient, however, and hence a number of secret societies was formed: Philalethes, Illuminati, Rosicrucians, Martinists, United Friends, Charitable Knights of the Holy City, etc. Some of these societies counted many members, and were largely extended. Through this, and owing to the mystery in which they enveloped themselves, as well as the pompousness displayed, they imposed on the fancy of their contemporaries. Even a Goethe had a certain amount of weakness for a Cagliostro. At the present day the history of the secret orders remains attractive, and the French more especially devote great attention to it. Three works, which have just appeared in Paris, supply us with illustrative matter.*

Such an extended association as that of the last century invited men to fish in troubled waters, and the most different tendencies sought to secure its aid. Charles Edward the Pretender formed a party in the lodges of strict observances, the Jesuits crept in among the Rosicrucians, and wherever there was a back door open, and the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orléans, and Philippe Egalité, gained the Grand Orient in Paris to his side. The political or religious side-views of the orders were the currents in which numerous adventurers swam merrily. Most of the latter, if not all, were swindlers, and carried on political intrigue as a lucrative

and protecting *παρέργον*. Scröpfer, to whose tragical end we have referred, is said to have undertaken his conjurations as an agent of the Jesuits. He horrified the Prussian court and all Berlin by prophesying the death of several well-known characters, and some of his prophecies came true. He, however, carried on his game too impudently and coarsely, so that his protectors separated from him, and allowed him to sink into a state of poverty.

Scröpfer had taken up a system of incantations ready prepared for him. How it was arranged is not known with perfect accuracy, and hence we can only speak generally. The "Magians" were acquainted with all the effects of the magic lantern and phantasmagoria, all the ocular illusions which had been produced by the instruments of Father Kircher and Robertson, as well as all the laws of reflected light. In the East they had learned certain catoptric laws, for which they were indebted to the celebrated magic mirrors, which the pagan priests are said to have employed. Catoptromancy, or prophecy from a series of pre-arranged mirrors, produced a remarkable effect, for it was only requisite to engrave on the back of a mirror objects in relief and place them before a reflecting surface in order to produce them exactly as they were. These objects (pictures of the dead) were, however, motionless, and to make the spectator believe that he saw something supernatural, a second deception must be produced. This the Magian effected by certain odors, which have a tendency to produce hallucinations in young persons. Hence the necromancers preferred that children should gaze into their magic mirrors. Deceived by images which their own brain invented, these children announced fearful things as seen by them, and thus frequently induced sensible men to believe in the power of incantation. The Magian had other apparatus in his arsenal. In order to perfect the formation of dazzling representations by the aid of hydromancy, (prophecy with water,) he placed in the center of the magic circle a crystal ball filled with water, on which frequently floated a lump of burning camphor, whose vapor strengthened the effect of the objects revealed in the water. Finally, the necromancers employed the newly-discovered forces of electricity and magnetism, so that they operated with

* Matter: *Saint Martin, le Philosophe Inconnu. Sa Vie et ses Ecrits*. Matter: *Emanuel de Swedenborg. Sa Vie ses Ecrits et sa Doctrine*. And, *Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes Politiques et Religieuses*. Par le Comte le Comte de Cantelen. All three are published by Didier, Paris.

very different allies than those of our modern mediums, who require nothing more than a rapping-table.

Scröpfer is stated to have been the teacher of the notorious Count St. Germain. This pretended count was an adventurer, supposed to be the son of a Portuguese Jew. The protection of Madame de Pompadour and the minister Choiseul procured him admission to the French court, where he stood in some credit for a lengthened period, and lived in splendor. He must have been a remarkably well-educated man, for he not only made chemical experiments, which procured him the respect of thorough naturalists, but narrated anecdotes of Charles V. and even of Pontius Pilate, whose cotemporary he stated himself to be, in which the most careful study of history was displayed. Any one who saw him employing his magic mirror at his house in the Rue Plâtrière, or at Ermenonsville, could no longer doubt but that St. Germain stood in communication with the other world. He would be asked to summon dead people whom he had never seen: they appeared and were recognized by their relations. But during his residence in Paris the police also performed miracles and displayed a knowledge of hidden things bordering on omniscience, whence the conclusion has been drawn that Count St. Germain was a spy, who sold to the police the numerous persons who were compelled to confide in him in order to secure his services. He died in 1784, at the house of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, in Schleswig-Holstein.

In Hamburg this setting swindler had several interviews with a rising swindler, who gave himself out to the world as Count Cagliostro. Goethe has traced his origin and the history of his later years, and we need not repeat after him. We will merely remark here that the pretended Armenian Altotas with whom Cagliostro traveled at the beginning of his career, and whom Alexandre Dumas introduces in his romance, was most probably a German of the name of Kolmer. This Kolmer-Altotas had lived a long while in Egypt when a young man, and there saw and heard enough to be able on his return to Europe to envelop himself in a nimbus of pyramid mysteries. At Messina he formed the acquaintance of Cagliostro, who at that time was called Balsamo, visited with him the Ar-

chipelago and Morea, then proceeded with his companion to Egypt, where they earned a deal of money by selling imitation gold for embroidery, and finally went to Malta. The grand-master Pinto was so deluded by the impostors that he gave them his house and laboratory, but they did not remain long in the island. Kolmer disappeared from this moment, but Cagliostro went through a brilliant, though very badly-ending career.

The new Magian founded his plans on the liking for ostensibly serious ceremonies which prevailed among the various orders. He threw old Egyptian freemasonry as a bait to such as wished to coquette with mysticism. Heads were heated by the thought of wearing symbolic orders and performing rites which were said to have been originated in the priestly state of Meroë, and to have attained their development during the fifth or sixth dynasty of the Pharaohs. Cagliostro, however, had inducements not only for phantasts, but also for earnest thinkers. In passing sentence on his influence, we must not overlook the fact that he was one of the first introducers of magnetism, and that he possessed some rare chemical and medical acquirements. Hundreds who turned away from him in disgust owing to his incantations and the prophecies of his "doves," (young girls,) returned to him again when they heard of his marvelous cures—that is to say, his recovery of persons given up by the doctors—for instance, the Prince de Soubise.

Still he was and remained a man of the lowest character. He carried on a trade in the charms of his lovely wife Lorenza. At Petersburg he contrived to introduce her to Prince Potemkin, and the great Catharine was rendered so jealous by this, that she sent him over the frontier with twenty thousand silver roubles in his pocket. He then went to France, gained a reputation by visiting the hospitals and effecting remarkable cures, and after this began founding "Lodges of the victorious Truth." In order to lay his magic nets all round Paris, he proceeded to provincial towns, such as Strasburg, Lyons, and Bordeaux. From the banks of the Garonne, where he remained eleven months, he returned to those of the Seine, and secluded himself in the most solitary street of the Marais, in an isolated house, surrounded by gardens, in which he lived

perfectly quiet for a year. He calculated very correctly that the Parisians would soon grow half mad through curiosity to know what he was about. When he had brought them to this state, he summoned deputies from the seventy-two Parisian lodges to his house, and treated them to a grand invocation of spirits. He allowed his guests to summon ghosts according to their taste, and they ordered up Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alambert, the Abbé Voisenon, Montesquieu, and the Duc de Choiseul. The invited persons appeared as punctually as the stone guest in "Don Juan," and the company diverted themselves excellently with them. As the living guests promised to be silent about the adventure, all Paris heard about it, and then the ladies wished to have their share. With the attentive politeness which Cagliostro always displayed in such cases, he offered to form a lady's lodge, but six-and-thirty members must give in their names for the purpose. On the first evening the list was full, and each of the virgins of Isis had paid one hundred Louis d'or. Paris did not talk about the sittings which the ladies held, for Cagliostro, in order to keep his secret and his three thousand six hundred Louis, had been cautious enough to invite the six-and-thirty lovers of the female adepts.

Shortly after occurred the notorious necklace affair, which has always been accepted as a proof that the orders were laboring to undermine the monarchy. We are bound earnestly to protest against such an assumption, not on behalf of the orders, which do not concern us, but for the sake of history and common sense. It is not at all logical to say that this occurrence was injurious, and, therefore, was designed to injure. Cagliostro, the only person standing in connection with the secret societies of all those mixed up in the odious drama of the diamond necklace, did not think at the time about any republican conspiracy, but of something far more substantial—1,600,000 livres. Such was the price of the necklace, which was to acquire the queen's affection for the vain and dissipated Cardinal de Rohan, as he had been induced to believe. Cagliostro, during his first stay in Paris, had formed the acquaintance of the Abbé Georget, the cardinal's secretary, and had become known to the latter by name at least. When he returned, and shut himself up for a year, the Countess Lamothe,

the pretended descendant of the Valois, who was the chief actress in the intrigue, was one of the few persons with whom he associated. That he was deeply implicated is proved by the caution he displayed when the strings began to be drawn tighter. The cardinal received letters said to be written by Marie Antoinette, and thence resolved to purchase the necklace. At this decisive moment, Cagliostro stepped forward, held a magico-mystical session, and informed the cardinal, through his "dove," that the negotiation commenced was worthy of him; and the queen would heap favors upon him. Upon this, the necklace was purchased, and embezzled by the Lamothe. Up to this time Cagliostro had lived in Lyons, in order to be able to prove an *alibi*, and carefully destroyed every proof of his connection with the thief. Who were the other personages of the drama? Lamothe, an adventurer of the ordinary stamp; Villette, an ex-gendarme and forger; and Mademoiselle Oliva, a girl who bore a resemblance to the queen. Thanks to his precautions, Cagliostro escaped the sentence passed on his accomplices, but was eventually punished at Rome for his repeated acts of swindling by imprisonment for life. What was the fate of Lorenza is unknown. The Countess Lamothe, about whom a report was spread in 1791 that she had just died in London, is said to have lived till the end of the Restoration at Artois. As for her husband, it is certain that he lived up to 1829 in Paris, and equally certain that Louis XVIII. gave him a pension. Who can solve this riddle?

From these quacksalvers and impostors of the secret societies we will now turn to one of the most celebrated Illuminati and Martinists of the age, who courageously died for the same monarchy which his brethren are said to have undermined. Jacques Cazotte, born circa 1720, at Dijon, and a pupil of the Jesuits, eventually removed to Paris, and received an appointment in the Admiralty. In 1747 he had attained the rank of a commissary, and devoted his attention to literature, more especially to poetry. Appointed comptroller of the Leeward Islands, he went to Martinique, where he was beloved and respected by all classes, and soon after married Elizabeth Roignan, daughter of the chief justice of the colony. In Martinique he composed two ballads, which have held their place in French literature.

When the English attacked the island in 1749, Cazotte displayed great activity, and even a considerable share of strategic ability. Recalled to France by the death of his brother, he asked leave to retire, which was granted on the most honorable conditions, and with the title of a commissary-general of the navy. He settled with his wife and children at Pierry, an estate of his brother's, in the vicinity of Epernay. He had sold his property in Martinique to Lavalette, superior of the Jesuits, and taken his bills on the Company, but the Jesuits refused to acknowledge these bills, and this produced the first of those lawsuits which eventually led to the suppression of the order.

At this period Cazotte published his novel *Le Diable Amoureux*, which not so long ago mystified the editor of a London periodical, as some one sold him a translation of the old work as a modern original. He now became an Illuminé, and joined a lodge of Martinists, in which Jewish metaphysics were combined with the obscure theories of the Alexandrian philosophy, and whose adepts believed they could attain an authority over the spirit world. As a Martinist, Cazotte wrote his *Arabian Fables*, in whose cheerful and mild tone nothing mystical is to be traced. A friend of the marvelous, he had received from nature the gift of catching the fanciful side of things, and was fond of telling strange stories. Among others, he used to talk about Marion Delorme, whom he stated he had frequently seen before her death, at the age of one hundred and fifty years; and from her narrative he produced the most remarkable details about the death of Henri IV. This was naturally a fiction, but the gloomy prophecy in which Cazotte is said to have predicted to a large family their death by the guillotine years before the Revolution, is also a fiction, and one of La Harpe.

When the disturbances began, Cazotte retired into Champagne. But he was not satisfied with lamenting the course of events, but made his son, Scævola, join the Gardes du Corps, and kept up a correspondence with the king. Scævola was engaged in the flight to Varennes, protected the royal couple on their return from ill-treatment, and saved the Dauphin. When the Tuileries were taken by storm

on August 10th, Cazotte's letters to the king were found in the office of Laporte, the intendant. Fouquier Tinville did not hesitate to send the order for his arrest to Pierry. "Dost thou know these letters?" the police official asked him. "They are from me," Cazotte replied. "And I wrote them from my father's dictation," exclaimed his daughter Elizabeth, in order that she might share his cell. Both were confined in the Abbaye towards the close of August.

The news of the capture of Longwy by the Prussians inflamed the Parisians to commit the September murders. Maillard's bands had been killing the prisoners in the Abbaye for hours, when towards midnight Cazotte's name was called out. He walked up to the prosecutor, answered a few questions, and then received his sentence: "To La Force." This was the formula which had been selected in order to intimate to the watchful myrmidons that the prisoner was condemned to death. He had just reached the door which led to the court-yard, filled with the dead and dying, when his daughter Elizabeth rushed up, threw her arms round his neck, and implored mercy for him. The executioners were affected. Maillard was still hesitating, when a man of the people offered the courageous daughter a glass, and said: "Citoyenne, in order to prove to Maillard that thou art no aristocrat, drink to the welfare of the nation and the victory of the republic." Elizabeth drank, and she and her father were set at liberty amidst the shouts of the spectators.

"I am not saved for long," Cazotte said on the following day to some friends who congratulated him. "A few moments before you came in I had a vision. I saw a gendarme who was seeking me, and was obliged to accompany him. I appeared before the maire of Paris, who sent me to the Conciergerie, and thence to the revolutionary court. My hour has come." In truth his vision was realized on September 14th. His trial was soon got through, and the sentence was death. On September 25th, 1792, Cazotte was beheaded. Ere he was fastened to the board, he walked to the edge of the scaffold and shouted across the Carrousel square: "I die as I have lived, faithful to God and my king."

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T H E S I N A I B I B L E . *

WITHIN little more than four years from the present time, a well-known foreign scholar and biblical antiquarian has discovered what is likely to prove the oldest extant manuscript of the Greek Scriptures; has published in three folio volumes, together with a companion volume of preface and other illustration, a superb and most exact facsimile of the said manuscript—such a facsimile as never manuscript before was fortunate enough to boast of; and, in honor of what he wisely judged to be the feeling of Christendom, and with the design of giving impulse to the cause of sacred letters, has prepared and sent forth in common type a comparatively cheap but very elaborate and accurate edition of the New Testament part of his larger work. It is a wonder in an age of wonders; and we scarcely know which feature of the case is the more surprising, whether the extraordinary manner in which Divine Providence put Dr. Tischendorf in possession of the Sinai manuscript of the Bible, or the rare combination of literary enthusiasm, critical subtlety, long-practiced erudition, and unmeasured energy and perseverance, to which we are indebted for so speedy and yet so satisfactory a publication of it. Envy herself will hold her breath in presence of the prodigious labors which the discoverer and editor of this priceless

monument of the faith has brought to so triumphant a termination.

The story of the finding of the Sinai manuscript reads more like a romance than a narrative of sober facts. It was in the year 1841 than Dr. Tischendorf published his first critical edition of the New Testament. In connection with this undertaking, and in further prosecution of his biblical researches, he spent most of the time between the autumn of 1840 and the spring of 1844 in visiting the public libraries of France, England, the Netherlands, and Italy, exploring their treasures, and gathering from them many precious contributions to the service of sacred criticism. While thus engaged, he conceived a strong desire to travel through those oriental countries from which Western Europe has drawn so much manuscript wealth; and by the bounty of the late King of Saxony he was able to gratify this desire, and passed the greater part of the year 1844 in Egypt and in other regions of the Levant, where the old monasteries and their unknown stores of books are crumbling into dust. The month of May saw him at the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai; and there, while turning over the contents of a waste-paper basket in the library, he lighted, to his great surprise and joy, upon several fragments of a very ancient manuscript of the Septuagint—a manuscript not less ancient, as it appeared to him, than the fourth century of our era.

The monks were accustomed to feed their oven out of the basket; and the basket, in its turn, was fed, as occasion required, out of the library. The fire had already put many of the compeers of Dr. Tischendorf's founding beyond the reach of his criticism. He was successful, however, in rescuing and in obtaining possession of the biblical fragments which he had dug out of the basket. At the same time the brethren of the monastery showed him other and larger portions of the Codex to which the fragments originally

* *Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici Auspicis Imperatoris Alexandri II. suscepta.* Edit. Æ. F. C. TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.

Bibliorum Codex Sinaiticus Petropolitanus. Edit. CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Petropoli. 1862. Four Vols. Folio.

Aus dem heiligen Lande. Von C. TISCHENDORF. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1862.

Novum Testamentum Sinaiticum, sive Novum Testamentum cum Epistola Barnabæ et Fragmentis Pastoris. Ex Codice Sinaitico Auspicis Alexandri II. Omnium Russiarum Imperatoris ex Tenebris protracto Orbique Litterarum tradito accurate descripsit ÆNOTHEUS FRIDERICUS CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus. 1863.

Anfechtungen der Sinai-Bibel. Von CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORF. Leipzig: C. F. Fleischer. 1863.

belonged. Among these were the whole of the prophecies of Isaiah, the last page of which Dr. Tischendorf transcribed, the first and fourth books of Maccabees, and some others. As may be supposed, our traveler was most anxious to become master of so unlooked-for and valuable a prize. The monks, however, could not be persuaded to part with it. To secure the safe keeping of the manuscript, their guest was compelled to give them some idea of its worth; and their newly acquired knowledge seems to have proved more than a match for the magic of his thalers. The basket-fragments Dr. Tischendorf took home with him to Germany; and full critical examination having certified him of the correctness of his first conjectures as to their age, he published them in facsimile at Leipzig in 1846, under a title suggested by the name of his royal patron, *Codex Friderico-Augustanus, sive Fragmenta Veteris Testamenti e Codice Græco, omnium facile antiquissimo*. Meanwhile, and for some years after, the editor maintained a prudent silence as to the spot in which he had met with his manuscript; the most he allowed to be generally known being that more might be possibly obtained, if the matter were kept secret.

In 1853 Dr. Tischendorf was again at Sinai; and now he made no doubt of being able either to purchase the manuscript which he had seen in 1844, or at least to make a copy of it for a second and enlarged edition of his *Frederico-Augustus Codex*. To his great astonishment and vexation, however, he neither saw the manuscript, nor could gain any information as to what had become of it. He concluded that it must have found its way into Europe through some unknown channel, and contented himself by inserting the page of Isaiah above mentioned in his *Monumenta Sacra*, published at Leipzig in 1855, and by announcing to the world and claiming as his own discovery the existence somewhere of other remains of the manuscript of which this fragment and the facsimile of two years before were parts.

The year following, with the consent of the King of Saxony, Dr. Tischendorf opened a communication with the Emperor of Russia through his ambassador at Dresden, soliciting the imperial permission and authority to visit the East for the purpose of examining and purchasing ancient

manuscripts, both Greek and Oriental, particularly such as were fitted to promote the advancement of biblical and ecclesiastical learning. In September, 1858, after various negotiations and preliminary arrangements, he received instructions from the emperor to carry out his proposition. It so happened that just at this time he was pushing through the press the latter part of his seventh edition of the New Testament, begun two years before. This caused some delay. With great difficulty he succeeded in finishing the Testament before the close of the year; and only a few days of January, 1859, had elapsed, when he was the third time bound for the East, with Egypt and Arabia in view as his first great field of observation and labor. On the 31st of January he found himself once more among his old friends of the convent on Mount Sinai. And now we stand on the edge of the great discovery. Dr. Tischendorf had put the world in possession of important portions of the text of a biblical manuscript, generally admitted to be fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. He had likewise advertised the fact of his having seen other and larger remains of the same manuscript, though they had disappeared, and their fate was unknown to him. His present visit to Sinai not only cleared up the mystery of the missing treasure, but opened to him and to Christendom an unimagined revelation of yet higher wealth. Dr. Tischendorf had been several days at the monastery. He had kept eyes and ears open continually—but in vain. He must leave. On the 4th of February he dispatched a servant to fetch his Bedouins with the camels to carry him back to Cairo. That same day, later on, he took a walk with the steward of the convent, and talked with him on the subject nearest to his thoughts—the Greek version of the Seventy. He had brought copies of his own edition of the Septuagint, as well as of his New Testament, with him as presents to the brethren; and these formed a convenient peg to hang the conversation on. On returning from their walk they went together into the steward's dormitory. Here the steward told him that he had a copy of the Seventy, which he immediately fetched from a corner of the room and laid on the table. It was wrapped in a red cloth. Dr. Tischendorf opened the cloth, and saw—"quod ultra omnem spem erat"—not only his Isaiah and

Maccabees, the lost brethren of his basket-child, but considerable portions of the Old Testament besides; and, what was far more important, the whole of the New Testament, so far as he could see without a single gap, together with the hitherto unknown Greek of the Epistle of Barnabas in full, and, as he afterwards ascertained, the former part, also previously extant but in a broken and uncertain text, of the Shepherd of Hermas. In a word, Dr. Tischendorf had discovered his Sinai manuscript of the Greek Bible, the manuscript which that in the Vatican alone can presume to rival in point of age, and in comparison with which even this choicest of the literary hoards of Rome must give place, as lacking the Pastoral Epistles, the Apocalypse, and other parts of the New Testament, all which appear in their integrity in the newly acquired Codex. We can very well excuse Dr. Tischendorf if his feelings ran away with his worldly discretion, as he gives us to understand they did, at the sight of a reality which outstripped his most dreamy hopes. He could not conceal from the monks (for several others were present as well as the steward) the satisfaction which the spectacle caused him. With the steward's permission, he carried his prize with him to his bedroom; and there, the value of the discovery he had made becoming more and more apparent as he examined the manuscript at leisure—to use his own words, he “praised and gave God thanks for bestowing so great a favor upon the Church, upon literature, and upon himself.” He did not think of sleeping. It seemed a crime to sleep. He spent the night in copying the letter of Barnabas. The next day he begged the consent of the brethren to his having the use of the manuscript at Cairo for a while, for the purpose of transcribing it; and they were willing to grant this, provided he could obtain the permission of their ecclesiastical superiors to have it sent thither. Accordingly on the 7th of February, the day which he had originally fixed for his departure, he left Sinai for the Nile, carrying with him an official letter from Cyril, the aged librarian of the convent, and his friend the steward, respecting the loan of the manuscript; and on the 13th he reached Cairo again. There his negotiations were so rapid and successful—Agathangelus, the chief of the ecclesiastics with whom he had to deal, acting true in the

business to his name of *Good Angel*—that what with this and the marvelous expedition of the courier-sheikh sent on dromedary to Sinai for the manuscript, by the 24th of February, only nine days after Dr. Tischendorf's return to Cairo, the Codex was in the city of the genii; and the day following, with a portion of it in his hands, our indefatigable scholar was girding himself to the work of transcription. This was no easy task. With the assistance, however, of two of his countrymen, one a physician, the other an apothecary, the whole was accomplished in the course of two months. To insure accuracy, Dr. Tischendorf compared the copy as it was made with the original letter by letter, whether the parts of it which were his own autograph, or those which were written by his helpers. Even this exactness did not content him. The great number of corrections of various dates scattered up and down the manuscript formed a tangle of readings in certain cases, which might bewilder the most wakeful transcriber; and on this account Dr. Tischendorf concluded that it would not be safe to attempt the publication of the text till it had undergone still further scrutiny and sifting. These it subsequently received, as the sequel will show.

To secure in the most effectual manner the object last named, if for no other reason, the manuscript thus strangely brought within the reach of learned Europe must, if possible, become its permanent possession; and much of the time that the transcription of it was in progress Dr. Tischendorf was busily engaged in treating with the Sinai monks for the transfer of their precious heirloom to the czar, the acknowledged head of that orthodox Greek Church to which they belonged. Many difficulties, ecclesiastical and others, arose to perplex the course of these negotiations. In the end, however, they were successful; and on the 28th of September, 1859, Dr. Tischendorf had the satisfaction of having the Codex formally placed in his hands at Cairo, with the understanding that he should take it to St. Petersburg for the purpose of publication, and that it should remain in the keeping of the Russian emperor till such time as the official sanction of their archbishop, not then to be obtained, should constitute it his property for ever.

Meanwhile Dr. Tischendorf visited Jerusalem, Beyrut, Smyrna, Patmos, Con-

stantinople, and other parts of Syria and Turkey, intent every where on fulfilling his mission as a collator and collector of manuscripts. In Patmos he had the good fortune to meet with a manuscript, apparently of the twelfth century, containing the most complete and important known text of the notes of Origen on the Book of Proverbs. These he spent four days in copying, and afterwards printed them with a critical commentary in his *Notitia*. At Smyrna again his eyes were unexpectedly gladdened with the sight of an Uncial Codex of the Gospels of the ninth century, which after long and anxious suspense he was only too thankful to carry away with him. What is more pertinent to our topic, while staying at Constantinople, his host, Prince Lobanow, the Emperor Alexander's ambassador to the Porte, showed him a work in Russian, written by Porphyry, archimandrite of Uspenski, and published at St. Petersburg in 1856, from which it appeared that in 1845, the year after Dr. Tischendorf made his discovery of the basket-fragments at Sinai, the author had seen and examined there that larger part of the manuscript which his German predecessor had been obliged to leave behind him, and of which no traces could be found on his second visit to the monastery in 1853. Indeed, Porphyry describes the New Testament part of the manuscript as well as the Old; only his critical estimate of it was altogether at fault; and, according to Dr. Tregelles, Major Macdonald, an Englishman, would seem to have inspected the same precious document at Sinai soon after Porphyry saw it; for the major speaks of a very ancient uncial manuscript of the New Testament, attributed to the fourth century, which was shown him by the monks. These facts subtract nothing from Dr. Tischendorf's merit as the discoverer of the manuscript. At the same time they are valuable historic stepping-stones between his disappointed hopes of 1844 and the unlooked-for consummation of fifteen years after.

In the middle of October, 1859, Dr. Tischendorf left Egypt, and on the nineteenth of the following month he had the honor of placing his Sinai Codex in the hands of the Czar Alexander at Zarsko Selo. The czar examined the manuscript with minute attention, and expressed his imperial pleasure that the public of St. Petersburg should have the opportunity

of viewing both this and the other literary fruits of Dr. Tischendorf's journeyings. Accordingly they were exhibited for a fortnight in the Imperial Library, and attracted a multitude of curious and enlightened visitors. The emperor further directed that immediate steps should be taken for furnishing learned Christendom with printed facsimiles and other suitable representations of the important biblical text which had thus become the glory of Russia.

The history of the printing and publication of the manuscript is hardly less stirring than that of its discovery and transportation to Europe. Before proceeding to this, however, it will be worth while to describe the appearance and contents of the Codex itself.

When Dr. Tischendorf opened the red cloth in the monastery, he saw before him a pile of ancient parchment leaves, connected and numbered for the most part in uniform groups, but without lid or wrapper of any kind; the leaves therefore, as might be expected, not always at home, and the whole written over with those charming Greek capitals which not even the most delicate typography of our times is able to surpass. The scholar's eye and hand soon righted all that was wrong in the mechanical condition of the manuscript; and in his *Notitia*, and still more fully in the *Prolegomena* to his printed editions of the text, he has given his readers precise information on all points of interest relating to the material of which the Codex consists, the disposition of its several parts, the character of the writing, the Scripture books or fractions of books comprised in it, and whatever else of the same sort is necessary to an intelligent estimate of its value. We can not follow Dr. Tischendorf here as closely as we would; but we gladly avail ourselves of his guidance within the limits prescribed to us.

The Sinai manuscript is a large volume of quarto size, the width of the pages being somewhat greater than their vertical length. Originally it was larger than at present; for the upper and side margins have been trimmed, as the mutilated appearance of certain notes and letter numbers belonging to them shows. The material of which it is made is the dressed skins of animals—chiefly, as it would seem, of the kind of antelope so well known as abounding in the Arabian and African

deserts; possibly also of asses and other animals. The size of the book must have made a heavy demand upon the benevolence of the creatures whose coats compose it. Every doubled leaf of the quarto required a separate skin. To prepare the hides for the pen, the best skill of the times appears to have been employed. Generally speaking, the vellum is as remarkable for the smoothness of its surface as for the fineness of its texture: though of course the leaves differ very much in these respects, some being coarse, like Cowper's farmers, and others, like his clergymen, "so fine" as to have suffered not a little from the shocks and fretting of the centuries. With few exceptions the skins throughout the volume are disposed and arranged on a fixed plan. After being cut to the rectangular shape required, they were folded once into the quarto form under which they appear in the manuscript. They were then bound together in clusters of four skins apiece, and were so placed that at every opening of the volume the pages presenting themselves to the reader should be either two inside and comparatively smooth, or two outside and comparatively rough, halves of the skins which formed them. This mode of connecting the parchments explains the present aspect of the writing of the manuscript. At successive openings it is alternately well and ill preserved. Where the inner part of the skin, or that next to the body of the animal, was written on, the letters are clear and legible; where the scribe wrote on the back or harder part of the vellum, they are indistinct and faded. As we now have the manuscript—for unhappily either the monks' oven or some other destroyer has robbed us of much of it—it consists of three hundred and forty-five skins and a half, of which a hundred and ninety-nine belong to the Old Testament part of it, and the remaining hundred and forty-seven and a half to the New. The quaternions, or groups of four skins, into which the whole body of them is distributed, are numbered consecutively from the beginning of the manuscript to the end; each quaternion containing, according to the modern mode of reckoning, eight leaves and sixteen pages. On every page four narrow and very regular columns of writing, about nine and a half inches long, and two and a quarter broad, exhibit themselves, containing forty-eight lines of text apiece. In respect to the number of

its page-columns the Sinai Codex is unique. No other ancient manuscript has so large a number. The Vatican manuscript has three. So have a very few other extinct Greek or Latin manuscripts. And the case is the same with two venerable copies of the Samaritan Pentateuch preserved at Nablus in Syria. The Sinai manuscript alone has four columns. From this statement respecting the ordering of the text, however, we must except the so-called poetical books of the Old Testament, which are written stichometrically, with two broad columns to the page, as in the Vatican Codex likewise. The parchment of the manuscript is rather light yellow than white in color; and the ink, which is usually bright, is of many hues, now blackish or dusky, now brown or copper-tinted, now inclining to yellow or something akin to it. This variety Dr. Tischendorf thinks may be due as well to the diverse nature of the skins as to chemical differences in the composition of the ink. The original writing of the Codex is commonly brown, and so are the more ancient corrections. Here and there vermilion is used. The titles and numbering of the Psalms, the headings of the several parts into which the scribe has distributed the Canticles, a portion of the inscription of Ecclesiastes, the letters employed to indicate the so-called Ammonian sections and Eusebian canons, and the arabesques appended to certain books, the Psalter, for example, and the Gospel by St. Mark, are all red.

The Codex throughout is written in uncial or capital letters of the utmost purity and grace. No types can reproduce the mingled vigor and softness of their curves; and there is a quiet ease and dignity about the whole array of the writing, on which the eye rests with un-failing pleasure.

Initial letters are not used. Originally there seems either to have been no interpunction at all in the manuscript, or what there was occurred but seldom, and was of the simplest possible description. The stichometrically written books are altogether without stops. In the four-columned parts of the text a single point, or, as a rarity, a double one, is met with. Whole pages, however, are pointless. Sometimes, as for instance in the Books of Tobit and Judith, vacant spaces of various length are made to play the part of pause-signs. The circumstance that later hands have added to the pointing

which the Codex at first contained, creates doubt in certain instances as to what the most ancient form of the text was. Usually the style and color of the additions are such as to exclude uncertainty; but it is not always so: and hence the need of the caution in the matter of the punctuation, of which Dr. Tischendorf speaks, and which he is himself so careful to observe. The use of the apostrophe-mark after words is not infrequent; but its function is less determinate than in writings of modern times. A favorite diacritical sign in some parts of the manuscript is one which resembles a reaping-hook with the iron bent backward towards the handle. What the value of it is seems hard to say. It appears to be employed in many cases to connect the end of one verse with the beginning of another; but it has often no definable dignity beyond that of a space-filler or an ornament. Sometimes, as in the papyri from *Herculaneum*, a short line like our hyphen or dash is used to divide the text into verses or paragraphs. The double dot over the letters *Iota* and *Upsilon*, with which students of ancient manuscripts are so familiar, was much more commonly omitted than used by the original writer of the *Sinai Codex*. It has frequently been introduced, however, by the subsequent correctors; though it is impossible to refer the presence or absence of it to any fixed law.

Certain leading words occurring often, such as *God*, *Lord*, *Christ*, *Jesus*, *Spirit*, *Man*, *Father*, are found for the most part in contraction, with a horizontal line above to mark the peculiarity. For the sake of saving room, too, and in order to greater expedition in writing, compound characters are employed in certain cases. Thus *Eta* and *Nu* are run together, so that a single vertical stroke serves as the right-hand boundary of the one, and the left-hand boundary of the other. In the same way *Mu*, *Nu*, and *Eta* coming in succession are represented by an abbreviation which excludes two out of the six uprights belonging to the forms in full. Numerals are written sometimes with letters, sometimes with words. The latter method is followed in the eleventh of *St. Matthew*, where the feeding of the five thousand is spoken of. In like manner the number of the beast in the *Apocalypse* is given at length. The famous monogram of *Christ*, a *Rho* with a straight line crossing its extended

down stroke, about which there has been so much discussion, and which occurs twice in the *Alexandrine manuscript* and four times in the *Vatican*, appears in three instances in the *Sinai Codex*; namely, at the end of the prophecies of *Jeremiah* once, and twice at the end of *Isaiah*. The symbol is first found on gold coins of the *Emperor Constantine* struck at *Antioch*, and bearing the date *A.D. 335*; but according to *Letronne*, whom *Dr. Tischendorf* is disposed to follow, its origin is to be traced to the early Christianity of *Egypt*; and thus it came to be used especially in writings and other monuments of which that country was the parent. However this may be, the Egyptian associations of the sign are interesting, in connection with the high probability, amounting almost to certainty, that the *Sinai Codex* was written on the banks of the *Nile*. With regard to the original penmanship of the manuscript, *Dr. Tischendorf* is quite satisfied that it was not executed by a single individual. The writing is singularly uniform throughout, in its air and build; yet there are diversities which reveal themselves to a practiced eye; and, in the editor's judgment, it exhibits the handiwork of at least four scribes, whose respective portions he attempts, under correction of future scrutiny, to define. To scribe *Number One* he attributes nearly the whole of the *New Testament*, with the fragment of *Chronicles*, and the first book and latter part of the fourth book of *Maccabees*. *Number Two*, he thinks, wrote the *Prophets* and the *Shepherd of Hermas*. The books arranged on the stichometrical principle were penned by *Number Three*. The *Fourth scribe* is credited with *Tobit* and *Judith*, the beginning of the fourth of *Maccabees*, and parts of the first three Gospels, of the first Epistle to the *Thessalonians*, of the Epistle to the *Hebrews*, and possibly also of the *Book of the Revelation*.

We have already referred to the numerous corrections scattered through the manuscript. They are nearly sixteen thousand in number; and, what is very remarkable, with exceeding few exceptions they are written, like the *Codex* itself, in uncial characters. This is not due to the circumstance that the correctors were generally cotemporary or nearly so with the writers of the manuscript. The first corrections appear to have been made, indeed, by one of the writers. On this

point Dr. Tischendorf was long in doubt but he is now satisfied that scribe Nun Four, above mentioned, revised the last of his associates, particularly the New Testament part of them, and introduced into the Codex certain various readings drawn from a copy different from that which his brethren had transcribed. There are other corrections also, which seem to belong either to the age in which the manuscript was written, or to one not removed from it. The great bulk, however, of the modifications and additions which the primitive text has received must be referred to a much later date. Dr. Tischendorf is at great pains to distinguish the several correctors, and to determine the periods at which they lived. We can not attempt to follow him through the mazes of this labyrinth. He does not himself profess to hold the clew to every turn of it. Nor is it likely that any who come after him will be more successful than he has been. It must often, from the nature of things, be impossible to settle minute questions of authorship and chronology, which hinge, as in the present instance, upon the color of an ink or the roughness or delicacy of the formation of a letter. Dr. Tischendorf's printed editions of his manuscript contain complete critical lists of the corrections that have been made upon its first text; and we must direct our readers to these wonderful monuments of his genius and industry for further illumination on a subject of so much interest and perplexity.

We have stated already that the Codex has suffered grievous mutilation. It opens with verse twenty-seven, chapter nine, of the first Book of Chronicles. After this comes the Book of Tobit, with most of Judith. The first and fourth books of Maccabees follow. Next we have Isaiah at full, with a considerable fragment of Jeremiah. These are succeeded by nine of the minor prophets; namely: Joel, Obadiah, Jonah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi. The poetical books, happily complete, and arranged as Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song, Wisdom of Solomon, Wisdom of Sirach, Job, bring up the train of the Old Testament. The series of the New Testament books runs as follows: first, the four Gospels in the usual order; secondly, the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philip-

all, very minute forms, like homœopathic globules, also for a class of terminal characters such as those just named.

Besides, it was found that types of the usual breadth would fill more space than the demands of facsimile printing would allow; and it was necessary, in many cases, that two letters should be cut so as to occupy about the room of one, or that single letters should be made as lean as possible to enable them to fit the closer. While all this was proceeding, the good offices of Ferdinand Flinsch, a name famous in the Fatherland, were secured to furnish a strong and handsome paper suited to Dr. Tischendorf's purpose. At the same time a celebrated London manufacturer, "*cui nomen est Delarue*," being understood to have invented a paper, which by dint of the legerdemain of modern chemistry bore the appearance of vellum, was desired to forward to Leipsic as much as would serve for twenty copies. Things being so far set in motion, our editor, late in March, 1860, made his way again "through the snows of the north," as he tells us, to St. Petersburg. Here his Leipsic arrangements received the approval of the emperor through his representatives Kowalevsky and Kislovsky; and under the same high sanction directions were given to a competent artist to prepare photographs of certain parts of the manuscript, and to forward copies of these in lithograph to him at Leipsic. About the middle of May he went back to Leipsic, taking the whole of the Codex with him, except twenty leaves, from which the facsimiles were to be made, and which he left behind him at St. Petersburg, under strict guard. Soon after his return, Messrs. Giesecke and Devrient, the well-known Leipsic printers, entered upon their task of transferring the contents of the manuscript to paper. In doing this, the most exemplary pains were taken to secure exactness. Nothing was placed in the hands of the compositor which Dr. Tischendorf and his professional associates had not themselves copied from the original, and carefully revised. A nephew of the editor, M. Clement Tischendorf, put the type together. Then certain "learned friends," particularly M. G. Mühlmann, corrected the proofs. Finally, Dr. Tischendorf himself compared what had passed through these ordeals with the text of the manuscript. As the work advanced, additional type was cut, repre-

senting more precisely the various forms of the letters, with other features of the writing; and, what proved to be a herculean labor, a vast number of short metal "lines" were prepared and inserted in the type as the composition of it went forward, that the spaces between the letters of the manuscript might be duly preserved in the printed facsimile. More than a hundred thousand such lines were used in striking off the New Testament alone.

Meanwhile, Dr. Tischendorf had been preparing for the press the admirable advertisement of his work, which appeared near the end of 1860; namely, the *Notitia Editionis Codicis Biblicorum Sinaitici*, named at the head of our article. The design of this was to gratify public curiosity as to the history and general character of the manuscript, and to pave the way for the favorable reception of the facsimile then in course of publishing. The work was well fitted to answer both these objects. The graphic account which it gave of the finding of the Codex, the sensible programme laid down for the publication of it, the argument, brief but forcible, by which the high antiquity of the manuscript was established, and the specimens of its readings furnished by Dr. Tischendorf, together with the extracts from the text, and the facsimile plate which formed part of the volume, were precisely what the circumstances of the case required, and claimed and received the warm thanks of Christian scholars in all parts of the world. The *Notitia* has not lost its value by the publication of the printed editions of the manuscript; for there are interesting portions of it which do not reappear in the later Prolegomena; and, besides, it contains the *Scholia* of Origen on the Proverbs, after the Patmos Codex before mentioned, and a descriptive catalogue of manuscripts and other antiquities brought to St. Petersburg from the East, by Dr. Tischendorf, both which students of biblical and patristic literature will do well to examine.

Early in May, 1861, Dr. Tischendorf was a third time at St. Petersburg for the purpose of ascertaining what success had attended the labors of his photographers, and of those who were to copy after them in lithograph. To his disappointment he found that that success had been but partial. Ten of the plates were not amiss; and these, after many alterations and corrections, to which he subjected them at

Leipsic, were used for his facsimiles. The execution of the remainder, however, was transferred to Germany; and they were mostly prepared at Dr. Tischendorf's own house, and under his personal inspection and management.

No great while after this Russian journey, the three magnificent volumes containing the text of the manuscript in facsimile were almost finished. Even now the editor was not willing that they should go forth without further scrutiny; and accordingly the whole was once more carefully compared with the original. This done, about the middle of July, 1861, Dr. Tischendorf considered his task so far ended. There still remained the colossal labor of preparing for the press his list of all the corrections made upon the text of the Codex, with full critical exposition of their character and value. The copious and elaborate Prolegomena, too, were to be completed and printed. And all must be done by September; for the publication of the great biblical manuscript was to form part of the celebration of the Millenary of the Russian empire, which would fall in that month. This last arrangement was subsequently set aside; yet not through any failure of Dr. Tischendorf's, for his fourth and last volume was issued before the day of the festival; and by the end of October more than three hundred bound copies of the entire book had been conveyed to St. Petersburg. Early in November the editor was admitted to an interview with the czar and czarina, and formally presented to them the fruit of their imperial liberality and of his learned toils. By command of the emperor, two hundred of the copies were reserved to be presented to the public libraries of Europe, or otherwise disposed of as he should direct. The remaining hundred, with a laudable generosity, were returned to Dr. Tischendorf to be sold for his personal advantage. We know not with what feelings our author found his way back to Leipsic a month after; but, if we do not misjudge, it must have been a relief to him rather than a burden, that he had still in prospect the preparation of that smaller and common-typed edition of the New Testament part of the manuscript, of which we spoke in the outset, and which he had all along designed should appear in its time as an appendix to his larger work.

While the facsimile was in progress,

Dr. Tischendorf kept this further publication constantly in view; and now that it has appeared after the lapse of no more than some fourteen or fifteen months, it is not too much to say that it fully justifies the high expectation with which it was looked for, and that the thanks of Christendom are due to Dr. Tischendorf for the judgment, the critical genius, and the scholarly accuracy with which he has edited it. It is a handsome quarto, less than a thirtieth of the price of the four folio volumes; and, deducting for the absence of the Old Testament text and of the splendid plates of the greater work, contains the pith and marrow of all that can be found in the facsimile. The forty pages of Prolegomena are much the same as in the parent work. The Critical Commentary on the New Testament portion of the manuscript, extending to as many pages more, is reprinted from its predecessor, with additions and improvements. A beautiful facsimile in lithograph of the last twenty-eight verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews, enables the reader to form a correct idea of the general appearance of the manuscript throughout. Last of all, the text, though not in uncials, appears in a bold clear Greek type of the ordinary description, and is so printed as to correspond as nearly as possible to the form of the manuscript and the facsimile edition of it. Thus every opening of the volume presents eight columns of text, four to a page, the lines of which exactly answer to those of the Codex. If a letter at the beginning of a line, as is often the case, lies a little beyond the vertical boundary of the column, this is exhibited. Iota and Upsilon are represented with or without dots as they stand in the original. The apostrophes are reproduced. Great pains have been taken to express the most ancient interpunction, even where vacant spaces were made to serve as signs of pause. The contractions are given as in the manuscript. The inscriptions and subscriptions of the several books, with the headings of the pages, are faithfully copied. The Ammonian Sections and Eusebian Canons all occupy their places, though it is doubtful whether they were inserted in the Codex when it was first written. The sign of connection, of which we spoke awhile since, is uniformly marked; so also are any ornamental lines which appear to have been introduced by the first writers of the text. In short, the

possessor of this cheap edition of the Sinai manuscript of the New Testament falls very little behind the owner of the more splendid facsimile, for all the great purposes for which the study of ancient copies of the text is pursued by Christian scholars and divines. Considering the great cost of the facsimile on the one hand, and the exceeding excellence of this cheap edition of the New Testament on the other, we shall marvel if Dr. Tischendorf does not find the later publication interfering with the sale of the earlier, and so is compelled to offer his folios at a considerably lower price. We shall not regret this; for the sum at present asked for them is unnatural, not to say extravagant. At the same time we trust the learned editor will be more than compensated by a very large sale of his smaller and invaluable edition of the New Testament.

What renders the discovery and publication of the Sinai manuscript matter of so great interest is the vastness of its age. Dr. Tischendorf has been careful to draw out the proof of this at length in his Prolegomena; and it is so ample and cumulative as to leave no room for skepticism except with those who are resolved to doubt. It is true we know little of the external history of the Codex. The original writers of it have nothing to say on the subject. No traveler, so far as is ascertained, up to the year 1844 makes any mention of having seen it. The Sinai monks are wholly ignorant of its origin and of the circumstances under which it became the property of their convent. At the same time it is clear that for ages it was in possession of the famous Arabian monastery founded early in the sixth century under the auspices of the Emperor Justinian, and never since destroyed. The manuscript has several names upon it, Dionysius, Hilarion, Theophylact, written about the time of the twelfth century, which are pretty evidently those of dignitaries belonging to the Christian fraternity of Mount Sinai. Again, the Russian archimandrite Porphyry, already named, brought with him from the Sinai convent to St. Petersburg portions of Dr. Tischendorf's manuscript, which had been used—ages before, as it would seem—in the binding of certain other manuscripts of later date; the fragments so obtained being pieces of the Books of Genesis and Numbers. On this point, however, there

can be no question. From time immemorial the Codex has lain hidden among the literary treasures, or buried in the literary rubbish of the Sinai monastery. This outward and negative proof of its antiquity is transmuted into full demonstration, when we turn to the marks of age which the Codex carries in its internal make and composition.

The first great seal of antiquity borne by the manuscript, to say nothing of the texture and appearance of the vellum of which it consists, is the character of the writing. It is written in Greek uncials or capitals. This carries us back at once over a long train of centuries. But the uncials are of a particular type. They are not such as are found in the later or even the middle period of uncial writing, as it appears on the parchments that have come down to us. They are of the oldest known description. They closely resemble the uncials of the Egyptian papyri, found at Heroulanum and elsewhere. In the twentieth plate appended to the facsimile edition of the manuscript, Dr. Tischendorf gives a specimen of the writing of a papyrus roll dug by the Bedouins out of the cemetery of Memphis; the letters of which, he says, might have served as a copy for the writers of his Sinai Codex.

The same plate contains several other examples of uncial writing of the first four or five centuries, the correspondence of which with the writing of our manuscript is most marked and obvious. Judging from the forms and style of the uncials, a paleographer would say at once that the Sinai manuscript belongs to the same cycle of ancient monuments with the Vatican and Alexandrian Codices of Scripture, the Ephraem Syrus palimpsest, the fragments of the Octateuch of Origen preserved at Paris, Leyden, etc., and a few other patriarchs of the same noble stock. They have a purity, a simplicity, a vigor, an ease, a neatness, a symmetry, such as even manuscripts of the sixth century, like the younger Vienna copy of Dioscorides, or the St. Petersburg palimpsest of the Book of Numbers, fail to exhibit. Dr. Tischendorf enters into particulars in support of these positions, and concludes—with abundant reason, as we think—that so far as the evidence of the uncials is concerned, his manuscript can not be younger than the celebrated Vatican Codex, now commonly attributed to the middle of the fourth century.

The absence of initial letters is another feature of the manuscript which points to a remote date for the time of its transcription. Initials appear to have come into use in the fifth century. All the extant Greek and Latin manuscripts of that period have them. They are not found,

however, in the papyri, nor do they appear in any one of the few parchments older than the fifth century which have reached our times. In this respect the Sinai Codex stands on the same footing with the remains of Origen's Octateuch and the Vatican Bible.

From Bently's Miscellany.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

OF all the many tragic events which resulted from the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, perhaps the most remarkable was that which has been made memorable under the name of the Sicilian Vespers. It was honorably distinguished by this, that whereas others were marked with all the meanness and mysterious horror of secret plotting and factious spite, this was the ebullition of a manliness long ground down, but goaded by wicked governance into desperate resistance, under circumstances the most provoking that can be imagined. There was a conflict of nationalities in this which removes it from the category of civil strife, and sets it out in favorable contrast to those fierce demonstrations of party feeling which so constantly disgrace the history of mediæval Italy. The long struggle between the Pope and Emperor for the supremacy in the Western Empire is marked by a great number of sickening horrors. It is quite refreshing to find in a fact, of itself sufficiently revolting, circumstances which are not only extenuating, but which almost merge our sympathy for the sufferers in the admiration we must feel for the passionate vindicators of humanity, who only resorted to horrors because there was no other way of resenting a most wicked oppression.

The Popes by little and little had risen from the position of Bishops of Rome, protected by and homagers to the Western emperors, to that height that they disputed the supremacy with them even in their own dominions. From the gifts of Pepin, Charlemagne, and Constantine, to

the recognition of the False Decretals, from that to the bequest of the Countess Matilda and the reign of Gregory VII., and thence to the startling assumptions of Innocent III., are so many steps in the aggrandizement of the Papacy. The interest of the Popes was the interest of a large body of men who, in addition to the influence which their priestly office gave them over an ignorant and superstitious people, exercised an immense power by virtue of the monopoly which they established over the sources of secular learning. Their influence they exerted in behalf of themselves and their master, and succeeded in forming a compact and well-organized party among the laity, which, in opposition to the imperial power, rent Italy and Germany during several centuries, and still shows certain feeble signs of existence.

When Conrad von Hohenstanfen, the first of the Suabian emperors, was elected in 1138, the two factions had become sufficiently distinct to be assailable. Conrad had inherited from the last Salic emperor the property of Waiblingen in the Remstal, and assumed that name as the patronymic of his family. He also represented the head of the secular party, and was recognized as the uncompromising champion of the rights of the empire. It followed, not unnaturally, that his family became identified with his cause, and that the name of the one should become a convertible term for the other.

The Papal party included the inhabitants of the principal Italian cities, ever apprehensive of danger from their imperial

suzerain; the kings of France; and an un-German following in Germany, which had been known as the Saxon party.

But about the same time that Conrad III. gave his name to the imperial faction, the Bavarian House of Welf took the direction of the opposite one, and distinguished it by its own name. Thus the two great factions of Welf and Waiblingen, changed by an Italian euphemism into Guelphs and Ghibelines, were constituted, the one for the purpose of increasing the temporal power of the church, the other for the purpose of checking it and of wresting back its usurped privileges. The life of Frederic I., (Barbarossa,) the successor of Conrad, was spent in one continuous strife with his ecclesiastical enemies, who, appealing to the particular interests of the Lombard and Tuscan cities, succeeded in arraying against him the formidable League of Lombardy, and in inflicting a tremendous blow upon him on the field of Legnano. He, on the other hand, gained a great accession of strength by marrying his son Henry to Constance, heiress of William II., King of Naples and Sicily, the descendant of Roger Guiscard, who conquered Sicily from the Saracens, and annexed it to Naples on the death of his brother Robert. Henry of course became King of Naples and Sicily, as well as Emperor of Germany, and transmitted his royalty to his son.

The twenty-two years which elapsed between the death of Frederic I. and the accession of Frederic II. were years of gain to the Guelphs. A short reign and a minority had impaired the imperial strength, and given time to its enemies to consolidate their power. The Ghibeline faction had languished materially in Italy: it had been proscribed, banished, and suppressed in many cities. The hand of the master was needed to reform and handle it. Accordingly Frederic II. devoted himself to the task, and spent the thirty-eight years of his reign in earnest conflict for the good of his cause, dying as he had lived, in bitter hostility to the grasping power, which fixed no bounds to its ambition, and openly aspired to sovereignty over all the princes of the world. He left two sons, Conrad, his heir, and Manfred, who was illegitimate.

Conrad, although he had been elected King of the Romans, was by the arts of Innocent IV. prevented from attaining the imperial dignity; but although strong ef-

forts were made to frustrate that end, he was able to establish himself in his kingdom of Naples. After reigning two years he died, leaving a young son to succeed him, commending him to the care of his uncle Manfred and to that of the Pope. Innocent, to whose paternal charity the orphan king had been commended, commenced as soon as Conrad was dead to deprive the child of his kingdom. He incited the Neapolitan nobles to throw off the yoke of a king, and to form an oligarchical republic under the protection of the church. In furtherance of this plan he marched into Naples, and established himself there by force of arms.

Into Sicily he sent agitators in the Guelphic interest, to induce the people to throw off their allegiance to the Ghibeline house of Suabia; and he so far succeeded as to get them to reject Conradine, and to form themselves into a sort of republic in connection with Rome. From the very first it was apparent that the constituent parts of the republic were too uncongenial to be welded into union. The mixed races among the inhabitants, the aristocratic and popular interests, besides those of a small minority yet favorable to royalty, were all so many causes of disunion. After a few months of trouble and confusion, Manfred, who had raised men and money in Germany, appeared in force in the southern provinces, defeated the papal and republican troops, and succeeded in restoring the royal authority both on the main land and in Sicily. For a short time he reigned as regent for Conradine, but intending to usurp the crown for himself, he gave out that his nephew was dead in La Magna, and caused himself to be crowned in Palermo. He was at once recognized by friends and foes as the head of the Ghibeline faction, and as such displayed an uncompromising and active hostility to the papal court and all its adherents.

The vice-regent of Christ returned hatred for hatred, and bitterness for the like. But failing to find from his own resources the means of inflicting positive injury upon his enemy, he entered into intrigues with the princes he thought most likely to be helping to him. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III., was first applied to, as being a wealthy and ambitious prince, who might not think his money and reputation ill-employed if he succeeded in acquiring so fine a

kingdom as that the Pope pretended have in his own gift. The earl declined the costly honor of being cat's-paw to the Pope. The King of England, attracted by the glitter of the prize, entered in negotiations for the election of his son Edmund to the throne of Naples; but after spending large sums in preparing for the enterprise, broke off the further consideration of it.

Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, willingly responded to the invitation of Alexander IV., who had succeeded Innocent, published a crusade against Manfred and promised innumerable spiritual and bodily benefits to all who should assist the French count in his holy warfare.

With a small but well-appointed army Charles marched southward, came to Rome, was admitted to the high degree of "Senator," and proclaimed the champion of the Church and the Guelphs. He increased his army to an imposing strength and went to seek Manfred, who had gathered a fine army, and awaited his enemy at Benevento. Germans, Italians, and Saracens were opposed to the Franco-Italian troops. Manfred, the incarnation of bravery, led the one; Charles of Anjou, a skillful and bold general, the other.

After a furious fight, in which the Germans and Saracens fought like lions, Manfred's army was routed. He himself, scorning to be taken, and seeing no prospect of making another stand, rushed into the thick of the fray and was killed. The French soldiers raised a pile of stones over the corpse of the enemy they respected; but the poor malignity of the papal legate denied the Suabian hero even this humble resting place. The body was ordered to be removed, and was thrown by the legate's order to the dogs and beasts of the plain.

No serious resistance was offered after this; and Charles found himself, by the fortune of war, in possession of the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily.

The party of the Guelphs seemed dominant in Italy, when the Ghibelines, unwilling to yield all, put forward Conradine, who was not dead, but alive and in his seventeenth year, as a claimant of the crown and the head of their faction. An army of Germans was raised to support the discontented spirits which the Ghibelines had fomented both in Italy and Sicily, where the harsh government of the French had already proved most galling.

lust of triumphant tyranny nor strike that terror into the hearts of enemies which a public trial and execution were calculated to do.

A special court, composed of barons, syndics, and leading men from the principal Neapolitan cities, was charged with the trial of the prisoners, who were accused of high treason, in that they had fought for their own undoubted right, against a prince who was not their king. As a matter of course, sentence was given against them, in spite of the unwillingness of some of the judges to concur, and in spite of the murmurs even of the French, horrified at the cruelty and injustice of the king. The king willed it, and it was done.

On the 25th October, 1268, Conradine, then in his seventeenth year, King of the Two Sicilies, and the last of a line of emperors and kings, was led forth in the market-place of his own capital to suffer death as a felon. With him walked the young Duke of Austria, his companion from infancy, and partaker in his fate. Many of their friends had already fallen; they came to close the list of illustrious victims.

The scaffold was covered with purple, out of mock respect for the quality of the prisoners. A strong guard was stationed around it, lest the dense mass of people who filled the square should be moved to attempt a rescue. From an eminence commanding a view of the whole Charles watched the operation of his revenge.

At one time it seemed as if the mob would be aroused to the sense and action of men. When the sentence which condemned Conradine as a "sacrilegious traitor" was read, and Conradine raised his voice in earnest protest, appealing to God and the people, a faint tremor was perceived in the crowd, a movement as of people ready to obey any director of their impulses. But no director appeared; fear chilled the lukewarm hearts of the impulsive, and they waited in silence the issue of the day's work.

The Duke of Austria suffered first. As soon as his head rolled upon the scaffold, his friend seized it in his arms and kissed the gory face. He then bade farewell to those about him, declared his rights to survive in Peter III. of Aragon, and resigned himself to the hands of the executioner.

Thus perished the last direct represent-

ative of the illustrious house of Swabia. But Manfred's daughter, Constance, had been married to Peter III. of Aragon, so that his right, and indirectly that of his brother's son, were represented by this prince.

Charles was, however, dominant. His enemies were crushed, his people in subjection, his allies were powerful; and it might be said of him, as was said of another tyrant, that "he lacked nothing—but the wrath of God." Though he had tasted royal blood his thirst was far from satisfied. He gave unbridled indulgence to his cruelty, and deluged the land with native blood. All who could be proved to have taken any part against him in the late war were barbarously put to death, their property was confiscated, their houses were destroyed. The disaffected districts were made a howling waste, and the king witnessed the annihilation of his enemies before he talked of pardoning them. This was on the main-land, but severer punishment, if possible, was in store for the Sicilians, who had risen very generally in favor of Conradine.

Guillaume l'Estendard, a French baron and a fierce butcher, insensible to any emotion of pity, was sent over to eradicate the rebellion in Sicily. With some French troops and a number of faithless Sicilians, he succeeded in restoring his master's authority in most parts of the island, but his mode of proceeding was such as to terrify all who had the means of defense into the most desperate resistance.

At Agosta a thousand citizens and two hundred Tuscan cavalry took advantage of the strong position of the place, declined to surrender, and prepared to sell their lives at the very highest price. Guillaume encamped round it, and made several vain attempts to carry it by storm, his fury increasing at each rebuff. It is quite possible he might have been obliged to admit the garrison to a capitulation, had it not been for the accursed treachery of six of the besieged. These wretches admitted the French by night through a postern gate into the city, which was given up to the brutal license of the soldiers. Murder, rapine, all the horrors of war, were suddenly let loose on the devoted people: the very cisterns and corn bins were searched for victims, and the refugees dragged out, to be put to death in the way suggested by the fiendish spirit of

the slayer at the moment. When first onslaught was over, the savager, the commander indulged itself with so horrible exercises. He selected a man of great strength and stature to serve as executioner, had the Agostani brought before him, and made the butcher chop them with a large sword. When the man staggered through the hardness of his tasks, stoups of wine were brought to refresh him, and on he went with his diabolical work. On the sea-shore Guillaume erected a pile of heads and trunks, disgraced the top of it with the carcasses of the Sicilian Judases, who thus received their just reward of their sin. Many wretches rushed to the sea and were drowned. Corrado Capece having surrendered, was deprived of his eyes, sent to Catania, and there hanged. His two brothers perished on the gibbet at Naples. Not a man of Agosta was left alive.

Charles having thus brought the people under him to the obedience of the vanquished, began to make them feel the weight of his dominion. Those who had exclaimed against the severity of the Swabian government looked back with regrets to the time when Manfred ruled them. "We thought we had got a king from the Father of fathers, and we have got anti-Christ." This was the language of the clergy, who, curbed by Manfred, were utterly despoiled by Charles. The privileges he had sworn to the Pope he would restore were not only denied, but those yet retained were taken away. The conventual revenues were seized by the champion of the church, and the wolf whom the Pope had delighted to honor with sheep's clothing began to flesh his fangs in the church's lambs. The barons friendly to the Angevins were deprived of property on the pretence that they had acquired it through Manfred, who had no power to confer it; and those of them who could not prove themselves free from all taint of treason were deprived as traitors. The French soldiery were enriched with Italian spoils; a new nobility was created; the feudal system in its harshest form was thrust upon the people; secret prison-houses sprung up in hateful abundance; the voice of justice was stifled, and the whole nation was ground down to misery under the iron heel of a foreign despot.

The taxes were crushing and most oppressively levied; the currency was debased

ture Ghibeline party. He surprised and spoiled Genoa without declaring war against her. He seized on Lombard and Piedmontese towns, and treated them as his own vassals; and even in Rome he proceeded, by virtue of his rank of "senator," to oust the Pope of his authority, and to assume the direction of affairs. The avenger, the dear son of the church, had thrust himself into her house and over her head.

By the time Nicholas III. became Pope, in 1277, matters were ripe for change. The hatred of all classes of Italians for the French tyrant had grown to maturity; the murmurs of his subjects were getting too distinct to be prevented from finding expression in action. The barons of Sicily and Naples were writhing under the tyranny of their master, and the insufferable insolence of their new compeers. The clergy were of opinion that he was anti-Christ, and the people regarded him as a fiend incarnate.

John of Procida, a learned physician, who had shared the fate of Manfred's party, been exiled, and seen his property pass into alien hands, had not ceased to agitate and move the spirit of rivals against the usurper. He had been favorably received by Peter of Aragon, who bestowed estates on him, but declined to measure swords with the King of France in support of his claim to the Sicilian crown. But now that circumstances seemed favorable, John of Procida, who had lately refrained from pushing himself forward, again troubled the waters.

The Greek emperor, aware of Charles's designs against him, must naturally be glad to see his enemy destroyed; the Pope, whose very existence as a prince was at stake, must form one in a combination against him; and surely, if an opportunity offered, Peter would not hang back from an enterprise the success of which would double the extent of his dominions. With these convictions in his mind, John flitted between Rome, Constantinople, and Saragossa, intriguing, arranging, preparing for the overthrow of Charles. The reward of his exertions was the alliance of the three princes to achieve this object. Nicholas confirmed the right already inherent in Peter, to the Sicilian crown, and signed a deed of gift, which was at least as valid as that by which Charles had acquired possession.

By personal visitation, made at the risk

of his life, John aroused the Sicilians to a sense of their situation, and to a determination to resist the oppressor on the first opportunity. The plot was thickening but was not matured; the egg of rebellion was laid but not ready to break, when the incident known as the Sicilian Vespers precipitated matters to a terrible conclusion, and took the direction of them out of John of Procida's hands.

On Easter Tuesday, 31st of March, 1282, the people of Palermo had gone to hear vespers at the church of San Spirito, on Morreale, a short distance from the town. At the same place was a pleasure garden, where the people were wont to walk and amuse themselves after service was over. On this particular evening the Palermitans were there in large numbers, attracted by the fineness of the weather and the festivity of the Easter octave. A number of the officers of the viceroy were also there, for the purpose, as they said, of maintaining order. Herbert of Orleans, the viceroy, had forbidden the Sicilians to wear arms, or to train themselves to use them. They were therefore on this occasion unarmed, while the French carried their customary weapons.

The French, who had come to preserve order, began, as usual, to presume upon their superiority and to insult the people. Their conduct towards the women was such as to call out the remonstrances of the men. To them the Frenchmen only replied with offensive taunts, and did not desist from their insolent behavior. Some especially insolent speech or act evoked the indignant protest of some Sicilian youths, who delivered themselves so boldly that the French exclaimed: "They must have concealed arms or they would not talk so." One of them named Drouet, more brutal than the rest, made up to where a beautiful girl of noble family was walking with her betrothed and her parents, and accused her of carrying concealed weapons. On her denying the charge, Drouet caught hold of her with his left hand and thrust his right into her bosom, at the same time attempting to kiss her. The girl fainted, and fell back in her lover's arms.

A young man, whose name is unknown, saw the occurrence and rushed forward, knocked Drouet down, drew his sword, and killed the fellow with his own weapon, shouting as he did so: "Death to the French! Down with the French!" The cry, like the voice of God, echoed through

the country, and stirred the hearts of Each man's hand was immediately against the aliens. Implements of husbandry, of household use, served the place of recognized weapons. A horrible scene of mutual slaughter ensued, the Sicilians suffering severely from their well-armed enemies; but for the French, the contemporary historian remarks with significant terseness, they numbered two hundred and two hundred fell.

From the garden the insurgents rushed excited and bloody, with the dead men's swords in their hands, to the city, crying "Death to the French!" and dealing it to them whenever they came in their way.

Under the leadership of Ruggiero Mistrangelo, they took possession of Palermo, surrounded and broke the palace of the governor, killed the inhabitants, and destroyed the property. The governor himself escaped almost by a miracle.

All that evening and all that night the populace gave loose rein to their fury; they broke into the convents and slew the French monks; the altar was no asylum for neither men, women, nor children were spared; neither age nor rank afforded protection. "Remember Agosta!" was the cry when the blood fury began to abate to the old tune, and again the butchers went on till the evening's work had two thousand corpses to show for it. Christian burial was denied to the dead, who were cast into pits and buried like dogs.

Giovanni di San Remigio, the governor who had escaped to the castle of Vicari, thirty miles from Palermo, next day aroused the French in the neighborhood, with the feudal militia, for the purpose of avenging their fallen countrymen. But the old Nemesis was at hand. An irregular band had started at daylight from Palermo in pursuit of the governor, and ran him to earth at Vicari. Whether out of respect, or from whatever consideration, it was offered to San Remigio that he and the soldiers with him might embark for Provence, and their lives should be spared if they would surrender. The terms were scornfully refused; a sort of truce was made, and sustained with great valor till the governor fell pierced with arrows; then a fear came upon the French, at the sight of the Vespers upon their assassins, who rushed forward to the cry "Death to the French!" and put every man to the sword.

The ferocity of the outbreak left the

march on Calatafimi, and the other to take the heart of the island by Castrogiovanni. They went, and did their work. Burning houses, murdered people, marked the line of their march. Sacrifices of blood and fire were needed to cleanse the land, and terribly it was purified.

Messina, where Herbert of Orleans resided, did not at once respond to the enthusiasm of her sister city. She sent some galleys to blockade the port of Palermo, and to insult the garrison. These latter, however, declared they could not exchange blows with their brethren, that they reserved their anger for their enemies, and at the same time they reared the Cross of Messina by the side of the Eagle of Palermo on their walls.

On the 15th of April the town authorities of Messina sent five hundred archers, under Captain Chiriolo, a Sicilian, to take possession of Taormina, which the rebels had failed to occupy. Scarcely had they left the town, when the people, who had become inoculated with the general feeling, finding so large a force of the municipal guard withdrawn, began to murmur at the measures which were being taken against their countrymen. From murmurs they proceeded to some acts of insubordination, and assumed so threatening an aspect that the viceroy, who had but six hundred men-at-arms with him, withdrew all but ninety into the castle of Matagrifone and his own palace. These ninety he sent, under Micheletto Gatta, to serve as a check on the archers, who had gone to Taormina, and of whose fidelity he was more than doubtful.

When the archers saw them coming, they suspected their object, and, incited by Bartolomeo, a citizen, received them with a cloud of arrows.

Forty saddles were emptied: the rest of the band turned round and fled to the castle of Scaletta. The Sicilians tore up the banners of Charles and marched back to raise the people of Messina.

Meantime, the Messinese, under the guidance of Bartolomeo Maniscalco, rose against their masters. The savage cry, "Death to the French!" was repeated and passed along. Again many innocent persons perished, and the capital of the island passed into the hands of the natives.

Next day a government, composed of the principal people in the city, was formed to act in conjunction with that of Palermo. A vain attempt was made by

the viceroy to seduce the new chief magistrate from his post. The messenger was sent back with an offer to spare the lives of Herbert of Orleans and those with him, on condition that they should give up arms, horses, and baggage, and sail direct to Acquamorte, in Provence, without touching on the Sicilian or Calabrian coasts. The terms were agreed to, but broken by Herbert, who, instead of sailing to Provence, landed on the Calabrian coast, where it seems he had given a rendezvous to the late garrison of Messina.

On the same conditions the garrisons of Matagrifone and Scaletta surrendered, but a sudden frenzy coming upon the people at hearing of the bad faith of the viceroy, and being further excited at the threats of Charles against them, they broke into the places where the prisoners were confined for safety, and murdered them every one.

Thus, in the space of one month, the train which, comparatively speaking, a small spark had kindled in Palermo, communicated with the whole island, and had its final explosion in Messina. In one month the people who had seemed so crushed had shaken off a tyrannical yoke, and dared to be free. They had asserted in the most positive way the rights of long-enduring, much-suffering humanity; and horrible as the means they resorted to were, tremendous as was the cruelty of the indiscriminate massacres, it must be remembered that severity was their only safety, "thorough" their single course; and that in extenuation of the wholesale slaughters, in which nearly eight thousand people perished, it must be said that the French had furnished them with only too valid precedents, and that in the fury of the Sicilian Vespers might be recognized the sign of even-handed justice dealing out measure for measure for the deletion of Agosta.

With the events which took place after the expulsion of the French, I do not propose to deal in detail.

Charles made the most desperate attempts to regain his authority, closely besieged Messina in person, until he was forced back by the combined efforts of the Sicilians, Genoese, and Spaniards. These latter, under Ruggiero di Loria, who commanded the Catalan fleet fitted out with the money obtained from Michael Palæologus, swept the seas of the ships which should have borne Charles's expedition to

e East. The land forces were also so verely handled by the valiant defenders Messina, that Charles was compelled withdraw hastily to the main-land, in der to avoid capture by the people he d come to subdue.

How Peter III. of Aragon ultimately me to the crown on the invitation of e Sicilians and by grant of the Pope, fended the island against the French, d severed it from its connection with aples, I do not propose to relate, nor to rsue an inquiry into the quarrels which ose out of the Spanish and French claims -- dominion in Italy.

The story of the Sicilian Vespers stands by itself, one of many memorials of the degree to which bad government may be exercised without resistance, and of the tremendous excesses which an oppressed people can commit when once they proceed to action in a condition which is almost desperate.

The story was long remembered in France. "If I am provoked," said Henri IV., "I will breakfast at Milan and dine at Naples." "And perhaps," said the Spanish ambassador, "your majesty may reach Sicily in time for Vespers."

F. W. R.

From the North British Review.

DISINTEGRATION OF EMPIRES.*

THE great American continent, with its immeasurable future, its upper and its underground natural wealth, is all in store for ages of ages!—these great things, indefinitely vast, inexhaustible as they are, have got a lodgment in the elastic American mind. It is neither a marvel, nor is it fairly a ground of reproach (nor of derision) that it should be so. The very *make* of the Anglo-Saxon mind is of this order. Give this pioneer man a world to explore, and he will explore it; give him a continent to lodge upon, and he will lodge upon and spread his thrifty homes over it; and give him, in ample quantity, the raw material of empire, and see if he will not create an empire; and then, with the forces of an empire at his command, see if he does not carry things with a high hand in all hemispheres, as well as in his home quarters. All this is *in* the Anglo-Saxon nature: it is all in germ; and upon fresh American soil the germ has indeed germinated, and it is now shooting up heavenward with tropical force. Citizens of the United States are born with a giant ambition in their brains; and almost the first syllables they lisp have a sort of trumpet twang, as

thus: "Here I come, ready to grasp a sceptre and to rule the world."

The American civil war carries with it much of this *composite* meaning on the side of the North—the outspoken meaning is, "Restore the Union;" or, in euphemious style, "Maintain Order"—then a parenthesis is slipped in at this point—rid the Union of the curse of slavery; but this parenthesis is often mumbled in the utterance, and then the genuine meaning comes out—"restore the Union to the *end* that a mighty conception of universal empire may be realized." Fully may it be granted, and religiously may it be believed, that large purposes in the world's future are, in the divine intention, to be accomplished *for* and *by* the nations of the North American continent. Nor need the boldest speculations on this ample field be restricted or suppressed. But when this liberty of speculation has been granted—sobriety barely listened to—then there comes in a question of momentous import, which may thus be worded: Shall the destinies of the North American nations be accomplished, and the divine purposes thereto relating fulfilled, by the means of a one all-grasping, all-absorbing empire, doing its ruthless pleasure from the Mexican Gulf to the Arctic regions—from the seaboard of the Atlantic

* Concluded from page 276, last volume.

to the seaboard of the Pacific Ocean?—shall it indeed be *thus* that the same Hand which long ago scattered the nations from the plains of Babylon and Nineveh, will be seen favoring an enterprise of the *very same quality*, in these last times? A negative answer to a question of this sort must, we think, commend itself to all calm minds on whatever grounds it is argued—whether the *religious* aspect of the question be regarded, or that of political or philosophical speculation. It shall not be that the destinies of the nations of the North American continent will be worked out under the administrative hand of a Nebuchadnezzar.

It is quite likely that, if this sublime phantasm of universal empire were, in all its enormous improbability, set forth before a well-informed American, he would disown it; or at least he would shrink from an avowal of it as his creed. Nevertheless, the gigantic dream, with its fascinations, clings to him; it is dear to his meditations; it is entertained by him in moments between sleeping and waking. As to Americans of inferior breeding and of faulty education, such men boldly avow their devotion to the idol; and such men, no doubt, will act accordingly, as often as any popular phrenzy is set a-going. We in Britain have come well to understand the meaning of the saying, "Ireland for the Irish;" and if things so small might be compared with great things, we shall not mistake the meaning of this other saying, "America for Americans." The interpretation is: Canada is to be governed from Washington; Mexico is to be governed from Washington; the British are to be expelled on both sides; and Russia also is to be driven back across Behring's Straits. Not only is this belief of a future (not distant) North American universal empire a darling ambition with the coarse-minded and ignorant masses of the people, but—and we can not think otherwise—the same gorgeous anticipation may now be traced in giving intensity to the war feeling of leading men on the Northern side. If once secession were allowed to realize itself, in any one instance, the same would be attempted, on some pretext, elsewhere. In a word, the darling hope of the American mind would then be dashed and broken. No more dreams of an empire which should give law to the world, and should trample upon Europe, and should seize Asia, and

should serve itself in Africa. Why is it that these Southerners are "rebels" by emphasis? Why has Europe so deeply offended the North when it has employed a softer phrase in speaking of them? It is because these "rebels" have broken in upon a fairy land!—they have spoiled the glorious future of the *ONE* American people!

The supposition that England or France might interpose to prevent the realization of this scheme, would be, and is, rejected with scorn. Who is it that cares a straw for England or France when a giant nation rouses itself, and utters its will in thunder? But perchance the people of Canada, or the people of Mexico, may presume to stand in the way of this bright prospect. America will soon teach these feeble folk another lesson! Then, if this be done, the problem of an empire which shall extend from sea to sea is much simplified, and it resolves itself into its own proper conditions; and these may be found near at hand. Well-informed Americans (those of the North) who thoroughly understand the federal constitution, bring forward at this moment its first principles as the ground of their legal argument in proving that there neither is nor can be a right of secession in any of the States; and, therefore, that State secession is nothing better than *rebellion*. We take this ground, then, not disputing it at all; and thence we infer—as we think logically—the inevitable and not remote disintegration of the hitherto United States. We might, however, stop short of a formal prediction, and might affirm, on the premises given us, that this gigantic North American empire, which haunts the dreams of loyal Americans, is a *dream*, and can never be a reality. What, then, is the *PRIMARY IDEA* of the American polity? We take it as we find it set forth by an eminent lawyer—a gentleman who is at the head, as we believe, of the Boston bar. The same has been said in many recent publications on the Northern side:

"Our Constitution, on which our nationality is based, is not a compact between the *several States*, nor in any sense a *partnership* between them. It is the *organic law of nationality*, adopted by the *citizens* of all the States, *combining themselves into one people as a nation*. The preamble runs thus: 'WE, THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a *more perfect Union*, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, pro-

mote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, DO ORDAIN and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.' Not (I wish you to mark) '*We the several sovereign and independent States*' heretofore *confederated* only, and already known by the *partnership* name, if you please, (for such it then was,) of 'United States;' but '*We, the people of the United States,*' the constituent citizens voters of each and of all of them, do, for the purpose of *more perfect* union, and all the other enumerated purposes of *one national* government, 'ordain and establish this Constitution,' electing, nevertheless, *as a new born nation* to be still known by the *same name* which the several States, as States, heretofore assumed under their old league of confederation, are merged in complete national individuality. We, the people, keep the name; but we heretofore change *in toto* the substance of the thing. This Constitution was adopted and ratified *not by the States* in their corporate capacity, *but by the people* of the several States, in *popular convention*; not acting by or through their respective State legislatures or executive officers, or any other *State* representatives, but in their primary capacity of *citizens of one country*, forming for themselves a new government. Every citizen owes to the Constitution, and to the national government which it creates, *mediate personal allegiance*, in the same manner, and to the same extent as respects the purposes of national government, as if no State organization or any other interior political institution were in existence. . . . For all purposes of *national life and government*, *internal and external*, the citizens of the several States absolutely surrendered all their State rights and obligations, and their individualities as members of such States, and agreed to be fused or merged into one people, with all the corresponding rights and privileges, and subject to all the duties and obligations involved in a common nationality." *

On the ground of this statement of the *reason* of the North American nation, the author denies that a State of itself can rightfully secede from the Union, albeit the nation may, for sufficient cause shown, sever it peacefully from the mass. The government is at this time waging war, not with States in rebellion, but with *persons* resident within certain States, who are in arms resisting the government.

"The government, therefore, in attempting

* Correspondence on the Present Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America, Boston, 1862. Throughout the citations made above, the *italics* are the author's own. In any case, we think it equivalent to a *misquotation* to emphasize what a writer has not emphasized.

this—must be thought of only as individuals, subject to no control, and liable to no law, and amenable to no authority. The primeval act is of this nature—namely, that the universal people constitutes itself a nation, and creates a polity by a breath of its sovereign will; and it gives this polity a center, and it elects those into whose hands it will commit the sacred trust of its political welfare. A moment before this act of the whole people had taken place, there was no political existence at all: after it had taken place, then the citizens who may be locally connected, and may be known to each other individually, may, if they please, assemble in their proper quarters, and frame at their pleasure such State constitutions as they judge to be best suited to the promotion of their particular interests. Now we (on this side the Atlantic) have need to be cautioned against the probable mistake of supposing that, because the several States that were actually existing at the time of the framing of the federal constitution *had actually long existed*, and had, through a course of many years, been recognized and known throughout the world as *States*, therefore that these political organizations were indeed *the parties* acting in the creation of the Union. It was not so. The people of these communities had put off from themselves their State polity, and had released themselves—at least for the moment—from all lesser obligations, to the end that they might stand at ease, and be free to take up *individually* an obligation of a more extensive sort, and which should, in theory at least, be of higher obligation than any other. This done, then the citizens returned singly to their homes—to their States—and took up anew the obligations which, for an hour, they had ceased to recognize.

This, therefore, is the *order* of political loyalty in the States: obedience is due by every citizen, *first* to the nation and to its head; *after that*, to some State government, and to the organs of the same. It is on this ground, nor can it be on any other, that the right of *State secession* is denied, or that the people now in arms against the President can be denounced as *rebels*.

We have then to inquire what are the consequences of this doctrine, and what must be its issue in the remote future. In *theory*, these two obligations—the larger and the smaller—will be spoken of as

comprehensive, the larger embracing the smaller, and the two as necessarily coincident always. Three years ago ardent Americans, men of great intelligence, might have been found who would have rejected with warmth the supposition that the two obligations could in any case come into collision, or might give rise to open resistance. But at this time the sinister hypothesis has been realized, and it is burdened with the most calamitous attendants. The actual civil war supersedes volumes of argument which might have been entered upon in proof or in disproof of the supposition. The only question therefore which actual facts leave to be considered, is this—namely, whether what has now come about is not a *necessity*, implied in the American Constitution, and which, if human sagacity might have reached so far forward, would have presented itself as a sure issue of the course adopted by the great men who were its authors. Great men they were; but they fell back upon the abstract when they should have adhered to the concrete. It was after the same fashion, and in imitation of the same lofty style, that the theorists of France disdained to stop any where short of those ultimate principles which find man a savage, roaming a wilderness. Not so our own great men of the Commonwealth; not so those of the Revolution of 1688; not so those who have presided over later reforms. These, *statesmen*, not *philosophers*, have held fast by the concrete of our *historic political existence*; and they have shunned and feared the vague utterances of philosophy as pernicious dreams—prognostic only of seasons of national delirium.

There will be a wish on the side of America to draw inferences in favor of the federal constitution from instances which, if properly regarded, would suggest a contrary conclusion, if indeed history is at all to be listened to, and if baseless speculation is to be held in small esteem. Federation, such as it was realized in the Swiss Cantons, or in the United Provinces (we do not go back to classical antiquity, where all social conditions were utterly unlike those of modern times)—these *modern* federations were combinations of cities and districts all near at hand one to another; they were shut in upon their narrow spaces by border States, friendly or hostile; and they were girthed about, or we should say,

solidified, by exterior pressure: in a word, they existed under conditions that, at every point, find a contrariety in the actual circumstances of the United States. It would be a waste of time just now to set forth in detail these points of contrast; and the more so, because, while one of these federations has held itself entire to the present moment, through almost six centuries, and the other did maintain itself against fearful odds through more than two hundred years, the American federation, framed within the recollection of living men, has already broken up in ruins. And this fate has befallen it, not in consequence of any pressure of external foes, nor in consequence of widespread natural calamities; but while a people, enjoying unexampled advantages—a people blessed in basket and in store—a people intelligent, energetic, persevering, shrewd—occupying illimitable fertile regions—has wrought its own pleasure in its own way, none daring to make it afraid. How then is it so? An answer to this question should not be given in envy or malice, or (as may be imagined) in aristocratic arrogance, as if we were glad to find republican institutions at fault. It shall not be thus, or in any such mood, that we here attempt a solution of the problem.

It will, however, be affirmed, *first*, that this unfortunate civil war is exceptional and accidental; and that, apart from the unlucky incident of slavery, which the States inherited from the British rule, no such mischance would have ruffled the flood-tide of national felicity. *Secondly*, it will be affirmed that three months hence, or six months, or at most twelve, the Union in all its glory will be restored, stronger than ever, and bigger than ever! It may be so. The very next mails that reach the Mersey may telegraph the glad news of peace established from Florida Reef to Cape Flattery.* The Confederates may have come in to take their wonted places on the floor of Congress; and instead of attempting to rule the North, as heretofore, they may be content to go partners, share and share alike with the North, in some new scheme of conquest or annexation. We might perhaps grant this as probable, and yet not the less confidently would European states-

men and the readers of history look forward to the next upturn of fortune or misfortune, which shall take effect in bringing about the inevitable disintegration of the empire which is fondly pictured in the future by American ambition.

The continuance of the United States federal government depends upon the exact coincidence, in all time future, of two forces which, although they *may* for an indefinite time run together on the same diagonal, must always be of very unequal intensity; or which, mathematically speaking, are unlike as to momentum and velocity. The American citizen individually is required—*first*, to be loyal to the central government; and then to be loyal to the government of the State within which his lot is cast. He owes devotion—*first*, to a power which, like the blue sky overhead of him, is also overhead of regions many and far out of sight. But men live, not merely under the expanse of heaven; they live in houses—they live in towns—they live in districts—they live in certain latitudes and longitudes—they live on sea-boards, or in the remote interiors of a continent. The wealth which their industry must acquire lies on the surface, or it is deep under ground, or it is far to fetch across oceans. What every man is most nearly concerned about every day, are the things of earth, not the things of the overhead universal blue. How, then, stand these two political obligations as to their relative force? The present civil war gives us our answer; but we will not take it so near at hand; we will forget the now present instance, and seek a reply in the very structure of the federal constitution. The fathers of their country—the wary men who made it what it is—not only repudiated monarchy, and put far from them its accompaniments of birth, rank, and privilege, but they would sever their republic from every tie of history and of sentiment. It was their pleasure to cut the cables of the political structure; and they exulted in seeing the New World drifting far away upon the pure abstract—the shoreless ocean of primeval social existence. We are not here finding fault, but are only looking to causes and to consequences. The authors of the Republic would admit no *personations* in the new social world: there must be no fictions of that sort which attach men to ancestries, and to dynasties, and to families, and to names. These vanities belonged

* The farthest point of the United States, on the shores of the Pacific.

to the obsolete ages of the legendary life of nations; but as to us—the citizens of the New World—we live among realities. Ours is an “age of reason” not of myths—an age of logical rights, not of feudal wrongs. In accordance with this lofty bearing, the transitory person whom we put at the center of government shall be made to disappear almost as soon as he has become visible. Whether it be a Mr. Smith, or a Mr. Brown, or a Mr. Hodgson whom we entrust with power, it shall not be for a longer term than four years. Effectively shall feeling and sentiment be severed from political life in the New World. The American citizen knows no man whom he may think of as impersonating that ideal loyalty which he owes to the central government. This loyalty shall rule his life as a splendid dogma—incorporeal and transcendental. Nevertheless, while we thus bring the citizen’s obligation to the central government under conditions the most evanescent, we leave him, as to his daily concerns, and as to his most urgent interests, in near contact with whatever is local and partial. It is true that, at moments of extraordinary excitement, or at the impulse of large ambitious enterprises, or under the phrenzy of national resentments, the ideal force may be made to prevail over the more limited force, and thus the men of all States may become fused together as a nation. Yet this fusion for a time will not fail in the end to provoke anew the contrarities which it had seemed to obliterate. So at this very moment, if a tempting proposal of foreign war, and conquest, and annexation were brought forward for the purpose of restoring the Union, the results of this *national action* in any such manner would infallibly disturb anew, and more deeply than now, the balance of power among the States, and thus must bring about another and a still more fatal disruption. Attention to the facts therein involved will, we think, show this consequence to be inevitable.

These facts do indeed imply the future greatness of American destinies. Who shall dare to predict the future of this vast North American continent? Speculation can hardly acknowledge a limit on this ample field; nor should we hesitate, if challenged, to admit as reasonable the most magnificent of those conjectures of power, wealth, and splendor which ardent American minds may now be entertaining.

The worn-out nations of the Old World! What shall have become of them!—none can say. When shall the flickering lamps of England, France, Germany, Italy, have gone out? But as to the nations that are now cradled in the New World, *they* shall be great: provided only, that no sweeping natural catastrophes take a course from ocean to ocean. This future greatness must, however, obey those laws, in the working of which are combined the inflexible principles of *material causation*, along with those ascertained principles which prevail in the moral world. Difficult it may be, or, we should say, quite impossible, to forecast with any certainty what will result from the interaction of these laws in any particular instance—heterogeneous as they are; yet this may be affirmed with confidence, that while, in some regions of a peopled and peopling continent, the increase, both material and human, shall be in the ratio of an arithmetical progression, which will barely be appreciable from year to year, or even in decades, the increase in other regions of the same continent shall be in the ratio of a geometrical progression. This is inevitable; and as to the *wealth* of nations, it is true that—to them that have shall the more be given, and they shall abound. Especially will this difference in the *rate of increase* have place in countries toward which emigration from dense populations is rapidly taking place. That unconquerable energy, that expansive and intelligent industry which, in the territories, or in several of them, has already chalked out cities and built schools, colleges, and churches upon wastes, gives evidence to this effect, that *increase shall beget increase*; and that wealth once begun, shall quintuple itself with marvelous rapidity. Are we writing now in envy of a prosperity which we can not imitate? Surely not; the very contrary is true. As matter of taste, we may not perhaps greatly relish the style in which American progress is heralded, nor think its prophecies to be models of chaste composition; but this—our English fastidiousness shall not make us blind to facts. America is destined to be great; but it shall become great in degrees immeasurably disproportionate in its several regions, or its several States.

The authors of the American constitution—Franklin, Washington, Harrison, and others—did indeed foresee the future

of their people; but the vision to which it was a haze undefined. Nor could it have been possible for them (nor, if possible, wise, to attempt a task so speculative) to devise a central government, or to create a representative scheme, which must have encumbered political action through six preliminary years of apprenticeship. The Constitution of 1777 established, therefore, a relation between the Senate and the House of Representatives which might well have been *then* approved; and the same equipose might stand good so long as no very great or peculiar disturbance of interests came in to put it in peril. But it came to be in peril; in fact, it had come to be virtually overthrown at the time (a time not easily defined) when the disinterested course pursued by the Slave States—the Virginia lords, had set the two Houses at cross purposes one toward the other, in carrying Southern measures sometimes by dint of superior statesmanship on the Southern side, sometimes by yielding to compromises of which the consenting free States were quickly ashamed. The civil war has now shown out, what had long been real—namely, the difference of interests so great as to render any continuance of national government impossible. Mr. Buchanan had *personated* this impossibility, and the gun pointed at Fort Sumter spoke it aloud.

The Senate speaks in behalf of the States severally, whether they be thirteen or thirty, or more; the House of Representatives speaks for the populations of the States. But contiguous States may be cemented by a common interest, as just now the Southern States are cemented as a "Slave power;" and in virtue of the law which gives the slaveholder the benefit of his slaves in computing the votes, the scanty population of the agricultural South gets a balance as related to the dense populations of the mercantile and the manufacturing North. So it may be, or may have been, till of late; and if this antagonism of interests had not been provoked into actual war by the last presidential election an *apparent* equilibrium might have been maintained for a few years further on and thus far the American Constitution would have held itself entire. But by this war this constitution is irretrievably riven. Patch it, darn it, bind it up, this will be of no avail; for bones are broken, and neither wine nor oil, nor both together

States will be meekly content to send their six or eight senators two thousand miles to the Congress at Washington, or elsewhere; and with them a caravan of representatives, in behalf of the thirty, fifty, or hundred millions of the people? This will not be. It would be most absurd to imagine a realization of the now hypothetic American nationality, stretched out to proportions so grotesque. The Pacific seaboard nations will believe themselves to be big enough, and strong enough, and wise enough, to manage their own affairs, in their own manner, and at some center where their common welfare may be properly understood. What is here conjectured, in relation to the great Mississippi cluster of nations, and to the perhaps greater, richer, and more enterprising nations that will swarm upon the shores of the Pacific, might be safely predicted also concerning the peoples that will border upon the Rocky Mountains, through almost twenty degrees of latitude. Throughout these less inviting regions—Nebraska, Kansas, Texas—the development of their natural wealth and the increase of their population will probably obey a much slower ratio, concerning which no speculation should be risked.

It was no fault of the able men who framed the American Constitution, that they did not distinctly forecast the future fortunes of the American continent, or foresee what would not then have been believed concerning the wealth of remote wildernesses. Yet one is apt to think that the sagacity of such men might have led them to reckon more surely than they did upon what is always known concerning human nature. Elaborate in the highest degree is that constitutional mechanism, upon the intricate contrivances of which they expended their ingenuity. The structure is admirable (although very questionable on several points)—admirable if we regard it as a provision against *the one class of dangers* on which their eyes were fixed. These statesmen were great theorists in government; and they scorned to take lessons from the Old World, or its obsolete histories. Their acquaintedness, individually, with *history*, classical or modern, was not perhaps either extensive or exact. But they believed themselves to be framing a constitution in adaptation to a millennium of pure reason. If so, then what useful lessons could be derived from the legendary stuff that glit-

ters with the tinsel glories of kings, great captains, dukes, knights, priests, and such like unrealities? Right, and reason, and universal principles, were then about to supplant the fooleries of an antiquated world. The events of eighty years have not justified those beliefs which ruled the minds of Benjamin Franklin and his illustrious companions. Human nature, as well in its good as in its evil renderings, keeps the type standing, from which new editions are worked off, from age to age, admitting only a few verbal corrections. This human nature, for the right ordering and for the best improvement of which forms of government are devised, is more lofty, and it is more base, it is more deep, and it is wider; it is more various in its tendencies, and it is larger in its desires; it is more swelling in its aspirations, and it is more profound in its machinations; it is more keen in its animosities, and it is also more given to sympathy; it has more to be thought of, and more to be provided for, than the code-making theorists of any age appear to have considered or imagined. Therefore it is that a constitution which, like our own, is now a thousand years old, ought to be prized as an inheritance of inestimable worth, by a people nursed within its arms. Such a constitution, in a true sense, has not been made by hands; it has grown, it has modeled itself out of, and in harmony with, the human nature which it provides for, and which it represents.

But how shall it fare with the same human nature, which is to find its birthplace, and its field, upon the vast regions of the American continent? Over these regions the Constitution framed in 1777 is now endeavoring to stretch its palsied arms, as if fain to embrace them all—one might think of the grandam who strives to keep a dozen grown men, her descendants, around her knees. This sturdy human nature is not a new creation; it is an old human nature, moulded after the historic pattern, and it shall open itself out upon the lap of the American continent, in a style of proportionate wild robustness. As surely as these now unwrought regions shall, at the call of industrious men, put forth their hid treasures of coal, iron, copper, lead, gold, and shall yield their harvest of cereals—tubers—fruits—their cotton also, and sugar, and tobacco, so certainly shall the things and the persons, the contests and the agreements,

the ambitions and the oppressions, the wrongs and the revolts of Old World history be enacted anew in and among the mighty millions of the New World—the world that is now next a-coming. Can reasonable men—can men who are well instructed—doubt that so it shall be? We are not affecting to be seers on this ground. We do nothing more than soberly read the future in the past. The future shall repeat the past; and yet this will be done under conditions which must give the copy its air of originality. The Grecian civilization, when it was at a high pitch, planted itself out on all shores of the Mediterranean, right hand and left hand. The Roman civilization, then also at a high pitch, carried itself out in Spain, Gaul, and Britain; but this was always done within restricted limits; and it advanced with a measured step. But, on the North American continent, European audacity, barely tamed by European refinement, is bursting abroad with a rudeness and a force more resembling the style of the buffalo and bison herds which it drives before it, than the amenities of the world it has left in the rear. The squatter of Nebraska must not be brought into comparison with the luxurious and artistic Roman settler, the pavement of whose villa is from time to time unearthed in Yorkshire or the Midland counties of England; and as are the men, respectively, that represent the ancient and the modern civilization, such shall be their political doings.

The son and the grandson of the squatter of Texas, of Kansas, of Nebraska, will be one who will speak his mind and make known his wishes in the most intelligible terms. He will insist upon his right to be listened to; and the merchant citizens—the pallid manufacturers, the mechanics of the Atlantic States—will find it easier to treat with him as the man of an independent nation, than to control him, or to resist his imperious demands on the floor of Congress. He will never submit to be crushed and conquered in the manner which is now under experiment on the banks of the Potomac. If this were intended, then on what waters shall the gun-boats make their way that should attend the armies in so difficult an enterprise? At this time the North keeps the South in check upon all waters; but it shall find no place for this arm in dealing with the giant power of the central States.

How shall the future President prepare himself for a passage of arms with the surly master of those distant regions? “Surely the mountains bring forth food for this behemoth, where all the beasts of the field do play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow: the willows of the brook compass him about.” And if this behemoth defy the future President, so will the megatherium of the western seaboard. Will that President be able to “draw out leviathan with a hook” or “bind his tongue with a cord?” “Who shall dare to put a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications to thee—at the door of Congress? Will he speak soft words unto thee? Will he make a covenant with thee? Wilt thou take him as a servant for ever? Wilt thou play with him as a bird; or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens? Shall the companions make a banquet of him? Shall they part him among the merchants? Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons or his head with fish spears? Lay thy hand upon him. Remember the battle and do no more.”

Disintegration, gracefully accepted, timely submitted to, and wisely turned to account, is the call of Providence audibly addressed to the people of the United States at this moment. We say it is the call of Providence; and this phrase brings with it a train of thought which we do not propose to pursue; or thus far only to follow it. On all grounds of secular calculation, the gorgeous phantom of an empire, stretched from ocean to ocean, which now rules the American mind as a frenzy, is, as we think, demonstrably an absurdity; no such mad scheme shall ever be realized. But turn now to another side of the subject. If at all the ways of God toward the human family, so far as these are known to history, may be understood and interpreted—and if there be a visible over-ruling of human affairs—this intervention of heaven, this “coming down of the Lord to see the city and the tower,” has been repeated from age to age—in Asia, in Europe—in the most remote times, in times quite recent; and always it has occurred at moments when some vast conception of boundless empire and irresistible despotism has been proclaimed, and boasted of, and has seemed

near to be realized. At such critical moments a voice from on high has been heard: "It shall not be." The instances need not here be named; but among all these instances not one can be mentioned that carries upon its front, as this latest instance does, the character of a national delirium. It is not now an Alexander or a Cæsar, it is not a Tamerlane or a Napoleon, whose individual ambition or ruthlessness might make the nations tremble. It is the ruthless millions of the people, surged onward *from beneath* its own mass—not led as from above—not swayed or informed by those who should temper and instruct the rude multitude. Much to be thought of is the fact, that whereas those who framed the Constitution of the federal States made provision in the most elaborate manner to preclude the ambition of some ambitious individual—president—they made no provision whatever against the far more dangerous passions of the million—the million insatu-

ated, as now. This danger—unprovided for—is full fraught with calamities for years to come—wars, pestilences, famines, and those atrocities which these evils always provoke. To cut short these threatening woes, statesmanship, if it were there, might avail; but meantime it is the part and duty of those thoughtful Christian men who are to be found in every State, to read the will of God in the course of events. If only the pernicious dream of universal empire were discarded, then nothing would stand in the way of a disruption which should hedge about the accursed slavery, until it dies of its own poisons. The Christian men of the States might well be challenged to stand forward—fearless of the imputation of treason—and denounce as an impiety a war waged *now*, not on behalf of humanity, or of public order, but for satisfying passions which the Gospel utterly condemns, and which it condemns in nations not less than in ambitious rulers.

From Chambers's Journal.

A KING FOR SIX WEEKS.

THE brief and cursory notice that writers on Iceland have given to King Jorgen Jorgensen has led me to think that a more detailed account of his extraordinary and unparalleled usurpation might be interesting. The proclamations and other documents I have translated from official sources nearly *verbatim*.

In the beginning of the present century the Icelanders had lost every trace of the old warlike spirit for which their ancestors had been celebrated. Under the encroachments of the King of Denmark, every spark of independence seems to have become extinguished among them, and without power or energy to resist, they sank into a state of apathy and servile submission. Forbidden to trade with foreign nations, they were compelled to draw all their supplies from the mother-country. In the year 1809, consequently, when England and Denmark were at war, the poor Icelanders were very badly off, and in

want of even the necessaries of life, as the vigilance of the English cruisers prevented any supplies being sent over the North Sea. The approach, therefore, of a merchantman under American colors was hailed with delight; but unfortunately the law was plain, and an application to trade with the inhabitants was refused, upon which the vessel changed her nationality, and hoisted the union jack. Among those on board was Jorgen Jorgensen, the future King of Iceland. By extraction, he was the son of a watchmaker in Copenhagen, and had traveled in the ship in question in the capacity of interpreter. By dint of threats, Jackson—such was the captain's name—extorted permission to trade from the authorities. The cargo was unloaded, and left under the charge of a subordinate, while the vessel sailed away, bearing with it Jorgen Jorgensen.

On June 21st following, however, an armed merchantship, of ten to twelve guns,

arrived at Reikiavik. The ship's name was the Margaret and Ann, from London, having on board a man named Phelps, Jorgen Jorgensen, and others.

On Sunday, June 25th, after the conclusion of divine service, the governor's (Count Trampe) house was suddenly surrounded by about a dozen armed sailors, and the governor himself, notwithstanding his protestations, taken prisoner.

Jorgensen seems now to have played the most prominent part among his confederates, for we find him informing the towns-people that he should hold Iceland in possession for England, "until such time as an English fleet should relieve him, when a bank would be established, with a capital of a hundred thousand rix dollars, that would speedily set the island in a flourishing condition." The following day two proclamations were issued, signed "Jorgen Jorgensen," who, like other monarchs, styled himself "We." The following is a brief summary of their contents:

"That allegiance to Denmark was at an end, and that Iceland was from henceforth free; that the Danes residing in the island should not be permitted to leave their houses, or hold intercourse with each other; that all weapons should be surrendered; that all keys to all public offices should be delivered up; that all moneys or bank-notes belonging to the Danish king should also be given up; that the inhabitants of Reikiavik should have two-and-a-half hours, and those of Havnefiord twelve hours, given them to carry out these orders; that from every district a trustworthy person should be chosen by the magistrates as a representative, and that these should draw up a constitution; that all debts due to Denmark, or to Danish factors, should be null and void; that all Icelanders should be exempt from paying half their taxes till July 1st, 1810; that until the representatives should assemble, all public officials should refer to Jorgensen; that criminals should be judged by a jury of twelve; that Iceland should have a national flag, and be at peace with all the world; that relations with Great Britain should be set on a firm footing, and Iceland be placed under her protection; and that the defenses of the island should be properly organized."

These orders were obeyed without opposition. Jorgensen took possession of the governor's house, broke open his office,

seized the archives and other public documents, and established a "government office for Iceland."

To commemorate his reign, Jorgensen set at liberty the prisoners that were in the town jail. He made the merchants sell their goods at fixed prices, confiscating every thing he could lay hands on "*to the state chest.*" On June 26th he issued a proclamation giving notice that the goods of some merchants who had displeased him were to be confiscated. The proclamation ran as follows: "We, R. J. Jorgensen, protector and chief commander of Iceland by land and sea, hereby make known," etc.

The word "R." seems to insinuate that Jorgensen was about to assume all the titles and privileges of a crowned head, for he at this time appointed a body-guard, consisting of the prisoners he had released from jail, in all eight men. Under his orders, Einardsen, judge of the supreme court, was arrested, and imprisoned in Reikiavik for ten days, because he had omitted to follow out some of Jorgensen's orders.

The following day another proclamation was issued, containing seventeen paragraphs of a very original character:

"According to our proclamation of June 26th, 1809, ordering the representatives of the nation to assemble, in order to take into their consideration matters relating to the public weal, and as we find that such orders have not been followed out, we, no longer able to set ourselves against the wishes of the community—after their frequent solicitations that I would take on myself the administration of affairs, and who have flocked in hundreds without the least compulsion, and have offered to enlist themselves in their country's service—do hereby declare that we, Jorgen Jorgensen, have taken on ourselves the government of the country as its protector, until a regular constitution be formed, with full powers to declare war and make peace with foreign potentates.

"The Icelandic flag shall be blue, with three white stock-fish, and we take upon ourselves to maintain its honor with our body and our blood.

"The governor's seal is no longer valid. All public documents must be sealed with my seal (J. J.)

"The country shall be put in a complete state of defense without the imposition of further taxes. All English sub-

jects shall have liberty to reside on, and trade with, the island, and all persons insulting the above shall be punished. All Danish property shall be confiscated, and any one found concealing such shall be punished.

"For our own dignity's sake we are compelled not to permit the least want of respect toward ourselves, nor that any one should transgress the least article in our proclamation, which only has in view the interests of the country; wherefore we do solemnly declare that the first who endeavors to disturb the general peace, shall be straightway capitally punished, without trial by the civil law.

"Given under our hand and seal,

"J. J.,

"Protector of all Iceland, and Commander-in-chief by Sea and Land."

Thus were the Icelanders forced to submit to a state of things representing all the miseries of the most unlimited despotism.

In the meantime, Jorgensen and his myrmidons went about confiscating property to the *state chest*, and placing the town in a state of defense. Accordingly, a battery was built close to the town, named Phelps' Fort, after one of Jorgensen's companions, and manned with some old cannon which had been sent to the island one hundred and fifty years before.

Jorgensen continued his depredations, at one time making an excursion into the interior with his body-guard, in order to overawe the refractory officials, and seizing all documents and public moneys in their possession; at another, imprisoning different merchants who incurred his displeasure. Even trading vessels, provided with English letters of marque, were not safe from his clutches, but were seized by the crew of the Margaret and Ann, and their cargoes confiscated for the use of the insatiable "public chest." There is little doubt (for England was at war, and Denmark was in a crippled state, and without a fleet) that Jorgensen would have lived and died King of Iceland, and the unfortunate governor have ended his days in prison, but that one fine morning an English man-of-war, the Talbot, arrived at Reikiavik, to the great joy of the poor Icelanders, and intense dismay of the usurper. They felt convinced that Englishmen would never countenance such enormities, and so they repaired forthwith on board, and laid the case in the hands of the com-

mander, who at once set the governor at liberty, pulled down the Icelandic flag, demolished the battery, and restored to every one his lawful office and rights. It is needless to add that Jorgen Jorgensen was taken prisoner.

Count Trampe did not again take the office of governor. He felt it incumbent on him to lay the case before the British government, and seek compensation for the depredations that had been committed on public and private property. After meeting with some reverses on the voyage to England, the vessel conveying the governor and Jorgensen and others at length arrived safely; but it does not appear that Jorgensen received any punishment for his piratical invasion of Iceland, or that Count Trampe succeeded in obtaining the slightest compensation. The hero of our tale passed a miserable life in London, and at length we find him, in 1824 or 1825, convicted for robbery, and sentenced to transportation in Botany Bay. Count Trampe was subsequently appointed amtmann in Trondhjem, where he ended his days in 1832, retaining to the last a lively and painful recollection of his governorship in Iceland.

Thus ended the Jorgensian usurpation, having lasted one and a half months, from June 25th to August 9th. It may perhaps appear almost incredible that a whole island should be taken possession of by such a handful of men—that the governor should be seized in broad daylight, and imprisoned, without the inhabitants of the capital offering any resistance. It is, however, true, and does not, perhaps, speak very highly for the courage of the Icelanders. But the fact was, they were completely awe-struck; and the threat of the town being bombarded by the Margaret and Ann seems to have made them think that it was more prudent to submit, and bide their time. There is little doubt, indeed, that the town could very speedily have been demolished, for it was built entirely of wood, with the exception of the church and the house of correction. Count Trampe seems also to have feared this, and to have dreaded the effusion of any blood for his sake, and therefore used all the means in his power to persuade the towns-people to submit quietly, and even while in prison, wrote to Bishop Vidalin, praying him "to beg the people to make no disturbance, neither to risk their lives for him." Moreover, it could scarcely be

expected that people who had not been accustomed to the use of weapons for ages could make any resistance against the armed and comparatively disciplined crew of the invader; and one should have

AN EARTHQUAKE

THE shock of an earthquake, more or less severe, was felt in all parts of England at about twenty-two minutes past three o'clock on the morning of the 6th October. At some places the shock is represented as having been quite severe, and accompanied by a loud rumbling report, while at others it was slight and without noise. No damage was sustained any where.

Dr. Hind, the astronomer, has written the following account to the *Times*: "About twenty-two minutes after three o'clock this (Tuesday) morning, Greenwich time, the tremor of an earthquake was perceptible here. It appears to me that the oscillatory motion was from E. N. E. to W. S. W., and lasted three seconds or rather less. I heard no sound whatever after the shock, but can not say positively whether any preceded it. The sky was partially clear at the time, and the air perfectly still. The sensation produced by the tremor was very peculiar and different from that of ordinary vibrations."

Accounts of the shock have been received from Liverpool, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Derby, Gloucester, Stourbridge, Hereford, Taunton, Bristol, and Swansea. The vibration was felt in the suburbs of London. The captain of a vessel reports that about twenty miles from Milford Haven he felt a concussion. Two distinct shocks were felt in many places.

The shock appears to have been felt the most in the Midland and West Midland counties. It extended to Bristol, to Taunton, to Exeter, to Swansea, and to many miles out at sea. In some places a deep rumbling noise was heard. At Nottingham the noise resembled the sound of a heavy carriage approaching. The phenomena at Hereford is minutely described by the clergyman of Stratton. He says:

some instances doors were closed which could not have been driven to by a force proceeding from a contrary direction. There was no perceptible variation in the temperature during the night; not a breath of wind seemed to stir, and at the time of the shock the sky was cloudless. During the previous evening, heavy rain had fallen. As an instance of the generality of the shock in this neighborhood, we may state that it was felt in Hulme, Stretford, Rusholme, Alderley, Bowdon, Prestwich, Wigan, Bolton, Preston, Ashton, and other places.

"The last phenomenon of the kind in this neighborhood occurred on the 9th of November, 1852. Such convulsions of the crust of the earth are not so infrequent as is generally supposed. There were similar occurrences in this country in 1750, 1753, 1777, 1835, 1839; in 1843 on the 10th and 17th of March; and in 1852. In all these instances the first shock was upheaving, followed by horizontal, undulatory, or vibratory movements, the whole being accompanied with a deep hollow rumbling like thunder within the earth."

A Liverpool paper of the 7th October says: "Yesterday a severe shock of earthquake was felt in Liverpool and the neighborhood of Crosby, Waterloo, Bootle, and Cheshire. Although there was no rumbling noise, such as generally accompanies

earthquakes, the upheaving of the earth and oscillation of the houses were such as to cause much astonishment and dismay to the residents at Egremont, Liscard, and Birkenhead. The beds in the houses were for a second or two a degree or two from being horizontal. Several of the night porters were so alarmed at the 'uprising,' that they forsook their posts and sought refuge in the streets from, as they thought, some catastrophe. A surgeon who was visiting a sick lady near Birkenhead distinctly felt the house shake, and so convinced was he that it was coming down, that he immediately left his patient and made for the street. At Bootle, Seaforth, Waterloo, and Crosby the shock was very severe. In nearly all the houses more or less damage was done to glass, ornaments, etc. In Liverpool the public houses in the neighborhood of the Exchange, Sackville-street, and Everton also suffered a good deal from the smashing of glass. As far as we can learn, no personal injury was sustained."

Mr. Charles Dickens describes the sensation he experienced: He says that he was awakened by a violent awaying of his bedstead from side to side, accompanied by a singular heaving motion. It was exactly as if some great beast had been crouching asleep under the bed, and was shaking himself and trying to rise.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE EARLIER HEROES OF THE GENEVAN REPUBLIC.*

THE world's judgments of its greatest men are commonly characterized by a broad, if not generous, justice. Controversialists wrangle over their faults, flatterers magnify their virtues, the biographer exalts, the critic depreciates, but after the lapse of years, when the object of strife

has receded into the cold regions of an impartial antiquity, although former prejudices may not have quite expired, or former ignorance been corrected, a balance is usually struck, and something like a fair estimate of the man is formed and perpetuated. This may seem an optimist's view, but a long array of examples could be given in its support. Exceptions there are, no doubt: even these, however, rather mark a tardiness than an absence of justice. To accept any other philosophy would be to harbor an idea fatal to all noble aspirations and excellent exploits,

* *History of the Reformation in Europe in the time of Calvin.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D.D. Vols. I. and II. Geneva and France. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, and Green. 1868.

The Life, Labors, and Writings of Calvin. By FELIX BUNGENNER. Edinburgh: Messrs. Clark.

for the desire of an enduring name is one of the strongest impulses with minds of the highest order. To such men it is at once a true and comforting belief that time will see them righted, should envy during their lifetime, or the malignity of party after their decease, obscure for a shorter or longer season the luster of honorable deeds.

Numerous writings—more than any single student could master, had he the all-conquering industry of a Macaulay—and hot disputations carried down to recent days, have represented John Calvin as angel, or as fanatic, in colors bright as tints of spring, or dark as midnight. Wretch, apostle, miscreant, pharisee—a man unvaryingly stern and cruel, or gentle, as a rule, even in his magisterial capacity: these are the contradictory portraits of the austere scholar and visionary statesman, whose features, as preserved in Beza's contemporaneous engraving, certainly speak benevolence as much as firmness, with a geniality of disposition which long years of care have not obliterated. The marble brow, round, high, and ample; the soft, steady, straightforward eye; the long, large, well-formed nose, the parted lips, and curiously sunken cheeks, at least proclaim a soul of no ordinary scope and intensity. The enemies of the humble Picardin are arrested by a countenance ill according with their somber characterizations—a face which almost cheats the hostile historian into an apotheosis. Even to Calvin, whose memory has been thus maligned, and quite as rashly deified, justice at last has brought defense and a fairly moderated appreciation. Like another great, and most certainly not faultless hero of an only less worthy cause, our own Oliver Cromwell, Calvin would have accomplished less had he wanted the qualities that tempted him into the errors which reproach his memory.

But it is not at all meant to enter here upon the well-trodden ground of the Reformer's life and deeds, to investigate his sins of intolerance, which had so little extenuation in one accustomed to persecution and peril in his own person, or to treat those portions of that noble book—*The Institutes of the Christian Religion*, which touch the political theories of the Genevan magistracy. Our task is confined to those illustrious precursors of his, in the secular arena, who fought the battle of human freedom in the republic of Ge-

neva, both against the spiritual and civil tyrant, while Calvin had not yet received the tonsure, and the evangelicals of France had not found shelter or encouragement in the utterance of their convictions from Marguerite of Valois. In regarding the heroic aspect of the Genevan story, we are apt to start with some such point in the earlier efforts of the scholar of Noyon as the prophecy of the aged Le Fevre concerning him and Farel, that "God would renew the face of the earth in their days;" but to grasp the principles and appreciate the influences which created the opportunity for these prepared men, the student must go back to the days of the first Martyrs of Freedom, who resisted to the death the cruelties of the bishop-prince, the Duke of Savoy, and the Pontiff—to the grim controversy between the Mamelukes and Huguenots, in which were sacrificed the most valorous and virtuous of "the children of Geneva"—to the conspiracies, treacheries, and atrocious murders which covered this narrow field with frequent horrors, and broke up old systems and relations to the foundation, making room for the new doctrines and strange but necessary transitional polity which were to follow. The canvas exhibiting the first rude, desperate, noble conflicts of the Genevan patriots is full of majestic movement. The action is brilliant; the forms are those of giants, though the stage be small; a terrible earnestness marks the combat. Blanchet, Navis, Bonivard, Berthelier—these young men were heroes indeed; and even the staid Levrier, the inflexible judge, the decorous and faithful citizen, forced finally in face of personal peril to declare for the rights that he had protected by his impartial decisions, chooses death, and by the unflinching testimony of a matchlessly simple martyrdom consecrates the cause in which younger and more fiery spirits had been struggling and dying. Bloody episodes are these, but they surround the name of "Huguenot" with fresh glory. Dr. D'Aubigne, the principal feature of whose volumes is this stirring narrative of more than Spartan daring and singleness of purpose, thus expounds the character and value of his most picturesque and exciting chapters:

"Moral victories secure success more than material victories. Over the corpses of Berthelier and Levrier we might give a Christian

turn to the celebrated saying, 'It is the defeated cause that is pleasing to God.' The triumph of brute force in the Castle of Boune and in front of Caesar's Tower, agitated, scandalized, and terrified men's minds. Tears were every where shed over these two murders. . . . But patience! These bloody stations will be found glorious stations, leading to the summit of light and liberty. A book has been written telling the history of the founders of religious liberty. I may be deceived, but it appears to me that the narrative of the struggles of the first Huguenots might be entitled, *History of the Founders of Modern Liberty*. My consolation when I find myself called upon to describe events hitherto unknown, relating to persons unnoticed until this hour, and taking place in a little city or obscure castle, is, that these facts have, in my opinion, a European, an universal interest, and belong to the fundamental principles of existing civilization. Berthelier, Levrier, and others, have hitherto been only Genevese heroes; they are worthy of being placed on a loftier pedestal, and of being hailed by society as heroes of the human race."

The author makes good this glowing statement. It is no excessive hero-worship that produces so hearty an utterance. His mind is not rendered indiscriminating by the incipient Protestantism of these *enfants de Genève*. Their piety was very fitful, and if it be not a paradox to say it, unspiritual. They mocked the priesthood, indeed, and Bonivard, who had a keen wit, did so most of all, though he was a canon; but these youthful patriots were by no means men of the stamp of Roussel, or Le Fevre, or Farel, or Calvin. Doctrines, in truth, gave them little trouble. The oppressions they saw around them drove them to become in their own rough way Reformers. As their independent spirit grew, the resolve of the triple alliance of bishop-prince, Pope, and king, to destroy the ancient franchises of their city, and abolish their liberties, became more stern, and so a contest acquired gravity with every new collision, which ultimately brought about a wide-extending and gigantic revolution. The struggle begun in a determination among the citizens not to permit the "Savoyardizing" of Geneva, eventually united the French, Swiss, and Genevan evangelists in a strong bond of sympathy, and gave solidity and strength to that arm of the Reformation which was to reach longest over Christendom, and farthest into succeeding generations.

The chronicle of these Huguenot re-

sistances could not be otherwise than interesting. Dr. D'Aubigne justifies his right to speak on all its points with authority, by intimating that he has had recourse to the original documents, and in particular to some important manuscripts—"the manuscript registers of the Council of Geneva, the manuscript histories of Syndic Roset and Syndic Gautier, the manuscript of the *Mamelus*, (Mamelukes,) and many letters and remarkable papers preserved in the archives of Geneva." "We have also studied," he adds, "in the library of Berne some manuscripts, of which historians have hitherto made little or no use. . . . Besides these original sources, we have profited by writings and documents of great interest, belonging to the sixteenth century, and recently published by learned Genevese archæologists, particularly by MM. Galiffe, Grenus, Revillod, E. Mallet, Chaponière, and Fick. We have also made great use of the memoirs of the Society of History and Archæology of Geneva." Not confining himself even to these papers, the historian, eager to crown his *magnum opus* by a worthy sequel, has consulted documents of the sixteenth century little known, affecting the relations of the French government with the German Protestants. Indeed, the frequency of his references to authorities, manuscript and other, in notes, lends a special confidence to the racy text. He has, besides, obtained several facts, not before published, with reference to the early life of Calvin, from certain Latin letters of the Reformer, which "Dr. Jules Bonnet intends giving to the world, if such a work should receive from the Christian public the encouragement which the labor, disinterestedness, and zeal of its learned editor deserve."

The origin of the bishop-princes of Geneva, and of their exceptional powers, is involved in the mists of antiquity. Any historical certainty respecting their position and movements begins with that Count of Genevois, who, in 1124, gave up the city and its rights to the then existing prelate, reserving part of the criminal jurisprudence only. The omnipotence of the Genevan bishops was constantly exhibited from thenceforth, occasionally to the benefit of the Genevans, but more frequently for their injury and oppression. If the counts encroached, the episcopal ruler joined himself to the emperors, turned his crozier into a sword, and forced

the intruder out into the country, where his vassals obeyed him without question. The bishop, on other occasions, conspired with the counts, and surrendered the popular privileges without compunction. In these confederacies and conflicts the citizens invariably suffered. Finally, between the pontiff and the prince-bishop, and the intrigues with the counts, fostered by both, those ancient franchises of the Genevans were sacrificed for which a descent had been claimed from a time so far back as to seem to justify the words of the Archæological Memoirs, still existing—*Tanto tempore, quod de contrario memoria hominis non extitit*. The first step toward the destruction of the Genevan liberties was the violent denial of the popular right to elect the bishop-prince. This right overthrown, the House of Savoy had opened the door for those encroachments which, in conjunction with the court of Rome, were immediately pushed forward, with the view of capturing and enslaving the sturdy little commonwealth. In the issue of two centuries of resulting strife between a vigorous people and remorseless and cruel enemies, spiritual as well as temporal, the world has still a lively concern, for the victory then begun is not yet fully, though it may be almost, completed. The first feudal throne of a bishop fell in Geneva. There the earliest blow was struck to an amphibious system, fatal equally to religion and liberty. There was the apothegm, lately revived with telling effect, first heard—"A free Church in a free State." It was a Genevan Huguenot who uttered words that have come down with classic force to our own times, and the revived proclamation of which has probably sounded the knell of the last of the race of bishop-princes.

There were bitter contests in Geneva before 1513. It was only then, however, that the revolutionary crisis arose which terminated in so wonderful an emancipation. Charles de Seyssel, bishop and prince of Geneva, was the last of his order who strove honestly to protect the city's liberties from the usurpations of the Duke of Savoy. On the day of his death, the citizens, knowing that the opportunity would be seized by their enemies, the Pope and Duke Charles, took prompt steps, an earnest of the still greater fearlessness they and their sons were after-

wards to manifest. They closed the gates, dragged cannon to the walls, and posted sentries at all open points. Groups gathered in the streets, and apprehensions of evil days pressed down every freeman. It was then, when uncertainty prevailed, and feeble counselors had appeared, that an individual started forth destined to play an honorable and tragic part in Genevan history. Philibert Berthelier was one who had convinced himself that *l'art de vaincre est celui de mépriser la mort*. He was at once grave and buoyant, full of passion, fond of pleasure, quick in action, and yet not without sagacity; as his greatest quality, the historian fixed upon his contempt for life. The Pope had heard the news of the vacancy almost as soon as the patriots, for the bishop-prince had been traveling when he expired, but he was not to be feared so much as the duke. The citizens were resolved to tolerate no Savoyard successor. "Choose us a bishop," said the populace—for at this period the Genevans had a rare taste for sarcasm—"who will not let the duke put his nose into his soup." Duke Charles was weak but irritable, and this opposition stung him to an unwonted activity. He looked round for one who, as bishop of Geneva, would be his creature, and soon pitched upon John, who bore the title of "Bastard of Savoy," "a little man, slender, ill-made, awkward, vile in body, but still more so in mind, without regard for his honor, inclined rather to do evil than good, and suffering under a disease the consequence of his debauchery." This wretch was son of a wench of Angers, (*communis generis*, says Bonivard,) and being in debt for every thing to the duke, just the person for the place. Leo the Tenth, eager to aggrandize his family by a Savoy connection, compliantly bestowed the bishopric upon the Bastard, and treated the Swiss envoys, who sought it for an independent prelate, with scant ceremony. John accordingly was installed in 1513, and the ferment immediately began which never afterwards subsided—which the bloodiest scenes failed to suppress. An independent party was instantly formed, and its leaders, Berthelier, Hugues, Levrier, and other names ever to be honored, sought rights of citizenship from Friburg, in order to express their determination to resist the Savoy prince's government. This privilege was

granted, and so was laid the foundation of that Swiss alliance which subsequently saved Geneva at a trying moment.

By a large party in the city the bishop was received with at least outward show of welcome, and he proceeded at first warily. The people loved pleasure, and he hoped to effeminate them by excessive indulgence. Junketing, dicing, dancing, and feasting prevailed. "He means to cowardize our young men by toothsome meats," exclaimed the patriots. Rich Savoyards even came to Geneva to carry out the luxurious policy of their count. But all this failed. The spirit of resistance had taken too deep root. To the number of persons hostile to the ducal interests every day added fresh accessions. What at first had only a political motive came soon to possess an interest of another kind. In endeavoring to enslave the Genevans by promoting debauchery, the bishop corrupted the monks of the city. The convents became the haunts of vice, and the common folk began to despise the friars for their midnight orgies, and to hang loose by the creed which tolerated such outrages upon decency. Thus the combat, political originally, ere long involved moral and spiritual issues. In the public registers of Geneva are still preserved formal complaints of the misconduct of the priests, preferred by the people to the council. These complaints, too, were backed by the keen wit of Francis Bonivard, himself a priest, and as prior of the sovereign principality of St. Victor, freer to take the course his inclinations approved. At an early stage he became a strong ally of the patriots, and the bosom friend of the hapless Berthelier. As a brilliant scholar, he gave the independent party a higher character, and made war more effectively in quip and epigram, at the expense of his clerical brethren, than did Berthelier by his daring zeal. Wherever the Savoyard courtiers appeared—and it was part of the duke's policy that they should mix freely among the citizens in taverns and social gatherings—they were saluted with some, pungent saying, manufactured in the priory of St. Victor. Nor was the popular resistance confined to manifestations of this kind. Levrier, the upright judge of the criminal court, maintained the rights of his position with indomitable heroism, and frustrated the bishop in matters of so

serious a nature that his life was finally to pay the forfeit of his honesty.

Thus stood things when Berthelier, Bonivard, and their friends determined to form a defensive league of young Genevans. Well did they see what was before them. "Give me your hand," said Berthelier, when Bonivard and he had laid the basis of the confederation; "for the liberty of Geneva you will lose your benefice, and I—I shall lose my head." And the prediction met with too exact a fulfilment. Still these unselfish individuals did not draw back. Among the first to join them were two sons of persons in official position, Blanchet and Navis. A society was next formed, with the motto, afterwards famous: "Who touches one, touches all." The citizens raised their right hands, and swore to this bond as Berthelier uttered the words. For somewhere about a year the patriotism of the Genevan youth exhibited itself in petty conflicts with the bishop-prince, but as the quarrel grew, the Bastard was forced to action. Then came the sanguinary transactions from which the historian lifts the curtain. Greater atrocities were never committed within the limits of so small a territory. The torturing of Pecolat, the beheading of Blanchet and Navis, the brutal murder of Philibert Berthelier, and the still more tragic fate of Levrier, may be set among the "bloodiest pictures in the book of time."

Scenes like these are so full of horror that it were better not to revive their memory could the story of the Genevan Revolution and Reformation be completed without them. But this can not be. Every sweep of the headsman's sword carried destruction to the system which was destined to pass away. The great walnut-tree outside the city, on which the bishopsuspended the limbs of Blanchet and Navis, preached a preparation for the future Farel and Calvin more effective than any doctor's theses.

The torturing of Pecolat, a member of the league, was followed by an attempt to seize Berthelier, but after a six days' search the officers of the Savoyard prelate found that he had escaped to Friburg. Disguised in the livery of an usher, he entered the Swiss city to solicit help. The Friburgers were struck with his earnestness. "I will give my head freely," he said, "if Geneva shall become a canton,

or at least an ally, of Switzerland." Several citizens of Friburg set off quietly to Geneva to scan the state of matters : themselves. They met Hugues and other patriots, and were convinced only of the sincerity but the power of these young men. Henceforward a German-Swiss political party was formed, and the city became divided between the Mamelukes or Savoy faction, and the Huguenots or friends of liberty and Swiss alliance. Dr. D'Aubigne's paragraph on the rise of the Huguenots, as to the origin of the title, arrests particular attention. The origin and derivation of the term Huguenot have been variously stated : his account would certainly seem to be the correct one—it is certainly the most natural.

"The Friburg deputies (he says) had hardly left the city, when the duke's party, accosting the independent Genevans, and Gallicizing each in his own way, the German word *Eidgenossen*, (confederates,) which they could not pronounce, called after them *Eidgenots*, *Eidnots*, *Eyggenots*, *Huguenots*! This word I met with in the chronicles of the time, written in different ways. Michel Roset, the most respectable of these authorities of the sixteenth century, writes *Huguenots*. We adopt this form, because it is the only one which has passed into our language. It is possible that the name of the citizen, Besançon Hugues, who became the principal leader of this party, may have contributed to the preference of this form over all the others. In any case, it must be remembered, that until after the Reformation this sobriquet had a *purely political meaning*, in no respect religious, and designated simply the friends of independence. Many years after, the enemies of the Protestants in France called them by this name, wishing to stigmatize them, and impute to them a foreign republican, and heretical origin. Such is the true etymology of the word. It would be very strange if these two denominations, which are really but one, had played so great a part in the sixteenth century, at Geneva and in French Protestantism, without having had any connection with one another. A little later, about Christmas, 1518, when the cause of the alliance was more advanced, its use became more general. The adherents of the duke had no sooner started the nickname than their opponents, repaying them in their own coin, called out: 'Hold your tongue: you Mamelukes! As the Mamelukes have denied Christ, to follow Mohammed, so you deny liberty and the public cause, to put yourselves under a tyranny.' At the head of these Mamelukes were some forty rich tradesmen, men good enough at heart, despite their nickname; but they were men of business

lightener." Plain talk at that early date from the Prior of St. Victor! It had been in contemplation to make Bonivard a bishop, but the fame of his racy irreverence having reached Rome, his prospects became immediately clouded. Nor indeed does he appear to have much cared. Had he been invested with the episcopal robes, he would have only been less free to play the patriot, and this was the character nearest to his heart.

The Bastard, soon after, seemed to have consummated his cruelties by causing three of the quarters of the two bodies of Blanchet and Navis to be suspended over the gates at Turin. The other quarter, reserved for his personal revenge, with the two heads, he pickled, placed in barrels, and conveyed to Geneva, as the executions had not taken place there, with the object of intimidating the people. As what followed was one of the crises of the long combat, the story may be continued from the record:

"On the bank of this river, (the Arve,) which then separated the ducal states from those of Geneva, at the foot of the bridge on the Savoy side, stood a fine walnut tree, whose leafy branches spread opposite the church of Our Lady of Grace, on the Genevan side. The bishop's agents, who had received orders to make an exhibition of the mutilated limbs for the benefit of the Genevans, proceeded to the bridge on Saturday night, in order to discharge their disgraceful commission under cover of the darkness. They carried with them, in addition to their casks, filled with flesh, brine, and blood, a hammer, a ladder, some nails, and a cord. On reaching the tree they opened the barrels, and found the features well preserved and easily recognizable. The Bastard's agents climbed the tree and nailed the heads and arms to the branches, in such a manner as to be seen by all the passers-by. They fixed a placard underneath, bearing these words: 'These are the traitors of Geneva;' and the white cross of Savoy above. They then withdrew, leaving the empty casks at the foot of the tree. . . . The day broke, the people arose, opened their windows, and went out of their houses; some were going to the city. One man was about to cross the bridge, when, fancying he saw something strange, he drew near and discovered, with astonishment, human limbs hanging from the tree. . . . 'The first man who saw this mystery did not keep it secret, but ran and told the news all through the city.' 'What's the matter?' people asked; 'and then everybody hurried thither,' adds the chronicler. In truth, an immense crowd of citizens, men, women, and children, soon gathered round the tree. It was Sunday—a

day which the Bastard had probably selected for this edifying sight. Every one was free from his ordinary occupations, and during all that holy day an agitated multitude pressed continually around the tree where hung the blood-stained remains of the two victims. . . .

'A fine Maypole they have raised us this morning on the city boundary,' they said; 'they have put up a flag already; it only wants a few ribbons and flowers to make the show complete!' But the sight of these bloody fragments, swinging in the air, was no fit subject for jesting; there was great mourning in the city; groans and weeping were heard in the crowd; women gave vent to their horror, and men to their indignation."

From that hour the institution of bishop-prince was doomed. The populace hardly blamed the miserable leper who filled the seat: they knew that he was but a tool in the hands of the Duke of Savoy and the Court of Rome. For the Roman episcopacy in Geneva the highest anger of the citizens was reserved. The bishop's pastorals were mocked, and his agents insulted. Matters were only made worse by his exclamation: "It was not I who did that, but my lord the Duke." Berthelier grew bolder. The Savoy prince accordingly demanded his arrest and execution, with instant extirpation of the inferior patriots, and the bishop must strive to obey. The menaced popular leaders, therefore, having met to deliberate upon their future plan with the headsmen's gleaming sword full in view, their determination was formed to graft the branches of the Savoy tree upon the old and vigorous stock of Helvetic liberty. This resolution originated with Berthelier and Besançon Hugues, now to figure as the principal personages in the drama on the popular side. From this moment, too, the ecclesiastical form of society sinks into contempt. It was a synonym for tyranny and moral corruption. The lay power grew in confidence and in strength, and projected its plans upon the assumption, not less truly existent for being unexpressed, that the ecclesiastico-political system was a thing to be swept away, as worse than obsolete—as malignant, revengeful, even fiendish in its cruelties.

As this duel, fraught with results which were to extend far beyond the confines of Savoy and of Italy, steadily proceeds, the two parties among the Genevans become more distinct. The Huguenots wear a cross on their doublets, and a feather in their caps, like the Swiss; the Mamelukes

bear upon the head a sprig of holly. Street conflicts are common, and all regularity in government is at an end. Unable to tolerate this growth of the revolutionary influence, the Duke of Savoy proposes to come to Geneva in person, and reduce the inflexible Huguenots to submission by politic measures. His ambassador, in pursuit of this design, enters the city to demand its hospitality. The citizens treat him so coldly that he openly quarrels with them, and throws down the rod or gaull which he bears, in token that the duke defies them. Still, the Huguenots do not quail, even when treachery deprives them of the help they had calculated upon from the Swiss.

The army of Savoy then arrives in Geneva. The houses of the citizens are wantonly gutted, and their furniture destroyed by the soldiery. Proclamation is made of stringent regulations for the repression of popular sentiment. The Genevans do not openly resist, but neither do they obey. Even after the treacherous arrests of Bonivard and Berthelier had once more dashed their hopes to the ground, this sturdy populace held to their purpose. The more to their honor is this circumstance, as the Swiss alliance was fitful, and throughout this fierce struggle promised but little. Berthelier's arrest and death, indeed, are accepted as a victory, for that extraordinary and unselfish man had always proclaimed that Geneva would be led to liberty by the decapitation of her noblest sons. History has no purer hero, no higher type of the patriot; and the tale of his voluntary sacrifice of the life which he valued solely for his country's sake, is unmatched for romantic interest in any other record of a struggle for freedom:

"Without the city, in a solitary place, then called Gervasa, (now corrupted into Cavoises,) was a quiet meadow, which the Rhone bathed with its swift waters; this was Berthelier's favorite retreat. Remote from the noise of the city, seated on the picturesque bank of the river, watching its blue waters gliding rapidly past, he dwelt on the swiftness of time, and casting a serious glance into the future, asked himself when would Geneva be free? On Tuesday, August 23d, 1519, he went out between six and seven to breathe the morning air in his favorite retreat. Berthelier was now forty years of age; every thing foretold him that his end was near, but he preferred, without passion and without fear, to make the passage from life to death. This active and

much-dreaded citizen began to sport, but with a serious gentleness, upon the brink of the grave. He had a little weasel which he was very fond of, and for the greater contempt of his enemies, he had taken the tame creature in his bosom, and thus walked out to his garden, playing with it. The Vidame, who knew of these morning walks, had given orders for a certain number of soldiers to be posted outside the walls of the city, while he remained within, in order to take Berthelier from behind. Just as the latter was about to pass the gates, the troop that awaited him came forward. Berthelier, 'always *booted*, and ready to depart for the unknown shores of eternity,' had no thought of returning to the city and arousing the youth of Geneva; he did not turn aside from the road, but continued gently caressing his weasel, and 'walked straight toward the armed men, as proudly as if he was going to take them.'

" 'They met,' says a manuscript, 'under the trellis in front of the hostelry, by the Loose;' and the Vidame, who was descending the hill on his mule, coming up with him at the same time, laid his hand upon his shoulder, saying: 'In the name of my Lord of Geneva, I arrest you,' and prepared to take away his sword. Berthelier, who had only to sound his terrible whistle to collect enthusiastic defenders, stood calm, without a thought of resistance, and quietly handed his sword to the Vidame, contenting himself with the words: 'Take care what you do with this sword, for you will have to answer for it.'

Berthelier was beheaded in the courtyard of the Chateau de l'Île, exclaiming, as he fell on his knees before the headsmen: "Ah, Messieurs of Geneva," in disappointment at the apathy of his friends. It was necessary that other victims should fall before the old *régime* passed away. In proportion to the vast force, extent, and significance of the revolution about to occur, was the duration and tragic character of its birth-throes. The Genevans were paralyzed with horror; the Swiss League drew back from an alliance with a people so slow to avenge the death of one of their patriots; the cruel trio of Pope, bishop, and royal duke, were in an ecstasy of joy. But, *sanguis Christianorum semen*. The first ensign-bearers were struck down, that the number of defenders around the standard of truth might be multiplied. An epitaph was written over Berthelier which afterwards became familiar as household words to the tongues of the Genevans:

"Quid mihi mors nocuit? Virtus post fata
virescit,
Nec cruce nec gladiis sævi perit illa tyranni."

The reproach of having permitted the execution of Berthelier stung the citizens to the quick, and it was this feeling which led to the deputation that demanded from the prince-bishop, in 1520, a revocation of all decrees contrary to the liberties of the city, and the liberation of all citizens imprisoned at his bidding. In the election of the syndics for the year, despite the joint efforts of the duke and bishop, the Huguenots asserted their ancient rights. They exhibited considerable moderation, too, in their moment of victory, by offering reconciliation to the Mamelukes, and the mutual abandonment for ever of the terms Huguenot and Mameluke. There should be no more *Eidegenossen*, all should be Genevans. Thus a name, destined to live to our own times, and to catch up in its course at once a far graver and dearer meaning, was almost thrown aside by the consent of a couple of dozen individuals in a Genevan council-room. Reconciliation, however, was found to be impracticable. The question of payment for the expenses of the war *des Besolles*, produced fresh feuds. The priests demanded exemption, although they held in their hands the greater portion of the wealth of Geneva. The pontiff supported them in this position, but the people could see no reason in the exception, and thus the breach between the lay and spiritual element widened. The ecclesiastics were publicly scoffed at, as "an army of Rome, in the pay of the Duke of Savoy." The state of feeling at the time is sufficiently shown in the exclamation of the Syndic Roset. "All these black coats," said he, "are nearly shut out through separating themselves from the republic." The motto of the patriots, however, still continued to be, in the words of their trusted leader, Besançon Hugues, "Geneva, Catholic, and episcopal, and free." The final breach was not yet. But about this period the "Bastard" died in unspeakable misery. The picture of his closing hours is the most exciting page in the record. The emblem of salvation he rejected with horror and abuse when it was presented to his sight. The scenes of murder of which he had been the author rose up before him in awful distinctness. In the intervals of his paroxysms of mental anguish, however, he urged his successor to avoid his footsteps, and to defend the franchises of the city.

Geneva changed masters. Pierre de la

Baume, the new bishop, a weak man, deceived the people, but they gave him an honest and kindly reception, composed a poem in his honor, and celebrated his arrival in the city with dramas, farces, mysteries, games, and pastimes. "A priest, representing St. Peter, and dressed as a Pope, presented to the bishop the golden key of his cathedral, and the prelate, standing in the church, in front of the high altar, swore to observe the franchises of the city." This ceremony was probably not unmeaning. The Genevans, fond of symbol, appear to have thus indicated that, although the bishop owed a certain homage to the Pope, his duty to the people was of superior consideration, while his office, as derived directly from St. Peter, implied absolute authority. For the first time the Genevans were sensitively careful about administering the oaths regarding the franchises. Dr. D'Aubigne hardly gives them sufficient credit for the spirit in which they received La Baume. Their repeated vain endeavors to live at peace with their prince bishop were less the result of weakness of character, rendering them slow to revolt, or of a frivolity which forgot the perils of the republic in a glittering spectacle, as of their strong conservative feeling. Even Berthelier, the boldest of the patriots—*tremenda velocitatis animal*, as his friends used to say of him—did not contemplate revolution. When that total overthrow of old things came, it was as the result of an accumulation of defeated attempts to reconcile the anomalous position and relations of the bishop-prince with liberty. And, as is ever the case when a revolution is finally forced upon a people possessing instincts of reverence for old institutions, this revolution was no half-perfected exploit: it was sudden, complete, and irreversible by any human power.

The new bishop thought it a part of his commission to restore the people to the reverence for religious doctrines and ceremonies which had been lost during the disorganization of the previous reign. Accordingly he raised large scaffolds on the public ways, and produced for the public entertainment ingeniously contrived mystery plays. But he miscalculated the depth of the popular convictions. The element of superstition had thus early vanished from Geneva. The populace did not, indeed, openly scoff at these religious burlesques, in one of which a piece of the

true cross was exhibited, but they got up a counter-play, curious, as showing the precise stage of mental emancipation at which they had arrived, and enacted it with pomp in the thoroughfares, a leading citizen having offered to bear all the expenses of the representation. The bishop, invited to be present at its first performance, but not informed of its character, did not think well to appear. Many persons of high position or descent were present, however, and *Le Monde Malade* made a sensation. The specimens quoted in these volumes show the drama to have been artfully constructed. It is a stinging satire upon the teaching which had become unpopular. The disorders of the clergy are recounted, and the notable circumstance is, that the Bible, "a thing which no man dare gainsay," constitutes the remedy for all the evils with which the *World* is afflicted :

"Why are you troubled, Sir World, at that?
Do not vex yourself any more,
At seeing these rogues and thieves by the score,
Buying and selling the cure of souls.
Children, still in their nurses' arms,
Made abbots, and bishops, and priors.

For their pleasure they kill their brothers,
Squander their own goods and seize another's;
To flattering tongues they lend their ear;
For the merest trifle they kindle the flame
Of war, to the shame of the Christian name."

The original of the piece is to be found in the *Memoires de l'Archéologie de Genève*. At a later period, in 1533, when the influence of the Queen of Navarre, heroically exercised on behalf of the evangelicals, had opened every door in Paris for the new doctrines; when sermons, substantially in keeping with the reformed creed were preached in many of the great churches of the capital, the stratagem of a sacred drama was revived by the ultramontanists in that city in order to counteract the curious and effective theological poem, composed by the queen, under the title of *The Mirror of the Sinful Soul*.

This production of the royal pen startled the opponents of the Reformation, the more as the fact of its being composed by the king's sister caused thousands to read it who would not have troubled themselves with any set treatise by the innovating divines. A provincial printer being obtained, the work appeared without the authorization of the Sorbonne. In a won-

derfully short time nothing was spoken of but this remarkable poem. The people had it by heart, and it was the more powerful as it contained no denunciations of error, no sarcasm, no argument even. The views of religious truth held by the Reformers were put forward as if nobody could, or did, question them, and these views were of a nature to commend themselves to all classes. At first the queen's enemies were positively fatuous in their fury. She was "the modern Eve, leading a new revolt in the world." "It is the nature of women to be deceived," exclaimed one; and, as people bowed to authority on the commonest matters then as now, the Fathers were quoted for this subtle experience of the defects of the sex. Tertullian was cited for the proverb, that "Woman is the gate of the devil." "The wily serpent," said the ecclesiastical sages, who always fancy they see much farther than other folk—"remembers the memorable duel fought in Paradise. Another fight is beginning, and he is again putting in practice the stratagem that succeeded so well before." The Sorbonne determined to prevent the second Fall of Man which this frail disciple was to be the instrument of effecting. These learned doctors accordingly met, and easily found a large crop of heresy in the simple and unqualified statements of religious truth of which the poem was in fact made up. The book immediately appeared in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, but this only had the effect of increasing the number eager to read it. Some better plan must be devised. It was at this stage that the Sorbonne hit upon the project of counteracting the influence of the queen's rhymes by an enacted satire, in which she should bear a discreditable and ridiculous part. The intended performance of this play being noised abroad, on the day fixed the hall was crammed, and monks and theologians occupied the full front line of benches :

"A queen, magnificently dressed, and sitting calmly on the stage, was spinning, and seemed to be thinking of nothing but her wheel. 'It is the king's sister,' said the spectators, 'and she would do well to keep to her distaff.' Next a strange character appeared; it was a woman dressed in white, carrying a torch, and looking fiercely around her. Every body recognized the fury, Megæra. 'That is Master Gerard,' they said, 'the almoner of the king's sister.' (Megæram appellant alludens ad nomen Magister Gerardi.) Megæra, advancing cau-

tiously, drew near the queen with the intention of withdrawing her from her peaceful feminine occupation, and making her lay aside her distaff. She did not show her enmity openly, but came slyly forward, putting on a smiling look, as if bringing additional light. She walked round and round the queen, and endeavored to divert her attention by placing the torch boldly before her eyes. At first the princess takes no heed, but continues spinning; at length, alas, she stops, and permits herself to be attracted by the false light before her; she gives way—she quits her wheel. . . . Megæra has conquered, and in exchange for the distaff, she places the Gospel in the queen's hand. The effect is magical; in a moment the queen is transformed. She was meek, she becomes cruel; she forgets her former virtuous habits; she rises, and, glaring around with savage eyes, takes up a pen to write out her sanguinary orders, and personally inflicts cruel tortures on her wretched victims. Scenes still more outrageous than these follow. The sensation was universal."

The portion of the audience in the foremost places, being in readiness to perform their allotted part, on the instant shouts of approbation rose from these claqueurs. The clumsy satire, however, injured the cause it was meant to serve. In the popular mind, unless it be totally debased, there is a certain element of justice, which revolts against such attempts to check fair and free discussion.

The ultramontanists had gone too far for the people, who felt a natural sympathy, besides, with a woman under so gross an attack, and still worse, they had angered the king, who before this occurrence had ranged himself upon their side. The real result of the drama was to produce such a state of mind in the court and out of doors, that, on a new rector being required soon after for the College of Navarre, Nicholas Cop, a friend to Calvin, and an evangelical, was elected. He became the "organ of the new times," as he is happily styled by the author, and delivered, as his inaugural address, a Christian philippic, reproving the "presumptuous temerity and impudent audacity," and the "foolish and arrogant manners," of the conspirators.

This episode put an end to the dramatic description of theological warfare. The conflict thenceforward became too close and serious for such travesties.

Placards of a satirical or controversial character were subsequently adopted in France, as an instrument of publicity, and although both sides had recourse to the

same artifice, the enemies of the Sorbonne evinced far more wit in their preparation, and kept them up with greater perseverance. Those placards were the pamphlets of the age. The bookseller was afraid to put his name upon a religious treatise, or expose it for sale in his shop, but every body read the addresses posted at the corners of the streets. Those of the ultramontanists furiously evoked the spirit of persecution. There was one which wound up with this savage invocation:

"To the stake, to the stake, the fire is their home!
As God hath permitted, let justice be done."

Those of the Reformers usually exposed abuses more trenchantly than politely, but the general effect of this strife of placards was to stir up the public mind, to stimulate thought, and to injure the cause of the conservatives beyond retrieval.

Dr. D'Aubigne tells the story of the apparition at Orleans with graphic force, and as it relates somewhat to the agency of the drama in the conflict, it may be introduced. He derives the narrative from Calvin's manuscript, recently discovered in the Genevan library by Dr. J. Bonnet, and printed in the *Bulletin de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français*. The wife of the city provost, a convert to the reformed doctrines, had fallen ill. When dying, and while the notary was drawing up her will at her dictation, she solemnly forbade the usual bell-ringing and chanting at her funeral. No monks or priests were to be present with tapers, and the entire ceremony was to be conducted without pomp. The friars, who expected something handsome in the lady's will, and from her funeral, were enraged when her husband coolly presented them with six gold crowns by way of compensation. Subsequently, the same official personage was cutting down a wood, and the monks applied to him for liberty to send their wagon once a day to get enough to fill their store. But the owner of the timber gave them to know that "without ready money" his timber would not be obtained. This was flat heresy, and they would be revenged. Accordingly, two monks devised a tragedy which they thought would excite a universal horror of the Reformers and their doctrines:

"Brother Stephen undertook to begin the drama. He shut himself up in his cell, and

composed, in a style of the most vulgar quence, a sermon which he fancied would rify everybody. The news of a homily f the great preacher circulated through the d and when the day arrived, he went up i the pulpit and delivered before a large c gregation (for the church was crammed 'very touching' discourse, in which he pat ically described the sufferings of the souls purgatory. . . . On the following ni the monks rose at the usual hour and ente the church, carrying their antiphonaires anthem-books in their hands. They began chant; their hoarse voices were intoni matins, . . . when suddenly a frightful tum was heard, coming from heaven as it seem or at least from the ceiling of the church. hearing this great uproar, the chanting ceas the monks appeared horrified, and Colima the bravest, moved forward, armed with the weapons of an exorcist, and conjured t evil spirit; but the spirit said not a wor 'What wantest thou?' asked Coliman. The was no answer. 'If thou art dumb,' resum the exorcist, 'show it us by some sign.' Up this the spirit made another uproar."

This sufficed for one night. On the f lowing midnight, as the assembled e clesiastics had begun their litanies, a larg audience having assembled in expectatio of a supernatural scene, just as the tren bling voices of the monks intoned "D mine! labia" . . . a frightful noi interrupted the chanting. "The ghos the ghost!" exclaimed the monks. The Coliman, as before, acting as spokesma with the devil, came forward, . . an it is rather curious that Calvin shoul have to record the mode of answer d vised for the fiend as by *knocks*: two fo yes, and three for no! These monks, lik modern spirit-rappers, managed their bus ness famously. After several querie which the ghost did not deign to answe Coliman demanded: "Tell me—art tho not the ghost of a person buried here? Two knocks was the response. Then th interrogator went over the names of a those who had died recently, the spir impatiently knocking "No," after eac "Finally, art thou not the provostess? asked the monk. "Yes," was rapped o mournfully. The sin of the ghost w next sought. Was it pride?—three rap Unchastity?—three raps. And so or the questions were put until the attentio of the persons present was on the stretcl "Art thou condemned for having been Lutheran?" loudly inquired the mon Two knocks were instantly given. Th ecclesiastics exhibited every sign of alarm

stances, with men of his temperament. He was condemned to die.

"Alone in the night, in those sublime regions of the Alps, surrounded by the barbarous figures of the Savoyard mercenaries, standing in that feudal court-yard, which the torches illumined with a sinister glare, the heroic champion of the law raised his eyes to heaven and said: 'By God's grace I die without anxiety, for the liberty of my country and the authority of St. Peter.'"

Upright judges have not infrequently vindicated the supremacy of law at the risk of their lives, when tyrants would have set it aside; but there is no grander instance of this self-sacrificing act of patriotism than Levrier's. Once again the Huguenots are aroused and driven nearer to the resistance which they would avoid. They had clung all through to their laws, but these were trampled under foot, and their administrators cruelly put to death. The time had arrived. The indignation against the Mamelukes was uncontrollable. The bishop was publicly execrated. After the first outburst of popular anger, an appeal to Rome against the bishop is resolved upon. The Duke of Savoy immediately demands its recall. The citizens disobey, and the storm bursts forth at once. The persecution of the Huguenots begins. The ducal army appears before Geneva, and the exodus of the patriots ensues. They fly without concert toward the mountains, pursued by the duke's cavalry. Friburg, however, which had before aided them, is their land of hope; and it is to the immortal credit of the Friburgers that, boldly daring the Savoyards, they sent forth horsemen to protect the fugitives, and bring them to an asylum.

September, 1525, saw a stirring sight in the old Swiss city. It was the solemn entrance of these exiles. They were escorted by the syndics on horseback, carrying their batons, and the people gathered in the gate to welcome the sons of liberty.

Their approach was announced by a salute of guns. The procession walked three abreast. A Genevan fugitive occupied the center, and a deputy of Berne and Friburg marched on either side throughout the whole line. Hugues delivered a speech; he besought a renewal of the alliance which Berthelier had initiated. The Swiss solemnly pledged

themselves, and a cry arose of "No more Bishop; no more Prince." Besançon Hugues, however, was a strong conservative. He would make another effort to maintain the bishop and the prince in his anomalous position. He fought only against the usurpations of Savoy. He tried another appeal to the feelings of the bishop prince, proceeding to Geneva for the purpose, and the only result was a second flight of persecuted citizens. They knew that this must be the result, and saluted Hugues on his return with the words, memorable as conveying a general truth—as the record of a modern, as well as of an older experience—"The liberties of the people and the temporal lordship of the bishop can not exist together; one or other of the two powers must succumb." A decisive struggle was soon precipitated. The priesthood knew that an alliance with Switzerland meant the loss of their privileges; they were still rich and powerful, a large section of the citizens were at their beck. The most fanatical of their number, therefore, gathered a band of desperadoes in the house of a Mameluke—swords, arquebuses, and a large quantity of arms, had been got ready. The plot was ripe; but the Huguenots remaining in the city, hearing what was hatching, surrounded the house. An engagement ensued, and a few were wounded, but the conspiracy of the canons was effectually defeated. Immediately an unaccountable panic seized them, and many left the city in disguise.

Pierre de la Baume himself disappeared, and the agents of the duke confined themselves to their houses in terror. Geneva naturally fell into transports of joy. The oath was administered in the council; bonfires blazed; masquerades amused the populace, and many a rare joke passed current at the expense of the defeated party; patriotic songs awoke strange echoes on the highways; the prisons were thrown open, and a general pardon proclaimed. Tears, nevertheless, started in many eyes when the names of Berthelier and Levrier were mentioned. It is remarkable, however, that the language of the triumphant council, in recording their jubilee, should be of this character: "The sovereignty is now in the hands of the council, without the interference of either magistrates or people. Every thing was done by the grace of God." This is the first proclamation of a pure republic; and

yet the domination of a democracy see to be guarded against. The style of statement, too, proves that the strong religious sentiment afterwards developed in Geneva existed in the germ before either Farel or Calvin appeared upon the stage. The people went forward from the first with the strength of this celestial confidence. The seven years that had passed since Berthelier's head rolled in the dust had sufficed to prepare them for a great change, rather than a political revolution, although up to this moment they were themselves unconscious of the change.

When the foreign preachers came among them, it was to find a people prepared for their emancipating doctrines, by the enjoyment of political and mental freedom. Those moderns who are jealous of the progress of public liberty, from fearing its effects upon their ecclesiastical system are wise in their generation. There had never been a Calvin in Geneva, had there not first been a Berthelier; nor was it possible that a Berthelier or a Levrier would have perished, as they did, without bringing after them the majestic results that followed.

Long before Calvin appeared, or the Reformation properly so named had attained consolidation in Geneva, the public mind had a strong religious bias. Worthy people were these *Eidguenots*, full of heart and of good sense, eager for liberty, but fond of law and order. Dr. D'Aubigne's pages nobly revive their earlier memories by a title which, however originating, has become immortal, and certainly the Huguenots of later story have no reason but to feel proud of the source from which their appellation comes. Henceforth the story of the conflicts which attended the laying of the foundation-stone of liberty in Geneva, familiar to old and young, will constitute one of the most brilliant and stirring pages in the chronicle of the great transition era which threw open the doors to modern progress. No mean place in the gallery of greatness must be reserved for the merry, satirical, and yet profound Bonivard; the magnanimous and incorruptible Levrier; the amiable and fearless Navis; the politic and brave Besançon Hugues; and the impetuous and romantic Berthelier. With one exception, these were young men who in the first instance had chosen their side from honest impulses rather than intellectual conviction, and made patriotism

"I am not, thou knowest, one of those lovers who adore even the defects of the women of whom they are enamored. The only beauty that can please my heart is one that is gentle, chaste, modest, economical, patient, and finally, careful of her husband's health." A dazzling catalogue, indeed, of wifely virtues! The predominating idea in his mind was to find one capable of assisting him in the work which occupied his entire soul. He rejected an otherwise eligible person, because she did not know French and would not stipulate to learn it. Another had a fortune which would have been convenient, but it was too small to do more than make her proud. Finally, after for a time giving up all intention of marrying, he changed his mind, and gained the hand of the Anabaptist widow, who had this special merit in Calvin's eyes, that she was prepared to endure his lot cheerfully. The Reformer's income was never more than one hundred and twenty pounds of our money, with twelve measures of wheat added and two casks of wine; and this supposed to be liberal allowance was only given him in consequence of the hospitality he was called upon to show to anxious inquirers from other countries—"supporte grande charge de passants." His effects were of the most modest description. The state, indeed, furnished his house, but not very luxuriously, since, after his death, when the authorities resumed possession, and made an inventory, they found a cupboard without a lock, a dozen stools, and a high-backed walnut chair of joiner's work—the latter being still preserved. Here it was that Idelette displayed those qualities of patient frugality and continual contentment which lend an aspect of true heroism to the home-life of Geneva's greatest citizen, and class him in this particular element of greatness with the self-disregarding patriots who preceded him.

Patriotism was indigenous in Geneva, but the Reformation, its consequent, came in with Farel and Calvin. French genius, piety, and honesty, protected by the chivalrous Margaret, supplied the instrument, and Geneva furnished the platform for the momentous revolution about to occur. The two parts of this work harmonize, and the latter grows out of the former. Had the political emancipation of Geneva been less orderly, the subsequent religious enfranchisement would have had to struggle against the enormous

difficulty of a sullied origin. Instead of this, the political conflict was a basis of prestige for the spiritual combat, which constituted its complement. There had been on one side, during a long course of years, the prince-bishops conspiring with the enemies of the state, and infringing the laws and charters of the people. On the other, the Genevan citizens are found, not raising any revolutionary cry, but always quoting the ancient liberties, franchises, immunities, usages, and customs of the state, and standing upon these as a sure foundation of loyal principle. The Genevan reformation grew out of no anarchical movement. No violent social metamorphosis suddenly opened a path for the ambition of the French scholars and divines. From the first the effort in Geneva was towards a return to an antecedent condition, and this legal and legitimate conservatism well agreed with a religious emancipation which also meant no more than a restoration to the principles of the earlier Christian church. Without bearing those facts in memory, it will be impossible to do justice to Calvin, or to understand the motives that influenced his attempt to establish a perfect Christian State—the type of what he, shortsightedly indeed, had dreamt all others might or ought to become. The Genevans, when he became acquainted with their track of thought, had not forgotten or shaken off their attachment to the old institution of a bishop-prince, which was to them in its purity synonymous with liberty and righteous government. They cherished the tradition of an ecclesiastical ruler who should respect their immunities and privileges, and hold sway with a paternal hand. They clung to the theocratic idea, partly with the desire of proving that they were revolutionists in no destructive sense. Thus it was that Calvin sought a *restoration* at Geneva to the principles and methods of government which he considered most in accordance at once with the early practice of the church and the instincts of the people. This theory of restoration he imbibed from Farel, and, indeed, it belonged to most of the reformers outside Switzerland, and was partly forced upon them by the libellous accusations of their enemies, that they were mere seditionaries—persons who not only wished to overthrow the civil power but to deprive the church of all public influence. Calvin strove to show that he was no de-

stroyer in either sense; and according replying to the speech of Francis I., delivered with great pomp in 1535, declaring all the religious malignant enemies of the state, Calvin, in the preface to the *Christian Institutes*, bold addressing the prince, says: "I know well with what terrible reports they have filled your ears and heart, namely, that (the Reformation) tends only to the destruction of all rule and policy, the disturbance of peace, and the abolition of law. . . . I do not ask without reason, therefore, that you should please to take entire cognizance of this cause." Felix Bungener, in his admirable *Life of Calvin*, which should be read in conjunction with Dr. D'Aubigne's volumes, perceives the key to Calvin's exploits, and explanation of his intolerance and mistakes, but does not sufficiently connect the polity of the Reformer's time with the previous history, habits of thought, and predilections of the Genevans. Calvin was, in fact, the purer and nobler bishop-prince, and they admired and obeyed him, not for his doctrine's sake alone but for his perfect embodiment of that which the Bastard and Pierre de Baume were not. To the Genevans the Reformer became the representative and something more of the ancient liberties, which secured independence from all foreign control, and made the ruler the conservator of faith and morals; whilst to the world at large his function was different, but still of vast importance. To employ the words of an enemy, Michelet: "To every people in peril, Sparta, for an army, sent a Spartan. It was thus with Geneva. . . . And now the combat commences. Below, let Loyola excavate his mines; above, let the gold of Spain and the sword of the Guises dazzle or pervert! In that narrow inclosure, the gloomy garden of God, blood-red roses bloom under Calvin's hand for the preservation of the liberties of the soul. If in any part of Europe blood and tortures are required—a man to be burnt or to be broken on the wheel—that man is at Geneva, ready to depart, giving thanks to God, and singing Psalms to him." Had Calvin taken a course more in accordance with modern views, his work would have been less telling in Geneva, and less influential abroad.

Felix Bungener's book is a lucid and masterly essay on Calvin—an elaborate and yet an easy vindication. D'Aubigne's

Paris had assembled with great pomp to hear the Rector's address. Cop, who was a physician, and did not think it well that he should speak as a divine, readily consented to deliver the address which Calvin wrote, and this document, as now exhibited to the world for the first time by Dr. D'Aubigne, who found it in the library of Geneva, inscribed, *Hæc Johannes Calvinus propria manu descripsit et est auctor*, is at once a proof of the Reformer's unexampled boldness, and the maturity of his doctrine. This remarkable and beautiful composition must have cost Calvin much labor and thought. It is brief, simple, and yet so constructed as to embrace almost every point of the Christian philosophy.

The University were startled when, bringing the argument to a climax, Calvin, through his spokesman, uttered the memorable words, *Sola Dei gratia peccata remittit*. Professors, priests, monks, students, were all astounded by this daring proclamation of a heterodox principle; but the Rector, as he went on in the discourse, added, speaking of the Saviour of men: *Verus et unus apud Patrem intercessor*. Theologians will find in this speech proof that, even at that period, Calvin's Christian scheme was perfected. His subsequently compiled Catechism, which, it is worthy of remark, does not contain a word regarding predestination, was but the development of the views then expressed. Three years afterwards the same man saw the citizens of Geneva swear, in the Church of St. Peter, to take the Gospel only for their rule of life, and, thence forward, his life was identified with theirs. He set himself to draw up, not only a confession of faith, but a civil code, in accordance both with the Scriptures and their own existing republican and ecclesiastical system. Some of the Genevan regulations, which sound to us as the most strained and ridiculous, and opposed to Christian liberty, had existed beforehand, and were only turned to a more spiritual use. An obstinate gambler is set in the stocks for an hour, with his playing cards round his neck. The author of a base masquerade is condemned to sue for pardon in the cathedral, upon his knees. A perjurer is raised on a ladder, fixed to the top, and suspended in that position for several hours. An adulterer and his accomplice are paraded publicly, and parents are

punished for not sending their children to school; but these were only new forms of old principles in the local government. A citadel, a church, an ecclesiastical state—these were the three characteristics of the reformed Genevan republic, and in all these respects it contributed to the progress of human liberty, though, in repressing abuses and guarding against the re-introduction of error, its leaders, men educated in the maxims of an intolerant creed, naturally put its principles, to a certain extent, into practice. The pressing presence of dangers made the harsh treatment of non-conformists seem only reasonable measures of protection. There was little time for reflection. The Reformer was a bustling actor, as well as a thinker, and even his superhuman industry did not find time for more than the demands of the hour. Had the *Institutes* not been prepared before the responsibilities of rule came upon him, the world would have lost one of its greatest books. When at Strasburg, Calvin delivered a professional lecture every morning, devoted the forenoon to completing the second edition of the *Institutes of Religion*, and preached again every evening. Moreover, every day brought its quota of fugitives seeking aid and advice, and young disciples begging counsel and explanations. Still, "he sighed," the historian says, "after the hard life of Geneva"—a fact worth the notice of "the overworked clergy" of modern times. These labors left no time for an effort to alter the civil system of Geneva, or give a new current to the popular ideas. The people, besides, had fought and suffered in behalf of their old constitution, and faulty though it was in principle, they were attached to it profoundly. That it fell in with Calvin's predilections, also, is abundantly clear; still, he did not create it, and is hardly responsible for all the difficulties which its maintenance, after the introduction of the Reformation, engendered. Stained as the Geneva of Calvin may be, however, with the crime of intolerance, a great career with one blot is more honorable than a life of trifling and unheeded sinning. But, whatever estimate is made of the noble Picardin, whose life and labors are alike the heritage of the church and civil society, however prejudice may question his greatness, or partiality contrive apologies for his grave offenses, no one can read the early story

of the Genevan struggle without adding the disinterestedness, gallantry, devotion of the patriots, whose resistance to foreign intrusion and domestic tyranny taught them to appreciate an emanation of a higher kind, which they also destined to hold forth as an example for nations still enchained and depre-

THE LATE ARC

DR. WHATELY, Archbishop of Dublin died on Thursday, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Earl Grey, in 1831, named Dr. Whately, an Englishman, who had been previously elevated to the episcopal rank, Archbishop of Dublin, on the death of Archbishop Magee. One strong inducement with the government in making this selection was that it was about to commence the great experiment of national education, based upon the principles of religious equality, from which should be excluded every thing liable to even the suspicion of proselytism. And it was essential that the new Archbishop of Dublin should take an active part in working out the experiment, as one of the principal members of the Board of Education. For a long time Archbishop Whately was an object of dislike and suspicion to the majority of his clergy on account of what they regarded as his heterodox views respecting the law of the Sabbath, the inspiration of the authorized version of the Bible, the authority of the Athanasian Creed, and other matters. Some zealots in the cause of Scriptural education went so far as to denounce him as Socinian. But, not heeding personal attacks, he set to work with great earnestness in combating and refuting the error that prevailed around him. He was indefatigable in his efforts to advance what he believed to be the truth, and to restore the Protestant religion in Ireland from the odium brought upon it by the spirit of intolerance.

Archbishop Whately was appointed one of the first Commissioners of National Education in Ireland. He was conspicuous in his attendance at the meetings of the Board, a frequent visitor at its meetings.

cribed the changes which led to the retirement of the Archbishop of Dublin and two other members of the Board, the late Baron Greene and Mr. Blackburne, now Lord Chief Justice of Appeal. This contest between Archbishop Whately and the Roman Catholic party did much to conciliate the evangelical clergy, and raised him much higher in the estimation of the Protestants of Ireland generally. From that time a better understanding and a more cordial state of feeling existed between him and the majority of the clergy of his own diocese. These amicable relations were strengthened by the zeal and activity of Mrs. Whately and her daughters in establishing and conducting ragged schools and supporting the Irish Church Mission to Roman Catholics. The Archbishop took no part in these proselytizing movements, though he looked kindly on the efforts of those who were engaged in them. There never was a more disinterested prelate, or one more munificent, according to his means, than the late Archbishop. He had but one son. He is a clergyman of many years' standing and superior ability, and yet all that his father did for him was to give him the small parish of St. Werburgh, in Dublin, worth only £300 or £400 a year. This self-denial contrasts favorably with the excessive nepotism of some of the most evangelical and pious of our bishops, who have given the best livings in their diocese to their young sons and sons-in-law and nephews, while able and excellent men, who had grown up gray in the service of the church, were left to drag out the remnant of their existence on their miserable stipends as curates. The liberality of Archbishop Whately in assisting the destitute families of clergymen and others, especially during the tithe war and the famine years, was unexampled in Ireland, except

in the case of the late Lord Primate, whose great wealth enabled him to surpass every one in princely munificence. The Archbishop of Dublin's income consisted almost entirely of the revenues of his diocese, and it may be truly said that, according to his means, his bounty was unparalleled, and that in his character he presented the rare combinations of great intellectual power, profound learning, and extraordinary public spirit, with an extremely kind and sympathetic heart. His generosity, however, was not impulsive, but well regulated and discriminating. He once boasted in the House of Lords that there was one thing with which he could not reproach himself, he had never relieved a mendicant in the streets. He took care so to administer relief as not to encourage idleness and vice. When he gave away considerable sums of money to relieve deserving persons in temporary difficulties, he was accustomed to get them to sign a document promising to repay the amount whenever they were able to persons similarly circumstanced. Among the monuments of his liberality, which he has left behind him, is the Whately Professorship of Political Economy, which he endowed in the Dublin University. His grace was fifty-ninth Archbishop of Dublin, and fifty-fifth Bishop of Glendalough, and succeeded as eighty-ninth Bishop of Kildare in 1846, (that see having been prospectively united to Dublin under the Church Temporalities Act,) on the death of Dr. Charles Lindsay. He was Visitor of Trinity College, Dublin; Prebendary *ex officio* of Cullen in St. Patrick's Cathedral; Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy, and Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick. Mrs. Whately, wife of his grace, died on the twenty-fifth of April, 1860.—*Examiner*, Oct. 10.

A B D U L A Z I Z , S

BY

It falls to the lot of few men in any country to become kings, potentates or emperors, invested with supreme power, sitting upon thrones and wearing crowns of empire. Such high imperial personages are generally the objects of interest and observation in person and character. Among this number, thus occupying an exalted station, is the present ruler of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, whose fine portrait may be found as an embellishment at the head of the present number of THE ECLECTIC. The general appearance of the portrait, his grave aspect, and the expression of his countenance indicate the consciousness of his high station. The portrait has just been admirably engraved by George E. Perine from a recent photograph received from Constantinople, and is believed to be a very accurate likeness.

The imperial lineage of Abdul Aziz reaches far back into by-gone ages. The throne of the Ottoman empire has been occupied with a long line of sultans of greater or less renown. The history of this empire fills many pages in the annals of the past. A venerable antiquity rests upon it. It is among the old empires of the world, and like many others in former centuries is tending to decay, and long ago began its funeral march to the grand graveyard of the mausoleum of buried empires.

The governments of Continental Europe have long been watching the progress of decay and disintegration of this once colossal empire. For more than half a century the Russian Bear has looked with longing eyes, fierce appetite, and extended paws to seize its full share of the spoils in all the regions around the Dardanelles. The French Eagle, soaring aloft in imperial flight, has also long been looking down with its eagle eyes and mighty talons spread ready for the descent. The British Lion also has long kept an eye in that direction, and now and then roars around the shores of the Mediterranean to indicate his presence to those other beasts of prey and his deep commercial interest in

Turkey. In the ninth and tenth centuries the reigning dynasties in Egypt were Turks. In the eleventh century the Turkish dynasty held sway from the frontiers of China to the vicinity of Constantinople. The Turkish empire in Europe dates from the overthrow of the Byzantine empire in the fifteenth century. In 1451 Amurath II. was succeeded by Mohammed II., who in 1453 took Constantinople, and established the Osmanli throne on the ruins of the palace of the Roman emperors. On this throne thus established now sits Abdul Aziz, the successor of a long line of sultans and sovereigns who have during the intervening centuries wielded the scepter of the Ottoman empire. We need not enumerate them. Among the more recent sultans was Selim III., who reigned from 1789 to 1807. He was then deposed in consequence of the reforms he had introduced. Mustapha IV. was sultan for only one year, when in 1808 he was succeeded by Mahmoud II., at whose death in 1839, Abdul Medjid succeeded, then but sixteen years of age, who ascended the throne, which he continued to occupy till his death, June 25th, 1861, when by the laws of the empire, Abdul Aziz, the original of our portrait and brother of the late sultan, ascended the throne of the Ottoman empire.

Abdul Aziz was born February 9th, 1830, at Constantinople, and is therefore thirty-three years old. Up to the time of his brother's death, (Abdul Medjid,) Abdul Aziz remained a stranger to public affairs, and he was seldom seen in public. In his education he was under the instruction of a French professor, and is well versed in the language, literature, laws, and manners of France.

Abdul Aziz was crowned Sultan of Turkey July 4th, 1861. The coronation ceremony of "girding on the sword of Othman" was performed in the Mosque Eyoub, amid great rejoicings. The celebrated warrior and standard bearer of the Prophet, Nakoub Eshref, performed the ceremony within the tomb of Eyoub, or Job. As soon as the ceremony was over, Abdul Aziz returned from the tomb into the mosque and recited his prayers. Immediately after this the grand procession was formed. At the head of it came eight led horses, richly caparisoned, followed by the generals and colonels of the army, and the civil officers, all on proud and prancing chargers. Next came the chief

ulemas and mollans, in robes of green, violet, or gray, richly embroidered with gold, and with white or green turbans with broad gold bands encircling them. Then the sons-in-law of the late sovereign, blazing with gold and jewels; the ministers, with large stars on the front of the fez; the Sheikh-ul-Islam, in robe of white and gold, and the grand vizier.

For a moment there was a break in the procession. Then came six more led horses, with stirrups of gold and saddle cloths sparkling with diamonds, followed by a large body of officers on foot, walking in parallel lines, on each side of the road, and leaving an open space in which soon appeared about forty or more pages in crimson velvet and gold, with large plumes in their caps, and glittering halberds in their hands. In the midst of this gorgeous pageant rode the sultan himself, wearing the rich and gaceful imperial cloak of his predecessors, with its diamond clasp, (see the cloak and clasp in the engraving,) the plume and diamond aigrette in his fez, and the jeweled sword by his side.

The chamberlains, secretaries, and other officers of the palace, with a troop of cavalry, and a mob of wild-looking individuals, who made a rush for the new-coined money that was thrown by handfuls among them, closed the procession.

The sultan was every where greeted by the crowd with half-audible prayers and blessings, and hopes for an energetic reign. "May his sword cut sharp!" said one who stood near. "*Amin!*" was the hearty response from all.

On reaching the mausoleum of Mahmoud II., the sultan dismounted and prayed at the tomb of his father; he then returned to the palace of Top Capou, where he received the homage and congratulations of his officers, and at five o'clock, amid salvos of artillery and loud huzzas, he returned by caique to the palace.

His majesty is a vigorous-looking man of thirty-three years, somewhat portly, and with the proud bearing of his father. He has already shown something of the energy of Mahmoud in the sweeping work he has made in his brother's palace. Thirty-five thousand pounds of silver were at once sent to the mint to be coined into money; four hundred horses from the royal stables were attached to the cavalry service, and myriads of useless servants

forced into the army. The sultanas and other women of the palace, to the number of one thousand, were shut up in the seraglio. They were obliged to surrender all their jewels, and prohibited from visiting Pera or the other suburbs of the city without special royal permits. The sultan's in-law of the late monarch have been told that they must admit the sultanas who are the mothers of their wives into their own harems, so that the royal expenses will be greatly curtailed in this respect. The Valide Sultana, the mother of the late sultan, has alone a palace assigned to her, and a pension of fifty thousand piasters a month.

The sultan himself has ordered but one wife, and has signified his intention to

From Cham

THE CHILD AND

"Oh, dearest mother, tell me, pray,
Why are the dew-drops gone so soon?
Could they not stay till close of day,
To sparkle on the flowery spray,
Or on the fields till noon?"

The mother gazed upon her boy,
Earnest with thought beyond his years;
She felt a sharp and sad annoy,
Which meddled with her deepest joy,
But she restrained her tears.¹

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things,
Too often loved with vain excess,
Are swept away by angel wings,
Before contamination clings
To their frail loveliness.

"Behold yon rainbow, brightening yet,
To which all mingled hues are given!
There are thy dew-drops, grandly set
In a resplendent coronet
Upon the brow of Heaven.

From the St. James's Magazine.

A FEW INTERVIEWS WITH SNAKES.

BY CAPTAIN DRAYSON, R.A.

It is rare indeed to find any person who has not an instinctive horror of snakes. I have, however, known one or two people who could make pets of these creeping creatures, which they would allow to crawl over them, and to nestle their cold, clammy coils against their hands, or even neck. These people, however, were invariably those who themselves possessed a sort of moist, clammy skin, not unlike that of the serpent tribe, and thus possibly there was some fellow-feeling between the two. For my own part, I have a great antipathy to all sorts of snakes, lizards, and other reptiles, and when brought into proximity with them, a strange creeping feeling commences at the pit of my stomach, and gradually steals upwards and downwards, until the ends of my toes and fingers, and the crown of my head, sympathize strongly with the first-mentioned region. Possessing this idiosyncrasy, which I believe is not a very singular one, I may consider it unlucky that I should have been brought so frequently and closely into contact with varieties of the serpent race; yet such has been my fate, as the following facts will show. I had arrived at the full-blown dignity of jackets and trousers before I made the acquaintance of a real live snake. The interview occurred in the county of Sussex.

It was on a very warm summer's day that I was walking across a meadow, when my attention was called to a moving object in the newly-cut grass about two two yards in front of me. Armed with a stick, I carefully approached the spot, and instantly saw a snake fully three feet long. Without waiting to consider the consequences, I killed it, although it was merely a harmless reptile, and a destroyer of nothing larger than frogs or toads. Still, in consequence of being alone, and this being the first live snake that I had seen, the circumstances are as vividly present

to my imagination as are those which afterwards occurred during encounters with monsters twenty feet in length.

Whilst residing in various parts of Sussex and Hampshire I very frequently encountered snakes, adders, and that harmless reptile—yet one so dreaded by the ignorant country people—viz.: the blind-worm or deaf adder. A sight of the dark chain of spots, the distinctive characteristic of the poisonous adder, was invariably followed by endeavors to destroy the venomous reptile; whilst the yellowish or mackerel-like back of the common snake, when seen, would not call so prominently into action the organ of destructiveness. Something like a dozen adders were destroyed by me during a period of six months in Hampshire alone.

"*Pas op! Pas op!*" (take care! take care!) was the shout that announced to me the dangerous proximity of some creature whilst I was walking along a narrow pathway near the Berea bush at Natal. My companion, a Dutchman, had observed on the sloping trunk of a dead tree a large snake, which, seeing us approach, uncoiled itself, and was preparing to descend from its elevated position. It was really a very beautiful creature, of a pale green color, about eight feet long, and not very stout. My experienced friend announced that it was a "tree snake," perfectly harmless, except to small birds, lizards, and such like, which it could catch and destroy. It was allowed to escape. Not so was the creature near which I shortly after found myself.

Hunting in the dense bush which extends up the greater part of the shore on the eastern coast of South Africa, I, with my Kafir companion, oppressed by the heat, seated ourselves on the ground in a little open glade. Scarcely had we sat down a minute, and before the little circular snuff gourd had yielded any portion of its contents into the hollow on the up-

per part of the thumb, when the Kaffir's eyes suddenly became wild in appearance as he looked behind me, and he in an instant started on his feet and shot "*Inyoka!*" (a snake!)

This warning was not to be neglected for we were in a district which the maps correctly describe as infested with serpents. For here the deadly cobra might be seen extending his hood as he threatened the approaching traveler. A fat, brilliantly-marked puff-adder was no means an unlikely object to attract a hunter's attention, as it lazily basked in the sun, and seemed almost unwilling to move even to avoid being trodden upon. Endless varieties of smaller but most venomous serpents were common in the neighborhood, whilst the Natal rock snake was also an inhabitant of the locality, and might be seen of a size quite sufficient to induce caution in the visitor to his retreat. Eighteen to twenty-three feet being by no means an unusual length. Thus the cobra of "*Inyoka*," and the excited look of an experienced bush hunter, were sufficient to induce caution to make me follow the Kaffir's example, and to spring to my feet.

My attention was then directed to a small bare mound about seven feet from the spot on which I had been sitting where I immediately saw a large, venomous-looking black snake. It had apparently just become aware of our intrusion for although coiled up, it had raised its head about two feet, and was examining us. The Kaffir's gun was soon pointed at the reptile, but I would not allow him to fire as we were in pursuit of large game, and expected to meet some buffaloes in a few minutes. A stout stick was quickly cut from a tree, and with it the black snake was assaulted. The monster was very vicious; it lunged forward at us, coiled and turned in every conceivable manner but our agility was more than a match for all the serpent's cunning, and there in the wild wood the battle terminated in favor of man. The snake was fully six feet long, and quite a foot in circumference, whilst its deadly poisonous fangs were three quarters of an inch in length.

After the snake had been killed, the Kaffir cut off its head, which he then carefully buried, a precaution not unnecessary where men walk about with bare feet.

I then listened to a tale from my dark companion, and heard how a certain old Kaffir, who had been discovered bewitching

that he was not venomous; I therefore allowed him to approach me, whilst I remained perfectly still. Although I did not alter my position in the least, he yet became aware of my presence by some means, for he suddenly stopped when within twenty paces of me, then changed his direction, and took up a position under an old stump, from which he eyed me most suspiciously. His colors were very beautiful, and there was a bloom upon his skin somewhat similar to that which we see on a ripe plum. He was evidently puzzled at my appearance, but seemed not in the least afraid; whilst I, knowing that I could shoot him at any time if inclined to do so, had no hesitation in remaining within twenty paces of a snake fully twelve feet in length.

After examining me for about two minutes the snake gradually approached me, keeping its head slightly raised, and looking steadily at my eyes. Its approach was so slow, and there was no break in it, such as that made by putting one foot before the other, that I felt an almost irresistible inclination to remain still and quiet, and allow the snake to glide on towards me. Had the snake been forty feet in length, or had I been no bigger than a rabbit, I believe that, unless by a considerable exertion of the will, I should not have felt disposed to move. If the snake had been compelled to advance by a series of steps, each one would then have repeated the warning, and would have intimated that it was dangerous to stay; but the gliding, insidious approach of the snake appeared to produce a wish to wait until some decided movement should be taken by the reptile.

Shaking off this singular temporary sensation by a decided action of the will, I raised myself on my elbow and stretched out my hand for my gun. The snake observing the movement stopped, and elevated its head, which it waved slightly in a horizontal direction. It was now not more than ten paces from me, and although tolerably certain that it was not a poisonous snake, yet, for fear of a mistake, I deemed it prudent to ward it off, and intimated my idea by means of a broken branch which I threw at it.

The snake appeared disinclined to leave me, but yet slowly glided away, stopping occasionally to look round, as though desirous of further acquaintance. I let him go; our interview had been so close

and so mysterious, that I could not have killed him. There was also something wild and interesting in thus alone making the acquaintance of a reptile in its native wilderness, in observing some of its peculiarities, and in feeling slightly that singular power by means of which there is no doubt many of the serpent race occasionally obtain their prey.

It is by no means pleasant, when seated on the ground in localities where poisonous snakes abound, to place your hand unconsciously on a cold, moist creature, which immediately wriggles away from beneath it. I experienced this effect on the grassy flat of Natal, when waiting for my horse to be caught by my second Kaffir, my head man being seated opposite to me. Seeing my start and the alarm expressed in my face, the wily black hunter merely smiled, and said, "Not a snake; only a lizard."

"I don't know," I replied; "neither of us has seen it," the grass being too long to admit of our doing so at a glance.

"Yes," replied the Kaffir, "but a snake always glides *over* the grass, never *through* it near the roots; whilst a lizard glides between the roots, low down. Only a lizard."

Having repeatedly heard of a very large snake, which was said to live on the banks of the Umganie river, I frequently went in search of it. The Kaffirs who had seen the creature estimated its length to be about thirty or thirty-five feet, considerably above the average length of the Natal rock snake. Whilst searching for this giant among his fellows, I had interviews at different times with three members of the same family, one of which was twenty-two feet in length. Powder and shot are far too much for these reptiles, and on a case of emergency I am convinced that an active man with a sharp knife would prove too much for a Python of twenty feet in length.

One of the Pythons slain gave me great trouble in skinning, as I was at the time unacquainted with the orthodox way of divesting a snake of his hide. My attempt consisted in passing a knife under a portion of the skin, and ripping it up in the same manner that a rabbit's skin is taken off. This was the wrong method entirely. The correct plan is as follows: Get the skin cleared off the head and off a few inches of the neck of the snake, and turn the skin thus separated inside

out. Then fasten the snake's head firm up to a high branch, so that the snake hung clear of the ground. Either by the aid of the branch, or of the snake, climb to the animal in the same manner as sailors grasp by a rope. Keep the legs firm hold of the snake's body, and grasp the separated skin with the hands; then gradually allowing the hands to bear the weight of the body, the skin is dragged off from the snake, and comes down inside out.

Snakes as a rule retire during the night to some secure retreat, but when the heat is very intense, even at night they will make a journey from their holes in search of food, or for some other reason. It is then that they are particularly dangerous for they can not be seen, in consequence of the darkness, and thus they may be approached or trodden on unconsciously. They may also find themselves chilly, and may endeavor to obtain warmth by nestling close to a sleeper, who upon waking may by accident squeeze the reptile, and thus cause it to bite.

My nerves were once somewhat severely tried during the night; the circumstances were as follows. Having joined two friends, who were combining eland shooting and the examination of the supposed residence of a predatory tribe of Bushmen, we had encamped for the night, and retired to rest in a bell tent. My two companions were soon asleep, whilst I could only obtain a temporary doze, the distant howl of a hyena, and some other similar noises, being sufficient to prevent me from sleeping soundly. More than once I fancied that there was a slight rustling noise near my head, but upon listening intently I believed that the wind was sufficient to have caused it. After some time had elapsed, however, I became convinced that something was moving on the blanket which served me for pillow. My first intention was to put out my hand to feel what was there, but remembering that snakes were common in the neighborhood, I fortunately remained quiet.

Again and again the creeping noise was audible, and then all would be still and silent. I knew that, unless alarmed or self-defense, a poisonous snake would, nearly every instance, rather avoid than attack a person; and therefore as long as I remained quiet, so long was I safe, whilst if I moved I might tread or put

we intimated to the "body," as we flung it on the nearly extinct bivouac fire, where the poison would be effectually burnt out, and all danger of treading on the head avoided.

These are some few of the interviews that I have had with snakes, but during some four years' residence in various thinly inhabited portions of South-eastern Africa, and when wandering day after day in the bush, along the ravines or over the plains, serpents became quite familiar objects, and unless something unusual happened were merely knocked on the head, and no note made thereof in the memorandum-book. The interviews which I have had with various members of the serpent race induce me to adopt the following opinions in connection with them.

In the first place, nearly always a poisonous snake will, if possible, escape at once from a man, and will not attempt to bite him unless in self-defense. On two occasions I almost placed my foot upon a snake which was concealed in long grass. The creatures were both poisonous, and each rose and drew back his head as though to strike; but fortunately I did not move a muscle, and the snake in a very few seconds lowered his head and glided away; one was a large cobra, and the other a smaller species, and very like the cobra. Had I advanced but half a

pace in either instance, I am certain, from the manner of the snake, that I should have been bitten.

But there are, I believe, times when the poisonous snakes are oppressed by a superabundance of poison, and then they are impelled to bite any thing which their instinct tells them will enable them to get rid of their surplus stock of venom.

The poison of the snake appears to act upon the circulation, and death seems to be caused by the circulation becoming more and more feeble, until the heart at length ceases to beat. Any thing, therefore, that would produce an increased action of the heart ought to be a useful remedy. Thus strong stimulants, or even running about, has been found highly beneficial in cases of snake bites. To suck the poison from out of the wound is also a remedy, whilst it is always a safe plan to bind a ligature tightly round the limb and above the part bitten; thus the poison is as it were insulated, and prevented from acting on the whole body.

The failure of chemical tests to discover any thing very peculiar in the venom of a serpent, as well as several other facts in connection with the action of these subtle agencies on the human frame, remind us that there is yet a large volume to be read in explanation of the mysteries of human life.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

REMAINS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM. With a Preface and a Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

HENRY HALLAM, the historian, suffered a severe bereavement a number of years ago in the early death of a most talented and promising son, who bid fair to become one of the most eminent writers in England. A second bereavement deprived him of another son almost of equal promise. The rich volume which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields now give to the American public contains the fruits of the gifted pen of Arthur Hallam, which are of a high order, and will be read with interest by all who appreciate his talents and beautiful thoughts.

IN WAR TIME, AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN GREEN-LEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

THESE war songs, which Mr. Whittier has struck from his well-tuned harp, and the Messrs. Ticknor

& Fields have given to the public in their usual neat and attractive dress, will stir the hearts of all whose heart-strings and sympathies are in unison with the great and ever memorable struggle in which all true patriots are now engaged. The sentiments, the beaming historic thoughts and allusions which give these pages are expressed in great beauty and force of diction. The poems are very timely and appropriate.

WHITE'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT FOR THE HAIR.—After long trial and much experience of hair tonics and preservatives, we volunteer an expression of entire preference of this extract and its good qualities for all purposes which the hair requires, over and beyond any thing we have tried. This natural and ornamental covering of the head is too valuable and important to be trifled with or injured if it can be prevented. We commend it for its usefulness and its cheapness. Made by P. A. White, Chemist, New-York.

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.—All lovers of history will be glad to know that the life and times of Sir William Johnson, who was general superintendent of Indian affairs in this country, before the Revolution, is soon to be given to the public by William L. Stone, Esq. The historic incidents of those early days can not fail to be deeply interesting. The materials for the work have been derived entirely from original papers furnished by the family of Sir William, from his own diary, and other sources which have never before been consulted. The work is highly commended by George Bancroft, Esq., and other eminent historians, who are amply qualified to judge of its merits and of the industry and ability of the biographer, Mr. William L. Stone. It will be a rich addition to the historic literature of our country.

GEOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. By the late Professor Carl Ritter, of Berlin. Translated from the original German by WILLIAM LEONHARD GAGE, translator and editor of Professor Heinrich Steffens' *Story of My Career*, etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: George G. Blanchard. 1863. For sale by Blakeman & Mason, New-York. \$1.25.

We are glad to announce the publication in the form of this work of the great Carl Ritter, who is famous as the most eminent geographer of his age and world-wide. His great thoughts—his beautiful thoughts, so admirably expressed on the great theories of the physical geography of our globe, with all the interesting and most important facts which the volume embodies, impart a sterling value to the work which ought to give it a wide and continued circulation for long years to come.

STORIES OF OLD; OR, BIBLE NARRATIVES SUITED TO THE CAPACITY OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By CAROL HADLY. Illustrated by Six Engravings. First series—Old Testament. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1863.

The number of stories in this volume is fifty; extending from the Creation, as given in Genesis, to the story of Daniel in the den of lions. We welcome and commend all well-told stories which help to their foundation the facts or historic incidents of the Bible. They are always instructive and always interesting, as few other narratives are to an equal degree. But it requires a peculiar talent and rare acquirement to embody the Bible narrative in new and fresh language in that pure and attractive dress which the case requires. We believe the authoress has performed her part well in this attempt at Scripture narrative, and we trust both the authors and the publishers will find an ample reward for their labors.

STORIES OF OLD; OR, BIBLE NARRATIVES. By the same authoress and publishers. Second series—New Testament. With the same number of illustrations, and also fifty stories to the Ascension of our Saviour to heaven.

THESE two series, making a hundred stories, we hope will be read with interest and profit by those for whom they are designed. On one word we have a criticism. In writing of Moses in the bulrushes and the holy child Jesus, the authoress uses the word *baby*. We submit that this is not a Bible word. *Babe* is the preferable word.

